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A PRINCESS'S VENGEANCE.

THE PRINCESS HALF RECLINING ON A SOFA, WITH TWO WHITE-ROBED EGYPTIAN MAIDENS BEHIND.



The Experiences of Loveday Brooke, Lady Detective.

By C. L. PIRKIS, Author of "*Lady Lovelace*," &c. &c.

A PRINCESS'S VENGEANCE.

"THE girl is young, pretty, friendless and a foreigner, you say, and has disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened to receive her," said Miss Brooke, making a résumé of the facts that Mr. Dyer had been relating to her. "Now, will you tell me why two days were allowed to elapse before the police were communicated with?"

"Mrs. Druce, the lady to whom Lucie Cunier acted as amanuensis," answered Mr. Dyer, "took the matter very calmly at first and said she felt sure that the girl would write to her in a day or so, explaining her extraordinary conduct. Major Druce, her son, the gentleman who came to me this morning, was away from home, on a visit, when the girl took flight. Immediately on his return, however, he communicated the fullest particulars to the police."

"They do not seem to have taken up the case very heartily at Scotland Yard."

"No, they have as good as dropped it. They advised Major Druce to place the matter in my hands, saying that they considered it a case for private rather than police investigation."

"I wonder what made them come to that conclusion."

"I think I can tell you, although the Major seemed quite at a loss on the matter. It seems he had a photograph of the missing girl, which he kept in a drawer of his writing-table. (By-the-way, I think the young man is a good deal 'gone' on this Middle. Cunier, in spite of his engagement to another lady.) Well, this portrait he naturally thought would be most useful in helping to trace the girl, and he went to his drawer for it,

intending to take it with him to Scotland Yard. To his astonishment, however, it was nowhere to be seen, and, although he at once instituted a rigorous search, and questioned his mother and the servants, one and all, on the matter, it was all to no purpose."

Loveday thought for a moment.

"Well, of course," she said presently "that photograph must have been stolen by someone in the house, and, equally of course, that someone must know more on the matter than he or she cares to avow, and, most probably, has some interest in throwing obstacles in the way of tracing the girl. At the same time, however, the fact in no way disproves the possibility that a crime, and a very black one, may underlie the girl's disappearance."

"The Major himself appears confident that a crime of some sort has been committed, and he grew very excited and a little mixed in his statements more than once just now."

"What sort of woman is the Major's mother?"

"Mrs. Druce? She is rather a well-known personage in certain sets. Her husband died about ten years ago, and since his death she has posed as promoter and propagandist of all sorts of benevolent, though occasionally somewhat visionary ideas: theatrical missions, magic-lantern and playing cards missions, societies for providing perpetual music for the sick poor, for supplying cabmen with comforters, and a hundred other similar schemes have in turn occupied her attention. Her house is a rendezvous for faddists of every description. The latest fad, however, seems to have put all others to flight; it is a scheme for alleviat-

ing the condition of 'our sisters in the East,' so she puts it in her prospectus; in other words a Harem Mission on somewhat similar, but I suppose broader lines than the old-fashioned Zenana Mission. This Harem Mission has gathered about her a number of Turkish and Egyptian potentates resident in or visiting London, and has thus incidentally brought about the engagement of her son, Major Druce, with the Princess Dullah-Veih. This Princess is a beauty and an heiress, and although of Turkish parentage, has been brought up under European influence in Cairo."

"Is anything known of the antecedents of Mdle. Cunier?"

"Very little. She came to Mrs. Druce from a certain Lady Gwynne, who had brought her to England from an orphanage for the daughters of jewellers and watch-makers at Echallets, in Geneva. Lady Gwynne intended to make her governess to her young children, but when she saw that the girl's good looks had attracted her husband's attention, she thought better of it, and suggested to Mrs. Druce that Mademoiselle might be useful to her in conducting her foreign correspondence. Mrs. Druce accordingly engaged the young lady to act as her secretary and amanuensis, and appears, on the whole, to have taken to the girl, and to have been on a pleasant, friendly footing with her. I wonder if the Princess Dullah-Veih was on an equally pleasant footing with her when she saw, as no doubt she did, the attention she received at the Major's hands." (Mr. Dyers shrugged his shoulders.) "The Major's suspicions do not point in that direction, in spite of the fact which I elicited from him by judicious questioning, that the Princess has a violent and jealous temper, and has at times made his life a burden to him. His suspicions centre solely upon a certain Hafiz Cassimi, son of the Turkish-Egyptian banker of that name. It was at the house of these Cassimis that the



MDLE. CUNIER.

Major first met the Princess, and he states that she and young Cassimi are like brother and sister to each other. He says that this young man has had the run of his mother's house and made himself very much at home in it for the past three weeks, ever since, in fact, the Princess came to stay with Mrs. Druce, in order to be initiated into the mysteries of English family life. Hafiz Cassimi, according to the Major's account, fell desperately in love with the little Swiss girl almost at first sight and pestered her with his attentions, and off and on there appear to have passed hot words between the two young men."

"One could scarcely expect a princess with Eastern blood in her veins to sit a quiet and passive spectator to such a drama of cross-purposes."

"Scarcely. The Major, perhaps, hardly takes the Princess sufficiently into his reckoning. According to him, young Cassimi is a thorough-going Iago, and he begs me to concentrate attention entirely on him. Cassimi, he says, has stolen the photograph. Cassimi has inveigled the girl out of the house on some pretext—perhaps out of the country also, and he suggests that it might be as well to communicate with the police at Cairo, with as little delay as possible."

"And it hasn't so much as entered his mind that his Princess might have a hand in such a plot as that!"

"Apparently not. I think I told you that Mademoiselle had taken no luggage—not so much as a hand-bag—with her. Nothing, beyond her coat and hat, has disappeared from her wardrobe. Her writing-desk, and, in fact, all her boxes and drawers, have been opened and searched, but no letters or papers of any sort have been found that throw any light upon her movements."

"At what hour in the day is the girl supposed to have left the house?"

"No one can say for certain. It is conjectured that it was some time in the afternoon of the second of this month—a

week ago to-day. It was one of Mrs. Druce's big reception days, and with a stream of people going and coming, a young lady, more or less, leaving the house would scarcely be noticed."

"I suppose," said Loveday, after a moment's pause, "this Princess Dullah-Veih has something of a history. One does not often get a Turkish princess in London."

"Yes, she has a history. She is only remotely connected with the present reigning dynasty in Turkey, and I dare say her princess-ship has been made the most of. All the same, however, she has had an altogether exceptional career for an Oriental lady. She was left an orphan at an early age, and was consigned to the guardianship of the elder Cassimi by her relatives. The Cassimis, both father and son, seem to be very advanced and European in their ideas, and by them she was taken to Cairo for her education. About a year ago they 'brought her out' in London, where she made the acquaintance of Major Druce. The young man, by-the-way, appears to be rather hot-headed in his love-making, for within six weeks of his introduction to her their engagement was announced. No doubt it had Mrs. Druce's fullest approval, for knowing her son's extravagant habits and his numerous debts, it must have been patent to her that a rich wife was a necessity to him. The marriage, I believe, was to have taken place this season; but taking into consideration the young man's ill-advised attentions to the little Swiss girl, and the fervour he is throwing into the search for her, I should say it was exceedingly doubtful whether

"Major Druce, sir, wishes to see you," said a clerk at that moment, opening the door leading from the outer office.

"Very good; show him in," said Mr. Dyer. Then he turned to Loveday.

"Of course I have spoken to him about you, and he is very anxious to take you to his mother's reception this afternoon, so that you may have a look round and —"

He broke off, having to rise and greet Major Druce, who at that moment entered the room.

He was a tall, handsome young fellow of about seven or eight and twenty, "well turned out" from head to foot, moustache waxed, orchid in button-hole, light kid gloves, and patent leather boots. There was assuredly nothing in his appearance to substantiate his statement to Mr. Dyer that he "hadn't slept a wink all night, that in fact another twenty-four hours of this terrible suspense would send him into his grave."

Mr. Dyer introduced Miss Brooke, and she expressed her sympathy with him on the painful matter that was filling his thoughts.

"It is very good of you, I'm sure," he replied, in a slow, soft drawl, not unpleasant to listen to. "My mother receives this afternoon from half past four to half past six, and I shall be very glad if you will allow me to introduce you to the inside of our house, and to the very ill-looking set that we have somehow managed to gather about us."

"The ill-looking set?"

"Yes; Jews, Turks, heretics and infidels—all there. And they're on the increase too, that's the worst of it. Every week a fresh importation from Cairo."

"Ah, Mrs. Druce is a large-hearted, benevolent woman," interposed Mr. Dyer; "all nationalities gather within her walls."

"Was your mother a large-hearted, benevolent woman?" said the young man, turning upon him. "No! well then, thank Providence that she wasn't; and admit that you know nothing at all on the matter. Miss Brooke," he continued, turning to Loveday, "I've brought round my handsom for you; it's nearly half past four now, and



"MAJOR DRUCE, SIR!"

it's a good twenty minutes' drive from here to Portland Place. If you're ready, I'm at your service."

Major Druce's hansom was, like himself, in all respects "well turned out," and the indiarubber tires round its wheels allowed an easy flow of conversation to be kept up during the twenty minutes' drive from Lynch Court to Portland Place.

The Major led off the talk in frank and easy fashion.

"My mother," he said, "prides herself on being cosmopolitan in her tastes, and just now we are very cosmopolitan indeed. Even our servants represent divers nationalities: the butler is French, the two footmen Italians, the maids, I believe, are some of them German, some Irish; and I've no doubt if you penetrated to the kitchen-quarters, you'd find the staff there composed in part of Scandinavians, in part of South Sea Islanders. The other quarters of the globe you will find fully represented in the drawing-room."

Loveday had a direct question to ask.

"Are you certain that *Mlle. Cunier* had no friends in England?" she said.

"Positive. She hadn't a friend in the world outside my mother's four walls, poor child! She told me more than once that she was '*seule sur la terre*.'" He broke off for a moment, as if overcome by a sad memory, then added: "But I'll put a bullet into him, take my word for it, if she isn't found within another twenty-four hours. Personally I should prefer settling the brute in that fashion to handing him over to the police."

His face flushed a deep red, there came a sudden flash to his eye, but for all that, his voice was as soft and slow and unemotional, as though he were talking of nothing more serious than bringing down a partridge.

There fell a brief pause; then Loveday asked another question.

"Is *Mademoiselle* Catholic or Protestant, can you tell me?"

The Major thought for a moment, then replied:

"Pon my word, I don't know. She used sometimes to attend a little church in South Savile Street—I've walked with her occasionally to the church door—but I couldn't for the life of me say whether it was a Catholic, Protestant, or Pagan place of worship. But—but you don't think those confounded priests have——"

"Here, we are in Portland place," interrupted Loveday. "Mrs. Druce's rooms are already full, to judge from that long line of carriages!"

"Miss Brooke," said the Major suddenly, bethinking himself of his responsibilities, "how am I to introduce you? what rôle will you take up this afternoon? Pose as a faddist of some sort, if you want to win my mother's heart. What do you say to having started a grand scheme for supplying Hottentots and Kaffirs with eye-glasses? My mother would swear eternal friendship with you at once."

"Don't introduce me at all at first," answered Loveday. "Get me into some quiet corner, where I can see without being seen. Later on in the afternoon, when I have had time to look round a little, I'll tell you whether it will be necessary to introduce me or not."

"It will be a mob this afternoon, and no mistake," said Major Druce, as, side by side, they entered the house. "Do you hear that fizzing and clucking just behind us? That's Arabic; you'll get it in whiffs between gusts of French and German all the afternoon. The Egyptian contingent seems to be in full force to-



MAJOR DRUCE'S HANSON.

day. I don't see any Choctaw Indians, but no doubt they'll send their representatives later on. Come in at this side door, and we'll work our way round to that big palm. My mother is sure to be at the principal doorway."

The drawing rooms were packed from end to end, and Major Druce's progress, as he headed Loveday through the crowd, was impeded by hand-shaking and the interchange of civilities with his mother's guests.

Eventually the big palm standing in a Chinese cistern was reached, and there, half screened from view by its graceful branches, he placed a chair for Miss Brooke.

From this quiet nook, as now and again the crowd parted, Loveday could command a fair view of both drawing-rooms.

"Don't attract attention to me by standing at my elbow," she whispered to the Major.

He answered her whisper with another.

"There's the Beast—Iago, I mean," he said; "do you see him? He's standing talking to that fair, handsome woman in pale green, with a picture hat. She's Lady Gwynne. And there's my mother, and there's Dolly—the Princess I mean—alone on the sofa. Ah! you can't see her now for the crowd. Yes, I'll go, but if you want me, just nod to me and I shall understand."

It was easy to see what had brought such a fashionable crowd to Mrs. Druce's rooms that afternoon. Every caller, as soon as she had shaken hands with the hostess, passed on to the Princess's sofa, and there waited patiently till opportunity presented itself for an introduction to her Eastern Highness.

Loveday found it impossible to get

more than the merest glimpse of her, and so transferred her attention to Mr. Hafiz Cassimi, who had been referred to in such unceremonious language by Major Druce.

He was a swarthy, well-featured man, with bold, black eyes, and lips that had the habit of parting now and again, not to smile, but as if for no other purpose than to show a double row of gleaming white teeth. The European dress he wore seemed to accord ill with the man; and Loveday could fancy that those

black eyes and that double row of white teeth would have shown to better advantage beneath a turban or a fez cap.

From Cassimi, her eye wandered to Mrs. Druce—a tall, stout woman, dressed in black velvet, and with hair mounted high on her head, that had the appearance of being either bleached or powdered. She gave Loveday the impression of being that essentially modern product of modern society—the woman who combines in one person the hard-working philanthropist with the hard-working woman of fashion. As arrivals began to slacken, she left her post near the door and began to make the

round of the room. From snatches of talk that came to her where she sat, Loveday could gather that with one hand, as it were, this energetic lady was organizing a grand charity concert, and with the other pushing the interests of a big ball that was shortly to be given by the officers of her son's regiment.

It was a hot June day. In spite of closed blinds and open windows, the rooms were stifling to a degree. The butler, a small, dark, slight Frenchman, made his way through the throng to a window at Loveday's right hand, to see if



BESIDE THE BIG PALM.

a little more air could be admitted.

Major Druce followed on his heels to Loveday's side.

"Will you come into the next room and have some tea?" he asked; "I'm sure you must feel nearly suffocated here." He broke off, then added in a lower tone: "I hope you have kept your eyes on the Beast. Did you ever in your life see a more repulsive-looking animal?"

Loveday took his questions in their order.

"No tea, thank you," she said, "but I shall be glad if you will tell your butler to bring me a glass of water—there he is, at your elbow. Yes, off and on I have been studying Mr. Cassimi, and I must admit I do not like his smileless smile."

The butler brought the water. The Major, much to his annoyance, was seized upon simultaneously by two ladies, one eager to know if any tidings had been received of Mdlle. Cunier, the other anxious to learn if a distinguished president to the Harem Mission had been decided upon.

Soon after six the rooms began to thin somewhat, and presentations to the Princess ceasing, Loveday was able to get a full view of her.

She presented a striking picture, seated, half-reclining, on a sofa, with two white-robed, dark-skinned Egyptian maidens standing behind it. A more unfortunate sobriquet than "Dolly" could scarcely have been found by the Major for this Oriental beauty, with her olive complexion, her flashing eyes and extravagant richness of attire.

"'Queen of Sheba' would be far more appropriate," thought Loveday. "She turns the commonplace sofa into a throne, and, I should say, makes every one of those ladies feel as if she ought to have donned court dress and plumes for the occasion."

It was difficult for her, from where she sat, to follow the details of the Princess's dress. She could only see that a quantity of soft orange-tinted silk was wound about the upper part of her arms and fell



MRS. DRUCE.

from her shoulders like drooping wings, and that here and there jewels flashed out from its folds. Her thick black hair was loosely knotted, and kept in its place by jewelled pins and a bandeau of pearls; and similar bandeaus adorned her slender throat and wrists.

"Are you lost in admiration?" said the Major, once more at her elbow, in a slightly sarcastic tone. "That sort of thing is very taking and effective at first, but after a time —"

He did not finish his sentence, shrugged his shoulders and walked away. Half-past six chimed from a small clock on a bracket. Carriage after carriage was rolling away from the door now, and progress on the stairs was rendered difficult by a descending crowd.

A quarter to seven struck, the last hand-shaking had been gone through, and Mrs. Druce, looking hot and tired, had sunk into a chair at the Princess's right hand, bending slightly forward to render conversation with her easy.

On the Princess's left hand, Lady Gwynne had taken a chair, and sat in converse with Hafiz Cassimi, who stood beside her.

Evidently these four were on very easy and intimate terms with each other. Lady Gwynne had tossed her big picture hat on a chair at her left hand, and was fanning herself with a palm-leaf. Mrs. Druce, beckoning to the butler, desired him to bring them some claret-cup from the refreshment-room.

No one seemed to observe Loveday seated still in her nook beside the big palm.

She signalled to the Major, who stood looking discontentedly from one of the windows.

"That is a most interesting group," she said; "now, if you like, you may introduce me to your mother."

"Oh, with pleasure — under what name?" he asked.

"Under my own," she answered, "and please be very distinct in pronouncing it, raise your voice slightly so that everyone

of those persons may hear it. And then, please add my profession, and say I am here at your request to investigate the circumstances connected with Mdle. Cunier's disappearance."

Major Druce looked astounded.

"But—but," he stammered, "have you seen anything—found out anything? If not, don't you think it will be better to preserve your incognita a little longer."

"Don't stop to ask questions," said Loveday sharply; "now, this very minute, do what I ask you, or the opportunity will be gone."

The Major without further demur, escorted Loveday across the room. The conversation between the four intimate friends had now become general and animated, and he had to wait for a minute or so before he could get an opportunity to speak to his mother.

During that minute Loveday stood a little in his rear, with Lady Gwynne and Cassimi at her right hand.

"I want to introduce this lady to you," said the Major, when a pause in the talk gave him his opportunity. "This is Miss Loveday Brooke, a lady detective, and she is here at my request to investigate the circumstances connected with the disappearance of Mdle. Cunier."

He said the words slowly and distinctly.

"There!" he said to himself complacently, as he ended; "if I had been reading the lessons in church, I couldn't have been more emphatic."

A blank silence for a moment fell upon the group, and even the butler, just then entering with the claret-cup, came to a standstill at the door.

Then, simultaneously, a glance flashed from Mrs. Druce to Lady Gwynne, from Lady Gwynne to Mrs. Druce, and then, also simultaneously, the eyes of both ladies rested, though only for an instant, on the big picture hat lying on the chair.

Lady Gwynne started to her feet and seized her hat, adjusting it without so much as a glance at a mirror.

"I must go at once; this very minute," she said. "I promised Charlie I would be

back soon after six, and now it is past seven. Mr. Cassimi, will you take me down to my carriage?" And with the most hurried of leave-takings to the Princess and her hostess, the lady swept out of the room, followed by Mr. Cassimi.

The butler still standing at the door, drew back to allow the lady to pass, and then, claret-cup and all, followed her out of the room.

Mrs. Druce drew a long breath and bowed formally to Loveday.

"I was a little taken by surprise," she began—

But here the Princess rose suddenly from the sofa.

"Moi, je suis fatiguée," she said in excellent French to Mrs. Druce, and she too swept out of the room, throwing, as she passed, what seemed to Loveday a slightly scornful glance towards the Major.

Her two attendants, one carrying her fan, and the other her reclining cushions, followed.

Mrs. Druce again turned to Loveday.

"Yes, I confess I was taken a little by surprise," she said, her manner thawing slightly. "I am not accustomed to the presence of detectives in my house; but now tell me what do you propose doing;

how do you mean to begin your investigations—by going over the house and looking in all the corners, or by cross-questioning the servants? Forgive my asking, but really I am quite at a loss; I haven't the remotest idea how such investigations are generally conducted."

"I do not propose to do much in the way of investigation to-night," answered Loveday as formally as she had been addressed, "for I have very important business to transact before eight o'clock this evening. I shall ask you to allow me to see Mdle. Cunier's room—ten minutes there will be sufficient—after that, I do not think I need further trouble you."

"Certainly; by all means," answered Mrs. Druce; "you'll find the room exactly as Lucie left it, nothing has been disturbed."

She turned to the butler,



MR. CASSIMI

who had by this time returned and stood presenting the claret-cup, and, in French, desired him to summon her maid, and tell her to show Miss Brooke to Mdle. Cunier's room.

The ten minutes that Loveday had said would suffice for her survey of this room extended themselves to fifteen, but the extra five minutes assuredly were not expended by her in the investigation of drawers and boxes. The maid, a pleasant, well-spoken young woman, jingled her keys, and opened every lock, and seemed not at all disinclined to enter into

Mrs. or Major Druce. She walked the length of Portland Place in leisurely fashion, and then, having first ascertained that her movements were not being watched, she called a hansom, and desired the man to drive her to Madame Céline's, a fashionable milliner's in Old Bond Street.

At Madame Céline's she spent close upon half-an-hour, giving many and minute directions for the making of a hat, which assuredly, when finished, would compare with nothing in the way of millinery that she had ever before put upon her head.

From Madame Céline's the hansom conveyed her to an undertaker's shop, at the corner of South Savile Street, and here she spent a brief ten minutes in conversation with the undertaker himself in his little back parlour.

From the undertaker's she drove home to her rooms in Gower Street, and then, before she divested herself of hat and coat, she wrote a brief note to Major Druce, requesting him to meet her on the following morning at Eglacé's, the confectioner's, in South Savile Street, at nine o'clock punctually.

This note she committed to the charge of the cab-driver, desiring him to deliver it at Portland Place on his way back to his stand.

"They've queer ways of doing things—these people!" said the Major, as he opened and read the note. "Suppose I must keep the appointment though, confound it. I can't see that she can possibly have found out anything by just sitting still in a corner for a couple of hours! And I'm confident she didn't give that beast Cassimi one quarter the attention she bestowed on other people."

In spite of his grumbling, however, the Major kept his appointment, and nine o'clock the next morning saw him shaking hands with Miss Brooke on Eglacé's doorstep.

"Dismiss your hansom," she said to him. "I only want you to come a few doors down the street, to the French Protestant church, to which you have sometimes escorted Mdle. Cunier."

At the church door Loveday paused a moment.



SHE SWEEPED OUT OF THE ROOM

the light gossip that Loveday contrived to set going.

She answered freely a variety of questions that Loveday put to her respecting Mademoiselle and her general habits, and from Mademoiselle, the talk drifted to other members of Mrs. Druce's household.

If Loveday had, as she had stated, important business to transact that evening, she certainly set about it in a strange fashion.

After she quitted Mademoiselle's room, she went straight out of the house, without leaving a message of any sort for either

"Before we enter," she said, "I want you to promise that whatever you may see going on there—however greatly you may be surprised—you will make no disturbance, not so much as open your lips till we come out."

The Major, not a little bewildered, gave the required promise; and, side by side, the two entered the church.

It was little more than a big room; at the farther end, in the middle of the nave, stood the pulpit, and immediately behind this was a low platform, enclosed by a brass rail.

Behind this brass rail, in black Geneva gown, stood the pastor of the church, and before him, on cushions, kneeled two persons, a man and a woman.

These two persons and an old man, the verger, formed the whole of the congregation. The position of the church, amid shops and narrow back-yards, had necessitated the filling in of every one of its windows with stained glass; it was, consequently, so dim that, coming in from the outside glare of sunlight, the Major found it difficult to make out what was going on at the farther end.

The verger came forward and offered to show them to a seat. Loveday shook her head—they would be leaving in a minute, she said, and would prefer standing where they were.

The Major began to take in the situation.

"Why they're being married!" he said in a loud whisper. "What on earth have you brought me in here for?"

Loveday laid her finger on her lips and frowned severely at him.

The marriage service came to an end, the pastor extended his black-gowned arms like the wings of a bat and pronounced the benediction; the man and woman rose from their knees and proceeded to follow him into the vestry.

The woman was neatly dressed in a long dove-coloured travelling cloak. She wore a large hat, from which fell a white gossamer veil that completely hid her face from view. The man was small, dark and slight, and as he passed on to the vestry beside his bride, the Major at once identified him as his mother's butler.

"Why, that's Lebrun!" he said in a still louder whisper than before. "Why, in the name of all that's wonderful, have you brought me here to see that fellow married?"

"You'd better come outside if you can't keep quiet," said Loveday severely, and leading the way out of the church as she spoke.

Outside, South Savile Street was busy with early morning traffic.

"Let us go back to Eglace's," said Loveday, "and have some coffee. I will explain to you there all you are wishing to know."

But before the coffee could be brought



"WHY, THEY ARE BEING MARRIED!"

to them, the Major had asked at least a dozen questions.

Loveday put them all on one side.

"All in good time" she said. "You are leaving out the most important question of all. Have you no curiosity to know who was the bride that Lebrun has chosen?"

"I don't suppose it concerns me in the slightest degree," he answered indifferently; "but since you wish me to ask the question—Who was she?"

"Lucie Cunier, lately your mother's amanuensis."

"The —!" cried the Major, jumping to his feet and uttering an exclamation that must be indicated by a blank.

"Take it calmly," said Loveday; "don't rave. Sit down and I'll tell you all about it. No, it is not the doing of your friend Cassimi, so you need not threaten to put a bullet into him; the girl has married Lebrun of her own free will—no one has forced her into it."

"Lucie has married Lebrun of her own free will!" he echoed, growing very white and taking the chair which faced Loveday at the little table.

"Will you have sugar?" asked Loveday, stirring the coffee, which the waiter at that moment brought.

"Yes, I repeat," she presently resumed, "Lucie has married Lebrun of her own free will, although I conjecture she might not perhaps have been quite so willing to crown his happiness if the Princess Dullah-Veih had not made it greatly to her interest to do so."

"Dolly made it to her interest to do so?" again echoed the Major.

"Do not interrupt me with exclamations; let me tell the story my own fashion, and then you may ask as many questions as you please. Now, to begin at the beginning, Lucie became engaged to Lebrun within a month of her coming to your mother's house, but she carefully kept the secret from everyone, even from the servants, until about a month ago, when she mentioned the fact in confidence to Mrs. Druce in order to defend herself from the charge of having sought to attract your attention. There was nothing surprising in this engagement; they were both lonely and in a foreign land, spoke the same language, and no doubt had many things in common; and although chance has lifted Lucie somewhat out of her station, she really belongs to the same class in life as Lebrun. Their love-making appears to have run along smoothly enough until you came home on leave, and the girl's pretty face attracted your attention. Your evident admiration for her disturbed the equanimity of the Princess, who saw your devotion to herself waning; of Lebrun, who fancied Lucie's manner to him had changed; of your mother, who was anxious that you should make a suitable marriage. Also additional complications arose from the fact that

your attentions to the little Swiss girl had drawn Mr. Cassimi's notice to her numerous attractions, and there was the danger of you two young men posing as rivals. At this juncture Lady Gwynne, as an intimate friend, and one who had herself suffered a twinge of heartache on Mademoiselle's account, was taken into your mother's confidence, and the three ladies in council decided that Lucie, in some fashion, must be got out of the way before you and Mr. Cassimi came to an open breach, or you had spoilt your matrimonial prospects."

Here the Major made a slightly impatient movement.

Loveday went on: "It was the Princess who solved the question how this was to be done. Fair Rosamonds are no longer put out of the way by 'a cup of cold poison'—golden guineas do the thing far more easily and innocently. The Princess expressed her willingness to bestow a thousand pounds on Lucie on the day that she married Lebrun, and to set her up afterwards as a fashionable milliner in Paris. After this munificent offer, everything else became mere matter of detail. The main thing was to get the damsel out of the way without your being able to trace her—perhaps work on her feelings, and induce her, at the last moment, to throw over Lebrun. Your absence from home, on a three days' visit, gave them the wished-for opportunity. Lady Gwynne took her milliner into her confidence. Madame Céline consented to receive Lucie into her house, seclude her in a room on the upper floor, and at the same time give her an insight into the profession of a fashionable milliner. The rest I think you know. Lucie quietly walks out of the house one afternoon, taking no luggage, calling no cab, and thereby cutting off one very obvious means of being traced. Madame Céline receives and hides her—not a difficult feat to accomplish in London, more especially if the one to be hidden is a foreign amanuensis, who is seldom seen out of doors, and who leaves no photograph behind her."

"I suppose it was Lebrun who had the confounded cheek to go to my drawer and appropriate that photograph. I wish it had been Cassimi—I could have kicked him, but—but it makes one feel rather small to have posed as rival to one's mother's butler."

"I think you may congratulate yourself

that Lebrun did nothing worse than go to your drawer and appropriate that photograph. I never saw a man bestow a more deadly look of hatred than he threw at you yesterday afternoon in your mother's drawing-room; it was that look of hatred that first drew my attention to the man and set me on the track that has ended in the Swiss Protestant church this morning."

"Ah! let me hear about that—let me have the links in the chain, one by one, as you came upon them," said the Major.

He was still pale—almost as the marble table at which they sat, but his voice had gone back to its normal slow, soft drawl.



HE WAS STILL PALE.

"With pleasure. The look that Lebrun threw at you, as he crossed the room to open the window, was link number one. As I saw that look, I said to myself there is someone in that corner whom that man hates with a deadly hatred. Then you came forward to speak to me, and I saw that it was you that the man was ready to murder, if opportunity offered. After this, I scrutinised him closely—not a detail of his features or his dress escaped me, and I noticed, among other things, that on the fourth finger of his left hand, half hidden by a more pretentious ring, was an old fashioned curious looking silver one. That silver ring was link number two in the chain."

"Ah, I suppose you asked for that glass of water on purpose to get a closer view of the ring?"

"I did, I found it was a Genevese ring of ancient make, the like of which I had not seen since I was a child and played with one, that my old Swiss *bonne* used to wear. Now I must tell you a little bit of Genevese history before I can make you understand how important a link that silver ring was to me. Echallets, the town in which Lucie was born, and her father had kept a watchmaker's shop, has long been famous for its jewellery and watchmaking. The two trades, however, were not combined in one until about a hundred years ago, when the corporation of the town passed a law decreeing that they should unite in one guild for their common good. To celebrate this amalgamation of interests, the jewellers fabricated a certain number of silver rings, consisting of a plain band of silver, on which two hands, in relief, clasped each other. These rings were distributed among the members of the guild, and as time has gone on they have become scarce and valuable as relics of the past. In certain families, they have been handed down as heirlooms, and have frequently done duty as betrothal rings—the clasped hands no doubt suggesting their suitability for this purpose. Now, when I saw such a ring on Lebrun's finger, I naturally guessed from whom he had received it, and at once classed his interests with those of your mother and the

Princess, and looked upon him as their possible coadjutor."

"What made you throw the brute Cassimi altogether out of your reckoning?"

"I did not do so at this stage of events; only, so to speak, marked him as 'doubtful' and kept my eye on him. I determined to try an experiment that I have never before attempted in my work. You know what that experiment was. I saw five persons, Mrs. Druce, the Princess, Lady Gwynne, Mr. Cassimi and Lebrun all in the room within a few yards of each other, and I asked you to take them by surprise and announce my name and profession, so that every one of those five persons could hear you."

"You did. I could not, for the life of me, make out what was your motive for so doing."

"My motive for so doing was simply, as it were, to raise the sudden cry, 'The enemy is upon you,' and to set every one of those five persons guarding their weak point—that is, if they had one. I'll draw your attention to what followed. Mr. Cassimi remained nonchalant and impassive; your mother and Lady Gwynne exchanged glances, and then both simultaneously threw a nervous look at Lady Gwynne's hat lying on the chair. Now as I had stood waiting to be introduced to Mrs. Druce, I had casually read the name of Madame Céline on the lining of the hat and I at once concluded that Madame Céline must be a very weak point indeed; a conclusion that was confirmed when Lady Gwynne hurriedly seized her hat and as hurriedly departed. Then the Princess scarcely less abruptly rose and left the room, and Lebrun on the point of entering, quitted it also. When he returned five minutes later, with the claret-cup, he had removed the ring from his finger, so I had now little doubt where his weak point lay."

"It's wonderful; it's like a fairy tale," drawled the Major. "Pray, go on."

"After this," continued Loveday, "my work became very simple. I did not care two straws for seeing Mademoiselle's room, but I cared very much to have a talk with Mrs. Druce's maid. From her I elicited the important fact that Lebrun was leaving very unexpectedly on the following day, and that his boxes were packed and labelled for Paris. After I left your house, I drove to Madame Céline's, and there, as a sort of entrance fee, ordered an elaborate hat. I praised freely the hats they had on view, and while giving minute directions as to the one I required, I extracted the information that Madame Céline had recently taken on a new milliner who had very great artistic skill. Upon this, I asked permission to see this new milliner and give her special instructions concerning my hat. My request was referred to Madame Céline, who appeared much ruffled by it, and informed me that it would be quite useless for me to see this new milliner; she could execute no more orders, as she was leaving the next day for Paris, where she intended opening an establishment on her own account.

Now you see the point at which I had arrived. There was Lebrun and there was this new milliner each leaving for Paris on the same day; it was not unreasonable to suppose that they might start in company, and that before so doing, a little ceremony might be gone through in the Swiss Protestant church that Mademoiselle occasionally attended. This conjecture sent me to the undertaker in South Savile Street, who combines with his undertaking the office of verger to the little church. From him I learned that a marriage was to take place at the church at a quarter to nine the next morning and that the names of the contracting parties were Pierre Lebrun and Lucie Cuénin."

"Cuénin!"

"Yes, that is the girl's real name; it seems Lady Gwynne re-christened her Cunier, because she said the English pronunciation of Cuénin grated on her ear—people would insist upon adding a *g* after the *n*. She introduced her to Mrs. Druce under the name of Cunier, forgetting, perhaps, the girl's real name, or else thinking it a matter of no importance. This fact, no doubt, considerably lessened Lebrun's fear of detection in procuring his licence and transmitting it to the Swiss pastor. Perhaps you are a little surprised at my knowledge of the facts I related to you at the beginning of our conversation. I got at them through Lebrun this morning. At half-past eight I went down to the church and found him there, waiting for his bride. He grew terribly excited at seeing me, and thought I was going to bring you down on him and upset his wedding arrangements at the last moment. I assured him to the contrary, and his version of the facts I have handed on to you. Should, however, any details of the story seem to you to be lacking, I have no doubt that Mrs. Druce or the Princess will supply them, now that all necessity for secrecy has come to an end."

The Major drew on his gloves; his colour had come back to him; he had resumed his easy suavity of manner.

"I don't think," he said slowly, "I'll trouble my mother or the Princess; and I shall be glad, if you have the opportunity, if you will make people understand that I only moved in the matter at all out of—of mere kindness to a young and friendless foreigner."

Famous Women.

ACTRESSES.

MRS. KENDAL.

Miss Margaret Brunton Robertson made her first bow to a London audience at the Marylebone Theatre, when she was a child of about three years of age; and, from what she can remember of the circumstance, she does not seem to think that it was a very brilliant debut. Thirteen years later she appeared as Ophelia at the Haymarket Theatre; but her first great success was as Blanche, in the now forgotten play, "The Hero of Romance." In 1869, Miss Robertson was married to Mr. William Hunter Grimston, and they have since acted under the name of Kendal. In 1875 Mr. and Mrs. Kendal joined Mr. Hare's company at the Court Theatre, and a year later were associated with Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft at the Prince of Wales', where leading parts were assigned to them in "Peril," "London Assurance," "Diplomacy," etc.

In 1881, Mr. Kendal and Mr. Hare became joint managers of the St. James's Theatre, which proved a most prosperous undertaking. A large share of the success was due to Mrs. Kendal, who is inimitable in light comedy, and as

an emotional actress has few rivals and certainly no equals. In 1889, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal made a triumphal progress through the States, which, owing to their enthusiastic reception at every town they visited, they were encouraged to repeat a short time after.

Since their return from the second American tour, they have delighted provincial audiences with various new plays and revivals of old favourites.

Early in the present year Mr. and Mrs. Kendal engaged the Avenue Theatre, for the purpose of producing "The White Lie," a play admirably adapted for displaying their dramatic talents;

and this, after a successful run, has been followed by "The Ironmaster."

The great gifts of Mrs. Kendal as an actress are harmoniously blended with the noblest qualities of womanhood. She is an affectionate wife and mother, and in her pretty and artistic home in Portland Place she shines no less brightly than in her impersonations of domestic life on the stage.



From a Photo. by]

MRS. KENDAL.

[Barraud.

MRS. BANCROFT, formerly Miss Marie Wilton, has delighted two generations of playgoers, and,

with Mr. Bancroft, retired from the stage a short time since in the enjoyment of an ample fortune, the result of their joint labours at the Prince of Wales' and Haymarket Theatres.

She resides with her husband and family in a handsome mansion in Berkeley Square, which contains an interesting memento of her first essay in the management of a theatre—the quaint little house in Tottenham Street, now devoted to the interests of the Salvation Army. I refer to a curious stone, engraved with the words, "Mary's Place, Fortune's Gate," which is inserted over the door of the library. Miss Marie Wilton's mother felt a very natural anxiety respecting this new venture, and on the opening day was persuaded to take a drive to divert her thoughts from the business in hand. Referring to the subject uppermost in her mind, she remarked to her companion, "What would I not give to know the end of this undertaking:" and at the same moment her eyes rested on a passing direction, bearing the words given above, which were accepted as a fortunate omen, and one which the passing years have verified to the fullest degree. The owner of the property, hearing of the incident some time later, had the stone removed, and presented it to Miss Marie Wilton.

The pretty room which contains this reminiscence of her early days is panelled with dark oak, has a richly-embossed ceiling showing the Tudor rose, and is an exact reproduction of an ancient masterpiece of carving. Round the walls run a double row of bookcases, and over these are the following mottoes in black letter: "Old wood to burn," "Old books to read," "Old wine to drink," "Old friends to trust." Another striking feature is the fireplace, which is particularly picturesque, and in the various nooks and corners are to be found old curios and pictures of past and living celebrities.

Mrs. Bancroft, in her time, has played many parts, but she was specially successful in her delineation of the humorous characters in Robertson's pieces, and particularly distinguished herself as Polly Eccles, in "Caste." Nan, in "Good for Nothing," was another favourite

part, and she was exceedingly popular as Peg Woffington, in "Masks and Faces."

In "Diplomacy," which was produced some years since at the Haymarket Theatre, Mrs. Bancroft played the complex rôle of Countess Zicka, and, to oblige her old friend, Mr. Hare, who has revived this popular play, she has emerged from private life and is again delighting the public in the smaller character of Lady Fairfax. Her reappearance may, in a measure, be attributed to family reasons, as the son of Mrs. Bancroft and the daughter of Mr. Hare are about to contract a matrimonial alliance, which will doubtless further cement the strong feelings of friendship which have existed for so many years between their respective parents.

MISS FANNY BROUGH

makes her home in a charming little house called Grovedale, in that semi-rural district known as Parsons Green. Here the popular actress spends her few leisure hours, surrounded by the house-



From a Photo, by]

MRS. BANCROFT.

[arranged.

hold gods collected during a long and successful theatrical career.

Miss Fanny Brough is the daughter of the late Mr. Robert Brough (a journalist and playwright,) and the niece of Mr. Lionel Brough—himself a bright and shining light in the profession, and a great

favourite with the public. She was born in Paris in 1856. In 1869 was given her first part—that of a fairy in a pantomime produced at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, Manchester, by the late Charles Calvert. Then came a course of Shakesperian plays in the provinces (an excellent training), followed by small speaking parts in modern dramas. In 1870 Miss Brough made her first appearance before a metropolitan audience at the St. James' Theatre, in the title rôle in "Fernande." After this, she went on another provincial tour in Robertsonian

comedy. By this time her undoubted talent made many London managers desirous of obtaining her services, and she appears to have acted in most of the leading theatres, and with the late Charles Mathews, the ever-green Toole, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, under the Kendals, and later, under the management of Sir Augustus Harris at Drury Lane. It would be impossible to enumerate a tithe of the rôles in which this charming and versatile woman has delighted the public; but a few may be selected for special mention. The part of Petrella, in the adaptation of "The World and the Law," was one of Miss Brough's finest creations and elicited high commendation from the author. As

Mrs. Bompas, of "The Times," she is familiar to playgoers; in "Our Flat" she scored another success, and recently she has charmed us as the demure little Quakeress in "The Prodigal Daughter," who developed in such an extraordinary manner after marriage.



From a Photo. by]

MISS FANNY BROUGH.

[Barrand.

Miss Brough is not only a talented actress and a pleasing hostess, but she may also be regarded as the good fairy and philanthropist of the stage. For not only is she the kindly adviser of many young girls anxious to adopt this fascinating career, and an ardent supporter of the Actors' Association, an institution which it is hoped will form the nucleus of a dramatic school of acting similar to those existing in Paris and other places on the Continent, but is one of the executive committee and an earnest worker in the Theatrical Ladies' Guild, a

charitable society which has already ably assisted many of the poorer members of the profession in times of sickness and sorrow.

Her charm of manner and personal magnetism have done her good service on the stage; they are also equally attractive in her own home, where she has the happy knack of putting a complete stranger entirely at her ease, and from the interviewer's point of view she cannot be surpassed, as she spares neither time nor trouble in presenting to the notice of her visitor anything likely to prove of an interesting or agreeable nature. In Miss Brough's pretty little drawing-room are portraits of all the best-known actors and

actresses of the day, besides those of all the members of her own family, including that of her grandmother, now over ninety years of age, but nevertheless an industrious worker at the weekly Sewing Bees held for making articles of clothing for the Theatrical Ladies' Guild. A speaking likeness of Mr. Lionel Brough occupies a prominent position, and there are also excellent photographs of Miss Brough's mother, brother and sister, who, in Melbourne, Sydney, and throughout the Australian Colonies, are well known to the patrons of the drama.

MISS MAUDE MILLETT,

in girlish parts, is an ideal actress, and her freshness, youth, and personal attractions, in conjunction with decided talent, have placed her at an early age in the front rank of the actresses of the day. Some five or six years ago Miss Millett, who had been playing with the Irving Amateur Society, had the good fortune at an afternoon reception to be introduced to Mr. Hawtreys, who was then arranging the caste for "The Private Secretary." Confiding to his hostess his difficulty in finding young and charming actresses for the feminine rôles, he glanced at Miss Millett, saying, "That is just the girl I want." On the subject being broached to the lady in question, who was desirous of distinguishing herself in this particular direction, the affair was arranged to the satisfaction of all parties; and, through a

long run, she played the part of Eva Webster at the Globe. Since then we have seen her in that delightfully quaint play "Sweet Lavender;" as one of "The Two Roses;" as Mary Blenkarn in "The Middleman," in "The Crusaders," "The Idler," a Pantomime Rehearsal, and other favourite pieces.

Her father, the late Major Hugh Millett, saw military service in India; and her mother, as an amateur actress, used to delight their friends with the talent she displayed: so the gifts of this bonnie English girl are certainly hereditary, though by hard study and training she has developed them to a remarkable degree. Miss Millett's success may be accepted as direct encouragement to the many youthful aspirants who are desirous of making name and fortune behind the footlights, and who so far have not been fortunate in meeting with a manager capable of appreciating their talents.



From a Photo. by]

MISS MAUDE MILLETT.

[Barraud.

MISS MARY MOORE

is the daughter of an Irish gentleman who settled in London twenty-five or thirty years ago. Though her family were not in any way connected with the theatrical profession, she appears to have shown dramatic talent at a very early age. She was educated at Warwick Hall, Maida Vale, at the same school as Marie Van Zandt. Her fluency in conversational German, we are told, arose from her



From a Photo. by]
MISS MARY MOORE.

[Barrand.

intimacy with a little girl of that nationality, whom she first knew when she was seven years old. When about sixteen she married Mr. James Albery, the author of "The Two Roses," "Pink Dominoes," and other popular plays, and soon after her marriage, Mr. Charles Wyndham gave her a small part in one of his touring companies. As Ada Ingot, in "David Garrick," at the Criterion Theatre, she scored a distinct success in 1886, and has since remained a prominent member of Mr. Wyndham's London Company, she has also played this character in German at Berlin and other Prussian towns, and repeated the play most successfully in St. Petersburg and Moscow, in the former place appearing before the Czar and Royal Family. In "Still Waters Run Deep," which had a long run at the Criterion Theatre, she was assigned an important part, and her quiet style of

acting formed a marked contrast to that of Mrs. Bernard Beere, who excels in striking and dramatic characters, and was thus an excellent foil. At present, Miss Moore is appearing in "The Bauble Shop," a play for which a long run is anticipated.

MRS. BEERBOHM TREE,

the wife of the popular lessee of the Haymarket Theatre, was educated at Queen's College, Harley Street, London, where she distinguished herself in classics and mathematics; as a diversion, she often engaged in private theatricals; and when she was Miss Maud Holt appeared in a



From a Photo. by]

MRS. BEERBOHM TREE.

[Barrand.

Greek play before that severe critic, Mr. Gladstone. However she was not long an amateur, as her marriage with Mr. Beerbohm Tree caused her to seriously adopt the stage as her profession, a decision which she has had no reason to regret. As Betty Noel, she made a great hit in "Lady Clancarty," and her Princess Claudia Morakoff, in "The Red Lamp," did much to redeem that conventional play. She scored another success in "A Man and his Shadow," where, as a wife who believes that she has seen her husband commit a deliberate and cold-blooded murder, she acted with considerable dramatic force. As Madame de Pompadour (in a play which largely depended upon its elaborate mounting) she did not show to so great an advantage as in "The Dancing Girl," where, though her part was only a small one, it was rendered with singular pathos and artistic finish. Mrs. Beerbohm Tree has also essayed Shakespeare, acting Ophelia to her husband's Hamlet, in a manner which satisfied her audience to the fullest extent.

MISS WINIFRED EMERY

proudly describes herself as "a child of the Theatre," for her father was Mr. Samuel Emery, the eminent comedian, and manager of the Preston Theatre; and her grandfather and great grandfather were likewise actors. She possesses one of the greatest of dramatic gifts—that of concealing her own personal characteristics, and of being one with and entirely



From a Photo. by

MISS WINIFRED EMERY.

[Baird.]

the character she is enacting. Miss Emery holds everything else as secondary to her art, and at an age when other children were playing with toys, she was preparing herself for her business in life, under the tuition of her father.

She made her first appearance in Manchester, in that almost forgotten play, "The Green Bushes," and when quite a young girl she was chosen as the understudy of Madame Modjeska, a perfect actress, from whom she drew many inspirations. After-

wards she was cast for a part in "The Old Love and the New," under the Kendal and Hare management. Then we find her at The Lyceum in "Louis XI.," "Richelieu," and "The Bells;" at Toole's in "Auntie," and at the Vaudeville in "The Rivals;" a training which was calculated to make her a very versatile actress. During Miss Ellen Terry's illness she supplied her place in the difficult rôle of Marguerite, and she has twice been to America with Mr. Irving's company.

Under Sir Augustus Harris she acted in two spectacular pieces, "The Armada" and "The Royal Oak." As Dearest, in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," she was particularly successful, while her portrayal of Lady Windermere, in Mr. Oscar Wilde's drama, was a character-study highly appreciated by all who had the good fortune to see her in this rôle.

Besides her dramatic, Miss Emery possesses considerable literary talent, and from time to time articles upon matters relating to the stage and other subjects appear from her pen. She is also in-

directly distinguished through her little daughter, who a short time since was awarded the first prize "for the most beautiful baby," in a competition promoted by that bright little paper, *Woman*.

Miss Emery is the wife of Mr. Cyril Maude, also an actor of great promise, and they reside in one of the pretty Queen Anne villas which have been built of late years at Merton, in Surrey.

MISS ELLEN TERRY

was born at Coventry on the 27th of February, 1848, and was one of five children, all of whom have distinguished themselves on the stage, though in a lesser degree than the subject of this little sketch, who made

her first appearance at the Princess's Theatre, then under the management of Mr. Charles Kean, when not more than eight years of age. After acting in the Provinces and at the Royalty and Haymarket Theatres, Miss Terry played for the first time with Mr. Irving, in "The Taming of the Shrew;" but this must not be confused with the opening of the Lyceum under that distinguished tragedian's management in 1878, when he engaged Miss Terry to play

leading rôles with him, which she has continued to do ever since with such success that she is now regarded as one of the most striking figures on the English stage.

Since that date she has charmed us as Portia, in "The Merchant of Venice," as Letitia Hardy, in "The Belle's Stratagem," as Catherine Duval, in "The Dead

Heart;" as Juliet, as Marguerite and as Ophelia. She was Queen Henrietta Maria in "Charles I.," Camma in "The Cup," Lucy Ashton in "Ravenswood," Viola in "Twelfth Night," Ellaline in "The Amber Heart," the erring daughter of "The Vicar of Wakefield," the guilty Lady Macbeth, the unhappy wife of that much married monarch, Henry VIII., and last, but not least, Fair Rosamund.

This appears to be a fairly long list of characters, but it is by no means a complete one, and only includes some of the principal rôles which have been placed in the hands of this talented actress.

Miss Terry lives in one of those modern red-brick houses at Earl's Court, known

as Barkstone Gardens. Here she has made for herself a delightful nest, where she can enjoy the charms of domesticity with her son and daughter, Ailsa and Gordon Craig, and her friend and companion, Mrs. Rumball.

Pretty surroundings and plenty of flowers are necessities of life to Miss Terry; consequently, the first things that strike one on entering her home are the quaint nooks and corners, soft harmonies of colour, and the delicate scent of floral tro-



From a Photo. by]

MISS ELLEN TERRY.

[Barraud.

phies which greet you on every side.

One of the most interesting rooms in the house is the study, a real working-room of diminutive size, but large enough to contain a theatrical library, a number of original sketches for costumes, a bust of Fechter, and other odds and ends suggestive of the fair occupant's dramatic

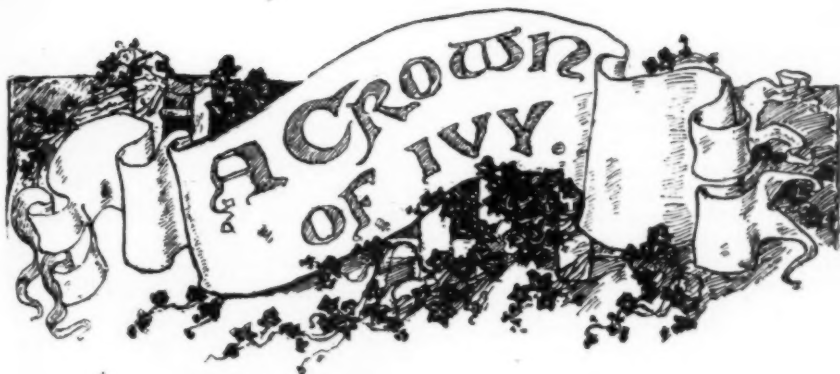
career. The dining-room is decorated in tones of green and pink, with a high dado separated from the upper portion of the wall by a heavy wooden moulding. The fireplace and overmantel are of excellent design, and the oaken sideboard is another attractive feature, while the softly-shaded lamp suspended from the ceiling suffuses the dinner-table with light and brightness. The staircase above has been converted into a miniature sitting-room, with dwarf bookcase opposite the fireplace, and deep window-seat cosily cushioned and surrounded by a fretted arch of ivory-tinted wood. Portraits of Miss Terry's intimate friends and fellow-workers, including Mr. Henry Irving, Madame Bernhardt, Miss Mary Anderson, Mrs. Fred Terry, Salvini, Sarasate, Tosti and a host of other popular favourites, gaze upon you from the walls, and an ancient spinning-wheel, oak table and chairs fill up the available space. A few more steps, and the amber silk curtains are drawn aside and disclose the drawing-room, with its old-fashioned square piano, cabinet, filled with blue and white china, and little tables with silver trinkets and curios. A handsome apartment, anyone entering it feels; but not more attractive to Miss Terry than her quaint little cottage at Winchelsea, where she elects to spend the few leisure hours the public allow her to enjoy. These short spells of quietude put new life and vigour into the popular favourite; and here she laughs and says: "You can entirely forget that such a thing as a theatre exists; and I have the opportunity of indulging in photography, my latest hobby, and of recruiting after an exceptionally long run; or preparing for those that are to come."

Those who only know Miss Terry as the celebrated actress should see her in her home, where the natural instincts of her

nature have full play; and the kindliness of her disposition is shown by many a philanthropic scheme for the improvement of the condition of her poorer neighbours. Miss Terry, however, is one of those women who never let their left hand know what their right doeth; and only those who are immediately benefited are aware how much she finds time to do in the sacred cause of charity.

Two simple acts of kindness I can vouch for, from personal knowledge, namely—on a first night, when flowers are plentifully showered upon her by those who are intense admirers of her genius, she frequently fills her own carriage, and the first available cab; and, regardless of fatigue, drives to some hospital, and deposits her floral burden. And again, when on tour, in the Comedy of "New Men and Old Acres," she stayed, now many years since, for a few nights in Leicester, it was just at the time that the craze for the collection of autographs was at its height, and every properly-constituted little boy and girl was supposed to possess a textbook for this purpose—for then Shakesperian autograph books had not been thought of. Coming into her hotel one morning, she found the hall porter besieged by an excited and loudly gesticulating throng of girls from the Wygeston School, who declined to be appeased or to deprive him of their presence. Hearing her own name, she stopped to inquire the cause of all this uproar; and finding that a jealous rivalry existed for her signature, she there upon sat down at the hall table, and boldly inscribed "Ellen Terry" in at least twenty textbooks, which were treasured as priceless possessions by the girls, long since grown to womanhood, and who by this simple incident will ever remain her most ardent and sincere supporters.

M. F. G.



By ROBIN HOLMWOOD.

Ivy—"I cling to thee."
Language of Flowers.

THE Rectory garden was a confused tangle of sweetness and colour. Old Robert, the Rector's man-of-all-work, said he liked "to see things growin' as God made 'em."

So it came to pass that, on this glowing August afternoon, sweet peas, stocks, sunflowers, carnations, marigolds and mignonette flourished in profusion in the old-fashioned garden, and vied with each other in sweetness and colour.

The Rectory itself was a many-gabled building whose only distinguishing feature was ivy. Ivy everywhere; not content with embowering the whole house, the clinging tendrils bade fair to smother the chimneys and shut in the small, diamond-paned windows.

"My dear," the Rector often said, "we really must have this ivy cut."

"Yes, John," answered his wife placidly; but year by year the aggressive thing was allowed to grow unchecked until in some places it had literally overflowed the house, and long, running sprays were fighting their way,

inch by inch, with rosemary and lavender, among the garden beds on the sunny southern slope. Down this slope, as far as the river, stretched the kitchen garden, where downy-cheeked plums, seedless raspberries and such strawberries grew with a determination hitherto unparalleled in the history of even the sunniest of Rectory gardens.

Over the garden gate leaned Daisy Austen, the Rector's only daughter, in an attitude of dreamy indolence. The ivy-covered gateway made a fitting frame for the slight, girlish figure in its white dress, and the sunny golden head was crowned by a careless wreath of ivy leaves. Dreaming she surely was. The great blue eyes had a far-away look in them; just the look one would expect to see on the face of an only girl, whose near world was bounded by the other-worldly atmosphere of the household be-

hind the old-fashioned garden, and whose farther world was the sleepy village at her feet.

Presently there came up the lane from the village an



OVER THE GARDEN GATE.

athletic, boyish figure clad in a careless cricket suit of white flannel, relieved here and there by dashes of gay red and yellow—the colours of the local club of which he was captain.

Colin Lindsay was a hearty, healthy English boy of remote Scotch extraction, and very proud he was of the double line of ancestors, in which was to be found many an honoured name—flowers of the chivalry of both nations. Just now his dark, sun-burnt face was glowing with excitement, and Daisy could hear his merry whistle long before he came in sight. At the gate he stopped.

"Well," said Daisy, "I suppose you've come straight from the cricket-field, and I can see you've beaten them."

"Yes, we have, hollow—scored nearly as many in our first innings as they did in two. At first they knocked the balls about a bit with an air of 'easy-to-beat-these-country-lads-you-know,' but by-and-by—"

"By-and-by Master Colin went in, and then—"

"Well, I *did* get a run or two, Miss," and a rough, boyish hand made a dive after the ivy crown.

"Oh! Colin, my hair!" screamed Daisy.

"Sorry I hurt you," answered the boy coolly; "but you've plenty of hairs left, I see, and besides, if I wanted them all, you ought to give them to me, you know."

"Why, indeed, you masterful boy?" said Daisy, indignantly, smoothing down her ruffled locks.

"Oh, well, because—because—well, I don't know, except just that I'm always going to be master, and, Daisy, don't you wish these were the days of chivalry? and then I'd be your knight and ride out to battle with this ivy crown on my helmet! It means 'I cling to thee,' you know, and when I was found dead on the field, with its tendrils dyed in my heart's blood, you could —"

"You horrid boy! But I don't suppose your heart's blood would ever reach your head; they are too far apart. And don't wax sentimental; it doesn't exactly suit a very brown boy in very dirty flannels."

"Well, I won't, then, if you'll let me in and give me some strawberries and cream. I feel they would be nearer my heart's blood at present than either ivy crowns or knightly helmets. Daisy," said Colin, a few minutes later, with his



"OH! COLIN, MY HAIR."

mouth full, "in a year I'm going out to my uncle in South Africa. When the holidays are over, I shall go back to school and work real hard. I don't think I should like to go to college, as John has done; and, above all, I *couldn't* be a parson. Just fancy me got up in a white sheet, and moving round with a 'bless-you-my-children' air about me!"

"I couldn't, irreverent boy!" answered Daisy; "but, seriously, what are you going to do in—Port Elizabeth, isn't it, where your uncle lives?"

"Oh, I mean to see the world, and then I'll make my fortune; and then—why, I'll come back and marry you, of course!"

"Will you? What a delightful prospect! Supposing I won't have you?"

"Oh, but you'll have to! I always intended that," said the boy confidently.

So the strawberries were eaten, and the boy and girl, who had grown up for each other in the eyes of the village world in which they moved, had another sunny year of free, glad comradeship. Then Colin's last term at the Grammar School was over, and, after many tearful good-byes, he set his hopeful, resolute young face towards a new future and the South African fortune which, he never doubted, there awaited him.

And Daisy, leaning once more over the ivied gateway, with a pair of swollen blue

eyes, a very red nose and a disconsolate droop of the golden head, declared between her sobs that "life was over now, and she didn't care if she died, because Colin would never, never come back any more!"

But hearts are not easily broken at eighteen, and ere two golden summers came and went, the dreamy blue eyes were again scanning the fair horizon line of life, which was not always bounded by an unknown, far-away South African town. Colin's letters were always welcome, but it would have been no small surprise to Daisy could she have seen how the merry, saucy replies were read and re-read, and finally found their way to a certain sacred hiding-place, to rest beside a mangled wreath of shrivelled ivy leaves.

Still more of a surprise would it have been to Colin's work-a-day friends and companions, to have guessed the existence of this same treasure-box. They only knew him as a generous, high-souled English lad, who toiled daily with true British tenacity, having found, as many another of our exiled sons has done, that the fair blossom of success will not grow in the sunniest clime under heaven, except from the healthy root of honest labour.

So the months rolled on, and Daisy's world was no longer the sleepy village. She, too, saw life beyond the sheltered limits of her girlhood. A fairer, brighter world it seemed than even the one pictured so often in the dreamland of the old garden. And Colin's distant field of labour grew very far away indeed.

Perhaps it seemed to come about more suddenly than was really the case to the hitherto unsuspecting Colin; but, one day, a very white set face bent over the treasure-box for the last time. Almost unconsciously the dainty letter was crushed in a man's strong hand. Then it was smoothed out again, to read just these words—not very cruel ones on the face of them:—"You know, Colin, we have always been like brother and sister, and now I want you to be a brother to this very dear friend of mine. I don't

mind telling you he is dearer to me than I ever thought anyone could be. By the time you get this he will have sailed for Port Elizabeth, to make his fortune, as you did. And I want you to be good to Jack for my sake. By-the-by, is the fortune nearly made now? Shall we ever see you in dear old England again?"

"No, never!" muttered Colin between his teeth. "Why did I ever go away? Yes, Daisy, the fortune is nearly made now, or, at least, enough of it to have made me the happiest fellow in South Africa. But now I could curse the very gold itself. My darling, why did I ever leave you?" And the poor fellow groaned aloud in the very strength of the love which had grown with his growth till both were giants indeed.

"Well, it's all over now!" he thought. "And I suppose I've got to live still. I'm glad I never told the other boys about her. If I were in a book, now, I suppose this Jack would be drowned on the

voyage out, and then she would find that she loved me best after all; but I'm not in a book, and so

— Then a

horrible temptation assailed him, and for some minutes he wish-

ed with all his might that Jack Russell might never land safely at Port Elizabeth.

"God forgive me!" he said aloud presently, and, burying his face in his hands, he fought the hardest battle of his whole life. At length, some hours later, he rose to his feet, and, shaking himself, stepped out upon the broad verandah, now bathed in the westering sunlight of a calm Sabbath evening, leaving behind him the locked treasure-box, and the one hope of his early manhood.

A few weeks later Jack Russell arrived, and received a right brotherly welcome. All he ever knew of the great life sorrow beside him was gathered from a few words, evidently wrung from Colin during one of their evenings together some months afterwards. Jack had been raving as usual about Daisy's charms and his own future hopes and expectations, never



noticing his companion's silence, until suddenly Colin broke in abruptly:

"You're a lucky fellow, Jack. I meant to win the prize you have won. Try to be worthy of her, and love her as she deserves to be loved. She will need all you can give her!" And, with a hearty grip of his hand, Colin was gone, leaving Jack to shrug his shoulders in wonder and dismay.

"Daisy never told me that," he said; "but he'll get over it well enough. All the same, he's a good fellow. I don't think I could have done for him all that he has done for me, had he been the lucky one!"

"Fire, fire!" That most terrible of all alarms rang out fiercely on the clear, tro-



pical night air—fearful enough even in our English cities, with their solid walls and lavish water supply—ininitely more terrible where the houses are chiefly composed of wood and other light materials, which have been exposed all day to the scorching heat of a tropical sun.

The wild cry roused Jack Russell from his first sound sleep, and, hastily throwing on his clothes, he prepared to follow the already hurrying crowd to the scene of danger. "Where is it?" he shouted, as he gained the street. "Lindsay's place!" someone answered.

Jack's first thought was for Colin's safety. "I hope he's all right," he muttered; "but he's just the sort of fellow to help everybody else, and never think of himself at all."

No one knew how the fire originated, but everyone said it was too late to save the pretty villa, half foreign, half English, which Colin's uncle had built for himself in the suburbs of Port Elizabeth. Already the flames were curling round the roof of the verandah, and wreaths of smoke issued from the front windows.

At length, to his great relief, Jack caught sight of Colin himself, and, seizing him by the arm, asked anxiously:

"Are they all safe?"

Scarcely were the words uttered when a fearful shriek rang out above the shouting of the excited crowd and the roaring of the flames.

"Oh! my boy, my boy!" and a white, distracted face appeared at Colin's elbow.

"Is it Norman, aunt?" he asked, breathlessly.

"Yes, he must have been left in the night nursery at the back.

I thought he was with Rhoda and the other children, and he'll be killed!" and poor Mrs. Lindsay's cries broke out afresh.

"No, he won't, aunt," answered Colin, firmly, unclasping her frenzied grasp on his arm. "The flames haven't reached the back yet, and, God helping me, I'll save him."

Already half-a-dozen athletic young Englishmen had thrown off their coats, for the British lion element is not wanting in the hearts of our youthful colonists.

Without a moment's hesitation, Colin sprang towards the burning building, only pausing to grasp his friend's hand and to say hurriedly as he pushed him gently but firmly back:

"No, Jack, not you. I know my way, and besides, you've got Daisy, and—" with a sudden break in his voice—"I've got—nothing."

The suspense of the next few minutes was breathless. Then it was broken by cheer upon cheer echoing from the white and dusky throats of the motley crowd as Colin appeared once more with little Norman's unconscious form rolled in a blanket. Scarcely had the brave lad time to realise that these exultant shouts

COLIN BROKE IN ABRUPTLY.

were meant for him, or to hear Mrs. Lindsay's fervent expressions of gratitude, ere he staggered and would have fallen but for Jack's timely aid. Very tenderly they bore him to the hospital, and then waited impatiently for the result of the doctor's brief examination.

Colin's injuries were not from the direct action of fire, he told them. He had evidently received a severe blow on the head, from falling timbers probably, and perhaps there might be internal complications; but it was difficult to ascertain precisely the nature and extent of the harm done until consciousness returned.

Nothing was left undone that skill and care could accomplish; but, in spite of all, in a few days it became known among his friends that the young life was ending and that the bright, boyish face would be seen no more in their midst.

One by one, at Colin's request, they came to bid him good-bye. Most of them were work-mates in his uncle's warehouse, and, here and there, a soli-



"OH! MY BOY, MY BOY."



VERY TENDERLY THEY BORE HIM.

tary home-sick boy, fresh from his mother. They had never known before how dear he was to them; and more than one young fellow felt that he was losing his best friend, and shuddered to think of where he might have been but for the help and counsel and the daily example of the life which was slowly fading from their sight.

"He won't suffer much," the doctor had said, "and will most likely be conscious to the very end." And now the end had come. There was silence in the ward except for the ticking of the clock and the sounds of Mrs. Lindsay's sobs. Beside her sat her husband, with his head buried in his hands, thinking, with a half suppressed groan, what he should say to the widowed mother in the far-off

English village—how he should tell her that her boy had taken his life in his hands and laid it down for an untried baby, whose life might prove a failure in the end.

As if to answer the unspoken question, Colin's dark eyes unclosed and he murmured:

"Tell Mother I couldn't have done anything else. I'm glad the little one is all right; he'll be a fine lad some day. I'm going to Father. John will take care of her better than her wild, restless laddie ever could have done. Jack," he added faintly.

The young man raised his head from the bed-clothes, where he had been hiding it in a vain attempt to check the rising sobs which threatened to choke him.

"It's better so, old fellow. Bid Daisy good-bye, and give her the packet. It was the only thing I saved from the fire."

The tired voice grew faint, and again there was silence. Then the dark eyes opened once more, and the watchful nurse bent forward to raise the weary head, and stroke back the thick, curly hair, already damped by the rising waves of the river of Death.

"Hush! he is trying to say something," said Jack, in an awed voice.

"A crown—of—ivy—a crown of —"

"Life" added the hospital nurse softly.

A look of infinite peace settled on the young, still boyish face.

"Yes," he murmured, "be faithful—a crown—of—ivy fadeth—a crown—of—life—fadeth—not."

Eight years have passed away, and Daisy Russell is at home



THEY CAME TO BID HIM GOOD-BYE.

again in the old rectory. The golden head looks almost as sunny as ever, but the ivy crown is replaced by a widow's cap. On her knee are spread the contents of an old box, and in her hand the picture of a dark-eyed, laughing boy.

Beside her stands a child of some six or seven years.

"Oh! Colin, Colin! my more than brother," she sighed, she sighed, "he was the only true knight I ever had."

"after all, you were the only true knight I ever had."

"Who is that pretty boy, mother?" asked the child at her knee.

"An old, old friend of mine—the first friend I ever had, Colin."

"And was he a good boy, mother?"

"Yes, dear, a very good boy. He gave his life to save a little child, and also to keep his friend from risking his life. He thought someone he loved would be happier if he died."

"And were they very happy, mother?"



"IT'S BETTER SO, OLD FELLOW."

"No, darling, not very; not so happy as he wanted them to be."

"That was a pity; 'cause I s'pose then it was no use dying, was it, mother?"

"I don't know, dear. When we give all we have, God will never let it be wasted. I will tell you about him some-day when you are older. His name was Colin, like yours."

Other treasures there were in the old box—a tinted photograph of a sweet, golden-haired girl, with dreamy blue eyes,

worn and rubbed by constant wear in a boyish pocket, a withered wreath of dead ivy-leaves, and, last of all, a photograph of a newly-made grave marked by a plain marble cross, wreathed with carved ivy-leaves, and on which could be plainly read the simple inscription:

COLIN LINDSAY

DIED SEPTEMBER 6, 1880.

AGED 21 YEARS.

A Crown of Life.



"OLD WAS HE A GOOD BOY, MOTHER?"

Some English Pen Artists and their Work.

By ERNEST F. SHERIE.

ILLUSTRATED journalism has made rapid strides of late years, and the clever artists who have contributed to this result are now as well known by their sketches as famous authors and writers.

Who does not know Phil May's caricatures? His work confronts us in most of the best comic papers of the day; it is always before us, here, there and everywhere.

Visiting Mr. May at his studio, I found him surrounded with curios, pictures, casts, sketches in all stages, books, musical instruments, and articles of all descriptions that we meet with in our daily life, and which at some time or other have figured, or will figure, in the artist's work. They are scattered about in profusion; down one side of the studio is a long and comfortable settee, at the back of which are arched openings into another apartment, which, in turn, has another settee, running parallel with the first. A grand piano, in one corner, bears witness to the fact that the artist and his charming wife are devoted to music, and, in the words of "Maggy Murphy's Home," "On Sunday night it's his delight" to have a bevy of fellow Bohemians "drop in." Those who are fortunate enough to figure amongst his friends, are always unanimous in praise of their host and hostess's resources for their amusement.

Mr. May has Irish blood in his veins. He

commenced to draw when quite a child, and preferred a pencil and sketch-book to any toy, and used actually to go about provided with these materials at an absurdly early age. Indeed, his first drawing for a paper was made when he was but twelve years old; that was for a paper in Yorkshire; he sent in several sketches and they were accepted. He was always sketching and never attended any Art School, his impression being, that for a pen draughtsman (at any rate) the best school is practice. With painting, he holds other views, and maintains that a certain amount of tuition is necessary; he always draws from models, and makes most careful studies in chalk of every figure before the final pen drawing is commenced. He is a great believer in going to nature for his subjects, and is never so happy as when he is sketching. The first paper of importance

he worked for in London was the *St. Stephen's Review*. He came to London ten years ago, and had a pretty rough time of it at first; he was unknown, and consequently had a hard struggle to make both ends meet. He was introduced to the Editor of the paper by a Mr. Russell, for whom he had made a drawing of Mr. Bancroft, which was much liked. This brought his name forward, and in 1885 he had an offer to go to Australia to work for *The Sydney Bulletin* (a paper to which he still contributes). The experience gained there



MR. PHIL MAY.

had its good effects. He remained on the *Bulletin* for three years and then made tracks for home with his wife, calling at Rome on the way, and afterwards settling down in Paris. There he rented a studio close to one occupied by Meissonnier, and saw much of the great artist. "You're looking at that policeman's helmet," remarked

Mr. May; "funny thing how I picked that up: walking through the city one day, I saw a youngster with it on his head, and gave him a shilling for it, and I can assure you it has come in very useful—they are uncommonly awkward things to draw. Most of the younger generation who come in here, make the crown too high, whereas it is not much higher than an ordinary round hat. Talking about policemen reminds me of a very funny thing which occurred to me some years ago; I had a studio at Hampstead, and wishing to make a drawing (which has since appeared) of a row of policemen going on duty, I went to every constable I met in the neighbourhood and asked them to come up to my studio to be 'took.' I thought by this means I should get a variety of character; well, one day, by a strange coincidence, I had no less than seven or eight guardians of the peace turn up, and you may imagine the sensation it caused in the vicinity; the neighbours evidently imagining that some horrible tragedy had taken place in their midst."

"You don't work entirely in England, do you?"

"Not by any means. I travel a great deal, and am at home either in London or Paris, where I still have a studio. I

only spend four months out of the twelve in England, and the rest (when I am not globe trotting) in Paris. In April, this year, I am going to Rome, and next year, Japan will be my resting-place. There is a wide field of humour there, and it has never been properly done, so I'm going to try my hand at it."

"How did your 'Parson and the Painter' go?"

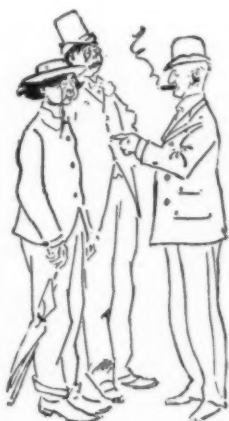
"Splendidly; it far exceeded my expectations. I am publishing a second edition this summer, when the adventures of those gentlemen at home and in Australia will be the subject."

"Are you doing another summer annual?"

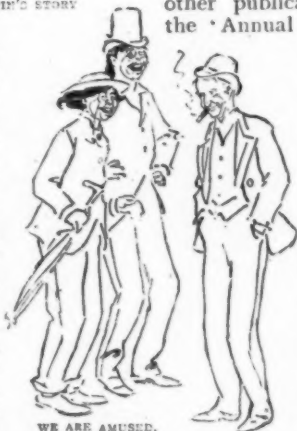
"No; I think once a year is sufficient, and I have quite enough to do with the other publications; therefore, in future the 'Annual' will be an *Annual* and be published only at Christmas."

As Mr. May was now due in the city, we journeyed thither together, in a well-appointed hansom. During our drive I could not help noticing Mr. May's acute observation; there were few things that escaped his notice, and, as the vehicles and mass of humanity rolled by, many were the remarks made on the possibility of humorous subjects; the artist having a decided habit of regarding everything from an amusing

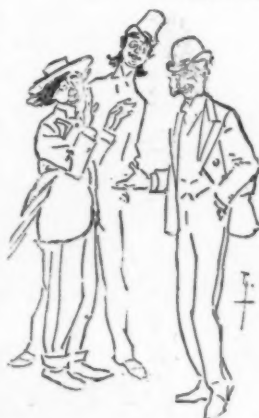
point of view, and continually giving expression to his thoughts by a chuckle and saying: "That's funny!" This remark was frequently made about some passing object, or being that, personally, I did not see the slightest humour in until it was pointed out to me, when the construction he



NAT GOODWIN'S STORY



WE ARE AMUSED.



"REALLY, MR. GOODWIN, REALLY."
(From "The Parson and the Painter.")



(From Mr. Phil May's "The Parson and the Painter.")

would put upon it least itself to merriment. A glance at Mr. May's career cannot fail to impress us with his undoubted pluck and talent which, at the early age of twenty-eight, have placed him in the foremost rank of caricaturists. In one respect (at any rate) he stands alone: *viz.*, that, unlike so many of our talented caricaturists, he is a perfect draughtsman. We have even now two or three excellent exponents of the art, but for pure draughtsmanship we have not one to excel Mr. May.

The accompanying illustrations, "Nat Goodwin's Story" and "High Jinks at Scarborough," are typical specimens of Mr. May's work.

Another very clever draughtsman is Mr. Reginald Cleaver, whose excellent drawings are so well known in *The Daily Graphic*. Seeking out this gentleman, I found him busily at work at the offices of the paper, and, having coaxed him over the way to Carr's, we chatted pleasantly over a cup of coffee.

Mr. Cleaver's first sketch for a London paper appeared in *The Illustrated London News*, when he was twenty-three years of age. He was then engaged in a commercial pursuit, but, being so very fond of drawing, he resolved to take to the profession as a means of gaining a livelihood. With this object, he enrolled himself a member of "The Old Westminster School of Art," and was there during the last days of that institution. After that he went to "Brown's," where so many



MR. REGINALD CLEAVER.

of our leading artists have studied, and ultimately he joined a class over which Mr. Solomon J. Solomon presided, and it was from this gentleman that he received his most valuable insight into composition. While yet studying, he worked from time to time for various periodicals.

"How did you come to draw for *The Daily Graphic*?" I remarked.

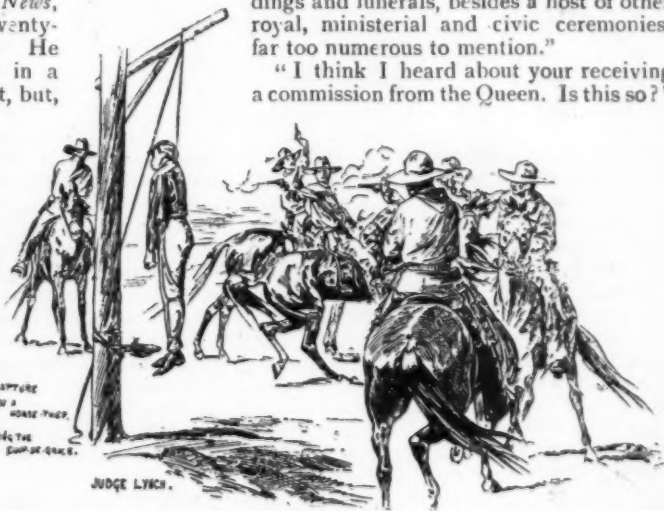
"I was offering a drawing to the weekly publication, when the editor told me of the intended daily, and asked if I would like to work for them. Of course, I

was only too pleased, and from the first number to the present day, there have been few numbers in which my work has not appeared."

"What a quantity of events you must have attended to sketch, during your engagement!"

"Yes, indeed; I suppose few artists can show such a record of events attended in the space of, say two years. I have been present at State balls, Drawing-Rooms, garden parties at Marlborough House and elsewhere, levées, royal weddings and funerals, besides a host of other royal, ministerial and civic ceremonies, far too numerous to mention."

"I think I heard about your receiving a commission from the Queen. Is this so?"



(From "The Daily Graphic.")

"Quite right. Sir Henry Ponsonby wrote to the proprietors of *The Graphic*, commanding them to send an artist to Windsor to sketch a performance of *The Gondoliers*, which was to be played there, and I was fortunate enough to be the chosen one. Her Majesty has been good enough to express her satisfaction of my efforts by honouring me, since then, with further commands on three separate occasions. In one instance, I had to forsake the everyday coat and shining headgear

indiscriminately over the platform. I have contributed sketches to *Punch* and other popular periodicals, from time to time, but now my *Daily Graphic* work occupies nearly all my time."

Mr. Cleaver's work is so well known that it is unnecessary for me to expatiate upon its merits; some of his drawings which we reproduce are in his best style, and may be taken as very good examples of his finesse and execution. Regarding his personality, one cannot fail to be im-



A RECEPTION AT THE MARCHIONESS OF SALISBURY'S.
(From "*The Daily Graphic*.")

for the Court uniform and cocked hat, and I can assure you that this was a very amusing experience; being unused to the composition of the garments, I felt far from comfortable—a feeling which was increased by a disconcerting episode which occurred. I must tell you that I have a small ticket-pocket at the top of my everyday continuations for the purpose of carrying my money, and, forgetting for the moment that I had changed, instead of the coins taking their place in this receptacle, they descended, without my noticing them, into the knee breeches, lodging at the knee until I alighted from the train at Windsor, when, to my dismay, I found I was showering money

pressed with his undemonstrative and retiring disposition, which shows that he, like all true artists, is not objectionably elated with success, which he has attained at the early age of eight-and-twenty.

Before concluding this paper, I will mention the name of one more artist, whose artistic pictures, disclosing the vein of genius in every line, cannot fail to impress us on perusing the pages of the many journals for which he works. This gentleman shares with Mr. May the distinction of having contributed to the Press when early in his teens, and also holds the enviable position of being the youngest artist of note at present working for the illustrated papers.



MR. FRED PEGRAM.

Mr. Pegram occupies a studio at Chelsea, in conjunction with Mr. Ronald Gray (another young draughtsman, who is rapidly forging his way to the front), where I found him in his charming workshop.

"First of all I want to know your age; I won't bother you about your birth certificate nor your ancestors, but your age is of importance."

"Certainly; I am nearly twenty-two, and have had to make my own living since I was fourteen and a half, at which age I first commenced to draw for *The Pall Mall*, continuing to do so for some time until I joined the staff of *The Pictorial World* (now no more). I was engaged on that journal for a period of two years and a half; during this time, and, in fact, ever since I began, I have been a constant devotee to study; and I attribute what success I have obtained, in no small degree, to the excellent tuition I received at 'Brown's.' Upon discontinuing work for the last-mentioned paper, I went to Paris for a time and studied at 'Julien's,' the celebrated Parisian school; and it was during this time that I commenced to draw for *The Illustrated London News*. Upon returning to England, I commenced to work for various papers, amongst others, *The Lady's Pictorial*, *The Gentlewoman* and *Judy*.

"Besides my regular work for the papers I have mentioned and others, I

am, at the present moment, much interested in a book I am illustrating, entitled 'Pascoe and Pegram's Forthcoming Peepshow.' It is a social sarcasm on life in London, and will be published very shortly. I am also tempting Fortune in a fresh direction, as I am engaged on a pastel drawing of Miss Mabel Love in the costume she wore in last year's pantomime. I am going to send it to the Royal Academy."

Taking me to an easel which was mysteriously draped, and, drawing back the curtains, he revealed the figure of that lady in a graceful dancing pose. The expression is happily caught, and I ventured to congratulate the industrious artist on his work and to wish him fortune in his new departure.

"I don't know, of course, whether I shall be lucky enough to get it accepted, but, at any rate, I can try," he modestly replied.

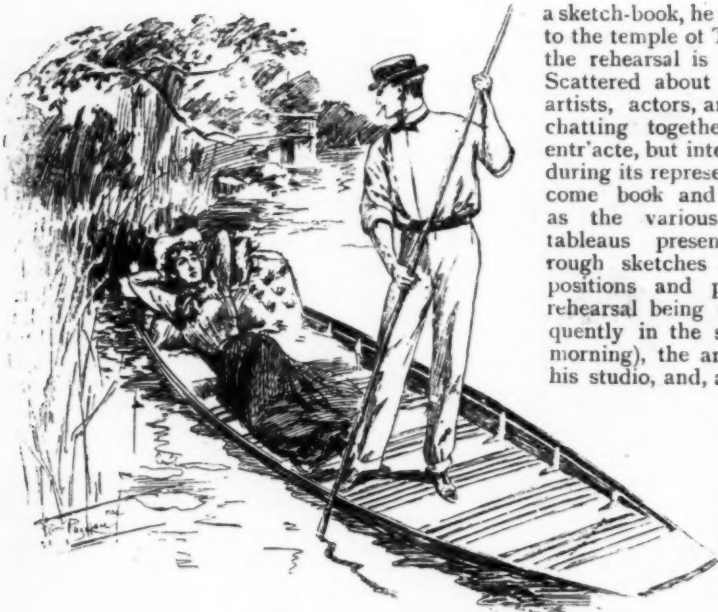
"Can you let me have a portrait to reproduce in *THE LUDGATE MONTHLY*?"

"Yes, I'll send one on to you." And so, wishing my genial young host good-night, I wended my way home, retaining congenial remembrance of a most pleasant visit.

We are indebted to the proprietors of *Judy* for permission to reproduce the accompanying drawings, necessarily much reduced, owing to the limited space at



(From "Judy." By Fred. Pegram.)



(From "Judy." By Fred. Pegram.)

our disposal. A glance at the illustrations will suffice to show the amount of cleverness in draughtsmanship and technique which Mr. Pegram displays. Although primarily a figure draughtsman, he (unlike so many men who make the "human form divine" their study) is equally successful in drawing animals, the spirit and animation displayed in his horses being especially excellent.

There is a vast proportion of our readers who have not the slightest idea of the means by which the drawings in pen and ink are produced in printed form, and it may, therefore, be of interest if I give a short outline of the process from first to last. Pen drawing, as known at the present day, is of comparatively recent growth and owes its vitality to the advancement made in the science of photography and chemistry. A few years back the preparation of a block for printing with type would have taken as many days as now it takes hours, and the effect probably would be inferior. The artist is requested by an editor (say for instance) to attend a dress rehearsal at a theatre to make sketches of a piece which is to be produced the following night. Provided with an invitation from the manager and

a sketch-book, he makes his way to the temple of Thespis, where the rehearsal is in full swing. Scattered about the house are artists, actors, and journalists, chatting together during the entr'acte, but intent on the play during its representation. Out come book and pencils, and as the various scenes and tableaux present themselves, rough sketches are made of positions and portraits. The rehearsal being over (very frequently in the small hours of morning), the artist hastens to his studio, and, after snatching

a few hours' sleep, commences his drawing in pen and ink, aided by his sketch-book; the completed drawing is sent to the engravers and photographed

down to the size required; the negative being taken on glass, by the aid of natural or electric light. The next stage is the printing of the subject on to a zinc plate; these plates are usually about one-eighth of an inch in thickness, and have a highly polished surface, which is first sensitised, and afterwards placed face to face with the negative and printed by exposure, in much the same way as an ordinary photograph; this process reproduces the lines of the original drawing on the zinc, reversed, and after being rolled up with a hand roller and lithographic ink (which adheres only to the lines, and does not affect the exposed metal), it is ready for the etchers. The etching room contains a number of "baths," which are made to rock, so as to allow a nitric acid solution to thoroughly sluice the plates, and it is into these "baths" that the plate is then put, having first been coated with a resin solution at the back to prevent the acid from eating away the reverse side; this process continues until the metal exposed to the acid is eaten away sufficiently, leaving only the lines protected by the ink in relief. The block is then printed, and in due time appears to the public, surrounded by the news of the day.



By RICHARD DOWLING.

CHAPTER I.

"THE MAN IS MAD."

"**B**UT, James, why can't I go with you? The captain's wife is going with him. They have been married years and years, and it's only three months since we were married. Why am I to stay at home? I will go—I must go. I'll never get into the boat." She clung closer to him, and would not release him.

"You can't, Jane; you can't. The captain would not hear of it. The owners would not allow it, and I wouldn't trust you, Jane—my little Jane—for a long voyage in this crazy old tub."

"But you're the mate—the first mate—and why shouldn't the first mate's wife go as well as the captain's? I'll keep out of the way the whole time. I'll never come on deck. Tell the captain I'll never ask to come on deck once."

"There's no use in asking; he would not allow it. It's never done. Go now, darling, and I'll be home in no time, and I'll never make another foreign voyage." He kissed her, and brushed a tear from his eye with the back of his hand.

"But you say she's crazy, and they say she'll never see land again. Let me go with you, James. Let me go with you. Let us die together. What can I do? How can I live while you are away? When they come to me and say, 'She'll never see land again! Poor James!' it will kill me. I tell you I shall—I must die before the four months are up. O, why did you ship in

this horrid old *Neptune*! I can feel her shake under me. I felt her shake under me when I jumped aboard. Why did you not stay in the coasting?" She wept, and the strength of her embrace relaxed.

"There, there, don't cry? Why, the whole ship's crew are looking at us. You know I couldn't make money enough coastwise to buy a little furniture. I am going only this one foreign voyage, and then I'll try and get a vessel of my own—I mean as master of one—and never be more than a few cables' length away from my little wife." He bent over her and held her closer to him.

"Now, then," sang out the captain from the poop, "make fast the tow-line. How's the anchor?"

"Up and down, sir," answered the man on the top-gallant forecastle.

"Heave up! Start it away, my lads!" sang out the captain to the men at the windlass.

For a minute the bow of the barque dipped a little and then rose with a sudden jerk. The captain walked forward on the poop, and leaning over the rail, whispered in a kindly tone to the first mate standing in the waist, "Now, Mr. Fulton, she's free. Better get Mrs. Fulton ashore; there's not much more water than we want on the bar, and the tide is running away fast."

James Fulton, first mate of the barque *Neptune*, had no longer any appealing words or protesting embraces to combat, for his young wife lay white and insensible in his arms. He was a tall, powerful man of three-and-thirty, with broad, flat back and chest, thick dark brown beard, moustache and whiskers. The front of his face exposed to the air was bronzed, but his forehead was white and clean, and under the forehead shone a pair of light blue eyes, shaded by projecting brows and low, dark eyebrows. The rest of his face showed signs of toil and anxiety and suffering, but

the eyes were clear and bright and undisturbed, like the water of a sheltered pool when the wind is off the land.

Fulton gathered his wife closely to his breast, and went to the side of the barque where the ladder hung. He raised her gently, and holding her in the loop of his powerful right arm seized the ladder with his left, and descended into the boat.

There was only one man in the boat. When the rope was cast off this man should attend to the oars, and could not render any assistance to the insensible woman. She could not sit up. After a moment's

reflection he placed her gently on the stern-sheet, and saying to the man, "I'll be back in a minute," sprang up the ladder to fetch something to put under her head.

No sooner had he disappeared than a slender, brown-eyed, swarthy man clambered over the bulwark and descended the ladder with the utmost haste. When he reached the boat he went forward, cast off the line, and cried out in a foreign accent to the boatman, "Pull off, my man."

The boatman made a few strokes of the oars. The captain waved an adieu to the foreigner, and signalled the tug to go ahead. As the barque leaned forward under the first sharp strain of the tow-rope, the foreigner stepped aft, and, raising the form of the inanimate woman, set it beside him on the stern thwart, and supported her with his arm.

At this moment the figure of the mate rose above the bulwark. He carried a bundle in his hand. When he saw that the barque was under way he glanced hastily over the side to which the shore-boat had been made fast. The boat was now twenty yards distant. He at once



"HOW CAN I LIVE WHILE YOU ARE AWAY?"

took in what had happened. With a shout, he leaped on deck, tore off his coat, jacket and boots, and bounded to the bulwark once more. Some of the men saw him, and, suspecting his design, flung him to the deck and held him down.

"Let me go!" he roared. "Let me go! It's Bartolino, the scoundrel! Let me go, men, I tell you. I saw him smile. For the love of Heaven, hands off! I'll kill the man that lets me."

He was a powerful man, and it took five of the sailors to restrain him. Foam was at his mouth, and his eyes were bloodshot with fury.

"I must go, men, I must go. You don't know all. That black villain made love to her, and wanted her to marry him, and I know he has a wife already. If you don't unhand me, I'll kill someone."

"What's all this about?" asked the captain.

The men told him.

"Why, you must be mad, Fulton—mad or drunk! The boat is a quarter of a mile astern now, and it's a mile to the shore, and you can't swim."

A sudden change came over the mate. He ceased to struggle. He lay perfectly still.

"Captain," he pleaded, in a trembling voice, "you are right; but tell them to let me go. I want to have one more look at her. I swear to you on the word of a man not to go over the side. Trust me."

"Let him up, my lads. Let him up. He's a man of his word, and he'll keep it. I'll go bail for him."

They released him. He rose hastily, and, without a word, rushed from where he had lain, and entered the house on deck. In an instant he emerged, grasping a gun by the barrel in his powerful

right hand, and, whirling it round his head, he ran aft, shouting:

"The first man that lets me I'll brain. I'll brain him! Keep off!"

A raging lion could not have had more terror for the crew than this infuriated man with the deadly weapon. They shrank from him and stood petrified with fear. For a moment even the captain was surprised into inactivity.

Fulton reached the taffrail, rested the gun on it, and aimed at the boat. He raised his head once or twice.

Meanwhile the captain had dropped down from the poop and stolen behind him.

"Fulton," he whispered, "it's a long shot, and if you miss him you may stave the boat, or —"

"Hit her," he groaned, throwing down the gun.

The captain had been afraid to touch the mate, lest the latter might, upon the impulse, fire.

The captain put his foot on the gun, beckoned men aft, and made signs to them. They stole upon the mate and caught him. He made no resistance now.

"Take him below," ordered the captain, "and put him in irons. The man is mad."

CHAPTER II.

THE DERELICT.

THE boat which bore Jane Fulton and Giovanni Bartolino was close to the shore before the mate's wife opened her eyes. She was at first too feeble to think, and he carefully kept his head out of her view. At length she became aware that she was supported against a man by a man's arm. Gradually memory returned, and she recalled the scene upon which her eyes had closed.

"O James, it was so good of you to come away! Did I faint?" she whispered in a weak voice.

The Italian did not move or speak.

"Let me raise up my head, James. Raise up my head a little, darling, so that I may see you and feel safe."

Still he was motionless and silent.

She became uneasy. Was James ill? Why did James not speak? This was not like him.

She made an effort, turned and saw. With a cry of disappointment and dread, she strove to free herself from him, but he held her firmly.

"You are too much frightened," he said softly. "There is no cause, however. I am Bartolino. He is gone. He said to me: 'Take you her to the land. Take you care of her, and see her to the house where we live. I commend her to your good care, *caro* Bartolino,' was what he said. Ah, he was a great—how do you call it?—fool to go away from his enchanting bride! But some men love only with their eyes, and not with their—how do you call it?—hearts."

He whispered these words into her ears in low, regretful tones, under which lay a tremor that filled her with alarm. He had been the rival of James. She had never given heed to him, but he had courted her



AND DESCENDED INTO THE BOAT.

with southern assiduity, and filled her ears with southern hyperbole. James had told her he was a bad—a bad, shameful man; but James had told her no more. He did not wish that she, who was so free from evil, should know how vile a vile man could be.

She shrank from him while he spoke. She felt he was telling lies. But how did he come there?

"No, no," she moaned; "I know James did not give me into your charge. I know he did not. How did I come to be here, boatman?" she demanded, raising her voice, and trying to disengage herself from the arm of Bartolino.

"The mate brought you down the side, and laid you on the stern sheet, and told me to wait for something or someone. I couldn't hear plain, as the tug was blowing off steam. And then he went up the side, and Mr. Bartolino came down and cast off the line we had from the barque, and told me to pull ashore. And nice work it is, too, pulling ashore with a four-knot tide running away under her keel."

"See!" said Bartolino, in the ear of the young woman. "He is waving a farewell to us, *cava*. Salute him. He is overcome by joy at seeing the great care I take of you."

She struggled in his arms and sought to free herself.

"Do you want to drown us all?" said the boatman angrily, as the boat heeled over perilously to one side and then the other.

"Take away your arm at once, sir, I bid you!" she cried in great distress. "Mr. Cahill, will you make this man sit properly in the boat?"

"Ah! pardon me," he said, releasing her. "I did not mean to be disagreeable to you. I only meant to be polite; but you always did put bad—how do you call it?—bad thoughts to my innocent acts. I meant only that dear James might see you, that he might salute you, and held you up, and, for example, you are annoyed with me. But, oh! I would not annoy you for all the whole—how do you call it?—lock, stock and barrel of the world. Ah! no."

Although his words and manner were fawning, there ran a tone of menace through his voice.

"You are no man, or you would not persecute me in my trouble," said Jane, breaking down and sobbing convulsively.



IN AN INSTANT HE EMERGED.

"Persecute her! Oh, *cielo*! Good Mr. Cahill, did you not hear and see all the kindness I have shown Jane—dear Jane?"

"I will not, Mr. Bartolino, allow you to call me Jane. My name is Fulton."

"Then I will call you Mrs. Fulton. *Per Diavolo*, I will call you anything so long as I may call you something. There was a time when I thought I might call you Bartolino, and even yet I am not without hope. If you take down your hands, you will be able to get a last look at the *Neptune*. She is just rounding the point."

She took down her hands from her face, and looked through her tears at the barque, as she moved slowly round the point, as if drawn forward by the bent smoke from the tug now hidden by the point. She dropped her face into her hands again, and wept quietly. Bartolino lent back on the thwart with a sinister smile on his dark, crafty face.

The remainder of the distance to the shore was rowed in silence. The young wife never took down her hands from her face; Bartolino leaned back, and twisted his moustaches, and the old man rowed with the dogged force of habit born of resolution chronically exerted. When the boat touched the stairs the young

wife refused to take the foreigner's hand, stepped ashore, and told him if he dared to force his company on her she would ask protection of the first man she met. He bowed in silence, and moving aside on the steps of the slip, made room for her to pass. She passed him with bent head, and walked to her plain lodging at the very top of the High Street, overlooking the sea, outside the port of Dunlee.

The port of Dunlee is a place of much commercial importance in the south of Ireland.

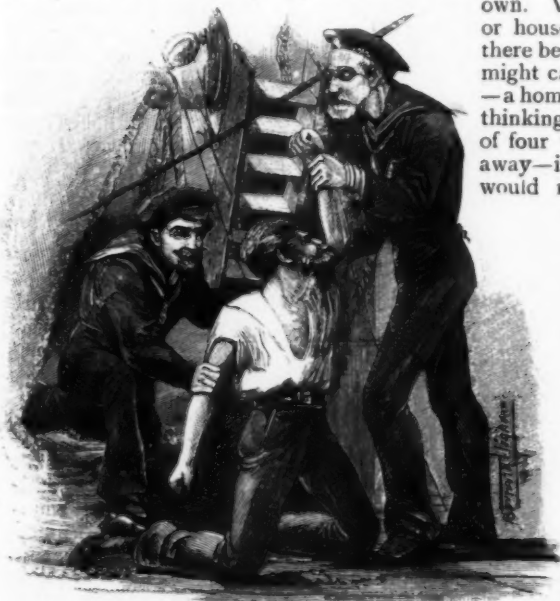
In this town, to which many Italian ships came in the course of the year, Giovanni Bartolino lived—no one knew exactly how, for what he earned as an interpreter would not have kept him in the meanest penury, whereas he lived very well, and wore a great profusion of jewellery. In this town lived James Fulton and Jane O'Byrne, who had recently become Jane Fulton; and with Jane O'Byrne these two men had, after their different kinds, fallen in love. Towards the foreigner Jane never turned a kindly eye. She loathed the sight of him. But all in vain. He would not take a refusal. He persisted in following her wherever she went, and as Fulton was much away from Dunlee, he had many opportunities

of forcing himself upon Jane. At last, when Jane and Fulton were engaged, the latter met the foreigner, and told him, in unmistakable terms, that any further interference on his part would lead to—well, a fight. "That is," said Fulton, scornfully, "if you lubberly foreigners can fight without your knives."

And now, here was Fulton as good as disposed of by his own act. He was gone in the rotten old *Neptune* to Quebec, and the chances were she would never see land again. In the case of the strongest craft that ever swam going such a voyage there was a chance of her not coming back; but here was this old worn-out timber-ship ready to sink on the slightest provocation. O! he had a brave chance of revenge without risk. Then, when Jane was a widow, he would renew his suit, and perhaps win her. If he did, as soon as he grew tired of her he'd be revenged on her, and leave her to starve. *Per Bacco*—it was too good!

When Jane reached her home that day she was sad enough. He was gone away from her for a vague long time. He said four months, but it might be six; there was no telling. She would rather have lived in two rooms all her life with him than buy the furniture for a house of their own. What was the good of lodging or house without him? How could there be a home without James? You might call four walls—any four walls—a home! but what difference, worth thinking of, was there between one set of four walls and another, if he was away—if he was not there? And would not the barest floor and the dreariest walls be better with him than the finest house of Dunlee without him?

But much as Jane knew to make her sad and uneasy, she did not know all. She did not know that her husband had got thirty shillings a month more on board the *Neptune* than he would as first mate on any first-class vessel of her size. She did not know that the captain and all the crew had more wages than they could get on any other vessel sailing between Dunlee and Quebec—ay, or between



"TAKE HIM BELOW," ORDERED THE CAPTAIN.

any other Irish port and the St. Lawrence. She did not know that the reason the captain brought his childless wife with him was because he thought they had better be together, no matter what their fate might be.

CHAPTER III.

THE BOTTLE.

A LITTLE while after Jane Fulton gained her lodgings, the *Neptune* let go the tug-boat and set out upon her voyage. Nothing worth notice occurred on the passage to Quebec, except that she made more water than usual. But the increase was of no moment. Captain Flynn was rather agreeably disappointed by the behaviour of the old barque. "For all I know," he said confidentially to the first mate, when they were a few days out, "she may live to make a dozen voyages more."

Fulton had now returned to duty. At the time of that scene on deck Captain Flynn had believed his mate to be mad; but as soon as the vessel cleared the land he went below and heard the history Fulton had to tell him about the Italian, Giovanni Bartolino. The captain listened patiently, and then said:

"I can feel for you, my lad. I can feel for you; and shooting would be too good a death for him, if shooting would do any good, but it wouldn't. It would kill him, but then where would you be, and what would become of the little girl at home if they strung you up at the yard-arm? No, no, shooting is too good for him, but it isn't good enough for you, my lad. Kick those things off, and tumble up on deck. I'll take no notice of what has happened." So Fulton kicked off the irons, and went back to his post.

At Quebec the *Neptune* discharged her ballast, knocked out her bow ports, and filled her hold slowly and laboriously with square timber. Then a heavy deck load was got

aboard and secured. At last the *Neptune* was loaded, and having cleared out, she sailed down the St. Lawrence and put to sea.

For a while all went well, and Captain Flynn was beginning to think one of the most prosperous voyages he had ever made was to be his fate this time. Then began a series of disasters.

The barque had a great deck load, and had heavy spars, so that she rolled a good deal. On one occasion when the men were aloft shaking out reefs, one of them rolled off the yard and was lost. They could ill spare a man, for although the sailors were paid extra wages, the *Neptune* happened to be rather short-handed. Every watch the men had to work the pumps before the man was lost overboard. The barque now began to make more water, and the captain wished anxiously he had two additional able seamen.

Then a gale came on, and the vessel carried away her maintop-gallant-mast, and, owing to some inexplicable oversight, the spare spars had all been allowed to remain where they had been on the voyage out, lashed to the stanchions, flush with the main-deck, and were, therefore, out of reach, nothing could be done in the way of repairing damage.

After the gale fell a calm, and the sea being very high the barque rolled heavily. The unsupported fore-top-gallant-mast bent like a whip, and ultimately fell over the bow, carrying the jibboom with it. The ship seemed a wreck.

But the chapter of accidents was not yet full. The water gained alarmingly, the men grew almost exhausted, and there was every danger of the barque becoming water-logged.

She sat down heavily in the water and rolled more than ever. One of the baulks on deck shifted a little from its lashing to a ring bolt, and in the dark a man's foot slipped into the space between it and another baulk, and the leg was so injured he had to lay up.



"KICK OFF THOSE THINGS."

Two men having now been incapacitated, and the water still increasing. Captain Flynn found himself in a disabled ship, ten days from land, certain of being water-logged.

When he set out he had had little faith in the *Neptune*. Now he had none, and he considered the only chance of life remaining to him and his crew was that they should fall in with some ship and get picked off. He would not at that moment abandon the ship, but he felt he would have been justified in leaving the old tub, but yet forbore.

The next day after the man injured his leg, a steamer hove in sight, and seeing the barque almost dismantled and labouring heavily, altered her course slightly and passed and spoke the barque.

Captain Flynn reported the *Neptune*, of Dunlee, with loss of one man overboard, one man disabled, fore and main-top-gallant masts and jibboom gone, and heavy damages to deck and gear, and five feet of water in hold. He refused assistance or to leave the ship.

A month went by after the arrival of that steamer, and nothing was heard of the *Neptune*.

Jane Fulton was in despair. The owners had given up hope, or rather fear, for the barque was heavily insured, and although they were kindly and humane men, they would have gladly heard of her foundering in mid-ocean.

Giovanni Bartolino was too astute a man to pursue his designs on Jane during the first moments of her dereliction or despair. But, as day succeeded day, and no account of the *Neptune* came, he began to think that fate had favoured him at last, and that Jane was destined ultimately for him. All Dunlee gave up the *Neptune*, and if Jane did not finally despair, it was because she did not mingle with the townspeople, and had no kith or kin from whom

to learn facts.

Some of the gales which blew in mid-Atlantic blew also on shore, and one morning, after one of those gales, and when the barque had been six weeks overdue, on one of the vast flat sandbanks surrounding the harbour a bottle was found, and in the bottle a paper to the following effect:

"I am directed by the captain to write this, Mr. Fulton, the first mate, and Mr. Higgins, the second mate, having been



THE SHIP SEEMED A WRECK

washed overboard, and the captain been disabled. On the 14th of July we spoke the screw steamship *Jessie*, of Hull, homeward bound, declined help, and stuck to the ship. We have seen no vessel since, and are foundering. All is over. Nothing can save us. In an hour our decks will burst up, and we shall be lost. Good-bye to all old hands at home.

"JOHN DONOVAN."

This bottle was found by a boy playing on the sands; it put all doubts at rest. Fears were now confirmed into certainties, and even Jane Fulton seemed to have lost all hope of ever seeing her husband or the *Neptune* again. Day succeeded day, and brought no news. What news was there needed to complete the dismal story?

Jane Fulton had read in the Dunlee weekly paper the history of that bottle, and the words found in it. She had gone down to the owners, and they shook their heads and said they feared the worst, and that they should have to stop the money they had been paying her until they knew further, as they had as yet no account of how much money Fulton had had at Quebec, and, for anything they knew to the contrary, he might have drawn all his wages for the run.

She did not think anything of the money then; but next week, when her small supply had run out, the desolation of her position became more apparent than ever.

Then some anonymous friend sent her a trifle. She could not tell who the friend was. She did not know the writing, but it was a man's hand. She was not like women in better circumstances, able to keep indoors and hide her grief. She had no money to buy mourning, and it was absolutely necessary for her to look for some employment. She had been engaged as a worker in a millinery house in Dunlee, but on applying there she found her place had been filled up, and that there was no vacancy. Her old mistress had a high opinion of Jane, and felt profoundly for her, so she gave her a note of introduction to another shop of the same kind in the town.

They were, unfortunately, full there also. She tried again and again, and failed. A second small sum came from the same unknown hand; but it barely paid for her lodging, and the poor woman with whom she lived could not afford to

give her credit. She had begun to know what hunger was. Little by little she had disposed of the few articles for which she could get money.

More than a month went by, and all the money Jane Fulton had during that time was two sums of seven shillings each in postage stamps. She had now nothing but the poor clothes she wore, and did not know where to turn for a penny.

One evening, while she was drearily walking along the quay, in the sad companionship of the river which had carried him away from her to his watery grave, she heard a familiar voice, saying:

"Mrs. Fulton, I am, indeed, most sad to hear of your great trouble."

She looked up, and beheld the swarthy



DAY SUCCEEDED DAY.

face of Giovanni Bartolino. She stood still, and for a moment did not know what to say.

"If," went on the Italian, "you will allow me, I should very much like to walk and speak with you a small piece. There is something upon my mind I desire to say to you. I have not ventured to speak to you before, although I ventured to send you a little money without putting my name to it."

Ah! so it was he who had sent the money! What was she to do? She could not turn away from the only being who had lent her a helping hand in her deep distress. She must thank him for what he had done, in

a feeble voice, she said, "I am very much obliged to you—very much indeed. You may speak now."

She turned into a side street to give him the opportunity of saying what he had to say in greater privacy.

"If you tell me you are much obliged to me—ah! what have I done for you? Nothing compared with what I would please myself to do for you. I would with happiness lay down my life for you. You know that all hope is now long since gone about poor dear James —"

"This way—this way!" shouted a man's voice behind them. "That's Mrs. Fulton! Hooray! Mrs. Fulton! Hooray!"

She turned round, and saw five men running up the street.

When they reached Mrs. Fulton and Bartolino they were out of breath, but one contrived to say:

"Mrs. Fulton, good news! The *Neptune* is in below, waterlogged, but with all hands well and hearty, except one poor fellow they lost over the side."

"And my husband?"

"Is the heartiest of the whole lot. Hooray!"

She would have fallen, only one of the stalwart sailors caught her in his arms.

Suddenly one of the men shouted out,

"And there's the black-hearted villain, Bartolino, that told the boy to watch for that bottle, as the boy has said."

In a moment Bartolino was seized.

"What shall we do with him, men?" said one of the men who was holding the trembling Italian.

"Throw him in the river, the villain!"

"What! and poison all the innocent creatures of fish!"

"Jump on him!"

"What! Jump on the likes of him with good leather boots?"

"Give him a smather?"

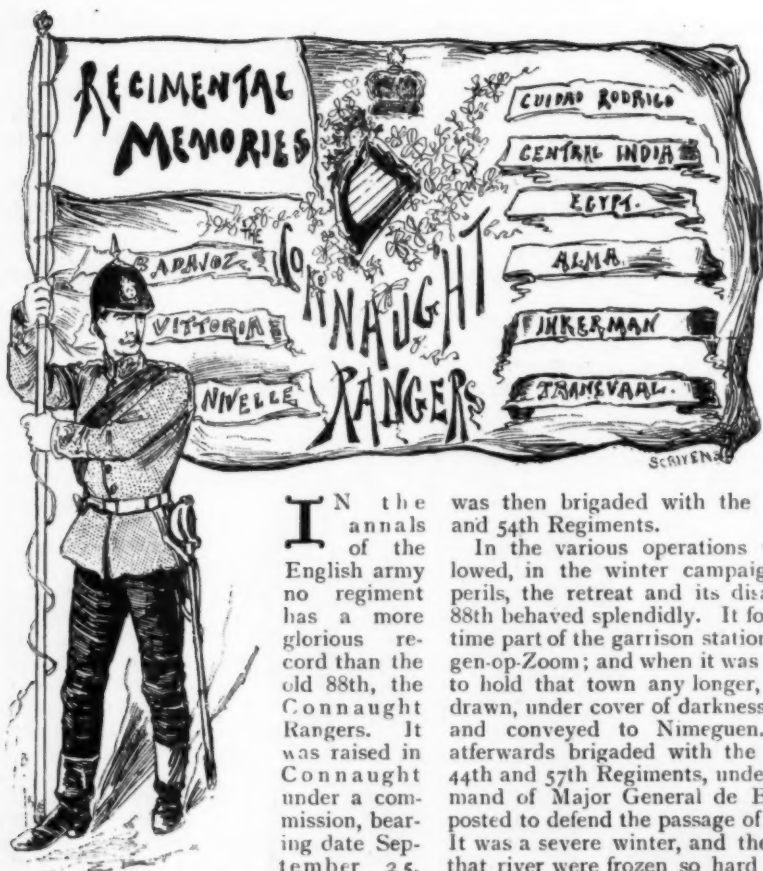
"Ay! that's the best. Let us all smather him, and that will ease our minds. Oh! you black-gizzarded skunk, to write that

lie, and put it in a bottle, a purpose to break the poor women's hearts!" and at these words the men began to cuff Bartolino soundly.

In the meantime a crowd had gathered and carried Mrs. Fulton down to the quay, and into an apothecary's shop, where she quickly recovered, and was well enough to sit up and see the old *Neptune* towed into port amid the cheers of the people. Beside the captain on the poop stood James Fulton, who had, with the others, returned safe and sound "through the foam."



SHE STOOD STILL, AND FOR A MOMENT DID NOT KNOW WHAT TO SAY.



IN the annals of the English army no regiment has a more glorious record than the old 88th, the Connaught Rangers. It was raised in

Connaught under a commission, bearing date September 25, 1793, by Colo-

nel the Honourable Thomas de Burgh, afterwards Earl of Clanricarde. Its facings were yellow, and it bore on its colours and appointments a harp and crown, with the motto, *Quis Separabit?* ("Who shall divide us?"). The new regiment was soon called into active service, and was sent, in 1794, to Flanders to reinforce the army of the Duke of York. The expedition landed at Ostend, and found the Duke retiring upon Antwerp, in the face of superior numbers. It at once marched to his assistance, and met the French at Alost on July 6; but though it was chiefly composed of young recruits, it bore the assault with great firmness, and succeeded in repulsing the enemy. It formed a junction with the main army at Malines three days later, and the 88th

was then brigaded with the 15th, 53rd and 54th Regiments.

In the various operations which followed, in the winter campaign and its perils, the retreat and its disasters, the 88th behaved splendidly. It formed for a time part of the garrison stationed at Bergen-op-Zoom; and when it was impossible to hold that town any longer, was withdrawn, under cover of darkness, in boats, and conveyed to Nimeguen. It was afterwards brigaded with the 8th, 37th, 44th and 57th Regiments, under the command of Major General de Burgh, and posted to defend the passage of the Waal. It was a severe winter, and the waters of that river were frozen so hard that they could support an army and its "matériel." Subsequently the 88th retired across the Leck. On its retreat it endured terrible misery; many of the men fell out from the ranks, and, constrained by an overpowering drowsiness in consequence of the cold, lay down on the road-side, where they were frozen to death. The 88th halted for a while at Deventer, from whence it marched on January 27, 1795, continuing its dreary progress through the icy wastes to Bremen. In April it returned to England, and being stationed at Norwich, proceeded to fill up its gaps with recruits from Ireland.

In the autumn of 1795 the regiment was attached to the expedition under Major General Sir Ralph Abercrombie, destined for the reduction of the French Colonies in the West Indies. It embarked under the command of Lieut.

(afterwards Colonel) Beresford: but Admiral Christian's fleet being delayed sailing until late in the year, had hardly

left port before it encountered a terrific storm. Many of the ships foundered at sea, some few succeeded in getting back to port, shattered and disabled; others fell into the hands of the French, and but a sorry remnant of the once formidable fleet reached the West Indies. Of the 88th, two companies were all that gained its place of destination. Of the others, some returned to England in the disabled transports, and one company, under Captain Vandeleur, was embarked on board a ship which was actually blown through the straits of Gibraltar and compelled to put in at Carthagená. There she was "frapped" together, and, with the utmost difficulty brought back to Gibraltar, where the Rangers were disembarked, and, the "frapping" being removed, their storm-beaten bark fell to pieces. The two companies which reached the West Indies assisted in the reduction of Grenada and St. Lucia, and returned to England in the autumn of 1796. The whole regiment then reassembled at Jersey, and, being recruited to its full complement, was despatched to India in January, 1799. It landed at Bombay, and was soon afterwards attached to the expedition fitted out by the Indian Government under Major General Sir David Baird, to co-operate with the army under Sir Ralph Abercrombie to expel the French from Egypt. It arrived at Cosseir, on the Red Sea in June, 1801, and, occupying the van of Sir David Baird's army, preceded it in the fourteen days' march across the long desert from Cosseir to Kenneh, on the Nile. At Kenneh it embarked in boats, which carried

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COSTUME, 1797.

it down the river, and reached Grand Cairo on the day of its surrender to the British. On the evacuation of Egypt, in 1803, the 88th returned to England, and, strange to say, landed at Portsmouth on the very day that war with France, after the temporary "truce" of Amiens, was renewed (May 5, 1803). But its numbers had been so reduced by time and casualties, and so many of the men were suffering from ophthalmia, a disease which they had contracted in Egypt, that it was not immediately called into active service, but ordered into quarters in Kent and Sussex, where it remained for three years. A slight incident occurred in the autumn of 1806, which serves to connect the Duke of Wellington with this famous regiment. As commander of the district, he was reviewing the 88th and the brigade to which it belonged, in Crowhurst Park, near Hastings, when he received an express for the regiment to march on the following day to Portsmouth, and join the expedition under Brigadier General Robert Crauford. As soon as the review was over, the

Duke (he was then plain Sir Arthur), made known the purport of his orders, and addressed the men in the most flattering terms, concluding by saying: "I wish to God I was going with you! I am sure you will do your duty; aye, and distinguish yourselves, too!" The expedition, consisting of the 1st battalion of the 5th, 36th, 45th and 88th Foot, five companies of Rifles, two squadrons of the 6th Dragoon Guards, and two companies of Artillery, set sail from Falmouth on November 12, 1806, and arrived in Table Bay, Cape of Good Hope, on March 22, 1807. The expedition started from the Cape



COSTUME, 1812.

4

on April 6, and on June 14 arrived at Monte Video, then occupied by the British troops under Lieutenant General Whitelock. Buenos Ayres had originally been captured by Sir Home Popham and General Beresford, and some one thousand six hundred men, on June 27th, 1806, the Spaniards having offered a very feeble resistance.

Space forbids us giving a detailed account of all the operations in the South American expedition; but we cannot pass over the storming of Buenos Ayres, where the 88th suffered severely. In their assault on Buenos Ayres the British could not hope for any assistance from the fleet, nor could they look to the fleet to enable them to retreat in safety. The La Plata, though deep in mid-channel, is shallow near the bank; and so broad that the British vessels, when in deep water, were seven or eight miles from the city. Nor could they expect to retire by the country through which they had advanced, for the heavy rains had so swollen the rivulets and flooded the marshes that the route had become impracticable. A successful as-

sault on the city was the only means by which the army could be extricated from the peril into which it had been plunged by the incompetency of its commander, General Whitelock. The attack began at half-past six on the morning of July 5, 1807, and was delivered with splendid courage. In consequence of the stupid delay on the part of Whitelock, the Spaniards had time to collect a force of fifteen thousand men, and nearly two hundred pieces of artillery, which were disposed at every point of vantage—upon the flat roofs of the houses, and behind the barricades erected in the streets. At first the

British advance was in silence and solitude; the streets appeared deserted, not a single Spaniard made his appearance; and it seemed like a city of the dead. Soon a few desultory shots indicated the coming storm; every roof became alive with flame; from every window poured a hail of balls—and a deadly fire was opened on every side on the advancing troops; a column, under Auchmutz, however, succeeded in reaching the Plaza del Toros, captured thirty-two pieces of cannon, a vast amount of



A DEATH TRAP (BUENOS AYRES, 1807).

ammunition, and six hundred prisoners. The Church and convent of Santa Catalina, were occupied by the 5th Regiment, and the commanding position of the Residencia was also carried. The 88th, which was divided into two wings, under Lieutenant Colonel Duff and Major Vandeleur, was less fortunate. Lieutenant Colonel Duff pushed through the streets, with his men falling at every step, and by an almost superhuman effort, burst into two houses, in which he sheltered the survivors of his detachment; he was soon surrounded by an overwhelming force, and, having spent his last cartridge, was forced to surrender. The same fate befell the detachment under Major Vandeleur. Despite the most gallant heroism, our troops only succeeded in gaining two points in the town—the Plaza del Toros and the Residencia, and these at a cost of two thousand five hundred killed, wounded and prisoners. Had a man of energy and genius been in command, the result might have been victory on our side; but, as it was, Whitelock, acceded to the terms proposed by Monsieur Liniers, that he should withdraw from the Rio de la Plata on the restoration of all the captive British. The army consequently re-embarked on July 10. The 88th sailed with the first division for England almost immediately, and landed at Portsmouth on Nov. 8, 1807. In the attack on Buenos Ayres, it had four officers killed, sixteen wounded, and two hundred and ten non-commissioned officers and privates killed and wounded.

In 1808, the 88th joined the army of Wellington in the Peninsula, and on July 27 and 28 was fought the great battle of Talavera, the first battle in the Peninsular Campaign which taught Napoleon's army to fear the British troops. The 88th was in brigade under Colonel Donkin, and occupied a circular height which descended with a steep and rugged slant towards the river Alberche. The French attempt, under Marshal Victor, to seize this commanding position was the signal

for hostilities. About sunset he hurled against it an immense mass of troops, but the steady fire of the 88th repulsed them from the summit, and a gallant charge of the 29th swept away those who had got round the hill and into the rear. Reinforced, the French renewed the attack, and the contest became hot

and desperate. The combatants were scarce twenty yards asunder, and the strife so eddied to and fro that for a time the event seemed doubtful. But at last the loud cheering from the British lines announced the fact that the French were being driven back: at last they gave way in disorder, and were hurled down the slope of the hill in headlong confusion. Then the fighting ceased and the bivouac fires blazed up along the triple army of France, Spain and England. As soon as the day broke the French renewed the attack, and again they swept up and down the hill with varying fortune. Sometimes the French gained the crest, but never to hold it long: often they were met

by shot and bayonet when actually upon the rugged slope, and dashed back headlong. Dissatisfied and dispirited, they retired sullenly into the distant valley.

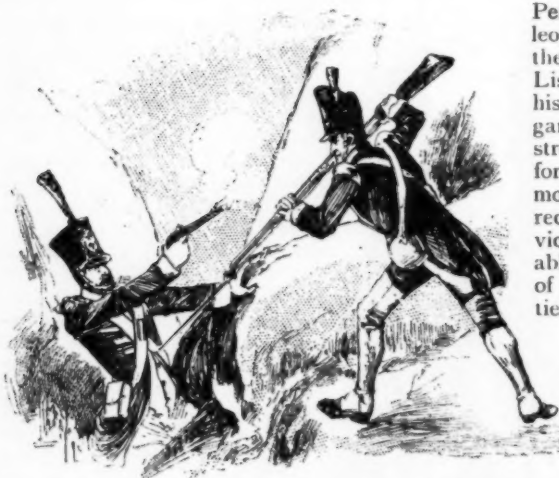
The French Commander now determined upon trying the issue of a general battle, and of bringing the whole weight of his army to bear upon Wellington's line. Its formation was soon completed. About two in the afternoon began the main advance, under the cover of a heavy



ENSIGN, 1814.



SERGEANT, 1837.



THE ENEMY WERE LITERALLY PICKED OUT OF THE HOLES IN THE ROCKS (BUSACO).

cannonade of artillery; soon the conflict raged around the well-contested hill, and the 88th and 23rd were kept in constant work by the ever increasing masses of the enemy. A brilliant charge of the British cavalry rolled back their attack and swept them down by scores, while the 48th advancing against the French centre, fell upon it so swiftly and so heavily, as to decide the battle. Beaten on every side, and with the hill still in the possession of the British, the French had no resource but to retreat. They covered their retrograde movements with a cloud of skirmishers and a heavy fire of artillery; the British exhausted by want and fatigue, did not attempt any pursuit. At six o'clock hostilities ceased, yet they were scarcely over when the parched grass and arid shrubs took fire, and, rolling in a sea of flame across a part of the blood-weltering plain, burnt in its course both the dead and the wounded. Truly a horrible finish to a terrible day's work.

At Talavera the British lost two generals, thirty-one officers and seven hundred and sixty-seven sergeants and rank and file killed. The 88th had six officers and one hundred and thirty sergeants and rank and file killed and wounded.

In 1810 Marshal Massena, Prince of Esslingen, the "spoiled child of fortune," as Napoleon called him—assumed the command of the French army in Spain, and proclaimed that he had entered the

Peninsula to drive the English leopard into the sea, and plant the French eagles on the walls of Lisbon. It seemed, at first, that his deeds would justify his arrogant boast, for several important strongholds fell successively before his arms. He met the immortal Wellington at Busaco, and received the first check in his victorious career. This memorable battle was fought on the 27th of September, 1810, and hostilities commenced at daybreak. The

advance of the French was resolute and well sustained, but they were early in the day disorganised by a brilliant bayonet charge of the 43rd and 52nd Regiments. Some one thousand eight hundred

bayonets rushed like a wave of light upon the enemy, who recoiled before the audacity of the attack. The Connaught Rangers fought with desperate courage. At a critical moment of the battle, Colonel Wallis, who was in command of the regiment, addressed his men in the following terms: "My lads, the time so long wished for by you and by me has at length arrived; you have now an opportunity of distinguishing yourselves. Be cool, be steady, and, above all, pay attention to my word of command—you know it well. You see how these Frenchmen press on; let them do so; when they reach a little nearer us, I will order you to advance to that mound; look at it, lest you might mistake what I say. Now, mind what I tell you: when you arrive at that spot I will charge, and I have, now, only to add, the rest must be done by yourselves; press on them to the muzzle, I say, Connaught Rangers! press on the rascals!"

The 88th carried out his instructions, and the "Rangers" did distinguish themselves—but at what a cost: nine officers killed, and one hundred and twenty-four non-commissioned officers and privates killed and wounded! By their conduct at this famous battle they established a glorious reputation. Wellington himself applauded their deeds. Galloping up to their Colonel, he took him by the hand, and exclaimed: "Wallis, I never saw a more gallant charge than that just now

made by your regiment." Many acts of individual bravery deserve to be recorded. Colonel Wallis, finding the charger on which he was mounted at the commencement of the day, was terrified by the firing, and reared frequently, at once abandoned his horse, and fought for some time on foot at the head of his regiment. Lieutenant Heppenstall, a young officer whose first appearance under fire was on this occasion, was frequently mixed with the enemy's riflemen, and shot two of them—one an officer. Lieutenant William Nickle, serving with the Light Company, was deliberately singled out by a Frenchman, whose third shot passed through his body, but without killing him; as he was proceeding to the rear, the Frenchman sent a fourth shot after him, which knocked off his cap, cheering at the same time. "Get on, Nickle," said Heppenstall; "I'll stop that fellow's crowing." He waited quietly until the man approached within sure distance, and then revenged his wounded comrade by shooting the Frenchman dead. Corporal Thomas Kelly, of the Fourth Company, was severely wounded in the thigh at the commencement of the charge against the French column, but continued to run with his company down the hill, until he fell through exhaustion and loss of blood.

We must now pass over a period marked by two important events—by Wellington's retreat to the famous lines of Torres Vedras; the battle of Fuentes d'Onoro—and pause at the storming and subsequent siege of Badajoz; and the assault on Ciudad Rodrigo. Wellington himself, was in command at the latter engagement, and his order to the troops was most characteristic: "Ciudad Rodrigo must be stormed this evening!" upon which order, the soldiers simply com-



THE SIEGE OF BADAJOZ.

mented, "We will do it." The Connaught Rangers were under the command of Lieutenant William Pickel, the senior subaltern of the regiment. After forming up, before going into action, General Picton, addressing them, said: "Rangers of Connaught! it is not my intention to spend any powder this evening—we will do this

business with the cold iron." The word forward was then given, and the column moved on steadily to the attack, many of the men carrying bags filled with grass to fling into the ditch, and break the descent. Arrived at the foot of the breach, it was speedily carried, but many men and officers, amongst the latter, the gallant General Mackinnon, were killed by an explosion of

gunpowder in the flush of victory. On each side of the breach, was a twenty-four pounder, every discharge from which swept the British with a raking fire. Major Thompson (of the 74th acting engineers) observing the havoc committed by these guns, called upon the few men near him to storm the one on the left; these chanced to be three men of the 88th—Brazel, Kelly and Swan. As between them and the gun yawned a deep entrenchment, they cast away their firelocks, that they might not be delayed in scaling it, and, armed only with their bayonets, leapt across the channel, sprang upon the French gunners and slew everyone of them, Swan losing his arm by a sabre stroke in the hot, fierce fight.

The assault on Ciudad Rodrigo was in every way successful; the enemy were driven from street to street, the gates of the citadel were forced open, and the governor surrendered; the siege only occupied twelve days, but during that time, the British and Portuguese lost one thousand, two hundred soldiers, and ninety officers.

After the fall of Ciudad Rodrigo, Wellington determined upon the siege of

Badajoz. It was a brilliant achievement, and the gallant 88th played an important part in it. A detachment of the Rangers was engaged in the storming of the Picurina redoubt (March 25, 1812), and the attack, though resisted with desperate valour, proved successful in the final assault on April 6. The escalade of the castle was the enterprise allotted to the 3rd Division, in which were the Connaught Rangers. We cannot do better than describe the exploit in the glowing words of Napier:—"Passing the Rivillas in single files, by a narrow bridge under a terrible fire of musketry, Kempt (who led the third division in the absence of Picton) ran up the rugged hill with great fury, but only to fall at the foot of the castle, severely wounded. Being carried back to the trenches, he met Picton at the bridge, hastening to take the command, and meantime the troops spreading along the front, had reared their heavy ladders, some against the lofty castle, some against the adjoining front on the left, and with incredible courage, ascended amidst showers of heavy stones, logs of wood, and bursting shells rolled off the parapet, while from the flanks musketry was plied with fearful rapidity, and in front, the leading assailants were, with pike and bayonet, stabbed, and the ladders pushed from the walls; all this was attended with deafening shouts, the crash of breaking ladders and the shrieks of crushed soldiers answering to the sullen stroke of the falling weights. Still swarming round the remaining ladders, those undaunted veterans strove who should first climb, until all were overturned; when the

French shouted Victory, and the British, baffled yet untamed, fell back a few paces to take shelter under the rugged edge of the hill. There the broken ranks were reformed, and the heroic, Colonel Ridge, again springing forward, called with stentorian voice on his men to follow; and, seizing a ladder, raised it against the castle to the right of the

former attack, where the wall was lower, and where an embrasure offered some facility. A second ladder was placed alongside by the Grenadier officer Canch; and

the next instant, he and Ridge were on the rampart; the shouting troops pressed after them, and the garrison amazed, and in a manner surprised, were driven fighting through the double-gate into the town: the castle was won. Soon a reinforcement, from the French reserve came to the gate, through which both sides fired, and the enemy retired, but Ridge fell, and no man died that night with more glory, yet many died, and there was much glory."

The capture of the castle involved the fall of the city, and Badajoz surrendered (April 6); a glorious achievement done by noble men at a sorrowful cost. During the siege fell five thousand men and officers, and three thousand five hundred were hurt in the assault, of whom nearly eight hundred were slain outright. No exploit in the annals of the British army more splendidly illustrates the valour of its soldiers and the heroism of its officers. No engineering skill was employed, for Wellington's siege train was of the most meagre description. He relied upon the endurance and resolution of the



STORMING THE HEIGHTS, CIUDAD RODRIGO.



CLOSE QUARTERS, BADAJOZ.

British soldier, and his confidence was not misplaced. The annals of the Peninsular campaigns are so crowded with brilliant deeds that we pass from one to another with almost breathless rapidity. The succession of victories is as swift and dazzling as the changes of a kaleidoscope: we were recently on the heights of Busaco, next we stood in the breach at Ciudad Rodrigo; then we scaled the bristling ramparts of Badajoz; now we hurry to the field of Salamanca (July 22, 1812.) On this occasion the 88th, 45th and 74th were brigaded, under Colonel Wallis, and the third division was commanded by Major General Pakenham during Picton's absence from ill-health. It was posted on the right of the army, opposite the 7th French Division,

under General Bonnet, and had partly entrenched the commanding hill of the Arapiles, which it occupied. The allied left rested upon the river Tormes, below the ford of Santa Marta. Marmont, the French leader, had drawn up his array on the opposite heights. From the plain between the two armies and at a distance of five hundred yards rose the second of the two hills called the Arapiles, which the French, by a dexterous movement, contrived to seize and cover with a regiment of infantry and a brigade of guns. Marmont then ordered a false attack upon Wellington's centre, with the view of occupying his attention, while, marching rapidly by his left, he endeavoured to turn the British right. Under a heavy cannonade, his front and flank, covered by a cloud of skirmishers and supported by cavalry, pressed forward to gain the Ciudad Rodrigo road, and interpose between the allies and Ciudad Rodrigo. The movement was a difficult one and badly executed. His left became too much separated from his centre. Wellington at once detected the error; exclaiming that Marmont's good genius had deserted him, he mounted his horse and ordered the attack, hurling his masses into the gap left by the French commander and overwhelming the isolated corps. He directed Pakenham to move on with the 3rd division and take the heights in front. "I will, my lord," replied the gallant soldier "if you will give me a grasp of that conquering right hand," and, parting with a true English grasp, Pakenham proceeded to lead the advance of his division. The 45th went first; then followed the 88th, next came the 74th, each with fixed bayonets and flying colours. The French battalions advanced steadily to the roll of the drum; when the opposing forces met, a sudden panic seem to seize the French soldiers; they faltered, they slackened fire. Then sprang forward to the front, the bravest of their officers, and sought to inspire them with fresh courage. A Frenchman seized a firelock, ran out into the front, and shot Major Murphy through the heart; his death was immediately avenged; a Ranger shot the French-



COSTUME, 1830-40.

man through the head, who, tossing his arms up with a wild, quick gesture, fell forward and expired. The two Irish officers who carried the colours of the 88th, and who were immediately in rear, thought that the man who killed Major Murphy was aiming at them. Lieutenant Moriarty, carrying the regimental colours, called out, "That fellow is aiming at me." "I am devilish glad to hear you say so," replied Lieutenant D'Arcy, who carried the King's Colours, "for I thought he had me covered." He was not much mistaken; the ball that killed Murphy, after passing through him, struck the staff of the flag carried by D'Arcy, and carried away the button and part of the strap of his epaulette. The 88th were now mad with impatience, and Pakenham, noting their angry ardour, bade Wallis "let them loose." The word was given, the bayonets were brought to the charge; a ringing shout arose above the din of battle, and, with a terrible shock, they fell upon the enemy, whose ranks were soon broken into hopeless confusion, and rolled back in headlong disorder. At this moment there came a whirlwind of dust, in which might faintly be seen the glint of sabre and the flash of helm; the dust gathered up, and straight into the reeling ranks, rode Le Marchant's brigade of cuirassed horsemen. It was a splendid charge, and carried everything before it. The whole French column was cut to pieces, or captured, together with two eagles and eleven pieces of cannon. The battle of Salamanca deserves to rank as one of the Iron Duke's most brilliant achievements; to use the words of a French officer, "forty thousand men had been defeated in forty minutes," and yet Wellington had fought the battle as if his genius scorned so easy a trial of its strength. "Late in the evening of that day," says the historian of the Peninsular War, "I saw him behind my regiment, then marching towards the ford. He was alone, the flush of victory was upon his brow, his eyes were eager and watchful, but his voice was calm and even gentle. More than the rival of Marlborough, for he had defeated greater generals than Marlborough ever encountered, he seemed with prescient pride only to accept the victory as an earnest of



SERGEANT, WITH HAL-
BERD, 1840.

greater glory. The 88th at Salamanca lost two captains, one sergeant and eighteen rank and file killed. The total British loss was six hundred and ninety-four killed and four thousand two hundred and seventy wounded. Two eagles, eleven guns and seven thousand prisoners were the trophies of Wellington's victory. From the battle of Salamanca, we pass to that of Vittoria, where the Rangers again distinguished themselves. This was the most decisive defeat experienced by the French in the Peninsula. Never was a victory more complete. As Napier says, "the French lost all their equipage, all their guns, all their treasure, all their stores, all their papers." The loss in men did not exceed six thousand; the loss of the allies was five thousand one hundred and seventy-six killed, wounded and missing. The 88th fully maintained its reputation in the battles of the Pyrenees, and the brilliant operations by which Wellington eventually drove Soult's army to take refuge under the walls of Toulouse.



RECRUITING IN CONNEMARA SIXTY YEARS AGO.

At Orthes (February 28, 1814) it especially distinguished itself. On this occasion the severity of its loss attested the brilliancy of its service; out of some five hundred or six hundred effectives forty-four were killed, officers and privates, and two hundred and twenty-five wounded; or nearly one-half. The 88th, after the conclusion of the war in 1814, proceeded to Canada, and, though recalled to England when Napoleon's return from Elba awakened the struggle afresh, it arrived too late to share in the glories of Waterloo. A long period of tranquil service followed the Netherlands campaign of 1815, and the Connaught Rangers were stationed successively in the various Colonial possessions of the British Empire. Over these years of peace and comparative inaction we shall pass at once to the outbreak of the Russian War in 1854, which once more engaged Great Britain in hostilities with a European foe. The 88th was brigaded with the 33rd and 77th under Brigadier General Buller, in the Light Division, commanded by Lieutenant General Sir George Brown, and, with the rest of the army, landed on the coast of the Crimea, September 14-19, 1854; it then moved towards the Alma. At the great battle of the Alma the 88th was not very conspicuously engaged, owing to the hesitation of its brigadier; but to the Light Division of which it formed a part, was entrusted the difficult service of wresting the position of the Kourgane Hill. The 88th crossed the river under a heavy fire, and was then halted upon a slope, which somewhat sheltered it from the Russian guns, and this was all the share that one of the most gallant regiments in the army was permitted to take in the Battle of the Alma. At Inkermann however, they nobly avenged themselves. Led by Colonel Jeffreys, they advanced with eager rapidity to repel the Russian attack, and support the 2nd Division, which



FRATERNISING WITH FRENCH VIVANDIÈRE (CRIMEA).

June 7, 1855. All its officers who were then engaged were either killed or wounded; up to the fall of Sebastopol, and the conclusion of the war, it continued to display the highest zeal, the most generous devotion, and the most brilliant daring; and well did the Connaught Rangers vindicate their claim to rank amongst the most famous regiments of the British Army. After the Crimea, the 88th saw much service in Africa, and was actively and continually engaged all during the disastrous Boer War.



PRIVATE IN HEAVY MARCHING ORDER (PRESENT DAY).

Mr. Fordham's Strange Cases.

BY HUBERT GRAYLE.

No. 2.—Number Twenty-five.

I WAS leisurely descending the stairs from my office, on my way home one evening, when I almost collided with a man who was running up the steps two at a time.

With a muttered "beg pardon," he was about to continue his upward flight, when I recognised him.

"Hullo, Grant, my dear fellow; how are you?" I exclaimed.

"Is that you, Darke? Why I was hoping against hope that I might catch you before you left. I am sorry to say I am in great trouble; but don't let us talk here; you are off home, I suppose, to dinner?"

"Well, I was, but I will send a wire, and we can go upstairs, or, better still, we will go and have dinner together, and you can tell me what is troubling you."

"I feel in no humour for dining, but if you will spare me a few minutes, I shall be very grateful, as I want your advice on a matter that is causing me much anxiety."

"I hope it is nothing so serious but what we can soon put right," I said, consolingly. "Come up to the office and I will do my utmost to help you."

As we passed in at the outer door, we met Mr. Fordham, about to leave for the day.

"Good evening, Mr. Grant; you are not looking at all well," he said.

"I am in sore distress, Mr. Fordham," he replied, "and if you are not in a hurry, I beg you will accompany me into Mr. Darke's room, as if any man can aid me, you can."

"I am grieved to hear you are so upset; pray command me in any way," replied Fordham, as we all proceeded into my sanctum.

The gas was not yet turned out, so, motioning, Mr. Grant to a chair, Ford-

ham and myself remained standing, both anxiously waiting our client's explanation.

"I will put what I have to say in as few words as possible," he began. "First and foremost, my daughter, Mabel—you both know her—has been lost, or at any rate, has disappeared, since about eleven o'clock this morning. The last person in the house to see her was the housemaid. Mabel was coming down-stairs, dressed to go out, and passed the girl on the lower landing, when she said she was going out for an hour or two, and expected to return before lunch, but they were not to wait if she were not back."

"My wife was not very well this



MABEL WAS COMING DOWN-STAIRS.

morning, and had not then left her room, and did not come down-stairs till nearly lunch time, which they usually take at half-past one. Naturally, one of her first enquiries was for Mabel, and then the maid repeated her message, adding, "that Miss Mabel seemed a little excited."

"Pardon me interrupting you," Fordham here broke in. "Pray answer me one or two questions, as, from what appears on the surface, every minute may be of the utmost value."

As Fordham was speaking he walked rapidly to the door, and called to one of the clerks to fetch a hansom, adding: "Pick out a good horse;" then, returning, he commenced his questioning thus:

"Mabel was to be married shortly to Harry Markham, wasn't she?"

"Yes; the wedding was fixed for this day fortnight."

"When did you or she or any of your household see Harry last?"

"He spent the evening with us last night, and arranged to call to-day to chaperon Mabel to the Palace Flower Show. He arrived at the house at three o'clock, the hour agreed, and has been waiting there, or wandering about outside ever since."

"Have you any relations or close friends in the neighbourhood, where she would be likely to be detained?"

"No, that wouldn't be likely, remembering her appointment with Harry Markham."

At this juncture the boy returned and announced that the cab was waiting.

"It's just 6.30," said Fordham, looking at his watch; "we can do no good remaining here. Do you know what time the next train leaves Ludgate for Herne Hill?"

"Quarter to seven," replied Grant.

"We can just do it nicely, then. I will go down with you; we must get on the spot at once," went on Fordham, as he glanced at me interrogatively.

"I will accompany you," I remarked, "unless you prefer otherwise, Fordham."

"I shall be very glad if you will," he replied. "I didn't know what arrangements you had."

Calling one of the clerks, I desired him to despatch the stereotyped telegram to my wife: "Detained, business; home late;" and then we ran down to the cab.

We were all silent during the short drive to Ludgate Station, and were fortu-

nate enough to secure an empty compartment, where, as soon as we were settled, Fordham requested Mr. Grant to continue his narrative from where he had interrupted him.

"I told you my wife was waiting lunch for Mabel's return?"

"Yes."

"She waited till two o'clock, and then, feeling a little hurt at Mabel's prolonged absence, knowing her mother was poorly, she took a little soup, and had the things removed. Shortly after Harry arrived, and as the time slipped away, they both became more and more anxious, and when I arrived home they were naturally very much upset. It was then five o'clock, and desiring them to wire me to your office, Darke, if she returned, I caught the next train to town, fearing that if I waited at home longer and she did not come back, I should miss you at the office; and although I should have come on to your house at Richmond, I might not have caught you. Thank God, I was just in time. That's all I can tell you. I did think of calling at the Police Office, but hoped it would not be necessary."

"I need not say how grieved I am, Phil," I said, as he finished, and taking his hand I pressed it sympathetically.

Phil Grant and I were more than friends—we were the closest of chums. We had been at Harrow together where, although I was his fag, I had often laughingly reminded him I bore him no ill-will. Later on we went up to the same College at Oxford, and even now that we were both married our friendship continued as fast as ever and was shared by our better halves. When we left Oxford, Phil entered a firm of brokers on the Stock Exchange, while I, after duly qualifying for a Solicitor, joined the well-known firm of Willard and Son, Solicitors, of Lincoln's Inn Fields.

We jumped into a cab at Herne Hill Station, and in a few minutes arrived at Grant's house, No. 25, The Avenue.

As the door was opened, Phil asked the maid if Miss Mabel had returned, and was met with a sorrowful "No, sir!"

Leaving our coats and hats in the hall, we all went into the dining-room, where poor Mrs. Grant sat crying and rocking herself in her chair by the fire, whilst Harry Markham stood leaning against the mantelshelf, with his head on his hand.

As Mrs. Grant caught sight of her hus-

band, she cried out: "Have you brought my darling home, Phil?"

"Now you must not give way so, dear; try and bear up," said Grant. "I have brought two good friends with me who will, please God, soon find her. Here's Willie Darke and Mr. Fordham; won't you welcome them?"

At this, poor Mrs. Grant pulled herself together and shaking hands with us, said we were very good to come down so promptly; and as I continued to condole with her, Fordham beckoned Grant and Harry towards the door and they left us together. While they were away, the mother recounted to me all her grief and fears, which coincided in every respect with what Grant had told us.

Presently Phil returned to the room and motioned me to the door, saying: "You would like to wash your hands, Will, perhaps," and taking his hint, I left the room.

Fordham was outside, and I could see by the peculiar gleam in his eye that he had discovered some fact of importance.

"Do you think Mrs. Grant could answer me a few questions, Darke? I shall not worry or frighten her, but I have obtained, I believe, a very important thread, and, if followed out promptly, we may possibly, nay, I think probably, find Mabel to-night, and I need hardly point out to you how, under the circumstances, it is of the most vital importance that she should not spend even one night away from her home. Mr. Grant is preparing his wife to see me now."

Before almost he had finished speaking, the dining-room door opened, and Phil said, "Come in, both of you." And, following him into the room, I closed the door, while Fordham went up to Mrs. Grant, saying, "I think we shall have Mabel home, Mrs. Grant, in an hour or so; I am going out now to bring her back, but

I should like to say one or two things before I start, and I can assure you there is no occasion to feel agitated. I have sent Harry down to the station to meet the next train or two; I should say he is very much attached to your daughter?"

"There is not a doubt, Mr. Fordham, as to their affection for each other," she replied; "and they have scarcely had even a lovers' quarrel ever since they were engaged."

"That shows they are wise in their generation and have learnt the great lesson of self-sacrifice. Of course, such a pretty girl as Mabel is, I suppose she has had more than one young beau?" said Fordham.



POOR MRS. GRANT PULLED HERSELF TOGETHER.

"Nothing serious," returned Mrs. Grant; "of course, boys and girls are always being smitten with one another when in their teens, but it went no further, you know, except, perhaps, with Bertrand Daudet; he, I fancy—indeed, I know—was really in love with Mabel, but it is nearly two years ago now, and although he was twenty-three or twenty-four

years of age, Mabel was only sixteen, and she really did not know he was in earnest. Anyhow, she gave him no encouragement, and he returned to Paris a few months later.

"He did not reside, then, in the neighbourhood?" asked Fordham, as he lay back in his chair, apparently with little uneasiness on his mind, and taking a languid interest in keeping Mrs. Grant's thoughts from wandering away to her absent child.

"He stayed for some years in the next road, with his uncle, who is a great friend of ours, and so we were always seeing him," Mrs. Grant replied; "but I never really liked him; there are some natures one feels an instinctive antipathy towards, and Bertrand was one of them. He had

all a Frenchman's courteousness and graceful manners, however; but his nature struck me as cold and cruel, although I have not the slightest reason for using the latter word. Harry has told me since, that Bertrand affected him in the same way; but you will say he was prejudiced."

"Quite possibly," returned Fordham; "but I fancy Harry is too good-natured to say so unless he really thought it, even of a rival."

Then, rising from his chair, he turned to me, saying, "It is about time we went down to the station to Harry," and then, with a few more words to Mrs. Grant of reassurance, we left the house.

Mr. Grant came to the front door, and taking Fordham's hand, said, in a husky, broken voice: "I cannot see in what direction your hope lies, Fordham, but my daughter's safety is in your hands, and you have our heart-felt blessings however it turns out. Shall I come with you, or had I better remain?"

"Remain and comfort your wife," he replied; "and do not lose heart, for I feel very sanguine that before many hours we shall all be happy again. *Adieu*!"

"Now, Darke, don't ask me any questions, there's a good fellow," he cut me short as I ventured a hint that I should like to know what he was working on; "I want to think it out quietly as we hasten to the station."

So we hurried along the now darkened road in mutual silence. Going up to the platform, we found Harry Markham leaning against a pillar supporting the station covering. It was twenty minutes to eight—barely an hour since we left Ludgate. Fordham walked up to him at once, saying: "Come with us, Harry? I want you to show us the house where Bertrand Daudet used to live."

"Why, what do you want to go there for?" he questioned as we started off.

"Just to clear up a little point I have in my mind. By-the-way, have you seen Bertrand recently?"

"Yes, I met him in town

three or four days back," said Harry; "but although he did not appear to recognise me, I could swear he saw me."

"Ah! Do you happen to know where he is likely to be found in town, if he is not staying down here?"

"No," he answered hesitatingly, "I do not; but it is just possible you might come across him at one or two places which he was in the habit of frequenting. I spent a few evenings with him a year or more ago, when we went two or three times to the theatre, and afterwards he took me to a little French café in one of the streets running out of Leicester Square. I went to two of these places with him, and he was evidently well known in both."

"Could you find them again?"

"Yes."

"Good!—Capital! Who says there's no such thing as luck?" muttered Fordham to himself.

"Here we are," I remarked; "this is the house."

"Now, Harry," said Fordham, "you run up and knock at the door, and ask for Bertrand, and if he's not at home, ascertain if he is in town; if he is, where he's staying. I want to know where his people believe him to be at present. Don't mention that you saw him in town, and, above all, don't keep us waiting."

"But if he is there?"

"Well, then go in and tell them Mabel is away. Has Mabel any relatives in London or close at hand?"

"Yes," I answered; "there's an aunt living at Clapham."

"Then just pretend you all think she's gone to Clapham to spend a few hours with her aunt; but show a little natural anxiety at her being late, and get back to the station to us as soon as you can; we shall be waiting for you."

As Harry ran up the gravel drive to the door, Fordham said to me, "Stay here," and darted quickly after him with noiseless steps. The door opened to Harry's summons, and, after a few words to the maid, he



LEANING AGAINST A PILLAR.

went inside. In a few seconds Fordham was back at my side.

"He is not in, and the girl didn't think he was in London," he half whispered to me. "We may as well wait here for him now; I suppose as this Bertrand is not in, Harry will not remain longer than he can help."

What makes you suspect Bertrand Daudet of a hand in Mabel's disappearance?" I asked *sotto voce*.



JUMPED INTO A CARRIAGE.

"I more than suspect; I am certain he will be found to be implicated in the matter, and unless we rescue her before the night is out, our help may be in vain—ha, there's someone leaving the room that Harry went into."

"How in the world can you know that?" I said in amazement. "You can't see through that solid wood door, or the brick wall, and the blind hangs closely over the window, showing there is a strong light in the room, certainly, but equally as

certainly veiling all within from our gaze, at least from the penetration of ordinary eyes like my own. But there's the front door opening."

"You've been very good to-night, Darke, and have not bothered me, so I will show you how little things are readable to an observant mind. You referred to the blind screening the window—well, when young Markham entered, and almost immediately after the front door closed, I saw that blind press back on the window-glass, that intimated to me that the door of the room had been thrown open, and the concussion of the air forced back the blind; then sufficient time, say a few seconds, elapsed, and the blind was drawn from the window, showing that the door had been shut again. The inference is clear: he had been shown into the room; if someone had come out of the room to speak to him they would scarcely have pulled the door to after them. The first movement of the blind occurred again when he came out, but without the second movement, proving that the door is still open; and now here he comes."

As soon as Harry joined us, we started off for the station at our fastest pace, and he recounted his interview with the uncle, Mr. Wilson, as follows:

"While I was talking to the servant, Mrs. Wilson came down the stairs and I had to speak to her, and we went into the morning room."

"The room on the left?" said Fordham.

"Yes; well they have no idea that Bertrand has left Paris, although they have not had a letter from him for a fortnight. They

were sorry to hear about Mabel's absence, but fell in with the suggestion of the visit to Clapham as being no doubt the reason. They congratulated me on our approaching marriage," said poor Harry, with a tremor in his voice, "and Mrs. Wilson said she had written Bertrand last week of the coming event."

"That clinches all my theories," remarked Fordham, as we arrived at the station door. "Isn't that an up train in? Come on, we've got our tickets." And we

ran up the stairs and jumped into a carriage just as the train moved off.

"Couldn't have done it better," exclaimed Fordham; "now I will give you a short outline of my deductions. When I left the dining-room with Mr. Grant and you, Harry, I asked if Mabel had received any letters during the day, and one of the servants was called to ascertain this point. She averred that shortly before Miss Mabel went out there was a knock at the front door, and when she answered it she found an envelope in the box which she took to be a tradesman's bill, as there was no stamp on it. It was simply addressed "Miss Grant, 25, The Avenue," and she took it to her young mistress, who was then in her bedroom. To find what this envelope contained was my next endeavour, so we went up into Mabel's room and searched everywhere without success; there was the ash of a piece of burnt paper in the fire-place which resembled a sheet of

cream-laid note paper as the water-lines testified, but the writing was undecipherable, even under my magnifying glass. There was no sign of the envelope being burnt, nor was it to be found for some time. Mr. Grant and Harry had just left the room when my eye caught sight of the little tidy which ladies are so fond of hanging on their looking-glasses; peeping into this, I found the missing envelope, all crunched up. Smoothing it out, I read the name and address exactly as given by the maid, but to my surprise the handwriting was Harry Markham's. You may well start, my boy; so did I at first. There was a photo of yourself on the mantelpiece, with the inscription at the foot, "Mabel from Harry," and the handwriting was certainly a close imitation, but what put me

on the right track was the No. 25. You know a Frenchman makes his fives much like an English nine, and this five was so made, otherwise the caligraphy was a very respectable forgery. I did not mention my discovery to you; it's not my way till I feel satisfied. But I asked you if you had written to Mabel to remind her of your arranged visit to the Palace, and you replied you had not thought of writing to her. In order to find out what Frenchman was known to her or the family, I led Mrs. Grant on and soon obtained the clue I wanted, with jealousy for its motive power. To conclude shortly, for that's the Elephant and Castle Station we have just passed, directly Bertrand Daudet heard from his aunt that Mabel was going to be married to you, he came over to London and forged a letter from you, couched in such language that she felt bound to obey its behest. This was delivered by some tool of his at



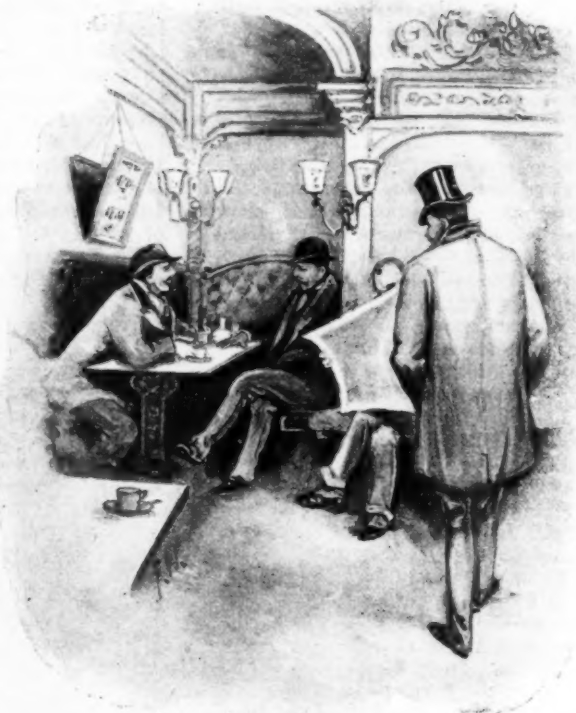
PAUSED OPPOSITE A SMALL RESTAURANT.

an hour when he knew you were most unlikely to be present; and in obeying this letter, she has, I am firmly convinced, gone to town, believing to find you, and has been entrapped by him. Our utmost endeavours must now be directed to tracing this scoundrel, and I cannot but think we shall find him in the haunts you know he frequents. He will have no chance of bending his captive to his will yet; Mabel will be still in the first strength of her abhorrence and full of invective against her deceiver, and if my conception of human nature is correct, he will spend the evening at one of his favourite cafés until her torrent of reproach has weakened with her physical powers.

While Fordham was thus enlightening us, poor Harry sat with clenched hands and twitching, nervous lips, but not a word did he utter until Fordham had finished. Then he muttered, "If this is true, Daudet shall find me merciless." The train drew into Ludgate Hill just as St. Paul's struck the half-hour after eight o'clock. Picking out a rubber-tired hansom, Fordham instructed the jehu to drive to "The Empire," Leicester Square, and we took our places, Harry sitting on our knees.

"I wonder where his nest is?" said Fordham, as we bowled rapidly up Fleet Street. "It won't be far off Leicester Square; the neighbourhood is full of rat-holes and evil dens. Poor girl, she will not forget this day easily, I'm afraid. Now Harry, my friend, pull yourself together; you are the leader of the expedition now, and when we unearth the reptile I can promise you a quiet five minutes with him, so pluck up now and thank God we are not too late."

"Let us pull our coat-collars up and take care we are not recognised," said Fordham, as we left our cab. "Harry,



I PROCEEDED DOWN THE ROOM.

you lead the way to the first café, and we will follow behind."

Passing the Empire Theatre, Harry turned up one of the streets on the left, and, after proceeding a little way up, paused opposite a small restaurant, in which the gas was flaring brightly. When we came up Fordham said:

"We must have a look in; but as I don't know our man, I am out of the question; you both know him, so I think, Darke, you had better peep in at the door. I don't suppose anyone will notice you, and we will cross over the road and wait for your verdict."

Cautiously approaching the door, I kept well back and looked over the frosted panel of glass, but could only recognise the few groups of men that were seated near the entrance; creeping closer, I gently pushed one of the swing doors inwards and glanced round; even now I could not distinguish the occupants at the end of the room, so, walking boldly in, I proceeded right down the room, glancing

round as I went. When I saw Bertrand was not there, I lifted my head and peered round as though searching for someone, and turning back with an air of disappointment, left the place. Crossing the road, I informed Fordham of the result of my investigation, when he replied:

"You had better watch here, and Harry and I will try the other place." So leaving me to keep guard, they returned down the street. They had not been gone five minutes when I saw a man sauntering up from the Square with a cigarette in his mouth, whom I seemed to remember, and, as the light from the restaurant fell on his face, I recognised the very man we were after. I was hidden in a dark doorway, quite out of his vision, and as he passed into the café I thought he looked ten years older than when I last saw him at Grant's house, some two years ago; the features were drawn as with mental or physical anguish, whilst the lines round the mouth were set with a determined harshness unusual in a man of his age.

My position was now most anxious. I knew what stress Fordham placed on discovering Daudet, and if he left the Café while Fordham was away I should have to dog his steps and track him to his lair as best I could; fortunately my misgivings came to naught, as Fordham returned while I was turning over these things in my mind.

As I saw him coming up the street I hastened to meet him with my news. His first exclamation was: "Then Mabel's safe;" then he said, "I will run and fetch Harry—have you got a pencil?"

"Yes."

"Well, if Daudet comes out while I am away, follow him, and, when you start, draw an arrow at the foot of this poster," pointing to a white bill stuck on the wall, "showing which direction he takes, so we shall not lose you."

However, Bertrand Daudet was in no hurry to leave his retreat, and we had to

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THE MAN WE WERE AFTER.

wait nearly an hour before he came out. A dark passage-way, a few yards up the street, offered us a secure hiding-place; and Fordham arranged that when Daudet emerged, and Fordham would be able to have a good look at him, that he would follow him at a distance of twenty yards, then I was to follow Fordham, and Harry to follow me at similar distances. If Fordham desired us to approach, he would wave his arm, otherwise, we were to keep our respective positions.

Thus we started down the street, turning round to the left and leaving Leicester Square behind us, and walked on for five or six minutes; then I saw Fordham stop suddenly at the corner of a street running off our left hand side, and in a few seconds he waved his hand, and we both came up to him.

"You see that little shop across the road," pointing to the other side of the narrow little street; "he went in there. You remain here and keep your eyes fastened on that shop while I go and reconnoitre;" and, running across the road, we saw him pass the lighted window. In a few moments he was back again: "It's a dirty little tobacconist and newsagent's domicile," said Fordham; "just the place for Monsieur Daudet's scheme. Our best plan will be to take the bull by the horns; come on."

When we went into the shop, we saw an evil-looking, ill-kempt, dirty fellow sitting behind the counter, who scowled at us as we entered.

Fordham approached as close as the counter would permit, and said in a low voice, "We're detectives from Scotland Yard; now don't utter a word till I have finished."

The man's demeanour changed on the instant, and I believe had the dirt on his countenance permitted, we should have seen his face pale. His eyes, however, showed the effect of Fordham's words, as he continued: "We are after a Frenchman, who brought a

young lady here to-day—or, rather, whom the young lady called on—show us where they are at once." Then the man broke out into voluble protestations. "He didn't know there was anything wrong; the lady came and asked for the gentleman. Of course, he would show us the room. "All right, go quietly and knock at his door and say you want to see him; I will follow you. If you attempt to alarm him, I shall show you no mercy."

"He must look after himself; it's nothing to do with me," muttered the ruffian, as he led the way down the stairs with a candle in his hand. When he got to the bottom, we could hear the voices of Mabel and Bertrand, the former choked with sobs, the latter muffled, as though spoken in a low tone.

"Knock at the door," whispered Fordham, and the man did as instructed.

"Is that you, George?" we heard Bertrand ask.

"Yes; I want to see you a moment," replied our guide as he stepped back from the door; and as the key was turned, Fordham took his place, and immediately the door opened, sprang at Daudet, and flooring him, held him by the throat, while Harry rushed to Mabel, who, as soon as she recognised her deliverers, fell back in dead faint.

"Get me some cord," Fordham demanded of the man. "I've forgotten my darbies." And when it was brought, he tied his captive's hands behind his back, with my assistance. Then we turned our attention to Mabel, who was now coming round.

The room, or cellar, was lighted by a cheap lamp, standing on a diminutive

wooden table, bare of all covering. There was a small, low bed, with one broken-backed chair, on which Mabel was seated, a pitcher without a handle, and a tin washing-basin completed the furniture of this loathsome hole, which was bare of carpet or wall-paper.

As Mabel was now conscious, Fordham asked me to go up the stairs with him.

"The question arises now what are we to do with this black-guard," said Fordham. "If we hand him over to the police, which is the proper course, there will be a scandal from which we cannot keep Mabel's name out. I don't see any other course but to let him go:

he will get his deserts later, no doubt."

I coincided with this view, and we agreed it was better to let the villain escape his rightful punishment rather than drag an innocent girl into such odious notoriety.

With this we returned to the cellar, and I half led, half carried, poor little Mabel upstairs, and, placing her on a chair, waited for the others.

Let Harry recount the remainder of the scene down in the cellar. From the time Daudet was knocked down by Fordham he had not uttered a word, but when Mabel and I left, Fordham untied his bonds, informing him that in consideration for his uncle and aunt, he should not hand him over to the police. Then Daudet commenced to swear and curse, mixing with his profanity such vile epithets against Mabel that Harry could restrain himself no longer: he flew at the dastardly villain, and gave him a hiding, which, Fordham afterwards informed me, made his heart rejoice.



THE MAN'S DEMEANOUR CHANGED.

There is little more to relate. We hailed a four-wheeler, and Fordham and I accompanied the young lovers to Ludgate. On the way Mabel told us her tale. She had received a note, which she believed to have been written by Harry. As near as she could remember, it ran as follows :

"DARLING MABEL,—I am in great trouble, and want you to come to me immediately on receipt of this. Do not tell anyone where you are going, as I shall not keep you many minutes. Take a cab

at Ludgate Hill to 93, — Street, Leices-

Fordham Markham. But neither of them will ever forget that eventful day and night.



SPRANG AT DAUDET.

ter Square, and ask for me.

" Lovingly

"yours, HARRY.

" P.S. Be sure and burn this letter."

She had acted blindly on these instructions, and when she arrived at the address given; she was shown down to the hole we found her in, and Daudet immediately turned the key on her. Of his protestations of love I need not say anything. We never heard anything more of him. Mabel and Harry are now married and their son and heir was christened Harry

Young England at School.

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.

WHEN we glance at the busy corner of St. Paul's Churchyard, forming the East end of that noble edifice, St. Paul's Cathedral, one can hardly imagine that, but a few years ago, there stood the famous foundation of John Colet, Dean of St. Paul's, now removed to its new home at Hammersmith; and the old site now presents to us, from the huge warehouses erected, one of the commercial centres of our great city. Before making any comment upon the new building, or St. Paul's of the present day, it is most essential that I should make a few remarks with reference to the illustrious founder, whose name will long be handed down as a noble benefactor. Dr. John Colet, Dean of St. Paul's in the time of Henry VII. and Henry VIII., was the son and sole heir of Sir Henry Colet, a wealthy citizen, who had twice been Lord Mayor of London. Sir Henry Colet appears to have been father of twenty-two children—eleven sons and eleven daughters—but of these, John Colet alone survived to inherit his father's fortune. The noble founder of St. Paul's School was born in London, 1466, in the days when it was considered quite a sort of nobility to be born within the City Boundary, and was educated at St. Anthony's School, Threadneedle Street. Colet appears to have made many friends in France and Italy, where he travelled in order to avail himself of the opportunity to thoroughly master the

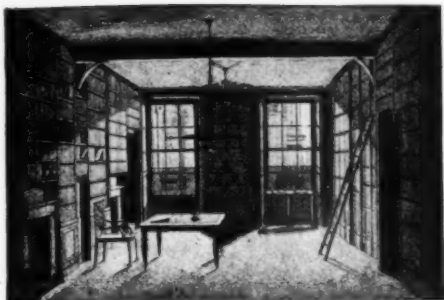
Greek language. In 1505 he was appointed Dean of St. Paul's, and, almost immediately upon his installation, he set himself to work to reform the lax discipline of his Cathedral. Having, with his customary boldness and freedom, denounced the corruptions then prevalent in every department of the Church, and against which the mighty voice of Luther was soon to thunder a denunciation which sprang from his sincere conviction of their enormity and their injury to the cause of true religion, he was cited by Dr. Fitzjames, Bishop of London, to answer an accusation of heresy. Colet's alleged offences were: first, opposition to image worship; secondly, his contending that the exhortation to Peter, "Feed my sheep," had no carnal signification, etc. Colet, however, defeated the malevolence of the bishop, though it has been stated by Latimer, in one of his sermons, that Dean Colet would have been burnt "if God had not turned the King's heart to the contrary." From being a martyr, he was, therefore, spared to be the patron of learning, and his troubles and persecutions are said to have had no other influence upon his disposition than that of rendering him more

devout and charitable.

Through the death of his relatives, Colet became the possessor of a great fortune, a great portion of which he expended, from time to time, in acts of benevolence, which he crowned by a resolution to



THE LAST ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL, IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.



THE LIBRARY IN THE OLD ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.

found a Grammar School in London as near as possible to the Cathedral.

The building was accordingly commenced in 1509, and completed in three years, during which time Colet employed himself with framing the statutes and settling endowments for the "School of St. Paul." Certain lands in Bucks he conveyed, in trust, to the Mercers' Company, and thus he endowed the foundation with a yearly income of something like £120, which has now increased in value to a surprising amount.

Of the original building there is no illustrated record whatever, as the Great Fire of London destroyed the first St. Paul's School, together with all records as to its description.

One great thing was saved from the debris, which has since been the pride of all Paulines, and is still cherished far and above any relics now in possession of the governors—the bust of the noble founder, Dean Colet—which appears in one of our illustrations, together with another fond relic, the Highmaster's chair, also looked upon with great reverence. The old bust was found and marvelously saved, although, I believe, broken, from amongst the ruins of the school after the fire. It has been carefully preserved ever since, and now occupies a prominent position upon a large pedestal in the board-room of the new school. Recently the bust was cleaned, and it

was found that it then contained seventeen coats of paint, proving also that at different periods it had greatly varied in colour. Having entirely stripped it of its layers of paint, it now remains in as good preservation as it did centuries ago. This relic was placed in position for photographing with the ancient chair and the painting, over the fire-place, of the first Duke of Marlborough, an old Pauline.

In the statutes of the school Dean Colet displayed a noble catholicity, when he declared that the school shall be open to the "children of all nations and countries indifferently." The number of foundation scholars was to be one hundred and fifty-three, which number has always been peculiar to the school.

The reason for Dean Colet fixing this odd number is accounted for in "Fuller's Church History." When recording Colet's death, Fuller says "He founded the Free School of St. Paul's; and it is hard to say whether he left better laws for the government, or land for the maintenance thereof. A free school, indeed, to all natives or foreigners of what country soever here to have their education (none being excluded by their nativity which exclude not themselves by their unworthiness) to the number of one hundred fifty and three (so many fishes as were caught in the net by the Apostles, John xxi, 11)."

Colet died in the apartments he had himself built in the Monastery of the Carthusians at Sheen, near Richmond, Surrey, 11th of September, 1519; and his body was afterwards buried in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, near the image of St. Wigifort.

Erasmus, who was one year younger than Colet, and one year William Lily's senior, describes the first building as a magnificent structure, to which were attached two dwelling-houses for the two Chief Masters; he further gives slight details of the building; but beyond this, little is known of it, seeing that it shared in the Great



THE OLD SITE OF THE PRESENT ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.



ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL, HAMMERSMITH.

Fire of London, 1666, and was rebuilt, 1670, by the Mercers' Company. The illustration on our first page shows the third and last school as it stood within the memory of many of our readers. This last building in St. Paul's Churchyard was designed and erected by George Smith, Esq., the architect of the Mercers' Company, and had many advantages over its predecessors.

On occasions of the Sovereign of England or other Royal or distinguished persons going in state through the city, a balcony was erected in front of the building, whence addresses from the School were presented to the illustrious visitors by the head boys.

This custom, and evident right to the Paulines, is of some antiquity, but the origin is quite unknown, beyond that addresses were so presented to Henry VIII.; to Queen Elizabeth, in 1558; and to Queen Victoria when the Royal Exchange was opened in 1844. Her Majesty, however, preferred to receive the address at the next levée, and this precedent was followed when the multitude of London rushed to welcome the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alexandra in 1863.

St. Paul's, like many other similar ancient foundations, has grown very rich;

and we cannot, therefore, help but recognise the great charge, so successfully and wisely cared for by the Mercers' Company and fully endorse the Report of the Commissioners, who say:—"The enormous increase in value is in itself evidence of a pure and diligent administration; nor do we conceive that better care would have been taken by any other body to which Dean Colet could have entrusted it; we

entirely agree with the remarks of Chief Baron Pollock that his selection of a London Company as Trustees was very wise and sagacious."

The old School in the City was in the last years very unfit for such an important seat of learning, owing to the increasing traffic and the continual bustle and noise



HIGH MASTER'S HOUSE FROM THE SCHOOL STEPS.

which surrounded it. Mr. Carver, late Headmaster of Dulwich, who, in those days, was Sur-Master of St. Paul's, had many objections to the position, as the noise of the busy City outside so greatly interfered with the work of both masters and boys.

This increased to such an extent that



HIGH MASTER'S ROOM, showing picture of first Duke of Marlborough, Colet's Bust and the famous High Master's Chair.

schemes were at once set on foot to transfer the school to more suitable quarters in the Metropolis, which ended in St. Paul's School finding a home at Hammersmith, in the early eighties of this century, just within the four mile radius.

The New St. Paul's School, at West Kensington, has barely been open nine years; it occupies an enormous area of ground from the Hammersmith Road (in which is the main entrance), to almost the District Railway Cutting between West Kensington and Hammersmith Station.

One of our illustrations shows the school site prior to the Paulines' exit from St. Paul's Churchyard, taken from an engraving,

the work of Mr. R. Harris, the present Art Master of the School, who has rendered us, by the kind permission of the High Master, most valuable aid throughout the numerous visits of our photographer.

Mr. Harris has particularly interested himself in our visit to the School, which may be also said of each master and official. Our illustrations speak for my assertion in this respect, for without the assistance so willingly offered from the High Master to the smallest boy in the School, it would have been impossible to so thoroughly illustrate this number, and I therefore take this opportunity of thanking all those who have so helped to make the first illustrated article on St. Paul's School a success (which I predict it will be from an illustrated point of view to old and present Paulines).

The New School is quite different, from an architectural point of view, to any of its predecessors, standing back from the road, one huge block of buildings in red brick and terra-cotta. I believe



MR. NEWSHAM, BURSAR OF ST. PAUL'S, IN HIS OFFICE. Showing the Paulines' Hare caught a short time ago in the School Ground.

the reason of this style being adopted was owing to a great strike amongst stone-masons, which was quelled by the builders introducing terra-cotta work.

On entering the school grounds from

play-ground some few months ago, the strange visitor causing some excitement among the boys.

The opposite corner of the hall is a cosy office for the school porter, and from this place our photographer, placing himself in the hands of Mr. Harris, as I have already mentioned, paid his first visit to the Art Room, directly over the main entrance hall.

Our illustrations of this important branch of the school are so full of detail that it requires but little description from me, beyond that art is most carefully taught under the eye of Mr. Harris, and the room is adorned entirely by the



DRAWING AND MODELLING IN ART ROOM.

the main entrance, a pretty building on the left is the abode of the High Master, which is connected with the main building by a pretty cloister. The rear of the school presents, perhaps, the best view of the vast pile, as the sun shining upon it the greater portion of the day gives quite a relief to the naturally heavy appearance in the front, where the sun rarely touches. The playing grounds are indeed excellent, with a capital cricket pavilion and a gymnasium, the only building detached from the main block.

On entering the school, the spacious corridors command first attention. On the left of the entrance hall is Mr. Bewsher's office, bursar of St. Paul's School, which forms one of our illustrations. The hare on the mantel-piece was captured within the precincts of the school



MR. HARRIS, THE ART MASTER IN THE CORRIDOR.

work of the students, who are supplied with an excellent lot of statuary of almost every description as models. Modelling, also, is a branch of this department, and several statues in the room now are the

work of the boys in the school.

The next visit was paid to the Library, which also occupies a place on the first floor, at the end of the corridor, showing the statuary, which is one of the present schemes to remove the bareness of such a large place, and also prove interesting and edifying to the young at school at the same time. The corridor runs the whole length of the first floor, and it will be noticed from the illustration that the greater portion of its sides are usefully applied to lockers for the boys' flannels, books, etc.

The Library Room is, perhaps, the best of any I have seen at the schools so far visited, and it contains a magnificent collection of suitable literature, and fine busts of five great masters of St. Paul's: Georg Thicnesse, 1748-1769; Robert Roberts, D.D., 1769-1814; John Sleath, D.D., 1814-1838; Herbert Kynaston, D.D., 1838-1876, and the present High Master, Frederick W. Walker, M.A.

There has just been placed in the Library three large and magnificent stained-glass windows, the gifts respectively of Mr. Frederic Seebohm, Author of "The Oxford Reformers" (Colet, Erasmus and More); the Rev. Canon Car-



THE ART ROOM.

ver, a former sur-master of St. Paul's, and the present sur-master, the Rev. J. H. Lupton.

The first window that meets you on entering the library is that given by Mr. Lupton, representing a group of three figures. In the centre is an angel reading from a scroll to the Evangelist, who is writing at his dictation. Kneeling on the right is a youthful figure in priestly robes, with hands folded as in prayer, said by an inscription in the illumination itself to be meant for Dean Colet—*Effigies ipsa* is the expression em-

ployed. The room depicted by the original artist, whose work is preserved in a manuscript at Cambridge, was one in the Old Deanery of St. Paul's.

Thesecond window, the gift of Mr. Seebohm, has for its subject Erasmus



A CLASS-ROOM.

reading the draft of his yet unpublished "Praise of Folly" to his friends, Colet and More. The incident was chosen as recalling the title of Mr. Seebohm's work before mentioned, which has probably done more than anything else to make the noble founder of St. Paul's School known to this generation, and as being intermediate in point of date between the other two. The scene is a room in More's house, identified by a few accessories from Holbein's drawing at Bâle, such as the

neath, the wording being slightly abridged to suit the exigencies of space:

Felices qui octo orationis partes recte distinguunt.

The date of the scene is 1511, as appears from the book in the reader's hand. In the three canopies above are the views of the three cities with which the friends were connected by birth or residence. The pretty drawing of Rotterdam in the centre is from an early print in the British Museum. London is typified by old St.



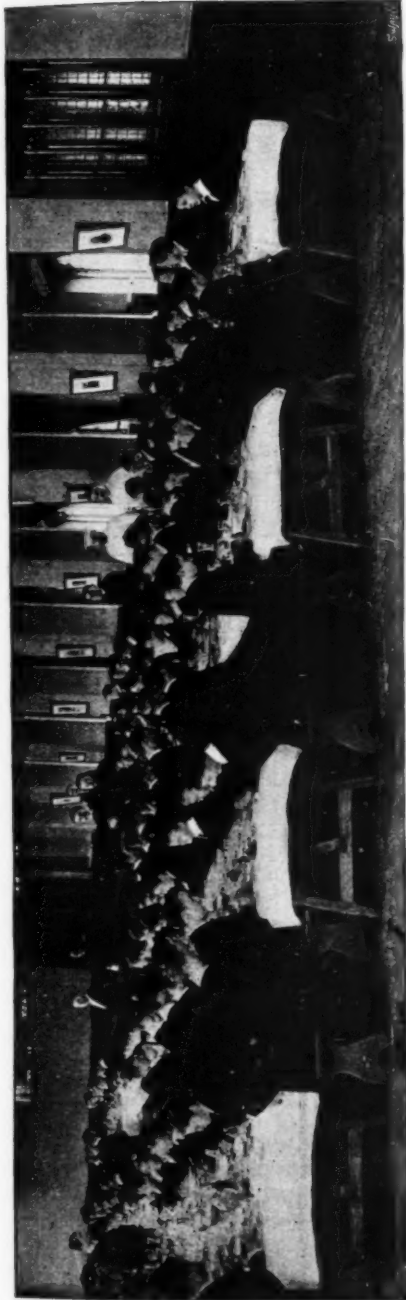
THE LIBRARY.

viol hanging on the wall, "wherewith he would sometimes recreate his tyred spirit;" the clock, preserved till within living memory by the late Charles Waterton at Walton Hall, and the like. The expressions have been wonderfully well caught. The moment chosen is when the playful lash of the satirist has begun to fall on the Grammarians, one of whom, at the ripe age of sixty, has just been heard declaring that "he should die happy if he only lived long enough to discriminate rightly the eight parts of speech."

This is summed up in the motto be-

Paul's Cathedral, and Oxford by the then newly-founded college of St. Mary Magdalen.

The third window, the gift of Dr. Carver, also recalls the early days of the school and the benevolent founder. The subject selected is Dean Colet delivering into the hands of Lily, the first High Master, the book of the statutes of the school. Above, in the upper lights, are views of the two schools erected in St. Paul's Churchyard since the Great Fire of London, one of which illustrates this article.



THE DINING HALL AS IT APPEARS BETWEEN 1.0 AND 1.30.

I have, perhaps, dwelt too long upon these illuminations, but at the present time they are uppermost amongst the latest additions to the school. Before leaving the library, there are many things here that remind its frequenters of old Paulines, whose names now stand out on great pinnacles of fame. Few public schools can claim to have educated more men who figure prominently in English history than the foundation of John Colet; and at the present time the number of scholars who gain admission to the Universities far and above exceeds that of any other public school.

Sir Anthony Denny, Gentleman of the Bedchamber and Privy Counsellor to Henry VIII., was one of Lily's earliest pupils, as were Thomas Lupset, the friend of Colet and Erasmus; Sir Edward North, founder of the noble family of that name; (the most noteworthy of the race in later times was Frederic, Lord North, Premier from 1770 to 1782). Sir William Paget, who from being the son of a Sergeant-at-Mace became Privy Counsellor to four successive sovereigns, and acquired the title now held by his descendant; and John Leland, the celebrated archæologist.

In the long and brilliant array of Paulines, trained by the masters who succeeded Lily, we find William Whitaker, one of the earliest and most puissant champions of the Reformation; William Camden, antiquarian and herald, and Head Master of Westminster School, 1592. Of her many claims upon the gratitude of England, however, St. Paul's School urges none so august and irresistible as that of having educated John Milton.

This illustrious poet, devoted patriot, and accomplished scholar, was born in Bread Street, Cheapside, a few yards from the site of the old school, and sleeps his last sleep almost beneath the shadow of the Cathedral. His great works, "performed under discountenance and in blindness," will live through the ages.

Carefully preserved amongst the valuable collection in the library are some of the early editions of Milton's "Paradise Lost;" and it is pleasing to note that the scheme to embellish the walls with names of eminent Paulines and worthies, now seem to echo "Milton."

Amongst the numerous scholars whose names adorn the walls of the corridors,



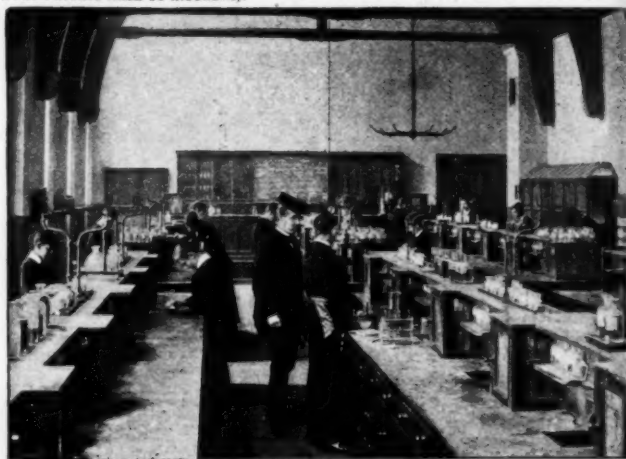
PREPARING FOR DINNER (ENTRANCE FROM DINING-HALL TO KITCHENS).

together with the past high masters, are Sir Charles Scarborough, the Physician to Charles II.; Samuel Pepys, the inimitable diarist; Robert Nelson, one of the first promoters of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts; Dr. Benjamin Calamy; Dr. Richard Meggot; Richard Cumberland, Bishop of Peterborough; Sir John Trevor, Master of the Rolls and Speaker of the House of Com-

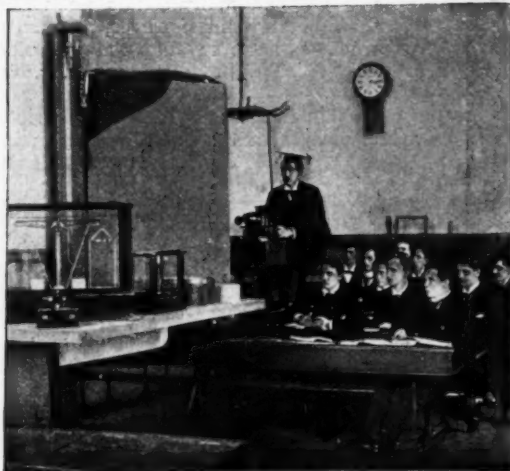
mons; Sir Edmund Northey, Attorney-General; Roger Cotes, first Professor of Astronomy in the Chair founded at Cambridge by Dr. Plume; Archibald, Earl of Forfar; Charles, Duke of Manchester, and John, the great and first Duke of Marlborough, etc. etc.

With such a vast building to decorate, one can understand it will take years to cover its walls, but it cannot be said that those interested in the school have not set about this great work with a right good will.

The large hall is a fine building at the south of the main block, where all the six hundred boys meet, morning at 9.30 and evening at 5, for prayers.



CHEMICAL LABORATORY.



SCIENTIFIC LABORATORY.—THE LANTERN USED FOR LECTURING.

The hall, I must confess, gives one the appearance of being very short for its height; but this, I think I am right in saying, will be rectified before long. The addition of a fine collection of etchings, lately given to the school, have vastly brightened this portion.

The remaining portions of the ground floor and first floor are divided into light and airy classrooms, while the upper floor contains the spacious dining hall, lecture hall, chemical laboratory and scientific laboratories.

The dining hall is an exceptionally fine and light room, which serves for dinner and luncheons for some two hundred daily, and for concerts and social gather-



BOTANY.—USING THE MICROSCOPES

ings of scholars and parents from time to time. Spacious kitchens are provided adjoining the hall, and cooking apparatus sufficient to provide for a famished army. The fare is, indeed, most liberal, especially considering the nominal charge made, and though there is no allowance of ale, as at Eton or Winchester, the table is an excellent one, with plenty of variety and "good jams."

The Lecture Hall is entered from the same floor, and is capable of holding some hundreds of students.

From our illustration of the Scientific Laboratory, it will be noticed that the lantern is adopted for lecturing, and botany, one of the branches of this department, is a favourite study amongst several of the boys. From this room, which, like all the school rooms, is light and cheerful, it is possible on a clear day to see Harrow Church, in the

north, marking out the home of the Harrow School.

In the basement there are spacious cloisters, and one of the finest dressing-rooms in connection with any public school, and the gnawings and cravings of the schoolboy is not forgotten by the governors, who have here provided a real good "Tuck Shop," where pastries can be indulged in to the heart's content.

The school magazine, *The Pauline*, published monthly, contains the doings of Paulines, young and old, who are steadily walking the ladder of fame,

at school, universities, etc.; and should a distinction be won by an Old Boy, it is at once recorded in the next issue of *The Pauline*.

Athletics are kept well before the school in the magazine, with some bright chat on the different branches, and altogether it must certainly be most interesting to all associated with the school.



THE GYMNASIUM.

The physical branch of the school is well cared for; and with such splendid accommodation at the rear of the main building, everything tends to render Paulines thorough athletes in almost every branch.

The football season was an exceptionally good one, and perhaps the best the school has ever seen, resulting in eight victories against three losses. The game is played under the Rugby rules, and considering the good reputation of most of the opponents, the closing statistics were most satisfactory. Early in the year, foot-

tion, taken prior to the match, shows the two teams entering from school to the field of battle. The 'Varsity team on the lower steps, with the Paulines in the rear.

Perhaps one of the most flourishing institutions at St. Paul's is the Cadet Corps, attached to the 2nd South Middlesex Rifles, C. H. Bicknell, B.A., commanding officer. Mr. Bicknell has worked unceasingly to make the little corps at St. Paul's a success; and to now find it one hundred and twenty-five strong, after only three years' inauguration, should somewhat compensate Mr. Bicknell's labours.

The Corps attended the Public School Camp the last two years when a most enjoyable time was spent.

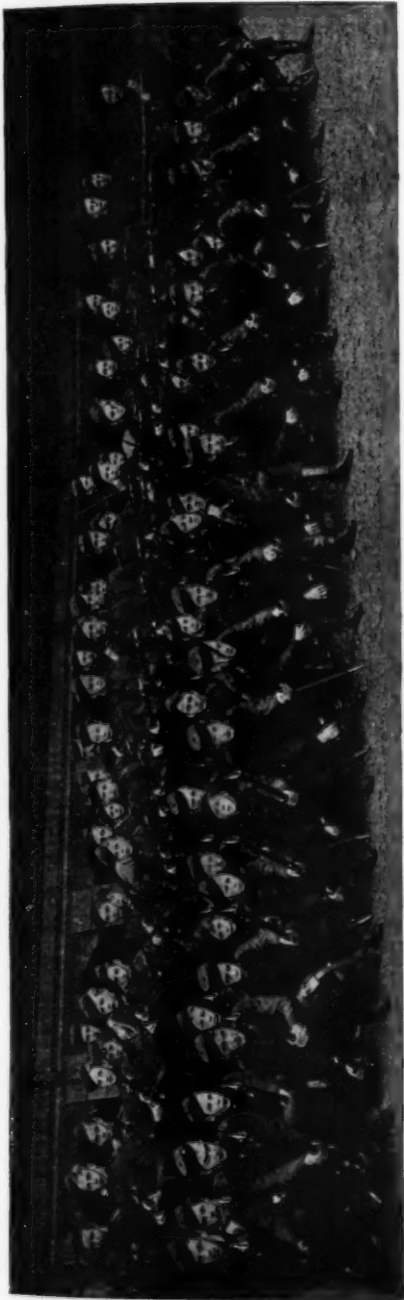


A VISIT OF CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY LACROSSE TEAM.

ball at school makes way for lacrosse, a game that is gradually gaining favour amongst athletes, and especially when the ground is required for the summer cricket pitch. Lacrosse is equally scientific, and a most engaging game, and its compulsory institution permits the turf to gain strength and condition, where it would otherwise be cut up, if the football was allowed to roll throughout the usual football season. The first Lacrosse Twelve, up to the time of our visit, had played five matches, winning two, losing two and one drawn. The latter was played against the Cambridge University Team, and our illustra-

Our illustration of the Cadets represents a company drilling in the School grounds. A pleasant day and good skirmishing was obtained by a company of sixty rank and file, which paraded at Liverpool Street, March 4th, and proceeded to St. Margaret's, where, in tactical exercises, some good work was done in connection with the Haileybury and Felsted Corps, two companies of the Cambridge Rifle Volunteers and one company of the 1st Volunteer Brigade, Herts.

Fives receives a good share of attention, and the results of the matches played with such opponents as the University College



ST. PAUL'S CADET CORPS.

School, which the Paulines won easily, show they are no mean exponents of the game.

The Gymnasium, which also forms one of our illustrations, is a favourite haunt, and under the careful tuition of their instructor, St. Paul's boasts of some excellent gymnasts. At the time of writing, the working up for the Gymnastic Competition at Aldershot is going exceptionally well, and two of the School's crack gymnasts, Matthews and May, are fully anticipated to acquit themselves well, and uphold the prestige of their School.

The School sports on the 25th March scored a wonderful success before over one thousand spectators.

The Rev. J. W. Shepard acted as referee, T. R. E. Holmes, as starter, and Nat Perry, the veteran from Stamford Bridge Athletic Grounds, held the watch.

The preliminary heats were decided some fortnight previously, and the finals were run off in most delightful weather, which will certainly be a red-letter-day for the Paulines, and a big subject for the April number of "*The Pauline*."

Cricket practice has begun, and though it is only limited, it is cheerful to hear the click of the willow, which reminds us we are quickly approaching summer.

It is now nearly twenty years since a new scheme was put forth for the management of St. Paul's School, and instead of allowing time to show how that new scheme worked, a new one is promised, against which all have great objections. The subject is far too extensive for me to deal with, and I can only rely upon the skill of one of the most successful High Masters since the days of Colet and Lily to carry the school over the crisis. Frederick W. Walker, M.A., the High Master of St. Paul's, is a man well worthy of such a grand school; and the work done at this great seat of learning is more truly seen in the less obtrusive but equally solid facts, that there were in the School, according to the last returns, 37 boys who had passed the London Matriculation; 40 who had passed the Army Preliminary; 66 who had taken Oxford and Cambridge Certificates; and that at no less than five London Hospitals Paulines carried off the Entrance Scholarships last October.

In conclusion I cannot do better than echo the words of the Rev. R. B. Gardiner, who finished a most eloquent speech

on the new scheme, at the Annual Dinner of the Old Pauline Club, by saying, "While St. Paul's School, drawing its pupils from the children of parents who work for their livings, continues to turn out yearly a hundred boys ready to start in whatever career their parents have selected, it needs no reformation; and its old boys may be proud of its work, and boast of having been trained at the leading school of London, if not of all England."

COLET COURT.

The increase in the number of pupils at

St. Paul's has been so rapid, and the standard of the entrance examination has been raised so high in consequence of the large number of boys competing for admission, that natu-

rally several preparatory schools have grown up round the present school. Of these Colet Court is by no means an unworthy example. Although Colet Court has been built by private enterprise, and has no official connection with St. Paul's School, yet no description of St. Paul's would be complete without a few words about its principal feeder. Its style of architecture follows closely, but not so lavishly, that of the big school; it consists of two distinct buildings of red brick and terracotta. The front block, in the Hammer-smith Road, faces the front of St. Paul's, and comprises the proprietor's house and the boarding-house. The latter being the home of about sixty boys, drawn from all parts of the world. Behind the boarding-house is the day school in which nearly five hundred boys are taught. This building consists of one large central hall, surrounded on three sides by class-rooms; those of the two higher stories being approached by open galleries, and as the Headmaster sits at



COLET COURT, FROM THE FRONT OF ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.



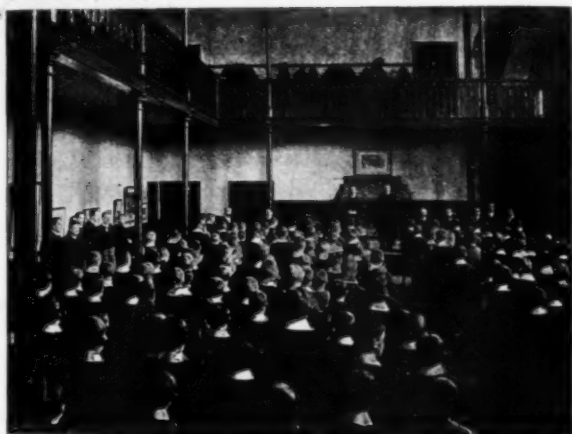
DRILLING THE CADETS.

his desk in the Great Hall he can detect at once, without moving, any boy that might stir from his class.

As the school and boarding-house were built specially for little boys, no expense was spared to make the classrooms, dormitories, etc., as



COLET COURT.—CLASSES IN THE GREAT HALL.



COLET COURT.—MEETING IN THE GREAT HALL FOR MORNING PRAYERS.

light and airy as possible.

It would be difficult to imagine a more cheerful-looking establishment than Colet Court, and to see several hundred little boys, either at work in their comfortable class rooms, or standing in lines at prayers in the large hall, or going through their exercises in the gymnasium, or playing cricket in

the old orchard behind the school, now converted into a playing-field, gives one the impression that school-boy life is very different from what it was even twenty years ago, and must necessarily tend to stamp the days of youth deep in the memories of the coming generation. The old, old story of "the favourite haunts of my school-days" was clearly demonstrated before me at the last Easter Holiday, when I, with many pleasure-seekers, was holiday bent.

Taking train to Watford, I had occasion to



A COLET COURT DORMITORY.

join a train at Willesden Junction, when two elderly gentlemen entered my compartment. They soon started a conversation, from which, being far from a whisper, it was very evident they were paying a visit to the familiar walks of their school-days, and it was quite clear to me that the two old gents, of some fully sixty summers, were pleasantly reflecting upon the days of boyish happiness at Harrow, and the straw hats they had donned for the occasion would surely stamp them as old Harrovians at once.

For the first time in the history of London it is possible for a boy to begin his education, in schools open to everyone at the age of seven or eight, under efficient teachers, and continue that education without a break until he leaves school at the age of eighteen or nineteen for the University or the Army, or for whatever career may have been selected. It is most interesting to note that there is a descendant of the Colet family—a boy of the same name—now attending Colet Court.

Londoners may well be proud of such an ancient and noble foundation as St. Paul's School and its associations, which year by year sends out into the world a band of young men who have received such a training, both intellectually and morally, as can only be given in a school endowed with honourable traditions, and continued under the rule of a High Master who is fully alive to every suggestion of improvement that these modern times, full of life and energy, demand.

W. CHAS. SARGENT.

[Our illustrations are from photographs taken, by the kind permission of the High Master, by Mr. R. W. THOMAS, 121, Cheapside, London, E.C., from whom copies of the original pictures can be obtained.]

The following Schools have already appeared in THE LUDGATE MONTHLY:—Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Winchester, Westminster, Christ's Hospital and Dulwich, and back numbers can be obtained through all Booksellers or direct from the office of this magazine.

RETURNED FROM AFAR

By
Gifford
Crane.



CHAPTER I. IN ALGIERS.

A soldier, firm and sound of heart.
Henry V., Act iii., sc. 6.

A SOFT, warm wind was gently blowing across the blue Mediterranean, bringing the scent of roses and oleanders to a little group lounging on the terrace of a villa above the town of Algiers. The party consisted of an elderly, grey-haired lady and her son and daughter—Arthur and Ursula Wyatt. The former of these two, a tall, broad-shouldered young fellow, fair haired, tan complexioned, and unmistakably English—or perhaps I should say, British, for the Wyatts were Scotch people—was leaning lazily back in a long wicker chair, smoking a cigarette and reading a letter. His sister was lying on a couch, covered by a rug of bright Oriental colouring. Somewhat darker than her brother, with a pale, delicate face, Ursula Wyatt could hardly be called pretty; but people forgot this when talking to her, for her voice and expression were her two great charms.

She had been suffering from some lung complaint, which had given her mother and brother much uneasiness, but since they had brought her to Algiers, she was slowly

recovering her strength in the sunny African air. She delighted in the place, especially in the old quarter of the town, where it was so quiet and dark and mysterious, with its little narrow steep streets and high houses, whose roofs almost met overhead, and where the white-turbaned Arabs, wrapped in their graceful bournous, gathered. She could not help feeling sympathy towards them when she thought of them elbowed away by that other city which had sprung up before their old one, with its jostling crowd of French, English and Americans, its modern streets and gay French shops and cafés, its tramways, cabs and omnibuses—Western influence was indeed predominating strongly in the city of the Deys. She loved, too, the happy, idle villa life—it was such happiness to her, with her artist's love of colour, to be on the terrace and look northward where the great blue Mediterranean lay, dotted with steamers and trim, rakish, snowy-decked yachts; or in the opposite direction, across the undulating country, to the distant, snow-topped mountains; or nearer at hand, to see the wealth of purple and crimson bourgainvillea climbing over the house and festooning the pillars; and the garden with its profusion of flowers: roses, geraniums and oleanders—pink, white and deep red—mingling with cactus and aloes, was another source of pleasure to her.

Presently the sleepy silence was broken by soft footsteps, and the little group were joined by some Arabs, in bournous and turbans, who came up and spread out a tempting array of brasses and bright metals, rich coloured carpets and rugs and drapery, spears and weapons, embroideries

and quaint pottery—a tempting collection brought from Tunis and Damascus and Cairo. Ursula rises from the couch to help her mother add to their already large collection of Oriental treasures, and Arthur lazily gives his advice from his chair, and then the men gather up their wares and go softly away, and silence settles down again as the party return to their occupations—Mrs. Wyatt to her knitting and Ursula to her book.

"By-the-by, Ursula," said Arthur suddenly, "I forgot to tell you Alec cannot come here, after all; I hope you are not very disappointed?"

"Not in the least," answered his sister, a look of annoyance crossing her face for an instant. "At least, I am sorry in one way," she added; "for I am afraid it is a disappointment to you. For my own part I am selfishly glad we are not to be troubled with a visitor—what do *you* say, mother?"

"Well, dear, we can hardly look upon Alec as an ordinary visitor," returned Mrs. Wyatt, with a smile full of meaning. Ursula made an impatient movement, and rising from her couch, went to the stone balustrade and, leaning her arms on it, looked out across the stretch of blue sea.

"Have you seen your scientific friend, to-day, Arthur?" she asked carelessly, a slight tinge of colour coming into her pale face.

"De Launay? I met him this morning and he promised to look us up this afternoon. He is going to bring me the plan of that balloon he is inventing—Ah, here he is!" he exclaimed, as the click of spurs was heard on the gravel path, and he jumped up to go and meet his friend. In a few seconds the new-comer was on the terrace.

He was a tall, straight man, in the picturesque uniform of a Chasseur d'Afrique. His face was rather handsome, of a slightly aquiline type, with smiling dark eyes and a determined mouth and chin, the former covered by a dark waxed moustache. He held in his hands a quantity of roses—Gloire de Dijon, cloth of gold, and pale La France—which he presented to Miss Wyatt, with a low bow.

"How lovely!" murmured Ursula, burying her face in them, perhaps to hide the bright colour which had suddenly come into her cheeks.

"These are the drawings and papers I wished to show you, monsieur," he said

presently to Arthur, spreading out some plans on one of the little tables scattered about the terrace.

Arthur Wyatt had been in the Royal Engineers, but having come in for a large property on the death of his father, a year before, he had sent in his papers. He was very interested in all scientific pursuits, but particularly in anything relating to balloons or ballooning. In this he had found a kindred spirit in the Chasseur d'Afrique, Raoul de Launay. They had met about a fortnight previously at a dinner given by the Colonel of de Launay's regiment, and soon became very friendly. Arthur was writing a paper on improved aërostation and the use of balloons in war time, and found that M. de Launay, who, like many Frenchmen, was a capital engineer and very scientific, and had also lately been studying at the military aërostatic establishment at Meudon, could give him great help in aeronautic experiments.

"I wish, M. de Launay, you could dissuade Arthur from his love of ballooning,"



SHE DELIGHTED IN THE PLACE.

said Mrs. Wyatt. "I am always in terror that he will want to go on a long expedition in one."

"Ah, madame, you should not come to me to do that," returned de Launay, with a smile; "I am as enthusiastic as monsieur."

"It is so dreadfully dangerous," said Ursula; "and what is the use of risking one's life in useless experiments?"

"Ah, mademoiselle, pardon me, not useless. Think of the places which are now almost inaccessible, but which one might reach in a balloon. Think of a besieged city to which one could take despatches and convey provisions. What a difference it might have made to Paris if a balloon could have been properly used during the siege! And then think of the use it would be to reconnoitre the enemy's lines and camps, and also in studying the laws of atmospheric pressure."

"Yes; but everything depends on the wind," said Ursula, unconvinced. "If you have a fair wind, it is all right; but against a strong one it is powerless."

"It *used* to be," returned Raoul; "but we are going to change all that; and this balloon of which I have brought the plans, will be fitted with a screw by which I hope to make it steerable, and even, perhaps, to rise against a powerful wind. You have heard of the balloons of Duprey de Sôme, and of Tissandier? This, I hope, will be an improvement on theirs. And now, monsieur," he said, turning to Arthur, "have you thought over what we were speaking of this morning?"

Arthur looked round before he answered, then, seeing Mrs. Wyatt had gone into the house, he said:

"Yes; and I shall be ready to go with you when you like; it is an opportunity I should not like to miss. I did not want to say anything about it before my mother, as she is so very prejudiced against it, but I hope to win her over yet."

"Oh, Arthur, what are you going to do?" asked Ursula anxiously.

"I have been asking your brother to come with me when I go up in my balloon. Don't be alarmed, mademoiselle," he added with a reassuring smile, "you may



A QUANTITY OF ROSES

be sure I will take the greatest care of him, and, when you come to think of it, there is not more danger than going for a cruise in a yacht, and you would not object to his doing that?"

"Oh, but there is!" cried Ursula; "I have always heard that the dangers of the sea are nothing to the dangers of the air."

"Eh bien! that may be! But we shall not make long expeditions the first time or two, and I shall take an experienced aéronaut, and we shall be provided with parachutes in case of any accident. I have taken the

liberty to call my balloon 'Ursula,' mademoiselle," he added.

"When do you think of going up?" asked Arthur, as he folded up the papers.

"I don't think I shall be ready much before next January—will that suit you?"

"Perfectly," answered the other; "I will probably come across from England in the autumn. I suppose you will go up from here?"

"Yes, most probably; but we can arrange that some other time—my regiment may be moved then."

The weeks slipped away—all too quickly for Ursula—and the time drew near for their return to England. She could not bear the thought of leaving, the time had been so happy; every day seemed to bring some fresh pleasure—some delightful drive along the broad, smooth road, past corn-fields and vineyards, and fields of geraniums; or a scramble with Arthur and de Launay up some of the steep, rocky Arab lanes. Hardly a day passed that they did not see the Chasseur, he was always coming up to the villa on one excuse or another—now to consult Arthur on some point in his work, or to bring Ursula some flowers or a bright piece of embroidery from Tunis; or to arrange with Mrs. Wyatt about a drive to the Trappist Convent, or to some old Moorish house. Ah! no one but herself knew how fast her heart beat when she saw that tall, lithe figure, in its blue uniform, coming quickly up the gravel path, or how she would miss him when she returned to her quiet Scotch home. And then the last day came. It was Sunday afternoon, and they

had just returned from the service held at Notre Dame d'Afrique for those lost at sea. Ursula and de Launay were standing together at one end of the terrace—the others had wandered off in the garden. The solemnity of the scene they had left behind seemed to be on them still. It seemed to Ursula she could still smell the perfume of the incense and hear the voices of the students as they sang the solemn words, and hear the priest chanting the Service for the Dead. The sun had almost sunk to rest; the brilliant pinks and purples were fading from the sky; the light had caught the distant snow-capped mountains, and they were covered with a pink flush which gradually paled till they returned again to their pure cold white. And beneath was the great, calm sea, spread out before them like a sheet of turquoise.

"It is very peaceful," said Raoul, breaking the silence, and speaking in a low voice. "Does it not seem hard to realise that, not so very long ago, the Dey had undisputed possession of this sea, and woe to any unfortunates captured by his pirates!"

"Yes," said Ursula; "and yet one feels sorry for these men—these Arabs who have so little left now of what they can call their own out of what was once so completely theirs."

"A little too much their own. I cannot think how it was they were allowed to have it all their own way so long. And you are sorry to leave?" he asked presently.

"Very sorry; it has been a very happy time," she answered, and there was a slight catch in her voice.

"And a very happy time for me also. Do you think you will come here again?"

"We may in the autumn, perhaps;" then she added, trying to speak lightly, "to see you and Arthur go up in the 'Ursula.'"

"Your brother has very kindly asked me to visit him in England, and I hope to do myself that pleasure some day, though I fear it will not be until next year."

"We shall be delighted to see you," answered Ursula mechanically. She was thinking: "How can I live until then without seeing him? I thought he loved me: but he cannot, he cannot, or he would not let me go away without speaking."

"Shall you be glad to see me again?" he asked softly; but Ursula could not trust her voice to answer. "My dearest," he murmured, taking her hands in his and

drawing her to him; and Ursula's heart beat fast with joy, and the colour came and went in her face; she lowered her eyelids for fear he might read her secret in her eyes. And then gay voices were heard, and the next moment they were joined by a party of English friends, who had arrived a day or two before. De Launay dropped her hands with a muttered exclamation of annoyance, and Ursula had to try and laugh and talk lightly, as though her heart were not filled with bitter disappointment.

The months passed away, and once more Arthur Wyatt found himself in Algiers—this time without his mother and sister. They were to have gone with him, but almost at the last moment Mrs. Wyatt was taken ill and Ursula stayed behind to nurse her. M. de Launay's balloon was completed, and they had made one or two ascents in it, and, though it was not quite as satisfactory as he desired, Raoul was by no means discouraged—he hoped still to go on improving. One day all was ready for a longer expedition than they had made as yet. An *aéronaut* from the military *aérostatic* establishment was going with them, and all were provided with parachutes. They were to leave early in the morning and return the following day. The air was hot and sultry, and one or two of de Launay's friends prophesied a change in the weather and advised the ascent being postponed. But de Launay laughed at their fears, and the little party having seated themselves in the car, the ropes were cut and the huge air-ship rose slowly upwards.

Rather before they had intended putting back, Raoul perceived the wind was freshening, and consulted Arthur as to the advisability of returning. Wyatt was examining the country beneath, and looked up with a puzzled expression on his face. "I can't make it out," he said; "the country seems to have become suddenly indistinct. Just look down."

Raoul bent over, and then gave a sudden exclamation. "A sand storm; how very annoying!"

At that instant, as the balloon sank lower, one of those violent winds, which arise so quickly in Africa, caught it and drove it rapidly before it. Raoul sprang to the steering gear, but it was useless against that powerful current.

They were driven rapidly along; be-

neath them flew clouds of dust and sand, completely blotting out the landscape and obliterating every landmark. The speed they were going at now was terrific—faster than the fastest train. Arthur looked anxiously at de Launay.

"We can't do anything until this subsides," he said, answering the other's look. "It would not do to attempt to descend, as we don't know where we are; but I fancy we are going inland."

On, on they flew: each moment they seemed to be gaining fresh speed. Night had settled down, and there was nothing for it but to wait for the morning. And when that came, the scene below startled them: the dust storm was over, the wind had abated, and there stretched away on every side sand—sand, nothing but sand, broken by clumps of cactus and piles of rocks, with here and there some low shrubs.

"Where on earth are we?" exclaimed Arthur, after blankly staring at this scene for some minutes.

De Launay shrugged his shoulders. "Looks like the desert. Is it not, Pierre?" he said to the *aéronaut*.

"Then we had better get back to our course," remarked Arthur.

Raoul smiled slightly. "That is not so easy," he answered. "I am afraid we have got very far out of our course, Arthur; in fact, I am not at all sure where we are."

"Do you think it would be better to throw out some ballast, so as to try and rise out of this current?"

"I think not. I don't think it can last much longer."

Still the balloon drove before the wind, and still the great waste of sand lay beneath them.

Pierre, the *aéronaut*, now called Raoul's attention to something about one of the valves.

De Launay carefully examined it, and then looked very grave. "I think we ought, if possible, to descend."

"You think there is danger?" said

Wyatt, after looking in his turn; but not being as experienced as the other, he noticed nothing.

"There may be nothing wrong, but I don't quite like the look of things," answered his friend.

Arthur proceeded to get the anchor and cable ready, as the balloon slowly and very gradually began to descend. They hoped soon to pass over some shrubs or palms, to which they could make the anchor fast; and they were not disappointed, for soon they saw they were nearing a little spot of verdure. The wind had lulled most opportunely, and as they sank lower the anchor caught and was firmly held by some shrubs.

De Launay began to examine some revolvers with which he had provided himself. "It may be awkward if we encounter any tribes," he said, "for it is highly probable they would not be very well-disposed towards us."

"What is the object of descending here?" asked Arthur; "I don't know what we are to do in the middle of the desert."

"I hope by doing so to divert the accident which is threatening us," said Raoul.

"From my calculations, I imagine we might make the coast easily—we have been going almost due east the whole time."

"But, mon ami, you forget that if the wind were to change—and it seems to me there is a little north in it now—we might go rather too far inland, which would be undesirable with our scanty supply of provisions," he added with a smile.

The balloon touched the ground, but rebounded again, and strained at the cable. Raoul looked anxiously at it—would it hold? Then he glanced at the west; that thick cloud gathering there, and drawing quickly nearer, meant danger, the atmosphere was too still. Again the balloon struck the ground, and again rebounded,



TAKING HER HAND IN HIS.

and in another instant the cloud Raoul had noticed broke—the whirlwind, with its accompaniment of dust and sand, was upon them with a rush and a swirl. The balloon strained, the cable snapped like a hair, and they were whirled along before the gust.

"Shall we take to the parachutes?" asked Arthur. Pierre had got them ready in case they should have to descend in that manner.

"It would be madness to attempt it just yet; but I suppose we must when this is over—we have lost our anchor," answered Raoul, taking his and getting ready for the descent. "The wind has almost gone down," he went on, standing near the side, waiting for a favourable moment to give the signal to descend. The next instant the car swayed violently, his foot slipped, he lost his balance, and then, like some horrible dream, he felt himself falling—falling—falling through the air, with just sufficient presence of mind left to cling firmly to his parachute.

CHAPTER II.

A DAUGHTER OF THE DESERT.

Then God forgive the sin of all those souls.
King John, Act ii. Sc. 1.

SHEIK IBRAHIM, with a small train of followers, was slowly wending his way across the desert. He was mounted on a small Arab horse with gay trappings and saddle. He wore a turban with a long fringe, a long loose robe of red silk, and red slippers. Among the women, riding at the back, was his favourite daughter, Randa, dressed in white and closely veiled. The Sheik was going on pilgrimage to Mecca, to visit the wonderful black stone. Not often did Ibrahim cross the desert on such a peaceful mission—he was known and dreaded among the tribes as a most successful slave raider; well they knew there was little mercy to be expected from him; he had attained an undesirable fame by reason of his brutality and cruelties in previous raids. After a time, the party reached a little strip of green where there was water, and here they prepared to spend the night; and after the evening meal, consisting of pieces of mutton floating in melted butter, had been partaken of, they lay down to rest.

Sentinels had been posted, but they had been travelling all day over hot sand,

under a burning sun, and were worn-out and tired. Soon they, too, closed their weary eyes and slept. What did it matter? Who would dare touch the dreaded Sheik Ibrahim? All around was silent; the deep blue heaven, with its millions of stars, looked down on the sleeping camp, on the tall, slender date palms, on the tired sentinels sleeping at their posts: a grave offence, for which they would die the next day, if discovered; faintly in the distance, comes the cry of some beast of prey, and still the sentinels slept their heavy slumber, which was soon to change to the sleep of death. Dark figures are creeping slowly, surely, towards them—so quiet, so dark, so slowly do they come that they might be taken for shadows of some of the trees. Sheik Ibrahim moves uneasily in his sleep—he is dreaming of a village he pillaged but a few weeks ago, the cries of the inhabitants seem to be ringing in his ears. How vivid those cries are! He wakes, he springs to his feet; another instant and the whole camp is in confusion and tumult. Wild cries ring out on the still night air—women's shrieks mingle with the hoarse yells of the enemy—horses neigh, men shout.

A little apart from this tumult—terror-stricken, silent, crouching on the ground—knelt the Sheik's daughter, Randa. One of the men, as he rushed past, told her they were attacked by some tribe; she hardly understood what he said. A horrible din is going on outside, and she is all alone; everyone seems to have deserted her; if her people are defeated, what will happen to her? she held in her hand a long Arab knife that someone had dropped in the confusion, and clutched it convulsively; she would die by her own hand if all were lost. And then one of the women came flying in, wringing her hands and shrieking: "Lost! lost! all is lost! We are defeated!" It was true: in spite of the brave resistance the Arabs made, and in spite of their being armed with rifles, the attack had been so sudden and so determined, that they were at a disadvantage from the first, and the greater part of them lay dead, or were taken prisoners. Those that could, seized horses and fled across the desert, unpursued. Amongst the dead lay Sheik Ibrahim, face downwards, and arms extended, stabbed in several places. His victims were revenged—the famous slave-hunter would never again go forth on a raid.

In her tent still knelt his daughter, motionless, almost senseless. The knife had fallen from her nerveless hand, and lay before her; near her crouched the other woman. Then a hand was put on her shoulder; she shrieked with terror and sprang to her feet.

"Fear not," a voice whispered in her ear in Arabic. "It is your slave, Ahmed, whom you befriended and set at liberty two years ago." She turned, and recognised by the dim light a slave whom she had nursed at Khartoum, when he was ill, and afterwards had set him free. "Help me to escape!" she cried wildly, falling on her knees and clasping her hands imploringly. "Help me for the sake of the time when I cared for you, and gave you back your liberty! Ah, help me! let me go away with my father. My father! my father! Ah! where is he?" she wailed.

"Hush," he said; "I will help you, but it will be almost impossible to escape. Some have got away, but now they are collecting the prisoners; if I could have found you sooner there would have been more hope. Come at once, and make no noise."

Randa was about to obey, when she glanced at the prostrate woman at her feet. "She must come with us," she said; "I cannot leave her."

"I cannot save both," the negro answered shortly. "Come! come quickly!" holding out his hand to her.

"I cannot leave her," returned Randa again firmly.

"And I tell you I cannot save both," the man retorted sullenly; "and I would not if I could," he added, striking the woman with his foot.

"Then I will stay, and die with her," said Randa firmly and quietly.

For a moment the man hesitated, and walked to the door:

then he came back. "Bring her with you, if you must," he said at last, and stooping, he seized the woman roughly by the arm and brought her to her feet with a jerk. But at that moment a trampling of feet was heard outside the tent, and they knew their one chance of escape was cut off.

"Too late! too late!" moaned Randa despairingly. The grey dawn was giving place to sunrise, heavy masses of blue cloud in the east were lighted up by brilliant streaks of crimson as a party of natives returned to their village, carrying with them seven captives and leaving behind the dead bodies of the Arabs, which they had first stripped of everything of any value.

There was a great rejoicing in that African village when the victors returned, bringing with them their spoils. The horror of that time Randa never forgot. Death stared her in the face on every side. She knew that all the prisoners were to die, were to be stoned to death before the sunset, and even if she escaped from the village they would track her down in the desert, or if they did not she would only die of starvation. At one time she had made up her mind to die by her own hand, but her courage failed her. What if deliverance should unexpectedly come? she knew it would not, but she clung to the vain hope. Early that morning she had seen Ahmed, the slave. At her request, he explained that some days ago the scouts had brought in news that Sheik Ibrahim Hassan, with only a small following, was on his way to Mecca, and how

the tribes had determined to revenge themselves and fall upon him on a favourable opportunity—how well they had succeeded she knew to her cost. He left her with the promise to do all that lay in his power to save her.



"MY FATHER! MY FATHER! AH! WHERE IS HE."

"May Allah reward your kindness!" she murmured, with a sob in her voice. After he left, she remained motionless, trying to resign herself to her fate. But oh! it was so hard to die, so hard to die when she was so full of life, and so young—only seventeen—and to have to die such a horrible death. Ah! surely Allah would be merciful and send her help. She fell on her knees and prayed. Gradually she became calmer. She resolved that they should not glory in her sufferings; she would die bravely—at least, they should not have the satisfaction of seeing her give way; she would die like a good Arab. As she knelt there, the sun, that she was never to see rise again, fell on her face, the face with its beautiful, regular features and clear olive complexion; it fell on the glossy, luxuriant dark hair, on the slender, graceful figure, the face and form that were to be disfigured out of all recognition before the evening. When the calm night came, with its array of stars, who would recognise in that shapeless heap the once beautiful Arab, Randa?

She shuddered at the thought. "Allah, have mercy!" was her cry, as the minutes and hours slipped away, and she still knelt there.

Meanwhile, Ahmed had pleaded for her life with all the eloquence he could muster; but the others were pitiless. If they troubled to answer him at all it was only to ask: "Why should they spare Sheikh Ibrahim's daughter? Had he ever spared them? had he ever taken pity on any one?" they cried, uttering curses on his memory. And Ahmed, seeing there was no hope, and that many of the tribe had begun to cast threatening glances on him, and even to whisper that he was a traitor, went away and tried to plan some means of escape. But he soon found the natives suspected him—that every movement was watched, and his footsteps incessantly dogged. For the other prisoners he cared nothing; he would shout and laugh with the rest over their sufferings later in the day, and would watch their death agonies with a pitiless smile. Had they not burnt his home and killed his wife, and dragged him for many a weary mile across the burning sand of the desert into slavery that was worse than death? But for the woman who had released him from this he would do anything: her kindness and womanly pity had touched his savage soul in a way that nothing else had

ever had power to do. And now he must see her die—stoned to death—unable to stretch forth a hand to help her.

At last the eventful moment came. The Arabs were led out, one by one, into the open space in the village to die, the remainder being placed, with a refinement of cruelty, where they could witness the proceedings. The men met their death with stoical calmness: they knew their captors would be as merciless as they themselves had been on other occasions. Their hands were secured behind their backs so tightly that the cord cut their flesh; their feet were tied so that they could just hobble to the place of execution. At last all were dead except Randa, Ayesha—the woman who had been in the tent when they were captured—and a young Arab. The latter walked up calmly, and looked around with a mocking smile. "I smile, wretched ones," he cried, "when I think of the fearful vengeance my people will soon wreak on you. I smile when I think of your burning houses, the cries of your women and children—"

With savage yells the negroes threw themselves upon him, and he fell to the ground, his face crushed in by a huge stone. The horror of the scene Randa would remember to her dying day. She tried to shut her eyes, to close her ears; but some horrible fascination seemed to draw her gaze to the frightful sight. On the earth lay the bodies of her five countrymen, their bournous stained with blood. Now and then one would twitch convulsively, and a man or boy would fling a heavy stone on the quivering form. The women, looking like fiends with their long, matted, black hair hanging about them, applauding and cursing in one breath, helped to collect the stones and hand them to the men. Her ears were filled with their savage shouts and cries. The sun's hot, slanting rays fell on the scene—on the little huts and blood-stained ground, on the wildly-moving, gesticulating, black figures, on those crushed forms lying on the earth. In a few moments her body would lie there, too, featureless and crushed. Oh, it was horrible! Her brain reeled; a mist gathered before her eyes. "Merciful Allah, save me; send me deliverance!" she prayed wildly. She looked around: Where is the help to come from? In the west there was a speck of brown—it looked like a little brown cloud. She watched it vaguely, and thought how fast it moved,

and then wondered how she could think of such things as clouds. Then the time came, and she was led forward; the noise redoubled when the people saw her, for was she not the dreaded Sheik's daughter? She looked round on those black demons; not a sign of pity was on any face. Then she stood up firmly and calmly, her hands, which they had not taken the trouble to bind, clasped before her. The men were ready: they held the stones, and only waited for the signal to commence their savage attack. When suddenly there was a cry—a cry in which fear, astonishment and awe were mingled—and the eyes of everyone were turned upwards to the sky. What had appeared to Randa to be a little brown cloud had gone rapidly on; but something was descending quickly through the air: at first not much more than a speck, then gradually assuming a shape. Randa's eyes had turned to it also; for a moment she was silent, then a great cry burst from her lips. "Ah, Allah is merciful; he has heard my prayers. My deliverer has come—come from the heavens!" The relief from the strain was more than she could bear, and, flinging out her arms, she fell senseless to the ground, just as de Launay and his parachute reached the earth.

CHAPTER III.

A NATIVE VILLAGE.

I do love nothing in the world so well as you.
Much Ado about Nothing. Act iv. Sc. 1.

It was a strange scene which met Raoul de Launay's eyes as he looked round: the men standing with horror and fear written on their faces, the great stones still clasped in their hands; the women crouching terror-stricken on the ground, their faces hidden, their children clinging to them; on the earth lay the dead bodies of five Arabs; at his feet an Arab girl was lying; whether she, too, was dead he could not tell. Then the men dropped their stones, and came forward and knelt on the ground before him muttering prayers. "Good heavens, they must think I have fallen from the sky," thought Raoul, surprised at the turn events had taken. "Well, it's a good thing they do think it, or they might want to send me after these fellows, who they have evidently stoned to death." He made signs to them to rise, and when they had somewhat unwillingly done so,

he bent over the Arab girl; he saw that she had only fainted, and desired the men to bring some water. He spoke in Arabic, a language he knew well, and which they understood, and some of them instantly hurried off to obey his commands—the others, after standing irresolute for a time, went away to prepare a tent, and place in it offerings of food. When Randa recovered she gave a bewildered glance around; it was some minutes before she recollected what had happened and where she was; but at last it all came back, and she struggled to rise and throw herself at the feet of her deliverer, for she, like the rest of the natives, still thought he had come from heaven. But Raoul raised her to her feet, and supporting her with one arm,



SUPPORTING HER
 WITH ONE ARM.

he gently questioned her as to how she came there; but her broken words and disjointed sentences only gave him a faint idea of what had happened. And then the chief men of the village approached, slowly and reverently, making signs to him to follow them; they led the way to the tent they had prepared, the awe-stricken, bewildered crowd falling back on every side. Randa and Ayesha returned to the tent they had occupied since their arrival in the village, no one daring to interfere with them.

When the natives had all withdrawn, de Launay sat down in the door of the tent to think over the strange predicament he found himself in. There was much that was ludicrous in it, and a good deal more that was serious. It amused

him to think of these natives worshipping him, and thinking he had fallen from the skies; but how would it be when they found out—as they certainly would do before long—he was only a mortal like themselves? He knew they would probably keep him a prisoner until they could sell him for a slave to any Arabs who might chance to come that way, if they did not kill him at once. And he did not see any way of escape: here was he, in the middle of an African village, and how was he get back to Tunis or Algiers? how was he to cross all those miles alone and unarmed, save for two small revolvers? And there was the horrible uncertainty of what had become of his friends in the balloon; if the accident he had been afraid of had not happened, then they might reach some place on the coast in safety; and, perhaps, they might send out a search party for him. But, unless Arthur had been able to make any calculations, it would be a difficult and well-nigh hopeless task to search that ocean of sand. His only chance seemed to be to overawe some of the tribe, and get them to guide him to the coast; but this, too, was a forlorn hope, for he knew the men would be afraid of being captured by slave-dealers.

His thoughts were suddenly interrupted by feeling a light touch on his shoulder, and turning quickly, he saw the Arab girl, Randa. He smiled and held out his hand to her, asking how she was, and then made room for her to sit beside him. Together they sat silent for a time: Randa, with upturned face, watching the stars as they appeared one by one, her face outlined sharply against the clear sky; and Raoul, as he watched her, found himself thinking how beautiful she was. He thought he had never seen a lovelier face: what regular features she had, and how long and dark the lashes were that rested for an instant on the clear olive cheek; and though her dress was somewhat disordered and soiled, her figure had lost none of that instinctive grace which characterises an Arab.

"Tell me," he said to her gently, in Arabic, "how you came here; I could not quite understand it yesterday." And then she told him the whole story: she told him of the horrors of that night when their camp had been surprised, and how her father and nearly all of their followers had been killed, and how she and Ayesha had been carried off, and how they were to have

died the day before, only he arrived just in time to save them.

"What are you going to do now?" he asked.

A surprised look came into her great black eyes. "Why, you will take care of me; I am not afraid any longer," she answered contentedly. "When you go away you will take me with you."

"But," said Raoul, "I don't know how to get away myself. My poor child, do you know I am only an ordinary mortal like yourself?"

"Yes; though at first I thought you had come straight from heaven. But I know Allah sent you to save me, and means that you shall take care of me still."

"Ma foi! what a thing it is to have such faith!" thought de Launay with a smile, but he was touched by it. "I am almost as helpless here as yourself," he went on. "Would you like to know who I really am?"

"Yes, yes, tell me!" she cried eagerly; and resting her arms on his knees, she fixed her brilliant black eyes on his face, drinking in all he said with a true Arabian love for a story. Much of it, he thought, would be unintelligible to her, and he tried to explain what a balloon was like, when she interrupted him.

"I know," she said; "once, long ago, I saw one. I went to visit some relations in Tunis. I saw much there, and learnt much, I can even speak a little French. You are a Frenchman, are you not?"

When the story was finished, she rose: "I must go," she said; "it grows late, and Ayesha will expect me." Then she murmured in French: "Good night, my deliverer!" and suddenly bent and touched his hand with her lips, then slipped quickly away into the darkness.

"What a child she is," thought Raoul; "but she is very charming and very beautiful—how full of life and colour—if she was a Frenchwoman—pouf! what nonsense I am thinking! But I must save her and the other woman; I can't leave her to the mercy of those brutes."

Then he went to lie down, and dreamt, not of Ursula Wyatt, but of the dark-eyed Arab girl.

The days passed slowly away, and still the tribe treated de Launay with the greatest respect, but each day he dreaded discovery. Once they found out who he was, his power over them would be gone: they would fall upon him with a savage

fury and escape would be almost out of the question. But it was not for himself that he feared, but for the Arab girl who was so utterly dependent on him and who endeared herself to him more and more each day.

Every evening Randa would sit with him at the tent door; sometimes he would give her lessons in French, and she grasped the language with the natural quickness of her race; or, at other times, he would get her to tell him some wonderful eastern story, of which she had a large store; or together they would plan some means of escape, for Raoul knew that if they did not fly soon they would never leave the place alive.

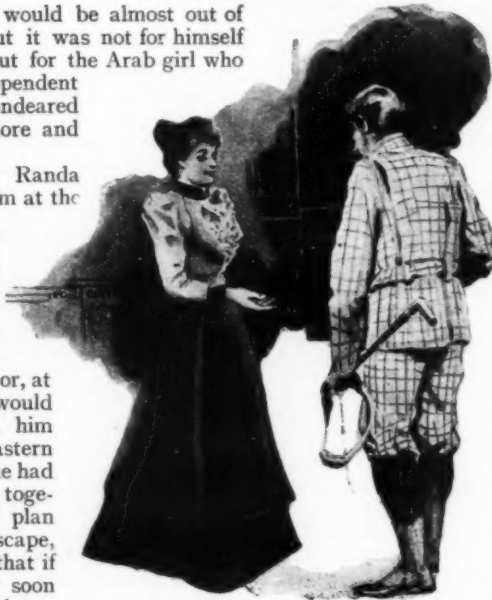
And at length the last evening came that they were to sit there together, for the next day they were to try and make their escape. They had taken Ahmed, the slave, into their confidence, and he agreed to go with them and guide them to a place of safety. The plan of escape was that Ahmed should secure three of the horses captured from the Arabs, that he should ride on one with Ayesha, and Raoul and Randa should have the others. The next day there was to be a great feast; some tribes from distant villages were coming to it, and in the evening, when the feasting was at its height, they were to steal from the village, mount the horses and fly.

"This is our last evening, Randa," said de Launay, trying to speak cheerfully; "to-morrow we shall be on our journey. Are you looking forward to seeing 'the tents of your people' once more?"

She gave a start, and a look of terror came into her eyes. "You do not mean to send me away from you? You cannot mean that?"

"You must go to your people, and I have to go to Algiers."

"You will take me with you! Oh, I cannot live without you—I cannot, I cannot!" she broke out passionately. "You will not send me from you? I will be



SHE GREETED HIM SOMEWHAT COLDLY.

your slave, and you shall be my master. I will do anything for you—I will be no trouble to you; only let me stay with you. Say you will not send me from you."

"But, my child, you cannot stay with me. You must go to your people—they will want you."

"They will not want me; I will not go to them. Do I not belong to you? Did you not save my life? Oh, if you send me from you I shall die. Ah, you could not do it—you could not be so cruel." She

clasped her hands entreatingly, and great tears rolled down her face.

Raoul hesitated for a moment; but the sight of her distress was too much for him. "My Randa," he cried, taking her in his arms, "will you sacrifice everything for me—faith, relations and country—and marry me? And then, when you are my wife, we will go away to France, and you shall never leave me."

"I will go with you to the end of the earth, my love, my own!" she cried, with the wild, strong passion of her race; and seizing his hand, she covered it with kisses.

"But you have to remember you must change your faith: you must give up Islam and be received into my church," he said.

"But we both worship Allah—you have said so—only the forms are a little different. Yes, yes, your faith shall be my faith—your country, my country. I will forget I ever had another home."

Raoul sighed. He loved this girl—how much he had not known until the question of parting came—and she loved him; but was he right to take her away to a strange country, from her home and friends? Was her love only a species of gratitude—a sort of hero-worship that would pass away as the years went on? And would she

regret? It would have been terrible for him to have parted from her, but he would have done it rather than she should be miserable in after years. Her voice broke in on his thoughts.

"I must go now," she said. "See, the Weeping Women are bending low," alluding to the two last stars of the Bear—called so by the Arabs; and she raised her head from his shoulder, and lifted her face to his. "Good-night, my beloved."

"Good-night, my own," he murmured, taking her in his arms again and kissing her passionately.

* * * * *

The night came—the eventful night. All day Raoul had been in a state of nervous uneasiness. He feared the tribe might suspect; he feared they might be betrayed, or that something might happen to prevent Ahmed coming. But at last the darkness came; the feasting was at its height, and they stole from the village, mounted the horses and rode quickly away. As he looked back, Raoul could see the light of fire and the glare of the torches, and it was not until they lost sight of these that he began to breathe freely again. On they rode. All round lay the great lonely country; overhead was the deep-blue vault of heaven, sprinkled with yellow diamonds, their brightness somewhat dimmed by the brilliant moonlight.

* * * * *

Ah! those long, weary days of suspense—those nights of anxiety, when Raoul fell into a fitful sleep only to start up again, thinking they were attacked by some wandering tribe of Arabs. Those days, with the hot sand underfoot, the burning sun overhead; the scanty supply of food and water—water that they needed so much in that heat. Will their journey never cease? Will this great yellow desert stretch out before them for ever? At last, one morning, Ahmed told them the welcome news that they were not many miles from the place of safety he was guiding them to. That morning they found the horse that Ahmed rode had died, and Randa had to give up hers and ride with de Launay. They had not gone far when a startled cry from the slave made Raoul turn. Behind them a cloud of sand was rising, and faintly through it they caught a glimpse of horsemen.

"Bedouins!" cried Ahmed. "We are lost; they are pursuing us."

"Bedouins!" echoed Raoul, and he

could not keep a sound of fear from his voice.

Was this to be the end? Had they come all these miles in safety only to die now—speared down by Bedouin Arabs? They tried to increase their speed; but what were their poor tired, stiff horses against those swift, untiring camels? There was only one thing to be done: it would sacrifice his life but it might save Randa.

"We cannot escape together, my Randa," he said. "I will slip off the horse—he will go better relieved of my weight—and they will be sure to stop to look for me, and that will give you a start. Be ready to take the reins."

"What! you think I would go on and leave you to die?" cried the girl. "What do you take me for? If you get off I will throw myself after you. No, no; if it be death, then we will die together." There was a determined ring in her voice, and he knew she meant what she said. He looked back: the Arabs were coming at full gallop, their spears levelled; in a few minutes all must be over: the feeble, panting horses cannot keep up much longer. The hot sand flies from beneath the horses' hoofs; the burning sun smiles down pitilessly.

"If I could only save you, my beloved," he said hoarsely.

"If we must die, at least, we shall have the happiness of dying together," she returned bravely, but with a little catch in her voice.

"Look! look, my master," suddenly cried the slave, Ahmed, "there are others before us!"

Raoul strains his dim eyes; faintly he can see a large party of horsemen coming quickly towards them. A vague feeling of hope rises in his heart; are they to be saved after all? are these men friends, or are they only running into the jaws of a more powerful enemy? the keen-eyed Arabs have seen them too, and in another instant have wheeled round and made off in the opposite direction. Then all doubts are set at rest, for Randa cries out, "They are white men! we are saved!" and gives a sob of relief. But the words seem to have no meaning for de Launay—a thick mist is gathering before his eyes; he feels blind and deaf and giddy; his horse stops, and he reels in the saddle: these days of suspense and anxiety have told on him more than he knew. The next moment the other party have galloped up

and eager hands are stretched out to help him and to assist Randa. For a moment the mist clears from his eyes, and he sees a face—a face that he knows, and he cries hoarsely, "Arthur!" and then faints. "De Launey," cries the other, delight and incredulity and astonishment mingling in his voice, for it was difficult to recognise in that unshaven, unkempt man, the smart, handsome Chasseur d'Afrique.



IT WAS HORRIBLE.

CHAPTER IV.

RETURNED FROM AFAR.

"They come from afar, from a distant land,
Where the sun glows bright on the burning sand."
ANON.

A BRIGHT fire was burning in the drawing-room at Allarburn, the Wyatt's Scotch home, and close to it, Arthur, who had just returned from Africa, was sitting. Ursula stood near her easel, it was too dark to see to paint any longer, and she had put up her brushes, and was looking out at the darkening autumnal landscape. It did not look very cheerful just then—low clouds hung black and ragged, and a soft drizzling rain or mist was falling, making the scenery of moor and fir woods look blurred and indistinct; the russet-brown trees were tinged with yellow, and the damp paths were strewn with soft brown needles of the larches. She turned away with a shiver and crossed the room to where her brother was sitting by the fire.

"Oh, Arthur, I am so glad you're back; I've just been wearying for you," she said, kneeling down by him, and resting her head against his arm.

"But surely you didn't miss me when you had Alec?" he asked with a smile.

"Alec!" with an accent of contempt in her voice; "you don't think he could make up to me for you?"

Arthur sighed a little; then said seriously, "I wish you would like him, dear; don't you think you could? He is so fond of you, and I thought a year or two ago you cared a little for him."

"That was before I went to Algiers," thought Ursula, and then the hot blood flew to her face, and burnt there, as the thought came.

Arthur saw it, and mistook the cause.

"Are you cold, dear?" she asked suddenly, seeing him shiver. "But your hands are quite hot. Arthur, I don't think you are well."

"It's just a headache; I shall be all right now I've got back to cold weather again—I can't stand heat. Do you know, Ursula, the thing that struck me most when I

drove over from the station yesterday was the sense of coolness and freshness, not only in the air, but in colour—in the colours of the moors and woods."

"And what struck me, when I came home, was the want of colour in everything," murmured his sister.

"Ah, but you have never been in Cairo in summer. You don't know what the heat and smells and flies are like—oh, those flies!"

Just then the door opened, and a man of about four or five-and-thirty entered. He was tall, fair, and broad-shouldered, and wore a brown shooting suit and leather gaiters, and carried a Tam o'Shanter and a riding whip in his hand. This was Alec Mackenzie, their nearest neighbour, and an old schoolfellow of Arthur's.

Ursula sprang from her kneeling position and greeted him somewhat coldly—she was not too well pleased at seeing him, and he knew it. As he took her hand, Arthur saw and understood the look that came into his keen blue eyes. "Why can't she care for him when he loves her so much?" he thought, for he knew Alec's love for Ursula dated from their boy and girl days, each year only tending to deepen and strengthen it; and would it ever be rewarded? Sometimes Alec despaired of ever gaining more than her friendship. "Awfully glad to see you back again, old fellow," he said, in his pleasant, cheery voice, turning to Arthur, and giving him a grip of the hand that almost made the latter wince. "What a narrow squeak you must have had in that balloon,"

"Not half such a narrow one as de Launay had. Great Scott! you can't think what a shock it gave me, seeing him pitched out like that; it was horrible!"

"I want you to tell me all about it—how you escaped," said Mackenzie presently, settling himself comfortably by the fire.

"You've heard all there is to tell, I think," returned Arthur; to tell the truth, he was beginning to be a trifle tired of recounting his adventures. "De Launay thought the balloon was going to explode or something, and wanted to descend in the desert—but you know all that, for I wrote it home. You know the car jerked and he fell out, and how that lightened the balloon, and we spun along faster and higher than ever; and instead of an explosion, reached the coast in safety, and there I at once set about organising a search party for poor old de Launay. Of course everyone said it was all rot, and if he hadn't been killed by the fall or massacred by the Arabs, it would be like searching for a needle in the proverbial bundle of hay. But I was determined to go, and having made some slight calculations, was tolerably hopeful, and so we set out. You know the rest; how we just saved him and his three companions from being speared down by Bedouins, and how we got them to Cairo. How we ever got Raoul there alive, I don't know, but we did, and there we got the best medical attendance. He was frightfully ill, and I never thought he would pull through, but he has a splendid constitution, and that and

nursing saved him. That Arab girl nursed him devotedly—I never saw such devotion in my life, she scarcely left his bedside day or night. If he had died I believe it would have killed her."

"And what became of her—this beautiful Arab?" asked Alec.


"She was received into the Catholic Church, and when he recovered sufficiently to be moved, he married her, and now they have gone off to his château, somewhere in Normandy."

"What an eccentric person he must be!" said Alec carelessly.

"He is a brave, noble-hearted man!" burst out Ursula. Her brother had idly lighted a stick of perfume whilst he talked, and as the blue smoke curled slowly upwards, its scent brought back with a rush those happy days at Algiers. And the words sprang from her lips before she could stay them, and then she blushed hotly. And in that passionate outburst Alec read her secret—a secret that neither her mother nor brother had guessed at. For a moment he felt a sharp pang of jealousy; then he remembered his rival was married, and began to hope. Perhaps now his patience will be rewarded.

And it was. For the headache and shivering Arthur had complained of during the day was the beginning of a long and dangerous fever. And during those days of anxiety, and those long, weary nights, when they watched together by the bedside of that tossing, turning form, dear to them both, and listened to the parched lips uttering broken words and sentences, she learnt to lean and depend on him, and to look for his coming, and find the days

when she did not see him empty and dull. And so in the summer, when Arthur was able to be about again, Alec's patient waiting was rewarded at last.



ALEC'S PATIENT WAITING WAS REWARDED AT LAST.

A HYMN FOR SUNDAY.

My Jesus, I Love Thee.

By WILLIAM OLIPHANT GIBB.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the plea - sures of

sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sa - viour art Thou: If

CHORUS.
ev - er I lov'd Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now. If ev - er I lov'd Thee, if

ev - er I lov'd Thee, If ev - er I lov'd Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

2 I love Thee, because Thou hast first loved me,
And purchas'd my pardon on Calvary's tree;
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow:
If ever I lov'd Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
If ever I lov'd Thee, &c.

3 I'll love Thee in life, and I'll love Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath;
And say, when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
If ever I lov'd Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
If ever I lov'd Thee, &c.

4 In mansions of glory, and endless delight,
I'll ever adore Thee in yon heaven of light;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I lov'd Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
If ever I lov'd Thee, &c.

Whispers from the Woman's World.

By FLORENCE MARY GARDINER.

MORNING ROOMS.

HOW people who are fairly honest can ever speak of the delights of Spring is past my understanding; especially if they think for a moment of that horror of horrors, Spring cleaning, which is inevitably associated with this season of the year. Why, the very name is suggestive of topsyturviness, muddle, and doing without everything which makes life worth living, and fills one with an insane desire to flee to the uttermost ends of the earth—where sweeps abide not, and charwomen are unknown. Which of us during this domestic upheaval, has not sat in chilly, fireless rooms, because that particular quarter of the dwelling which we want to occupy has been subjected to the cleansing process, and is still reeking with the odour of the special soap patronised by the presiding genius in command of the household forces. Yet it requires a certain amount of moral courage to encounter the black looks of the housemaid, when she is timidly required to provide the means for retaining a normal temperature; and fireless grates in April and May are responsible for sentiments which can hardly be called philanthropic; and for utterances which breathe not resignation. Spring cleaning, however, is absolutely necessary, and like the other woes of life, must be born with equa-

nimity. Indeed, many of its inconveniences might be mitigated if average commonsense were brought to bear upon the subject, and method and management were the rule, rather than the exception; neither is there any occasion to convert one's house and home, for the time being into a veritable pandemonium. A little forethought and consideration work wonders at such times, and much as we, who have not to do the work, may object to extraneous aid, it is unreasonable to expect the ordinary staff to do double the usual amount, without such assistance. By beginning at the top of the house, and working downwards; never having more than two rooms disarranged at once, much inconvenience is avoided, and a strict and fast rule should be observed: that these are finished off in every detail before others are attacked. It must be confessed that the virtuous British Matron is too much addicted to hoarding. Now, one of the advantages of Spring cleaning is that this is a special time set



MY MORNING ROOM.

apart by custom, for disposing of all that we do not absolutely require. The Americans at this season go carefully through all their personal goods, and place on the footpath, for the benefit of their poorer neighbours, discarded garments, kitchen utensils, broken furniture, in fact, anything for which they have no further use. These are promptly taken away by those who have need of them, while the residue, which is useless, is burned by the public authorities. In following this sensible

example, we should periodically have space and opportunity for renewing our possessions, and for changing and beautifying our dwellings.

Now is the time for indulging any little fancies we may have for re-arranging or furnishing additional rooms, and as a pretty morning-room is a great advantage to any house, I will this month confine myself to suitable schemes of decoration for such apartments. The first sketch represents a room in my own house and contains a fitment, half cabinet and half bookshelf, of such a simple character that it could be easily copied by any local carpenter of ordinary ability. The overmantel and hanging bracket are also pretty additions. The writing-table is placed in a corner, while in the angle of the wall above, brackets are put for the reception of the various odds and ends, which are sure to accumulate round the busy worker. The spring stuffed settee under the latticed window, is a convenient receptacle for newspapers, magazines, etc., not in immediate use, and is divided into suitable compartments, and further provided with a loose tray for music. The crimson and gold embossed leather screen is a useful and ornamental piece of furniture, and contrasts well with the willow-green walls and ivory paint. For covering the furniture and the draperies, an old-gold satin damask has been used with good effect, and a pretty carpet of Oriental design looks well on the oak-stained boards. Where expense has to be considered, I can recommend plainly-enamelled furniture, though I cannot say that I prefer it to well-seasoned polished wood, which, if

properly cared for, positively improves with age.

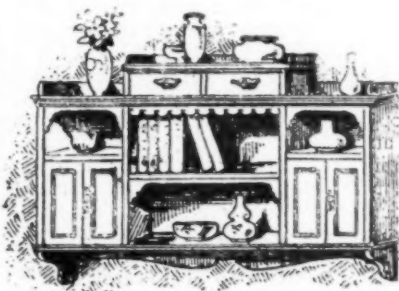
THE LIBRARY.

This is, of course, a much handsomer room, with well-made mahogany furniture, a faithful reproduction of some of Chippendale's choicest designs. The dado and doors are of the same wood, for the house, which is of the Georgian period, was constructed before jerry-builders reigned supreme, and is consequently full of the convenient

cupboards and carefully finished woodwork which were marked characteristics of the dwellings of the latter portion of the 18th and the beginning of the 19th centuries. The walls are covered with Tynecastle tapestry of a deep orange shade, surmounted by a hand-painted frieze. Utrecht velvet, of a warm brown tint, appears in the curtains and coverings of the chairs, and a Turkey carpet, in which fawn brown and pale blue predominate, with here and there a touch of crimson, forms an ideal floor covering. Such decorations are, as I before stated, only suitable for fine, lofty rooms, and quite inappropriate to the small town houses with which so many of us are endowed, for only the few are possessed of baronial halls and country mansions perched on lofty eminences, to be the envy



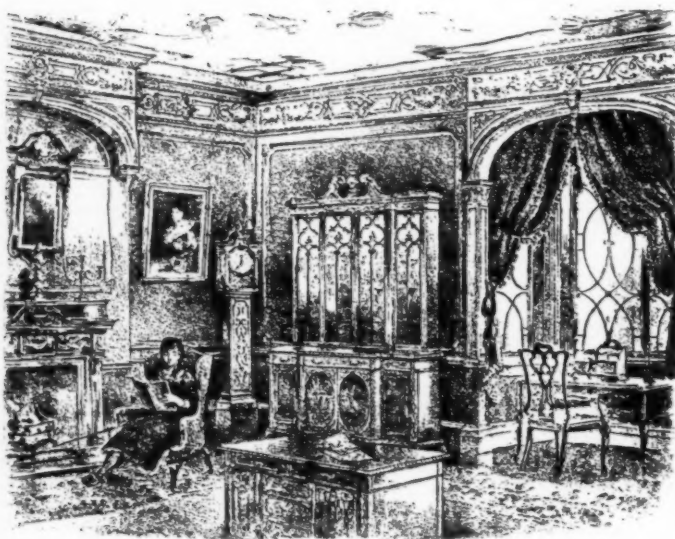
A HANGING BRACKET.



A SIMPLE OVERMANTEL.

and admiration of those who have been called to a lower station of life.

For my younger readers, I have sketched a pretty little boudoir; for when girls leave school they feel the want of some quiet nook, where they can retire in



THE LIBRARY.

leisure hours and enjoy those day dreams incidental to youth, and which are so soon put to flight when they are called upon to take up the stern realities of life.

I feel very strongly on this point, and would urge mothers most emphatically, if they desire to avoid the friction so common in family life, to spare one room wherever it is possible, for their grown-up daughters. It need not necessarily be one of the most important apartments in the house; those naturally belong to the heads of the family: some unused bedroom, or even attic, answers the purpose perfectly, while the furnishing of the same affords opportunities for exercising any latent genius the owners may possess. Though miracles are performed sometimes by amateurs, I have not much faith myself in paperhanging and painting done by unprofessional hands. By a small tradesman, for a sovereign, which is not a large sum, a room of moderate size may be hung with a pretty bright paper, all wood-work have two coats of oil colour, and one of varnish, and the floor be stained to resemble dark oak. A few shillings more will purchase sufficient Chinese matting or a Kidderminster art square for the centre of the room; and two or three dozen yards of cretonne, at sixpence a yard, if carefully manipulated by clever fingers, will make a brave show

when cut up for box and cushion covers, curtains, etc. I have recently come across a delightful fabric called velvet cretonne, at ninepence a yard, which is really a thick flannelette printed in art colours, which, from my own experience I can heartily recommend.

Tin travelling trunks, with pillows on the lids and loose covers, form cosy corner seats and comfortable settees. Old basket chairs, despised

in other quarters, renew their youth and beauty under the influence of Aspinall; and two egg boxes, placed one on the top of the other (fitted with two shelves) and similarly treated, make a very presentable book-case when finished with brass nails and a narrow edging of leather. A curtain is a great improvement to this piece of furniture, and should be fastened by small rings which will slip over a stair rod resting on brass hooks screwed in at either end. A visit to the lumber room will generally result in two or three other valuable additions, and, from time to time, the bare necessities can be supplemented by other purchases. For example, plain deal tables, with a single drawer, which are often sold for servants' bed-rooms, assume quite a different character when they are enamelled a willow green or sparrow's egg blue, with brass handles screwed on and a piece of Japanese leather paper firmly glued to the top; or an old-fashioned pine washing-stand with a narrow shelf and large cupboard beneath may often be picked up second-hand for two or three shillings; if painted to match the other furniture, it makes quite a presentable sideboard.

A GIRL'S BOUDOIR.

I only suggest these makeshifts, however, where the purse is not an elastic

one, and I should naturally prefer, as I dare say my reader would, the girl's boudoir given in the next illustration. This is rather a striking little room, as the paper is of an uncommon pattern, suggestive of an orange bower; the design representing (as is the case in nature) trees bearing leaves, flowers, and ripe fruit. The paint is of a deep yellow shade, and the moss-patterned carpet has a surround of cream matting. Notice how the recess formed by the chimney breast has been utilised for writing-table, book-shelves, and cabinet; the pretty fireplace has numerous brackets which would make convenient resting places for Oriental pottery and other curiosities, and the curtained lounge is suggestive of repose.

The bamboo furniture so largely imported of late years lends itself to artistic furnishing, and is now made in a variety of forms, and with various ingenious contrivances. It is not expensive—another great point in its favour—for a pretty little Japanese interior can be fitted up for a comparatively nominal sum, and, being light, it is easily packed for those who live in country districts and are obliged to shop by deputy. Care, however, should be exercised by those who like this style, to see that all the articles in a room are of the same character and period, or the whole effect will be marred.

A peculiar feature in Japanese decoration is the desire to avoid, as far as possible, a bi-lateral symmetry. In the mats, ceilings, and other details two sides that correspond are seldom seen.

The rooms are enlarged or decreased at will by means of screens formed of wood or paper, which slide in grooves, and their wall-papers are subdued and neutral in tint, brown and stone colour predominating. The ceiling is generally formed of cedar, and all the structural woodwork is in the natural colour without paint, stain, or varnish; and what most impresses us in these rooms is their simplicity, cleanliness and refinement.

FASHIONS AND FRIPPERIES.

When the lilacs and laburnums are borne down by their weight of bloom, the

chestnuts in full flower, and pink and white may-blossom to be found in every hedgerow, it is high time to consider a change of raiment, and for us to don our brightest and prettiest clothing to do honour to the London season, which this year promises to be an exceptionally brilliant one. No better opportunity could be offered than a walk in Rotten Row between eleven and one any fine morning, for deciding that important question: "What is to be worn;" and with this end in view, partly for my own benefit and partly for the benefit of the readers of THE LUDGATE MONTHLY, I have spent many hours lately in this *fin de siècle* Garden of Eden, for the purpose of sketching some of the daintiest and most fashionable costumes worn by the modern daughters of Eve. The powers that be have decreed a return in a modified de-



A GIRL'S BOUDOIR.

gree to some of the old-world styles, and though the dreaded crinoline has not yet made its appearance in its orthodox form, the particular mode which gave rise to the scare—the full-bottomed and stiffened double and triple skirts—are to be seen on every side. The colours of to-day are those which were in vogue twenty or twenty-five years ago; hence we have a return to those shades of green, brown and purple that are at once beautiful in themselves and a delight to the wearer, for they may be said to be universally becoming. Striped and shot materials are largely patronised this season, and those of soft and delicate texture, which home and foreign manufacturers are constantly producing, are taken advantage of by smart modistes for the benefit of their

clients. Elaborate frills are much used for trimming bodices, and large puffed sleeves are the natural accompaniment of bell-shaped skirts.

No. 1 is a pretty walking costume of cloth of a new shade, called Eminence, a deep rich purple, with yoke and epaulets of velvet of the same tint. The skirt has three narrow rolls of the same, and the white chip hat is also trimmed with velvet and eminence plumes.

No. 2 gives the back view of a tailor-made gown of brown and gold shot cloth, elaborately braided on the bodice and edge of skirt with mohair and tinsel. The third dress is of reseda cloth; the bodice is made with large pointed revers, lined with mouse-coloured velvet, which is also used on the skirt; and a little toque to match is worn with this pretty costume.

The fourth sketch shows a fashionable double skirt of dove-coloured cloth, with a border of black ostrich feathers. The bodice, collar, sleeves, and empire belt are of black Satin de Lyons, with a full vest of the cloth. A small black lace bonnet, trimmed with osprey and jet, completes the prettiest half-mourning costume I have seen for some time.

The next dress is of pale pink cloth, with deep shoulder frills and gigot sleeves trimmed with narrow pleatings of black velvet, and the large black velvet hat has vieux rose plumes to match.

The handsome reception dress is of delicate green brocade, opening over a petticoat of white satin, covered with tulle, embroidered with field flowers; it has short puffed sleeves of brocade, with revers of white satin, edged with passementerie, and was worn by a tall, fair woman, whose lily-like complexion and aureole of golden hair were thrown into relief by the shimmering draperies.

The girl's evening dress is of mull muslin, a fabric suggestive of youth and innocence, and invariably employed for the dancing-frocks of our ancestors, who did not indulge in the myriad of toilettes now considered necessary by society

belles. It is made over a silk slip of torquoise hue, and has a folded sash of the same. The skirt has two flounces and insertions of Valenciennes, and the full sleeves and bodice are trimmed to correspond.



No. 1.



No. 2.



No. 3.



No. 4.

SPRING WALKING COSTUMES.



No. 5.

Millinery accommodates itself to the present style of hair dressing. Dolly Varden hats, in black net, Chantilly or Guipure, are to be found among the new shapes, which also include modified pokes with flat crowns, generally of a different colour to the brim. These are all lavishly trimmed with feathers, flowers, and bows of goffered lace, held in place by jewelled, pins, or enamel, paste, or jet ornaments. The bonnets are growing smaller by degrees and beautifully less; the favourite shape being a Marie Stuart, very much resembling those recently worn by children with the Tudor costume.

Some of the prettiest and most stylish French models are to be found at Madame Wyndham's, 107, New Bond



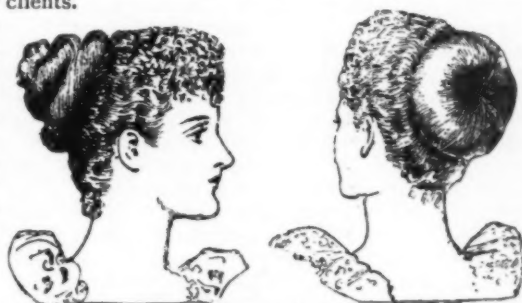
A GIRL'S EVENING DRESS.

Street. This lady has recently opened a high-class millinery business, and those of my readers who want to be sure of obtaining the latest Parisian modes, at a moderate price, cannot do better than call upon her, when they will doubtless find something to suit them. But even if this be not the case, she is so left and tasteful that she is certain to follow out successfully any ideas suggested by her clients.

Two fashionable coiffures are here given—the pretty soft coils of hair at the back of the



A RECEPTION DRESS.



FASHIONABLE COIFFURES.

THE STAGE.

Of all the professions for girls, perhaps that of the stage has the most attractions till they have tried it; and perhaps it would

be well for me, as I have had no personal experience behind the footlights, first to quote the opinions of those holding a high position in the profession, and who are therefore much more able than myself to judge of its advantages and disadvantages, confining my portion of the subject to mere technical details.

Mrs. Kendal, in reply to the question—What do you think of the stage as a career for women?—says: "There is not an actor or actress who will not bear me out when I state that only members of the profession can form any estimate of the difficulties, tangible and intangible, which surround those who wish to make a living on the stage. Actresses are constantly thrown out of work for months together, and, once an engagement is made, however ill she may feel, she must turn up at the appointed hour at her theatre unless she is absolutely laid up and cannot stir. If, for three or four nights together, she failed to appear, in many theatres she would lose her place altogether; or again, if her understudy possessed a smarter appearance or better delivery, this would be considered sufficient cause for ousting her altogether. Of course, the temporary salary is a comparatively high one, for if she has only a few words to say each night it would

probably be from two to three pounds a week, and the dress she wears is provided by the management; while as an under-

study she would receive at least a pound a week. If a girl will go on the stage, as there is no *Conservatoire* in England, she had better apply personally at the various theatres, and be content, if she can get nothing better, to walk on and off as a super. I know of two young ladies who did this three years since, who are now in receipt of good salaries. Of the qualifications essential to success, dramatic instinct is necessary, good looks important, and health *everything*; for no one who is not really strong can bear the terrible strain which is put upon an actress day after day and year after year."

Miss Fanny Brough also strongly advocates the establishment of a School of Dramatic Art, where proper training could be given and where those who were never likely to do credit to the profession could be weeded out. Speaking of her own experience, which has been a brilliant one, she tells us: "I did not take up this life because I had any strong passion for the stage, but when the time came for me to choose a way of earning my living, I decided to become an actress in preference to a governess—the only other alternative in those days for girls belonging to the middle classes."

Miss Terry writes: "I look upon the stage as a divine mission—a mission intended for the few and not for the many. Acting is a gift—a precious gift—which must be highly cultivated, and those who possess it cannot go and tie their talent up in a napkin and bury it in the ground—it must and will come out."

Mrs. Oscar Berringer, an undoubted authority on this interesting subject, says:—"There are three courses open to the theatrical aspirant. (1st), The coaching system, by which a girl takes a course of lessons from some well-known actor or actress; (2nd), To join a touring company; or (3rd), If she is sufficiently fortunate to attract the attention of a London manager, to accept any small part he may be willing to give her. I would strongly urge on delicately-nurtured girls the necessity, during their early struggles, of not trusting to what they may earn as their sole means of subsistence."

A girl should think twice, nay, many times, before adopting the stage in defiance of such counsel and advice, and of rushing madly from a home, which at least provides the necessities of life, till she is sure of having sufficient to make another.

One who can remain in the bosom of her family, and prosecute her aims for dramatic preferment from "her ain fireside," is very differently circumstanced, and half the difficulties are smoothed from her path; for, having once gained a footing in a good theatre, her opportunity is sure to come. There are certain to be dark hours, when the little put away for the rainy day is of inestimable importance. Thus armed, a girl is invulnerable to attacks and able to face the many difficulties and temptations incidental to this profession.

An attempt has recently been made on a small scale to found a British School of Dramatic Art, at 3, Bedford Street, Strand, London, by Messrs. Charles Terry, Henry Wylde, and Francis Jerard. Here a little theatre has been built and properly equipped, and will seat an audience of over two hundred persons; class rooms are also provided for teaching elocution, fencing, dancing, and kindred arts; and many of those who have made name and fame for themselves are now ready to offer their services for the advancement of those who are really anxious to excel in the dramatic profession. The fees are small, and full particulars may be obtained from Mr. Benjamin Terry at the above address.

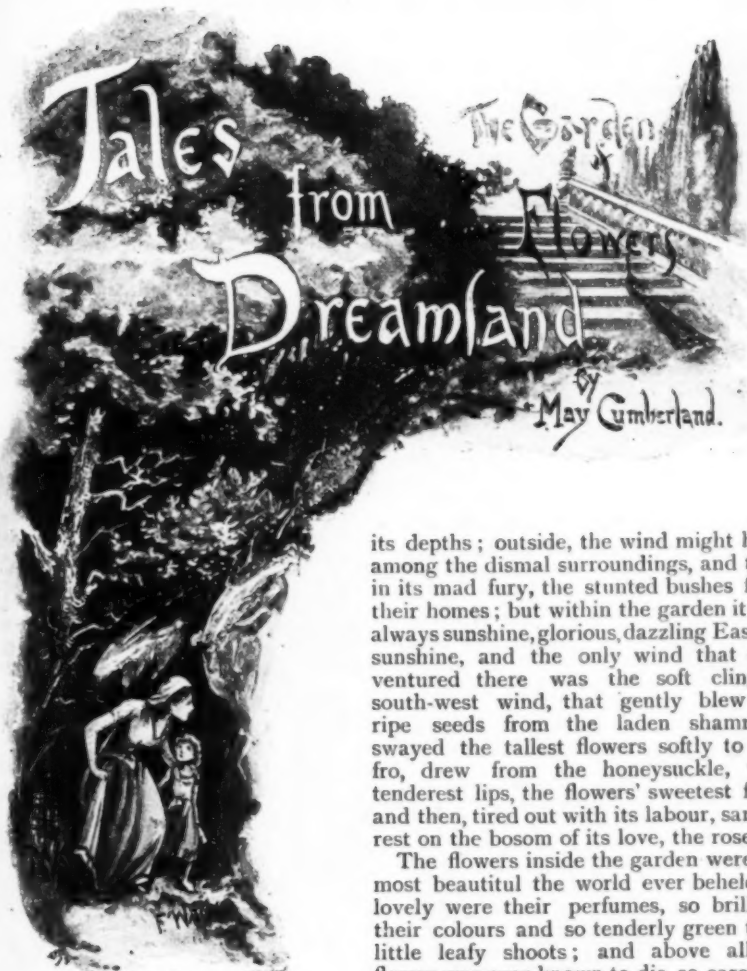
Another modest institution in the theatrical world also deserves notice. The Rehearsal Club, 12, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross Road, London, which has been founded for the use of members of the chorus and ballet who feel the want of a quiet place, where they may obtain rest and food between the morning rehearsal and the evening performance at the various theatres, instead of returning to their homes, often in distant suburbs; while it is a sufficient guarantee that it will be well conducted when it is stated that Mrs. C. L. Carson, the indefatigable promoter of the Theatrical Needlework Guild, has kindly consented to act as Hon. Secretary.

Among the members of the Committee may be mentioned Lady Louisa Mageniz, Eleanor Lady Trevelyan, the Hon. Mrs. Curry, Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, etc. etc.

[My morning room was furnished by Messrs. Smee and Corbay, Finsbury Pavement. I bought the hanging bracket and overmantel at Messrs. Oetzman's, Hampstead Road, and this firm also supplied me with the sketch of a girl's boudoir. The design for the library was executed by Messrs. Gregory and Co., Regent Street, London.]

Tales from Dreamland

The Garden of Flowers
By May Cumberland.



A VERY long time ago, when the earth was visited by the good and bad fairies, when people had but to wish to get all that they desired, and everything was very different to what it is now, far away from the eyes of men, in the heart of a wild and unfathomable forest, there lay a glorious garden.

Outside the garden all might be dark, gloomy and desolate, as indeed it was, with the huge overhanging trees that stretched out their long, knotted branches into the dark morass below, as if they were trying to clutch with their blackened fingers, the mysteries that lay hidden in

its depths; outside, the wind might howl among the dismal surroundings, and tear, in its mad fury, the stunted bushes from their homes; but within the garden it was always sunshine, glorious, dazzling Eastern sunshine, and the only wind that ever ventured there was the soft clinging south-west wind, that gently blew the ripe seeds from the laden shamrock, swayed the tallest flowers softly to and fro, drew from the honeysuckle, with tenderest lips, the flowers' sweetest food, and then, tired out with its labour, sank to rest on the bosom of its love, the rose.

The flowers inside the garden were the most beautiful the world ever beheld, so lovely were their perfumes, so brilliant their colours and so tenderly green their little leafy shoots; and above all, no flower was ever known to die, so carefully were they tended and so happy were their lives.

Once in one hundred years, the owner of the garden, granted the flowers one wish each, but so few things did they want that the wishes were soon granted and as soon forgotten.

But once, when the owner had asked and granted the wishes of all, except two flowers, and when he came to the tallest of them, a beautiful red rose, he was surprised to see the flower, not bright and upright, like the rest, but trembling and drooping.

"What is it?" he said gently; "what is your wish?"

"Oh, my master," she said falteringly,

"grant me my desire? I want to be a human being; I want to feel the pleasure of life, to know what it is to move to and fro among those beings we hear about, and to share with them their nobleness."

"And sin!" said the master of the garden.

"Sin? What is that?" cried the flowers.

The master put up his hand and there was silence among them; then, turning to the rose, he said: "Would you leave this lovely garden, this happy life you lead, for the sake of feeling human passions?"

"I would, I would," the Rose cried.

"Then your wish is granted, but when you are tired of your wish, and desire to return to this garden in your old form, remember if there has been one spot or blemish on your earthly life, you are shut out of here for ever."

Then, as he finished speaking, out from the rose-bush there stepped a woman, beautiful and smiling; but the rose she had been before was still there; and she looked at it in amazement.

"Yes," said the owner, following her gaze, "we shall know by that flower, how you fare in your travels." Then stooping down, he asked the last flower of all, a tiny violet, what wish he should grant for it.

The violet raised its head. "Let me go with the rose," it said; "for I feel I cannot leave it."

"Your wish is granted also," said the master; and presently out of the gate of the garden of flowers, there went a woman, leading by the hand a little child. No sooner were the gates shut than a terrible darkness fell over them both, but the woman had a brave heart, and, picking up the little one in her arms, she said softly to it, as she walked on:

"It may be dark here, my child, but we shall soon be in the midst of sunlight and merriment, in the midst of life."

For days and days the two plodded on, heeding not the darkness, nor the rushing river, nor the howling of the hungry animals at night, for they knew no fear, knowing no sin.

At last, after many tiring weeks, foot-sore and weary, they reached the outskirts of the forest, and saw with eager eyes, their first human dwelling. It was a charcoal burner's hut, and outside, in

the sunlight, the man sat, smoking his pipe. He looked up as the woman and her child drew near.

"Who are you? What do you want?" he said roughly.

"I am a woman, seeking life," she answered humbly.

"Life! Well, it is here," he said.

"Is it good?" eagerly asked the woman; "is it feasting and merriment and dancing and joy?"

"Feasting, merriment, dancing, joy, good?" laughed the man, with a hoarse chuckle; "no, it is starvation, woe, lamen-



"IT IS STARVATION—IT IS VILE."

tation and despair—it is vile;" and he put his pipe in his mouth again.

"Then, where can I find what I seek?" the woman cried.

"Not here! go to the palace of the King; that is the only place I know of where there is feasting and dancing and joy;" and he turned and entered his hut.

Then on the stem of the rose, in the master's garden, there shot out a thorn.

So on the woman and the child travelled, till they came to a splendid city, ruled over by a king, far famed for his power and wisdom in his kingdom.

He had the best wife, the sweetest daughter, the cleverest physicians, and the wisest statesmen in the world.

"Ah! now I shall find life," said the woman, as she pushed on to where she saw a group of merry men and girls dancing on the green grass.

"May I join you?" she said, as she drew near.

"By all means," they cried, and they clasped the hands of herself and the child.

"Why do you dance?" she asked.

"Because our King has gained a great victory over his enemies, and we are glad."

But presently the woman noticed that some were not dancing, but were sitting silent and sad under the trees.

"Why do they weep?" she asked the dancers.

"Because they have lost their loved ones in the war."

"And will they never see them again?"

"Never."

Then the woman left off dancing, and, taking the child's hand, went towards the King's palace.

And the second thorn grew on the stem of the rose.

When she came to the gates of the palace she asked to see the King, but as they would not let her go in, she pushed through with her child, and found herself at last at the door of a splendid chamber; the walls were hung with beautiful crimson velvet curtains and the carpet was so soft that her feet sank right into it.

"Ah! here must be life," she said, and she went on till she came to another room, and, pushing back the curtains, she entered. This room was even more beautiful than the last, for everything was hung with white and was spotlessly pure.

The air was heavy with the scent of flowers, for the room was filled with lilies—God's own spotless blossoms—and the woman felt she could hardly breathe.

In the centre of the room was a white bed strewn with the same sweet-smelling flowers, and, although it looked as if someone were lying there, no one moved. At the head of the bed there knelt a woman, sobbing bitterly, and she had a royal crown on her head.

"What is the matter?" the woman asked. "Why do you cry?"

"My child is dead," and the Queen's voice was choked with sobs.

The woman turned down the sheet and looked at the exquisite waxen face beneath.

"Dear lady, do not cry," she said with a smile; "he is only sleeping."

But the Queen shook her head, and wept on.

And the thorns grew thick and close round the rose's stem.

The woman left the palace behind her, and travelled on, till, worn out and sick at heart, she stopped to rest under the shadow of some dark pines, the child at her side. "Oh! where shall I find it—the merriment and feasting and joy?" she cried, and as she spoke, suddenly before her, there appeared a beautiful woman,



"MY CHILD IS DEAD."

clad in jewels and dazzling garments from head to foot.

"I will show you what you seek; you shall know life," she said. "With me you shall drink the cup of happiness to its dregs. Will you come?"

Then the woman fell on her knees and thanked the stranger, and arose up joyfully to follow her.

But the child, tired of its wanderings and remembering its happy existence when a violet, said:

"I will not come; I do not want life. I have seen enough. I will go back to the lord of the garden." And, tearfully kissing her companion, she left her.

Then the stranger led the woman away from the weeping Queen, and those who said the world was vile, to a place, where the red wine never ceased to flow, where the women were wildly beautiful and flung their lovely forms, in maddest movements, to the delight and admiration of their companions.

"Ah," she murmured, "at last I have found it—the life I searched for—how good and noble and sweet it is. But as the days went by, she grew tired, and languid, and thought of the violet; happy now with the master. Resting from her



"I HAVE SINNED."



BUT SHE MIGHT NOT ENTER.

merriment, she saw one of the dancers crouch away in a far off corner, weeping silently.

"What is it?" she said, as she stroked the weeper's hair; "why do you mourn?"

"Because," sobbed the dancer, "I have sinned."

"Sinned! and have all here sinned?"

"All."

Then the woman left the mourner's side, and crept silently away, for she had learnt the meaning of the weeper's tears; she knew the terrors of sin and death and why the world was vile.

"I too will go back to the beautiful garden," she said; "I do not want life any longer."

So she journeyed back to the gates of the garden of flowers, and knocking, weary and faint, begged for admittance.

But she might not enter: she had found life, and it had left her sullied.

She was not without blemish, as those within; for, having sinned, the gates of the garden of flowers were closed against her for ever. And on the stem of the rose, inside the garden, there was room for no more thorns.



From among the many good plays running at the time of writing, I have selected the following for my illustrated dramatic notes for this month:—

THE BAUBLE SHOP.—Mr. Charles Wyndham has given us, in Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's "Bauble Shop," one of the best up-

-to-date plays we have had for some time—the characters are so life-like and true to nature.

"The Bauble Shop" is not, as may be supposed, the House of Commons—"The Babble Shop" would be a more fitting title for that—no, it is the toy bazaar and emporium of Mr. Stoach, M.P. The opening of the first act finds Lord Clivebrooke just made Leader. His father, the Earl of Sarum, is anxious now for him to marry and settle down. Unfortunately, Lord Clivebrooke seeks refuge from some roughs in this bazaar, managed by one Matthew Keber,

a clever but drunken old humbug. Keber has a pretty daughter, whose beauty captivates Lord Clivebrooke. Lord Clivebrooke, like many a man we wot of, makes a fool of himself over a pretty face, and nightly, after his parliamentary duties, pays secret visits to Keber and his daughter. This act is enlivened by a deputation from the Balls Pond Road, who are there to protest against the establishment of a dancing saloon in their neighbourhood. The author here holds up the faddists to ridicule, and lets us see what this class of gentlemen would do with us, "an they could." Another amusing scene is that with Gussy Bellenden, daughter of Lady Bellenden, and ultimately wife of the Hon. Charles Teviot. This young sprig of the

aristocracy is very fond of music hall artistes, and horribly shocks her mother and the Earl of Sarum by singing one of the latest songs from the music halls. The old Earl waxes very wroth and says: "In my day the lower classes aped us, now we go to the lower classes for lessons: this is democracy indeed!"

Act II. shows us that Lord Clivebrooke is still infatuated by Jessie Keber, and constantly meets her. Stoach, M.P., Keber's employer, has Lord Clive-



MISS MARY MOORE.
From a Photo. by R. E. Kaddock.



MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM.
From a Photo. by Falk, of New York.

brooke watched, and eventually discovers him. Lord Clivebrooke purposes introducing "The Public Morals Bill," and the night before his introduction of this bill, he is dis-

covered in the toy shop, being entertained by Jessie. Lord Clivebrooke wishing to protect Jessie and offers terms to Mr. Stoach, but the only answer this puritanical Radical vouchsafes is the one stolidly given, "I'll tell you to-morrow."

Act III. is the leader's room in the House of Commons, and a very fine scene Mr. W. T. Hemsley has given us. Mr. Stoach comes into Lord Clivebrooke's room to tell him his terms, viz.:

1st, He is not to introduce the bill.

2nd, He is to at once resign his seat in the House.

3rd, He is to sign a retiring address to his constituents which Stoach has prepared.

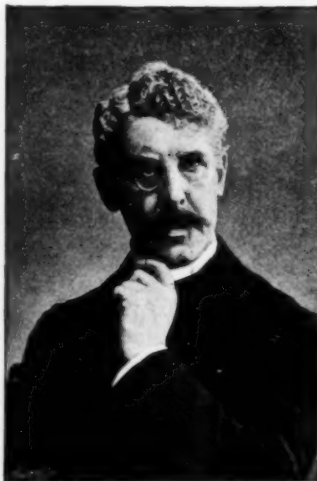
Lord Clivebrooke refuses; Stoach at once goes into the Lobby and spreads his malicious lies around. Lord Clivebrooke introduces the bill and the Government suffer a crushing defeat. The end of the act shows us Lord Sarum in his son's room, consoling him. Lord Clivebrooke sends for Jessie Keber and for Stoach. He then demands that Stoach should withdraw the lying statements he has made about the lady Lord Clivebrooke has asked to be his wife. This turn of

events staggers Stoach for a moment; but he, as is usual with his class, refuses to believe it, and sneeringly asks if "the Earl of Sarum has given his sanction to this pretty fairy tale." The old Earl's anger is too great for words; his aristocratic blood boils at such a puritanical cad talking to him; he bristles up, walks across to his son and Jessie, joins their hands, and with a look that cannot be misunderstood, and an imperious wave of his hand, points to the door. Stoach takes the hint. Slow curtain.

A more beautiful finish to a play has seldom been given before. Mr. Wyndham, as Lord Clivebrooke, and Miss Mary Moore, as Jessie Keber, are, as they always are, artistic, consistent and interesting throughout. Mr. W. H. Day gives us one of his fine character sketches in Matthew Keber and adds another good performance to his already long list of successes. Mr. Frank Worthing, as Ireson, private secretary to Lord Clivebrooke, is lost, the part being

totally unworthy of his talent, for he has absolutely nothing to do. The same remark applies to Mr. Blakeley, as Mr. Bussey, M.P. Mr. S. Valentine, as Stoach, M.P., is excellent. Mr. Somerset, Miss Ellis Jeffreys and Mr. Allan Aynesworth all contribute to the success of the "Bauble Shop."

DIPLOMACY. The revival of this play at the Garrick was chiefly remarkable for the fact that Mr. Hare had gathered together under one roof perhaps the strongest cast he possibly could. He had persuaded Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft to return to the stage, and Mrs. Bancroft's return was made the feature of a great ovation. To many of my readers "Diplomacy" will come as an entirely new piece, it being some fifteen years since its production. The interest of the play commences when we



MR. BANCROFT.
From a Photo. by Walery.



MRS. BANCROFT.
From a Photo. by Walery.

have the Russian Count, Orloff, who has just returned from prison, and is smarting under the disgrace and gross injustice that has been done him. He, unconscious of what he is doing, blurts out his suspicions of Dora, accuses her of being in the pay of the secret police of Russia, and this before the man who has that very day married

her. The suspicions of all three—Count Orloff, Henry Beauclerc and Julian—gradually get confirmed; the discovery of the missing State papers seems to add conviction to their suspicions, and when Julian finds that the letter betraying the plans and fortifications was written by his wife to Baron Stern, the proof seems absolute. This brings us to the end of the second act. In Act III. Julian and Dora have a most powerful scene, Julian accusing her of her treachery and perfidy leaves her in anger, locking the door behind him; then Dora rushes frantically to the door, beating the panels madly with her hands, and wails more than cries, "I love you! I love you!" realising that a chasm has formed between her, the bride of only a few hours, and her husband; and she falls back in a swoon.

Act IV. is Mr. Hare's opportunity, and he makes the most of it. He, as Henry Beauclerc, has an interview with the Countess Zicka, and worms her secrets out of her, and exposes her villainy; Julian and Dora are reconciled and everything ends happily.

Such a "first night" as this revival of "Diplo-

macy" has not been seen in London for many years past—indeed, if it ever has been. For, as the evening had begun in excitement and expectation, so it closed in unrestrained and unstinted applause and enthusiasm; and amid loud and repeated cries for Mr. Hare, Mr. Forbes Robertson, Mr. Bancroft, Miss Olga Nethersole, Miss Kate Rorke, and, above all, for the lady whose reappearance on the stage the entire theatre were united in welcoming, an al-

most unparalleled and unprecedented scene of congratulation, triumph and wild enthusiasm came to an end. When all were so excellent, it would be invidious to select any one for particular criticism. To my mind, one of the most remarkable features of this great first night was the number of notabilities assembled. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, the Duke and Duchess of Fife and Sir Horace Farquhar occupied the Royal box, while in other parts of the house were the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, Lord Chief Justice and Lady Coleridge, Lord Randolph Churchill, Lord Carrington, Mr. Asquith, Sir Chas.



MR. JOHN HARE.
From a Photo. by the Stereoscopic Co.



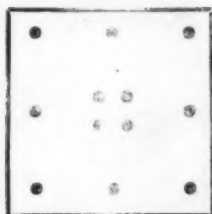
LADY MONCKTON.
From a Photo. by the Stereoscopic Co.



MR. FORBES ROBERTSON.
From a Photo. by the Stereoscopic Co.

and Lady Russell, Sir Francis and Lady Jeune, Mr. Justice Barnes, Sir Frederick Leighton, Sir George Arthur, Sir Richard Quain, Sir Spencer Wells, Sir Douglas and Lady Straight, Mr. George Lewis and Mr. Luke Fildes, R.A.—truly a notable gathering.

❖ Puzzledom ❖



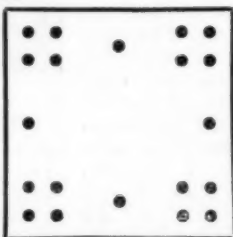
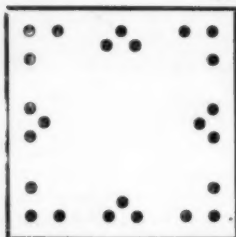
29. Divide the above square into four equal parts, each part to be of the same shape, and each part to contain three dots.
30. Why is a nail fast in the wall like an old man?
31. When do two and two make more than four?
32. Why is a joke like a chicken?
33. What is that which the more it is cut the longer it grows?
34. What am I? I am neither fish, flesh nor fowl, yet I frequently stand on one leg; and if you behead me I stand on two legs; behead me again and I stand on four legs.
35. They say my first is very bright, and what they say is true:
But only in my second can my first be seen by you.
My second would without my first be far from being bright;
My whole is what the busy man welcomes with much delight.



Five Prizes of Three-Volume Novels, cloth bound, will be awarded to the First Five Competitors sending in correct or most correct answers by 20th May. Competitions should be addressed "May Puzzles," THE LUDGATE MONTHLY, 1, Mitre Court, Fleet Street, London. Postcards only, please.

ANSWERS TO APRIL PUZZLES.

No. 22.



23. 30 pears, 50 apples, 70 oranges.
24. There are over sixty words.
25. Because we must all give it up.
26. The Crane.
27. A Joke.
28. Because for every grain they give a peck.

The following are the names and addresses of the five winners in Puzzledom in our March Number, to whom the Three-Volume Novels have been sent:—E. G. HENDERSON, Fordown House, Waltham Abbey; Miss C. PRIESTMAN, 1, Monk's Road, Lincoln; Rev E. A. PARKINSON, Rowledge Vicarage, Farnham; M. W. FARQUHAR, 29, Canonbury Park, London; Miss E. BRIDGES, North Villa, Lampton, Hounslow.



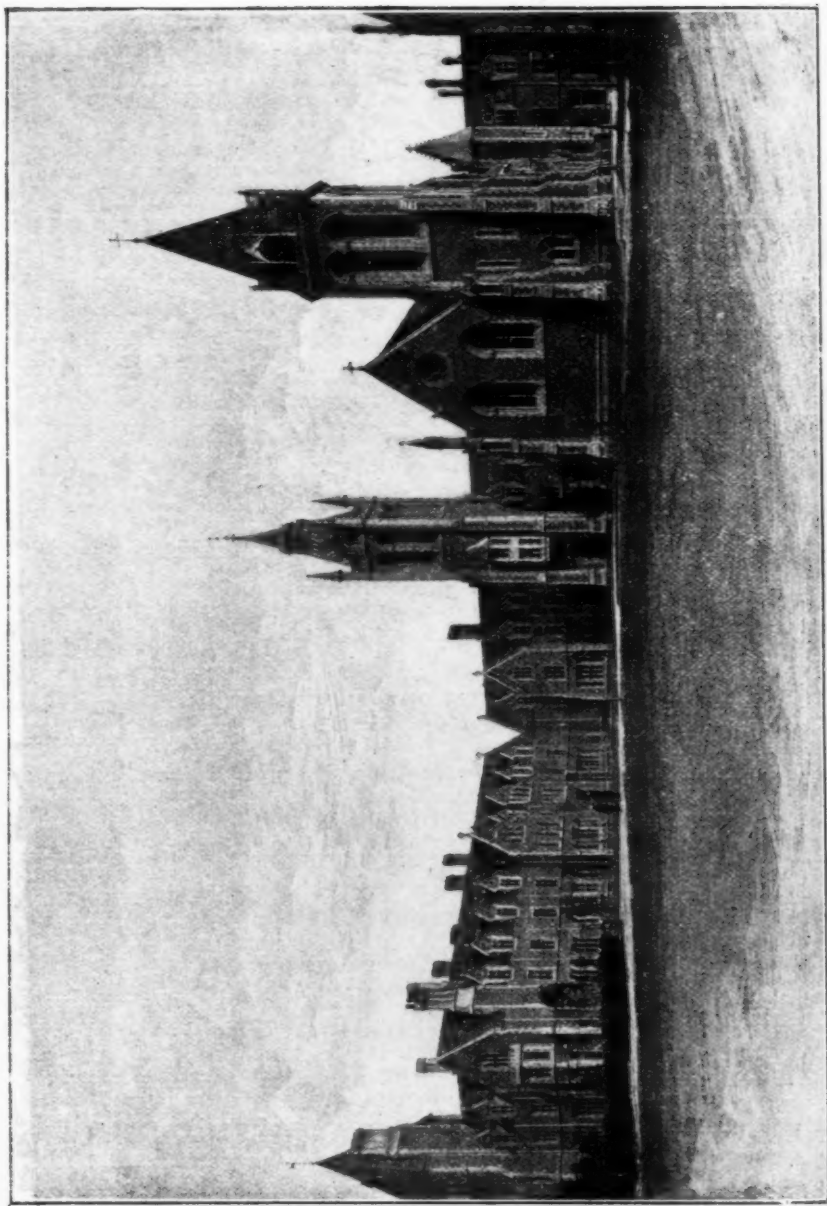
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CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL, GODALMING.
FRONT VIEW, FOUNDER'S SQUARE.

Young England at School.

CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL.

IT is now twenty-one years ago since the foundation of that noble benefactor, Thomas Sutton, passed through what might be termed a transition, and opened a new volume in the Carthusian records.

Before taking my readers to the present school, now situated at Godalming, I think it is only right some reference should be made to the illustrious founder and that part of the foundation still remaining on the original site.

Few Londoners appear to know that, hidden behind a vast pile of commercial buildings on the west side of Aldersgate Street and Goswell Road, which are amongst the busiest thoroughfares in and adjacent to the City of London, there still exists a good portion of one of London's relics, well worth a visit from all interested in ancient London. The

porter, showing you over the building, will point out rooms and walls that date back upwards of five centuries; and as it is being viewed and admired, you can almost imagine you see the monks at work here, and the knights and squires of the reign of James you almost expect to meet as you pass through the beautiful hall.

Now, such a place as this still remains in Charterhouse Square, in the midst of the bustle of the great noisy City, but

here again we marvel as we pass under the archway into almost a miniature town, where peace and quietness reign supreme, irresponsible to the clamour outside its walls.

Charterhouse was originally a Carthusian monastery, founded about 1370 by Sir Walter Manny outside of the bar of West Smithfield.

In 1535, a time when the monasteries in London were being attacked, it was surrendered to Henry VIII., and, after having been possessed by several eminent personages in turn, was sold for £13,000 by the Earl of Suffolk to Thomas Sutton, May 9th, 1611.

Sutton is a name that has been upon the breast of every Carthusian, and is still cherished, and well it deserves to be, for its owner was the founder of one of England's great schools and a hospital for



EXTERIOR OF DINING HALL ON OLD FOUNDATION, LONDON.

decayed gentry. Thomas Sutton was born in Knaith, in Lincolnshire, 1532, of an ancient family. At Eton he received the rudiments of education, finishing at St. John's College, Cambridge. Although he was unsuccessful in obtaining a degree, he became a member of Lincoln's Inn; but he soon abandoned jurisprudence, and devoted something like ten years to travelling in Holland, Spain and Italy. On his return, he succeeded to his father's estate, and, having acquired a thorough knowledge of Continental trade, and speaking fluently several languages, he became secretary to the Earl of Warwick, the Earl of Leicester, and held other very high appointments. He soon turned his money to use, firstly by leasing from the Crown property in the North and working it himself for coal, and then proceeding to London, where he made great wealth as a financier, and, possibly, by good fortune in trading.

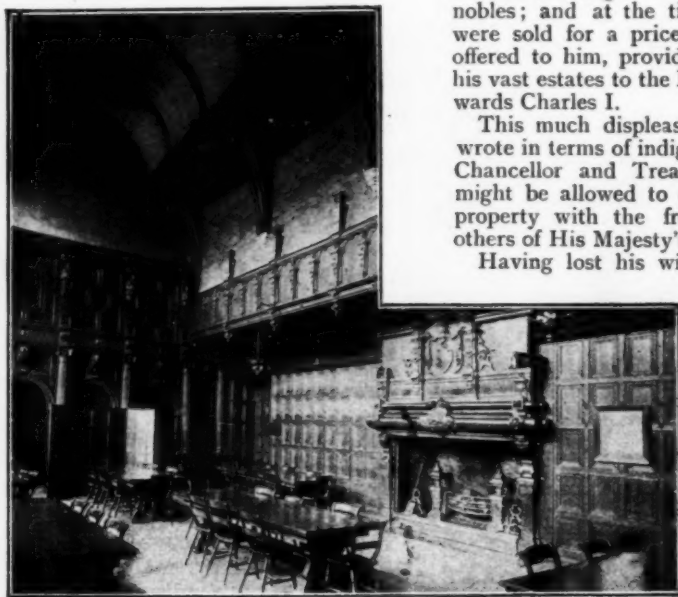


GODALMING TOWN.

Through his marriage to Mrs. Elizabeth Dudley, widow of John Dudley, Esq., of Stoke Newington, in 1582, Sutton greatly added to his fortune, while acquiring a moiety of the Manor of Stoke Newington, the Manor House of which, near the church, he adopted as his country seat. Very naturally, this wealthy citizen was much sought after by the king and nobles; and at the time when honours were sold for a price, a baronetcy was offered to him, provided he would leave his vast estates to the Duke of York, afterwards Charles I.

This much displeased Sutton, and he wrote in terms of indignation to the Lord Chancellor and Treasurer, asking if he might be allowed to dispose of his own property with the freedom enjoyed by others of His Majesty's loyal subjects.

Having lost his wife, Sutton was evidently turned to charity by an appealing letter from Dr. (afterwards Bishop) Hall, for but a year later the harassed millionaire applied for, and obtained an Act of Parliament empowering him to erect the hospital at Hallingbury Bouchers, a de-



DINING HALL, OLD FOUNDATION, CHARTERHOUSE, LONDON.

sign which was not proceeded with, and on the 22nd of June, 1611, he procured letters patent and licence of mortmain, authorising him to found his hospital and free school at Charterhouse.

The chief point about Sutton's generosity is that while making good provision for the young, he did not forget the old; and his original endowment was for a master, preacher and head schoolmaster, a second master, forty-four boys, and eighty decayed gentlemen, known as Poor Brethren.

The poor brethren must not be under fifty years of age, and must have been householders; they must also be bachelors and members of the English Church. The boys, or scholars, are admitted between the ages of ten and fourteen; and both they and the Poor Brethren gain admission, less because of their poverty, than the influence they can command.

The noble benefactor is said to have been most warmly interested in the infant establishment, in so much that we find he undertook to fill the post of master himself in the first instance; but failing health compelled him to make way for the Rev. John Hutton, whom he nominated.

On the 1st November, 1611, he executed a deed of gift of his estates to the governors, in trust for the hos-

pital, and on the 28th of the same month he signed his last will in the presence of several witnesses, leaving numerous legacies, and scarcely omitting the remembrance of a single person, poor or rich, with whom he had been connected. Thomas Sutton died December 12th, 1611. His bowels were buried in Hackney Church, and his embalmed body was removed from his house, May 12th, 1612, in great pomp to Christ Church, Newgate Street. On the anniversary of his death in 1614, it was removed on the shoulders of the Poor Brethren, and finally found a resting-place in a vault on the north side of the chapel

at the Charterhouse, under a magnificent tomb erected to his memory, which still remains.

By letters patent of King James the management of the new foundation was vested in sixteen Governors and their successors; the original list being dated 1613; and well it was for the Institution that the guardians selected were men of will and power, for, shortly after Sutton's death, his nephew and heir-at-law commenced proceedings to set aside his uncle's grant. With this and other troubles that threatened Charterhouse, the Governors fought hard, and succeeded in maintaining the benevolent gift of the founder. Since this battle, the Corporation



DR. WILLIAM HAIG BROWN.

has peacefully performed its duties. The revenues, augmented as well by the gradual increase in the value of property, as by the donations and bequests of subsequent benefactors, now form an exceptionally large fund.

Prior to 1872 the foundation had lived together, but the present headmaster, Dr. William Haig Brown, considered that the school would much benefit if removed from

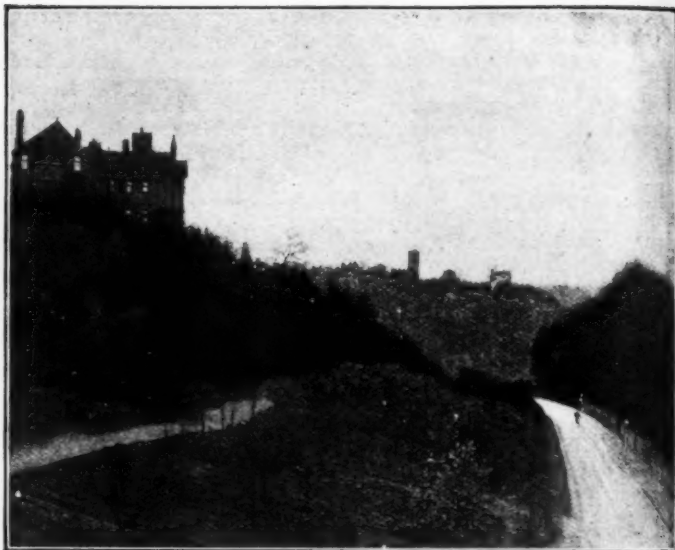
London to a more healthy position, and, working unceasingly, he obtained the support of the old Carthusians, and Charterhouse was divided. The old Merchant Taylors bought the ground occupied by the school for £93,000, a small portion of which, I am told, was sold a short time

ago for £70,000, thus proving that the Merchant Taylors made a good bargain; but about this school I shall say more in a subsequent issue.

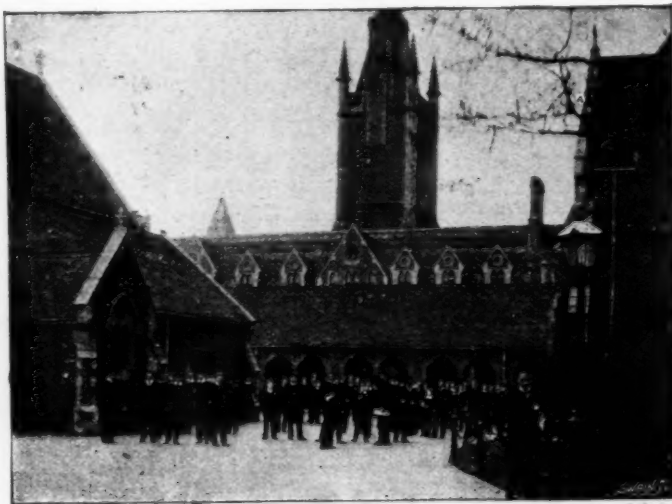
Dr. Haig Brown, of whom I am certain every Carthusian is proud, has done the best for the school, beyond doubt,

for a more delightful school could not be imagined than the new Charterhouse at Godalming; but there are many who much regret its removal or separation, and can only see in it the ruination of Charterhouse.

We can all understand that Dr. Haig Brown, a clever master, educated at Christ's Hospital, where associations are deeply rooted in the affections of those educated there, had well



VIEW FROM BRIDGE, LOOKING TOWARDS GODALMING TOWN.



LIBERTY HOUR.



AT WORK.

considered the pros and cons before he suggested the removal; and, though I am deeply affected at the disappearance of walls seasoned and mellowed by centuries, it cannot but be understood that London, during the past fifty years, has differed greatly from all preceding generations; and, so thickly has the City become populated that it is undoubtedly better for the young to be educated away from its midst.

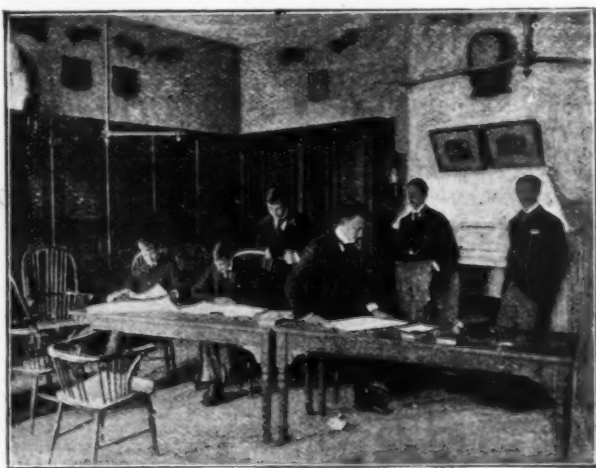
So dangerous was it becoming when in London that even old Carthusians saw the disadvantages drawing around the old school, and would not send their sons there; but since 1872 the number of boys has reached its limit—five hundred. In the old dining-room, given as one of our illustrations, the old Carthusians dine annually, and a right good annual re-union it proves; but it is very noticeable to the authorities of the old foundation that since the school has been at Godalming, with its increased number of pupils, the number of old boys attending the annual dinner has not increased, as they anticipated.

It may be interesting to many old Carthusians

to know that I was shown the old hall, or room, where the Gown Boys dined, computed to be upwards of five hundred years old. The old tables and the old forms still remain in it, but a little extra lumber has been stored here, rendering it impossible for our artist to obtain a picture, without a general removal.

In the dining-hall, as usual, the old Poor Brethren, now numbering sixty, dine each day.

Each brother has his own little room, with a most comfortable bed, but these they furnish themselves as they please; leading out of their little sitting room, is

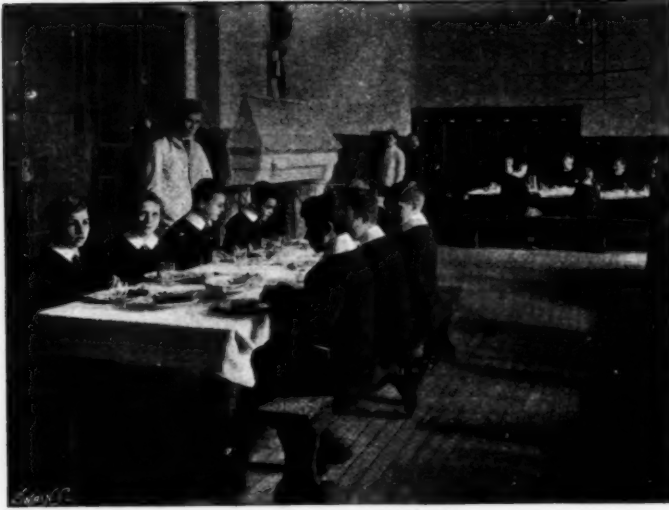


INTERIOR OF READING-ROOM.—"VERITES," ONE OF HOUSES AT SCHOOL.

their bath-room and pantry. Breakfast they prepare themselves, if possible, also their tea, and their allowance ranges to £36 per year. There is not the slightest restriction upon them, beyond that chapel must be attended once a day, either at 9 a.m. or 5 p.m., and that all must be home

here, and restorations there, which have no charm for the old pupils of Charterhouse, who, as they look upon the spot, can hardly realise it is where they spent so many happy days.

There were "green" upper and under cloisters, brick-built and grimy, with traditions of monks' cells, and a ghost-like smell; and even "Middle Briars" had an evil fame after dark, for a prior and five monks were supposed to have been buried there; "Big School" on "hill" with its large celled room, is no more. But here I must stop, for sentiment will not fill a school, and while many are bewailing the loss of the old school in London, others are rejoicing over the fine new one, and its beautiful surroundings.



DINNER (VERITÉS).

at 11 o'clock, unless leave is asked for an extension of time. Only those who have seen the old pensioners can imagine the extent of Sutton's munificent gift, and how carefully the trust has been carried out.

As the Carthusians visit the haunts of their youth, they must certainly say to themselves the glory has gone for ever, for there now stands the new buildings of the Merchant Taylors' School, with destructions



SCHOOL LIBRARY AT GODALMING.

Godalming itself, is one of the prettiest towns in Surrey, about five miles south of Guildford, and well-known to cyclists, who generally manage to pick out the most charming parts of the country. Being one of that fraternity myself, I soon made myself comfortable with my old friend, Mr. Taylor, proprietor of the "Angel Hotel," a place well-remembered by the Cycling Campers in the days of the Southern Counties Camp at Godalming. The "Angel" is always a homely hotel, and I am very pleased to say that the attachment between the men of the wheel and the "Angel," Godalming, together with the support from visitors to the Charterhouse School, has compelled Mr. Taylor to greatly enlarge his premises, which he has done, carrying out the old style of architecture of the main building. It was a delightful morning when I set out from the "Angel" to walk to the school, or rather to visit Charterhouse. Taking the turning to the old church, I walked about three parts of a mile towards the Hog's Back, when I reached the summit of the hill where the new buildings are situated. On the right, as you ascend the hill, you see large boarding-houses, some upwards of two hundred yards apart, while others are on the left, where is also the school, the roadway lying in a valley; the two hills communicate by way of a bridge, built with the school, from which is taken one of our

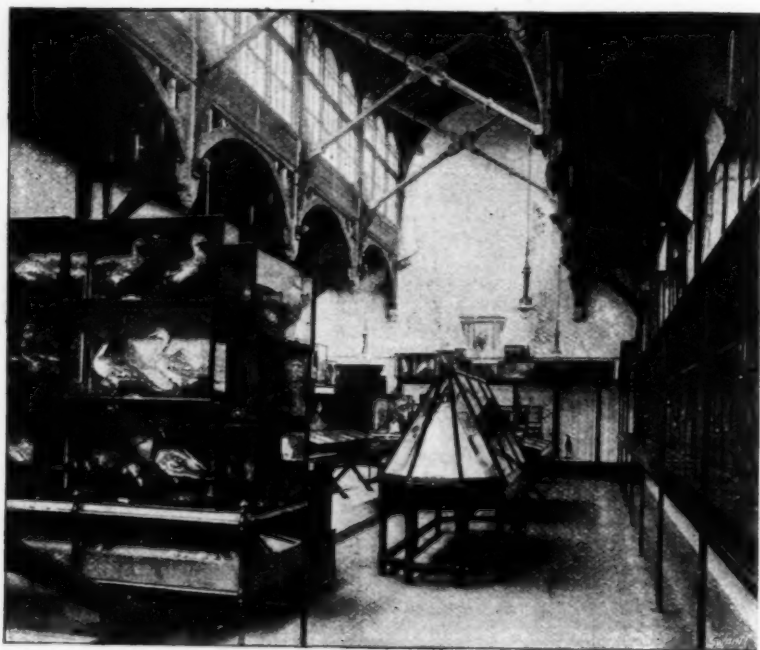


CORRIDOR LEADING TO FOUNDER'S SQUARE, WHERE OLD NAMES ARE PLACED.



TABLETS WITH NAMES OF OLD CHARTHUSIANS.

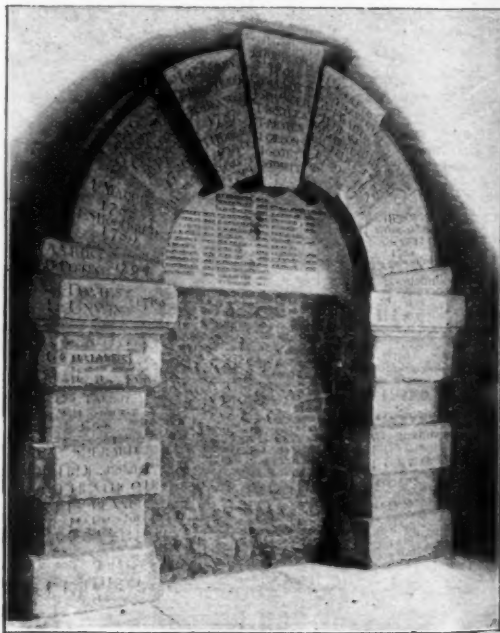
illustrations, looking towards Godalming. When once on the school green, there is a magnificent view all round you, such as Hind Head and the Hog's Back, Leith Hill and Box Hill, which must compare favourably with the view one gets in the City of London. Between these, in the valley of the Wey below, are the red roofs of the quaint but picturesque town of Godalming. I was certainly much taken with the size of the place; but one thing seemed to strike me that the front of the school was at the back; or the main front, that seen in our frontispiece, showing Founder's Tower, Founder's Square, Headmaster's house and chapel, faces that portion of the hill less frequented.



PART OF MUSEUM.

As soon as we glance round, although the buildings look so new, it is seen that the old associations of Charterhouse have been fostered as much as possible, and those at all practicable to remove have been taken to the new school and fixed there, many of the old stones bearing the names of old Carthusians have been built in the walls, in fact, the porch leading at the back of the chapel to Founder's Square, has been kept sacred to these relics, and we find there the old Gown Boys' gate erected in the wall, as it stood for centuries in the City of London. The buildings are a magnificent pile, and will be seen better from the illustrations than from any description I can give. The chapel interior is very pretty, and the great hall is very commanding, at the rear of which is the library, perhaps the most interesting portion of the whole school, together with the museum.

On great occasions the library and great hall are thrown open



GOWN BOYS' ARCH, REMOVED FROM LONDON TO THE NEW SCHOOL.

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into one great room, and it is then possible to accommodate a vast audience.

To attempt to give my readers an idea of the interesting collection of relics, both in the library and museum, would require much more space than I have now allotted to me for my scrambled observations on Charterhouse, but it must be said that Old Carthusians must be endeared to these buildings, as they abound with reminiscences of famous Old Boys, whose names will ever remain cherished in the hearts of all Carthusians. The library is exceptionally fine, with a most valuable selection of literature.

The museum is of later build, containing two fine rooms, of which we give one. It abounds with relics, amongst which are pen and ink sketches, and letters written when at Charterhouse, by John Leech, the well-known artist, and a tattered and torn suit of clothes, said to have been the last attire of the great explorer, David Livingstone. When I mention such names as Dr. Manners Sutton, the Earl of Liverpool, Prime Minister of England, Lord Ellenborough, William Makepeace Thackeray, the great novelist, etc. etc., it is at once seen that Charterhouse School boasts of a list of distinguished scholars that compares well with other schools. The following verses are taken from a work of the scholars, called the "Carthusian," in which the writer has cleverly contrived to embrace some of the most notable names:

"Health to all good Carthusians! may full many a one shine
In honour's list; all in 'the breast's happy sunshine!'

Still may BARROWS, STEELS, ADDISONS, BLACK-STONES *futuri*

From their ranks arise, *magna exempla daturi*,

Respicant an ELLENBOROUGH'S high legal station,

A LIVERPOOL guiding the helm of the nation;

A MANNERS, if e'er into Chancery they wish to come,

A SUTTON, of Canterbury, the *archi-episcopus*,

In yet looking back on our list of *primories*.

Be WESTMORELAND reckoned among the old Tories,

And, more recent inscribed on the roll of our fame,

Be WHARNCLIFFE'S high talent and unspotted name.

Next Cam's quondam professor of Greek, and *quis nescit*,

The Carthusian MONK did much more than profess it,

Then one in whose praise none among us will falter

soan,

The Judge, Lawyer, Scholar—our schoolfellow,

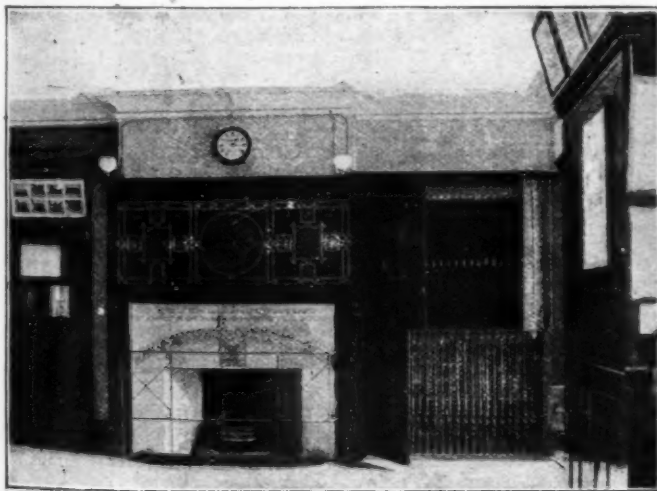
ALDERSON."

The boys live with the different masters, but three divisions bearing names that were well-known on the old foundation, live within the school buildings; these are "Saundersites," "Gown Boys," and "Verites."

The boys have evidently to get up very early, for each morning there is chapel at 7.30, after which comes early morning school for half an hour, followed by a more appreciable half-hour, called breakfast. In the summer months, breakfast is followed by school, from 9.30 to 12.30 with fifteen minutes recreation halfway, and from then to dinner, all make for the cricket nets. School occupies from three to five, after which comes "liberty" for one hour and a half.

In winter, between 12.30 and four o'clock is set aside for the playing-fields, when football is indulged in all over the numerous greens, and the school hours are made from four to six. Then comes tea, and as I write I fancy I see those merry-youngsters skipping over the bridge to the opposite side of the valley, bare-headed, winter or summer, after that welcome meal.

The evening is devoted to "Banco," well-known to Carthusians, but to my



INTERIOR OF ARMOURY.

readers I must define it in a modern school term, home-lessons, or preparing for next day's work.

The monitorial system still governs "banco," but, as a rule, I think there is a goodly feeling amongst the boys, therefore upon monitors or their duties I do not think it is necessary to make any comment. "Banco" is followed by prayers at nine, then comes supper and bed for the lower school, but the upper school are allowed to remain a little longer to digest their studies, or their suppers.

My visit to Charterhouse happened to be on the eve of Sports Day, so it may be guessed things were going on pretty lively both with the scholars and masters, together with several of the Old Carthusians. Sports Day is always a red-letter day in the annals of a public school, and the results are looked forward to with the greatest interest. The officials were busy preparing the ground, while others were displaying a beautiful lot of prizes

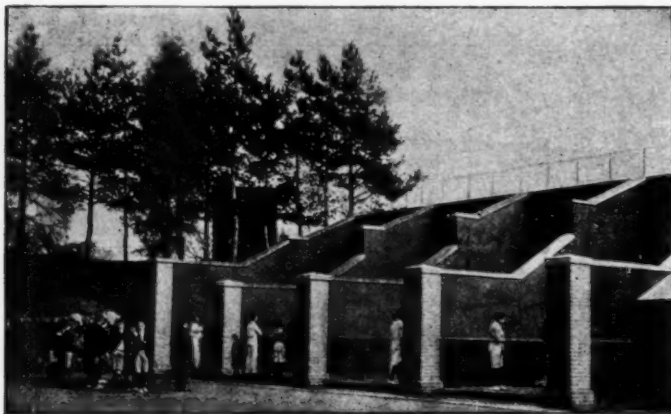
on the tables in the great hall to be ready on view ere the visitors arrived. I should hardly have anticipated that parents would have turned up in such force as they did on this occasion; but still, one can understand the feelings of some of the fathers who, having years ago contested similar events, were that day proudly and earnestly watching their sons make their boldest effort for honours on the school playing fields.

Races were arranged for all distances up to one mile, and a series of old English sports, in the shape of sack and obstacle races, caused much fun and amusement. The racing was very excellent, as were also the high jump and pole jump.

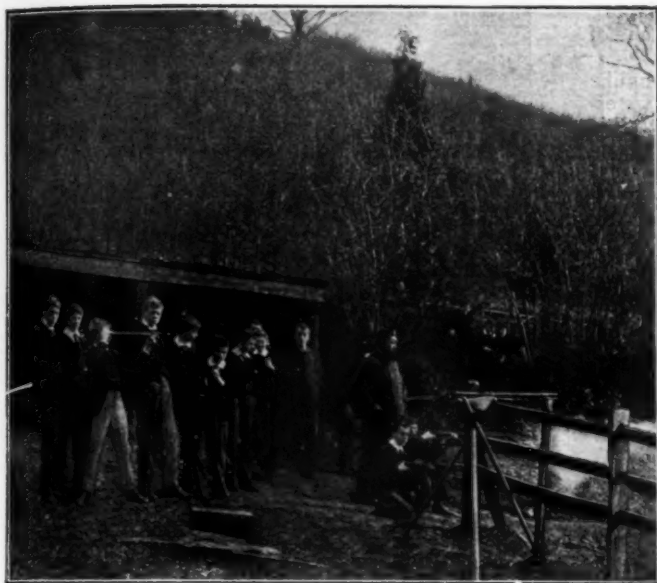
The group of prize-winners, with their prizes, show at once the encouragement offered at Charterhouse to the athletic element.



INTERIOR OF SCHOOL CHAPEL AT GODALMING.



FIVES COURTS.



CADETS' RIFLE PRACTICE.

From amongst these I must be excused if I single out Mr. Wreford-Brown, whose name is known as synonymous with grand athlete. As a footballer he has few equals, and as a cricketer he is a thorough all-round man, having done good service for his county, and, it will be remembered, obtained the premier position in the batting statistics of Lord Hawke's team that visited America.

Charterhouse possesses a very good cadet corps, of which all Carthusians are justly

Mrs. Haig Brown presented the prizes, addressing each recipient with kind words of congratulation, amidst the greatest enthusiasm from Carthusians and parents.

Football, of course, is the favourite winter pastime. The game at Charterhouse is played under the Association rules, and, to prove that the school turns out some of the finest exponents of the game only requires a glance at the long list of good players connected with the Old Carthusian Football Club, many of which have played for England, and the majority have represented one or other of the great universities



CLEARING THE HIGH JUMP.



SPORTS DAY AT CHARTERHOUSE.—A GOOD JUMP WITH THE POLE.

proud, and it was only last year they won the Ashburton Shield for the fourth time in succession at Bisleigh, and the trophy now occupies a most prominent position in the school library.

As will be seen from the illustrations, the racquet courts at the school are excellent, and occupy the spot from which the stone was excavated to build the school.

The court is said to be modelled

after that of "Princes," which is considered one of the best.

Charterhouse is unlike many others in not possessing a gymnasium, but this is certainly a minor matter, as the outdoor exercise in a delightful country must be preferable to any indoor pastime.

On half-holidays the boys are allowed to go and do pretty well where and what they desire, excepting that, beyond the railway arch, they must not go towards the town of Godalming.

Cricket is the summer game, and right good Elevens they can place in the field. On "Green" there is a splendid pavilion, of which many of our good cricket clubs would be proud to boast, and here many pleasant afternoons have been spent on the occasions of visits from rival schools, such as Winchester, Wellington, etc.

At the river the boys have their summer "ducker," and a fine swimming bath is provided at the school for the winter.

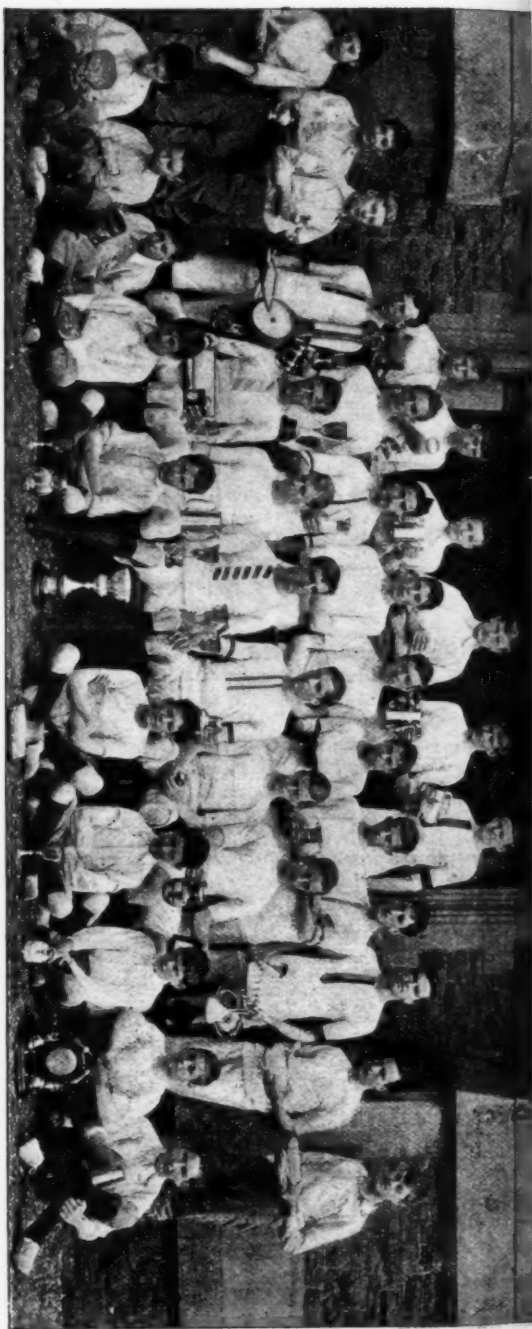
My visit ended just as the school were about to take their holidays, and I am pleased they have been favoured with such delightful weather.

W. C. SARGENT.

[Our illustrations are from a splendid series of photographs, taken specially for THE LUDGATE MONTHLY, by Mr. R. W. THOMAS, 121, Cheapside, London, from whom copies of the originals can be obtained.]

The following Schools have already appeared in THE LUDGATE MONTHLY: Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Winchester, Westminster, Christ's Hospital, Dulwich and St. Paul's, and back numbers can be obtained through all Booksellers or direct from the office of this magazine.

GROUP OF PRIZE-WINNERS, TAKEN AFTER THE ANNUAL SPORTS.



"My Chum."

A Story of the Diamond Fields.

By MURIEL LINDSAY.

"I WONDER you've never married, Uncle?"

"Do you, my boy, so have a good many people, I fancy;" and the speaker puffed meditatively at his pipe.

They were sitting, uncle and nephew, in a cosy smoking-room, enjoying an after-dinner smoke. It was comfortably, if quietly furnished, many landscapes, chiefly African scenery, hung on the walls, while heavy racks, filled with guns and whips, stood about.

The first speaker was a good-looking man of about five and twenty, with a frank, open face.

Very different was his uncle, Martin Frere. Hair almost white, though he was not yet fifty; a face bronzed by exposure to the sun, with lines that told of suffering and disappointment. His eyes were bright and shining, giving a youthful appearance to the otherwise old face.

Presently he got up, and taking a water-colour sketch from a portfolio, gave it to his nephew.

"That, when you have heard the story—and this—" pulling something out of his pocket-book, "will explain to you why I have never married."

That was the sketch of a wonderfully handsome man. The face, a little feminine in its delicate colouring and absence of hair on mouth and chin; but the mouth was firm yet sweet, and the eyes large and dark.

This was a curl of chestnut hair with a glint of gold running through it, fine and soft as spun silk.

The nephew looked enquiringly at his uncle, who replied sadly:

"That was Philip Darrel, my great chum, who was murdered at Kimberley."

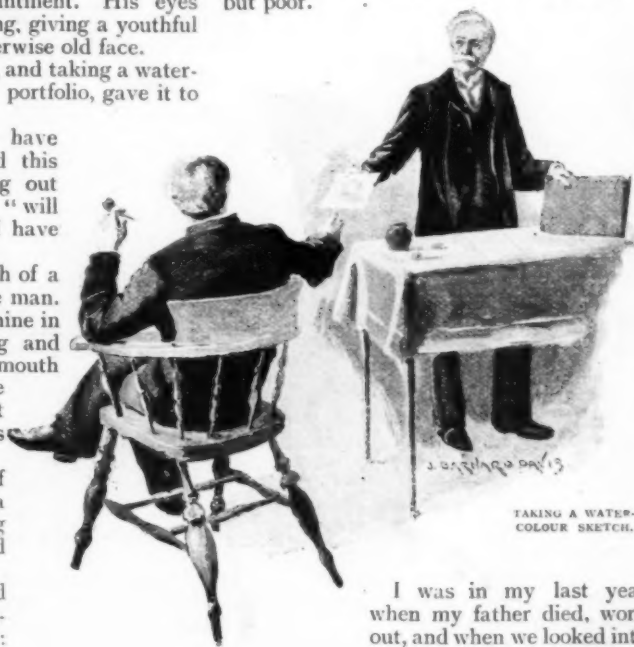
"It's not a long story, lad, and if you care to listen, I'll tell you what no other mortal knows except my mother."

There was silence for a few minutes, and the speaker, after gazing thoughtfully into the fire, began thus:

I was not always as rich as I am now; about five and twenty years ago, I was a medical student in London.

My father was a country doctor, a poor man, who did his best to give his sons a good education, and as I had a taste for medicine, he wished me to follow in his steps.

It was a hard struggle, for my mother was an invalid, and the district was large but poor.



TAKING A WATER-COLOUR SKETCH.

I was in my last year when my father died, worn out, and when we looked into

his affairs, it was found he was considerably in debt. He had insured his life for many thousands, the greater part of which was needed to pay his creditors, leaving barely enough to keep us from starving.

My staying on at College was out of the question, and it was just then that the rush for the diamond mines began, so I, with a youth's sanguineness, thought I had only to go to Kimberley and I should become a millionaire immediately.

Out of our scanty funds I purchased a modest "kit," and took my berth in an emigrant ship, along with other youths as hopeful as myself.

Arriving, I made straight for the camp, and, as ill luck would have it, being young and inexperienced, fell into the hands of a villain.

He took me in completely and, before I had been a month at the camp, I awoke to find myself ruined.

My luck was bad, everything I put my hands to turned out ill, and I was rapidly going to the devil when one stepped in between me and hell.

That one was Philip Darrel.

It was a Saturday night. I had been drinking and gambling heavily with the few coins I had been able to pick up, and, when I rose from the table, I had not a single penny in the world.

I was half mad, and reeled out of the camp, not caring or knowing what would become of me.

There was a small creek at the bottom of the hill that led to the saloon; there had been much rain, and it was full to overflowing.

I stumbled blindly down the hill, missed the bridge, and fell headlong into the water.

To a man in his ordinary senses it would not have been dangerous, but I struck my head against the woodwork, and became unconscious.

When I came to myself I was lying on

the bank, with someone bending over me. By the lantern's light I could see it was a man.

He said but little, helped me to my hut, and bound up my cut with the deftness and tenderness of a woman.

By the morning's light I saw he was a very handsome man, with deep blue, serious eyes.

He told me he was a new chum, just arrived last night, and had been trying to light his lantern when he heard a splash. He took the empty hut next to mine and



DRINKING AND GAMBLING.

we became firm friends."

His name was Philip Darrel. He was alone in the world; his only brother

had died a short time before—they came to Africa together—and, being strangers in a far country, we clung to one another.

With him my luck turned, and soon we became known as the Brothers Midas, only in our case it was diamonds, not gold.

I was able to help those at home and place them out of want or care.

Philip was clever and well read; others appreciated him as I did, and gradually the tone of the place rose; the men thought less of gambling and drinking.

His influence was good and he never abused or presumed upon it, but worked quietly and unostentatiously among them.

"That is the secret of success with others," he said: "never let them think that it is you who improve them; let them think it is by their own unaided efforts they rise. Never presume on your influence with people; you may go too far, and the result is disastrous alike to them and you."

Sometimes after, an unpleasant incident occurred. I caught the man who fleeced me, flogging a Kaffir.

Now, if there is one thing I hate, it is to see a strong man abusing a weaker, and this man Moore was a cruel bully, and delighted in torturing the wretched blacks.

I sprang upon him, wrenched the whip out of his hand, and gave him the soundest whipping a man ever had.

He was utterly cowed and made no resistance. 'Tis always the same with bullies, once subdued, their courage is gone; they are pitiful hounds.

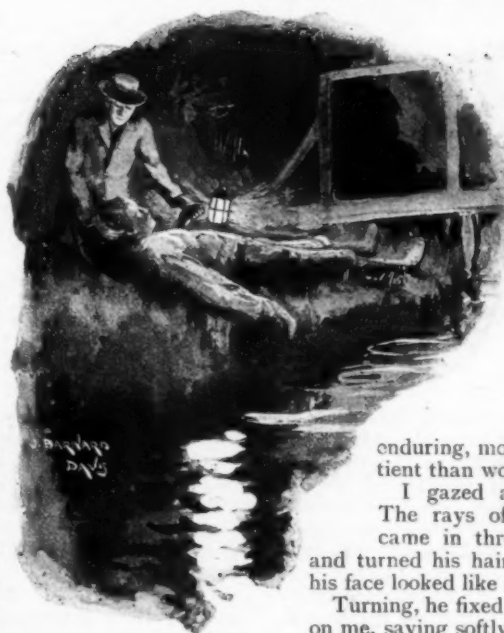
When I saw he had had enough, I flung him from me, and he lay grovelling and groaning. I turned, and was walking away when he rose and shrieked the vilest curses I ever heard, after me, and bade me look to myself, as he swore to be revenged.

I strode home, and told Philip what I had done. He approved, but looked grave when I told him of Moore's threat, and advised me to keep some weapon about me. Ah! little did I think then, the thrashing I gave Moore would cause Philip's death.

It was one evening, several months after this incident, that Philip and I sat talking in my hut.

Our conversation had taken a serious turn, love, being the theme—a curious subject for diamond seekers. Philip protested

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I WAS LYING ON THE BANK.

that the love of a woman passed that of a man.

"A woman," he said, "can love in secret, and the object of her affections may never know, while a man must make known his passion; he has rarely the strength to keep it hidden. It may be stronger, more passionate, but I doubt if it is more

enduring, more faithful and patient than woman's."

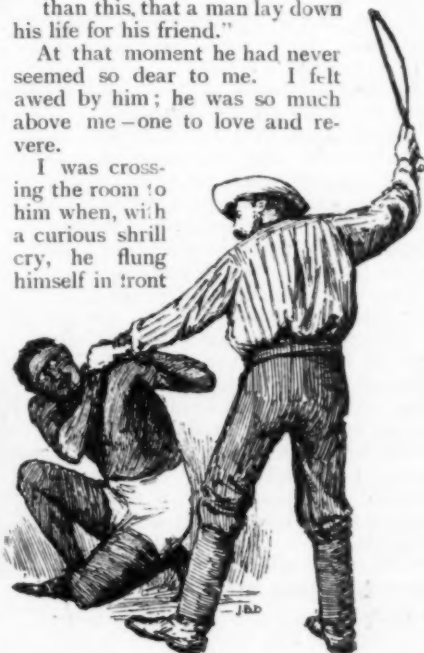
I gazed at him in silence. The rays of the setting sun came in through the doorway and turned his hair to living gold, till his face looked like some saint's.

Turning, he fixed his wonderful eyes on me, saying softly:

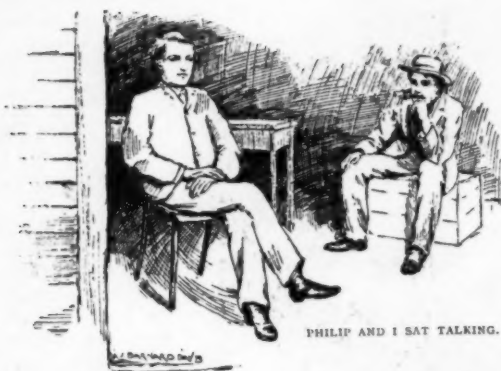
"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

At that moment he had never seemed so dear to me. I felt awed by him; he was so much above me—one to love and revere.

I was crossing the room to him when, with a curious shrill cry, he flung himself in front



FLOGGING A KAFFIR.



PHILIP AND I SAT TALKING.

of me, and at the same time there came a report and I saw him lying at my feet.

Alarmed by the shot, the miners came flocking out of their huts; and seeing Philip, as they thought, dead, they, with one consent, made for Moore—it was he—who flew for his life; and in a few moments he was hanging to the nearest tree.

I bent over Philip—he was unconscious. My medical knowledge told me his wound was mortal, and I opened his shirt to staunch the bleeding.

As long as I live I shall never forget that moment.

Before me lay a woman!

Philip Darrel was no more, and in his place was Philippa, my love.

I understood then her conversation of that afternoon—she had spoken of herself; and I was to lose her, cut off in the flower of her gracious womanhood and beauty.

She slowly recovered consciousness. I suppose my face must have told her I knew, for she looked at me half defiantly.

I bent and kissed her forehead and the look faded from her face.

"It was all true," she gasped painfully, growing faint with the effort of speaking. "My brother died, and I saw no harm. I am like him and am tall for a woman, and knew I should be safer so than in my own dress. I am Philippa!"

There was silence for a few minutes; my heart was too full to speak.

"Do not—despise me," she murmured, lifting her heavy eyes to mine.

"Despise you," I cried brokenly. "Oh, Philippa, my poor darling, I love you!"

A glad, radiant light broke over her face.

"You love me," she said wistfully; "I am happy," and, half rising, flung her arms round me, and kissed and held me close.

Then her arms relaxed and she fell back dead.

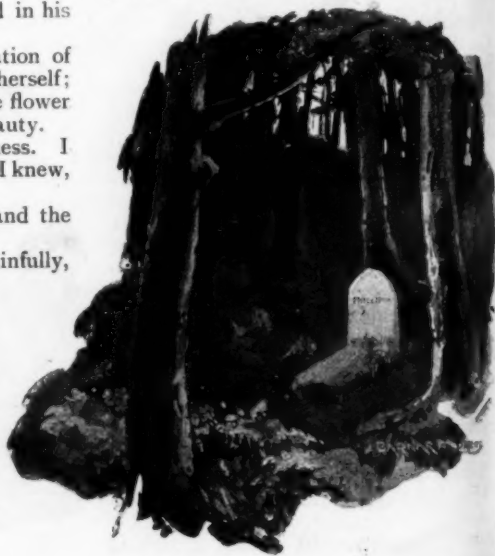
We buried her in a little forest some distance off under sweet-scented pines. A white stone, with "Philippa," marks where she lies. I kept her secret; none knew that she was not what she

represented herself to be.

After this, the place became hateful to me, and the news coming that an old relative had died intestate and I was wanted as next of kin hastened me home. Philippa had left all her money to me, and this and the new fortune made me rich for life.

But of what good was it to me now? The only thing I coveted was lost to me, and riches could not take its place.

The two men shook hands silently, for it was a time when words' are superfluous and silence best.



The Experiences of Loveday Brooke, Lady Detective.

By C. L. PIRKIS, Author of "Lady Lovelace," &c. &c.

DRAWN DAGGERS.

"I ADMIT that the dagger business is something of a puzzle to me, but as for the lost necklace—well, I should have thought a child would have understood that," said Mr. Dyer irritably. "When a young lady loses a valuable article of jewellery and wishes to hush the matter up, the explanation is obvious." "Sometimes," answered Miss Brooke calmly, "the explanation that is obvious is the one to be rejected, not accepted."

Off and on these two had been, so to speak, "jangling" a good deal that morning. Perhaps the fact was in part to be attributed to the biting east wind which had set Loveday's eyes watering with the gritty dust, as she had made her way to Lynch Court, and which was, at the present moment, sending the smoke, in aggravating gusts, down the chimney into Mr. Dyer's face. Thus it was, however. On the various topics that had chanced to come up for discussion that morning between Mr. Dyer and his colleague, they had each taken up, as if by design, diametrically opposite points of view.

His temper altogether gave way now.

"If," he said, bringing his hand down with emphasis on his writing-table, "you lay it down as a principle that the obvious is to be rejected in favour of the abstruse, you'll soon find yourself launched in the predicament of having to prove that two apples added to two other apples do not make four. But there, if you don't choose to see things from my point of view, that is no reason why you should lose your temper!"

"Mr. Hawke wishes to see you, sir," said a clerk, at that moment entering the room.

It was a fortunate diversion. Whatever

might be the differences of opinion in which these two might indulge in private, they were careful never to parade those differences before their clients.

Mr. Dyer's irritability vanished in a moment.

"Show the gentleman in," he said to the clerk. Then he turned to Loveday. "This is the Rev. Anthony Hawke, the gentleman at whose house I told you that Miss Monroe is staying temporarily. He is a clergyman of the Church of England, but gave up his living some twenty years ago when he married a wealthy lady. Miss Monroe has been sent over to his guardianship from Peking by her father, Sir George Monroe, in order to get her out of the way of a troublesome and undesirable suitor."

The last sentence was added in a low and hurried tone, for Mr. Hawke was at that moment entering the room.

He was a man close upon sixty years of age, white-haired, clean shaven, with a full, round face, to which a small nose imparted a somewhat infantine expression. His manner of greeting was urbane but slightly flurried and nervous. He gave Loveday the impression of being an easy-going, happy-tempered man who, for the moment, was unusually disturbed and perplexed.

He glanced uneasily at Loveday. Mr. Dyer hastened to explain that this was the lady by whose aid he hoped to get to the bottom of the matter now under consideration.

"In that case there can be no objection to my showing you this," said Mr. Hawke; "it came by post this morning. You see my enemy still pursues me."

As he spoke he took from his pocket a

big, square envelope, from which he drew a large-sized sheet of paper.

On this sheet of paper were roughly drawn, in ink, two daggers, about six inches in length, with remarkably pointed blades.

Mr. Dyer looked at the sketch with interest.

"We will compare this drawing and its envelope with those you previously received," he said, opening a drawer of his writing-table and taking thence a precisely similar envelope. On the sheet of paper, however, that this envelope enclosed, there was drawn one dagger only.

He placed both envelopes and their enclosures side by side, and in silence compared them. Then, without a word, he handed them to Miss Brooke, who, taking a glass from her pocket, subjected them to a similar careful and minute scrutiny.

Both envelopes were of precisely the same make, and were each addressed to Mr. Hawke's London address in a round, school-boyish, copy-book sort of hand—the hand so easy to write and so difficult to bring home to any writer on account of its want of individuality. Each envelope likewise bore a Cork and a London postmark.

The sheet of paper, however, that the first envelope enclosed bore the sketch of one dagger only.

Loveday laid down her glass.

"The envelopes," she said, "have, undoubtedly, been addressed by the same person, but these last two daggers have not been drawn by the hand that drew the first. Dagger number one was, evidently, drawn by a timid, uncertain and in-artistic hand—see how the lines wave and how they have been patched here and there. The

person who drew the other daggers, I should say, could do better work: the outline, though rugged, is bold and free. I should like to take these sketches home with me and compare them again at my leisure."

"Ah, I felt sure what your opinion would be!" said Mr. Dyer complacently.

Mr. Hawke seemed much disturbed.

"Good gracious!" he ejaculated; "you don't mean to say I have two enemies pursuing me in this fashion! What does it mean? Can it be—is it possible, do you think, that these things have been sent to me by the members of some Secret Society in Ireland—under error, of course—mistaking me for someone else? They can't be meant for me; I have never, in my whole life, been mixed up with any political agitation of any sort."

Mr. Dyer shook his head. "Members of secret societies generally make pretty sure of their ground before they send out missives of this kind," he said. "I have never heard of such an error being made. I think, too, we mustn't build any theories on the Irish post-mark: the letters may

have been posted in Cork for the whole and sole purpose of drawing off attention from some other quarter."

"Will you mind telling me a little about the loss of the necklace?" here said Loveday, bringing the conversation suddenly round from the daggers to the diamonds.

"I think," interposed Mr. Dyer, turning towards her, "that the episode of the drawn daggers—drawn in a double sense—should be treated entirely on its own merits, considered as a thing apart from the loss of the necklace. I am inclined to believe that when we have gone a little further into



HAD BEEN JANGLING A GOOD DEAL.

the matter we shall find that each circumstance belongs to a different group of facts. After all, it is possible that these daggers may have been sent by way of a joke—a rather foolish one, I admit—by some harum-scarum fellow bent on causing a sensation."

Mr. Hawke's face brightened. "Ah! now, do you think so—really think so?" he ejaculated. "It would lift such a load from my mind if you could bring the thing home, in this way, to some practical joker. There are a lot of such fellows knocking about the world. Why, now I come to think of it, my nephew, Jack, who is a good deal with us just now, and is not quite so steady a fellow as I should like him to be, must have a good many such scamps among his acquaintances."

"A good many such scamps among his acquaintances," echoed Loveday; "that certainly gives plausibility to Mr. Dyer's supposition. At the same time, I think we are bound to look at the other side of the case, and admit the possibility of these daggers being sent in right-down sober earnest by persons concerned in the robbery, with the intention of intimidating you and preventing full investigation of the matter. If this be so, it will not signify which thread we take up and follow. If we find the sender of the daggers we are safe to come upon the thief; or, if we follow up and find the thief, the sender of the daggers will not be far off."

Mr. Hawke's face fell once more.

"It's an uncomfortable position to be in," he said slowly. "I suppose, whoever they are, they will do the regulation thing, and next time will send an instalment of three daggers, in which case I may consider myself a doomed man. It did not occur to me before, but I remember now that I did not receive the first dagger until after I had spoken very strongly to Mrs. Hawke, before the servants, about my wish to set the police to work. I told her I felt bound, in honour to Sir George, to do so, as the necklace had been lost under my roof."

"Did Mrs. Hawke object to your calling



"I HOPE YOU UNDERSTAND"

in the aid of the police?" asked Loveday.

"Yes, most strongly. She entirely supported Miss Monroe in her wish to take no steps in the matter. Indeed, I should not have come round as I did last night to Mr. Dyer, if my wife had not been suddenly summoned from home by the serious illness of her sister. At least," he corrected himself with a little attempt at self-assertion, "my coming to him might have been a little delayed. I hope you understand, Mr. Dyer; I do not mean to imply that I am not master in my own house."

"Oh, quite so, quite so," responded Mr. Dyer. "Did Mrs. Hawke or Miss Monroe give any reasons for not wishing you to move in the matter?"

"All told, I should think they gave about a hundred reasons—I can't remember them all. For one thing, Miss Monroe said it might necessitate her appearing in the police courts, a thing she would not consent to do; and

she certainly did not consider the necklace was worth the fuss I was making over it. And that necklace, sir, has been valued at over nine hundred pounds, and has come down to the young lady from her mother."

"And Mrs. Hawke?"

"Mrs. Hawke supported Miss Monroe in her views in her presence. But privately to me afterwards, she gave other reasons for not wishing the police called in. Girls, she said, were always careless with their jewellery, she might have lost the necklace in Pekin, and never have brought it to England at all."

"Quite so," said Mr. Dyer. "I think I understood you to say that no one had seen the necklace since Miss Monroe's arrival in England. Also, I believe it was she who first discovered it to be missing?"

"Yes. Sir George, when he wrote apprising me of his daughter's visit, added a postscript to his letter, saying that his daughter was bringing her necklace with her and that he would feel greatly obliged if I would have it deposited with as little delay as possible at my bankers', where it could be easily got at if required. I spoke to Miss Monroe about doing this two or three times, but she did not seem at all in-

clined to comply with her father's wishes. Then my wife took the matter in hand—Mrs. Hawke, I must tell you, has a very firm, resolute manner—she told Miss Monroe plainly that she would not have the responsibility of those diamonds in the house, and insisted that there and then they should be sent off to the bankers. Upon this Miss Monroe went up to her room, and presently returned, saying that her necklace had disappeared. She herself, she said, had placed it in her jewel-case and the jewel-case in her wardrobe, when her boxes were unpacked. The



"SHE CAME IN 'THE COLOMBO,' ACCOMPANIED BY HER MAID."

jewel-case was in the wardrobe right enough, and no other article of jewellery appeared to have been disturbed, but the little padded niche in which the necklace had been deposited was empty. My wife and her maid went upstairs immediately, and searched every corner of the room, but, I'm sorry to say, without any result."

"Miss Monroe, I suppose, has her own maid?"

"No, she has not. The maid—an elderly native woman—who left Pekin with her, suffered so terribly from seasickness that, when they reached Malta,

Miss Monroe allowed her to land and remain there in charge of an agent of the P. and O. Company till an outward bound packet could take her back to China. It seems the poor woman thought she was going to die, and was in a terrible state of mind because she hadn't brought her coffin with her. I dare say you know the terror these Chinese have of being buried in foreign soil. After her departure, Miss Monroe engaged one of the steerage passengers to act as her maid for the remainder of the voyage."

"Did Miss Monroe make the long journey from Pekin accompanied only by this native woman?"

"No; friends escorted her to Hong Kong—by far the roughest part of the journey. From Hong Kong she came on in *The Colombo*, accompanied only by her maid. I wrote and told her father I would meet her at the docks in London; the young lady, however, preferred landing at Plymouth, and telegraphed to me from there that she was coming on by rail to Waterloo, where, if I liked, I might meet her."

"She seems to be a young lady of independent habits. Was she brought up and educated in China?"

"Yes; by a succession of French and American governesses. After her mother's death, when she was little more than a baby, Sir George could not make up his mind to part with her, as she was his only child."

"I suppose you and Sir George Monroe are old friends?"

"Yes; he and I were great chums before he went out to China—now about twenty years ago—and it was only natural, when he wished to get his daughter out of the way of young Danvers's impertinent attentions, that he should ask me to take charge of her till he could claim his retiring pension and set up his tent in England."

"What was the chief objection to Mr. Danvers's attentions?"

"Well, he is only a boy of one-and-twenty, and has no money into the bar-

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gain. He has been sent out to Pekin by his father to study the language, in order to qualify for a billet in the customs, and it may be a dozen years before he is in a position to keep a wife. Now, Miss Monroe is an heiress—will come into her mother's large fortune when she is of age—and Sir George, naturally, would like her to make a good match."

"I suppose Miss Monroe came to England very reluctantly?"

"I imagine so. No doubt it was a great wrench for her to leave her home and friends in that sudden fashion and come to us, who are, one and all, utter strangers to her. She is very quiet, very shy and reserved. She goes nowhere, sees no one. When some old China friends of her father's called to see her the other day, she immediately found she had a headache and went to bed. I think, on the whole, she gets on better with my nephew than with anyone else."

"Will you kindly tell me of how many persons your household consists at the present moment?"

"At the present moment we are one more than usual, for my nephew, Jack, is home with his regiment from India, and is staying with us. As a rule, my household consists of my wife and myself, butler, cook, housemaid and my wife's maid, who just now is doing double duty as Miss Monroe's maid also."

Mr. Dyer looked at his watch.

"I have an important engagement in ten minutes' time," he said, "so I must leave you and Miss Brooke to arrange details as to how and when she is to begin her work inside your house, for, of course, in a case of this sort we must, in the first instance at any rate, concentrate attention within your four walls."

"The less delay the better," said Loveday. "I should like to attack the mystery at once—this afternoon."

Mr. Hawke thought for a moment.

"According to present arrangements," he said, with a little hesitation, "Mrs. Hawke will return next Friday, that is the day after to-morrow, so I can only ask you to remain in the house till the morning of that day. I'm sure you will understand that there might be some—some little awkwardness in —"

"Oh, quite so," interrupted Loveday. "I don't see at present that there will be any necessity for me to sleep in the house at all. How would it be for me to assume the part of a lady house decorator in the employment of a West-end firm, and sent by them to survey your house and advise upon its re-decoration? All I should have to do, would be to walk about your rooms with my head on one side, and a pencil and note-book in my hand. I should interfere with no one, your family life would go on as usual, and I could make my work as short or as long as necessity might dictate."

Mr. Hawke had no objection to offer to



"CUT THE CARDS AGAIN, PLEASE."

this. He had, however, a request to make as he rose to depart, and he made it a little nervously.

"If," he said, "by any chance there should come a telegram from Mrs. Hawke, saying she will return by an earlier train, I suppose—I hope, that is, you will make some excuse, and—and not get me into hot water, I mean."

To this, Loveday answered a little evasively that she trusted no such telegram would be forthcoming, but that, in any case, he might rely upon her discretion.

Four o'clock was striking from a neighbouring church clock as Loveday lifted the old-fashioned brass knocker of Mr. Hawke's house in Tavistock Square. An elderly butler admitted her and showed her into the drawing-room on the first floor. A single glance round showed Loveday that if her rôle had been real instead of assumed, she would have found plenty of scope for her talents. Although the house was in all respects comfortably furnished, it bore unmistakably the impress of those early Victorian days when æsthetic surroundings were not deemed a necessity of existence; an impress which people past middle age, and growing increasingly indifferent to the accessories of life, are frequently careless to remove.

"Young life here is evidently an excrescence, not part of the home; a troop of daughters turned into this room would speedily set going a different condition of things," thought Loveday, taking stock of the faded white and gold wall paper, the chairs covered with lilies and roses in cross-stitch, and the knick-knacks of a past generation that were scattered about on tables and mantelpiece.

A yellow damask curtain, half-festooned, divided the back drawing-room from the front in which she was seated. From the other side of this curtain there came to her

the sound of voices—those of a man and a girl.

"Cut the cards again, please," said the man's voice. "Thank you. There you are again—the queen of hearts, surrounded with diamonds, and turning her back on a knave. Miss Monroe, you can't do better than make that fortune come true. Turn your back on the man who let you go without a word and —"

"Hush!" interrupted the girl with a little laugh; "I heard the next room door open—I'm sure someone came in."

The girl's laugh seemed to Loveday utterly destitute of that echo of heart-ache that in the circumstances might have been expected.

At this moment Mr. Hawke entered the room, and almost simultaneously the two young people came from the other side of the yellow curtain and crossed towards the door.

Loveday took a survey of them as they passed.

The young man—evidently "my nephew, Jack"—was a good-looking young fellow, with dark eyes and hair. The girl was small, slight and fair. She was perceptibly less at home with Jack's uncle than she was with Jack, for her manner changed and grew formal and reserved as she came face to face with him.

"We're going downstairs to have a

game of billiards," said Jack, addressing Mr. Hawke, and throwing a look of curiosity at Loveday.

"Jack," said the old gentleman, "what would you say if I told you I was going to have the house re-decorated from top to bottom, and that this lady had come to advise on the matter?"

This was the nearest (and most Anglicised) approach to a fabrication that Mr. Hawke would allow to pass his lips.

"Well," answered Jack promptly, "I should say, 'not before its time.' That would cover a good deal."



LOVEDAY TOOK A SURVEY OF THEM AS THEY PASSED.

Then the two young people departed in company.

Loveday went straight to her work.

"I'll begin my surveying at the top of the house, and at once, if you please," she said. "Will you kindly tell one of your maids to show me through the bed-rooms? If it is possible, let that maid be the one who waits on Miss Monroe and Mrs. Hawke."

The maid who responded to Mr. Hawke's summons was in perfect harmony with the general appearance of the house. In addition, however, to being elderly and faded, she was also remarkably sour-visaged, and carried herself as if she thought that Mr. Hawke had taken a great liberty in thus commanding her attendance.

In dignified silence she showed Loveday over the topmost story, where the servants' bed-rooms were situated, and with a somewhat supercilious expression of countenance, watched her making various entries in her note-book.

In dignified silence, also, she led the way down to the second floor, where were the principal bed-rooms of the house.

"This is Miss Monroe's room," she said, as she threw back a door of one of these rooms, and then shut her lips with a snap, as if they were never going to open again.

The room that Loveday entered was, like the rest of the house, furnished in the style that prevailed in the early Victorian period. The bedstead was elaborately curtained with pink lined upholstery; the toilet-table was befrilled with muslin and tarlatan out of all likeness to a table. The one point, however, that chiefly attracted Loveday's attention was the extreme neatness that prevailed throughout the apartment—a neatness, however, that was

carried out with so strict an eye to comfort and convenience that it seemed to proclaim the hand of a first-class maid. Everything in the room was, so to speak, squared to the quarter of an inch, and yet everything that a lady could require in dressing lay ready to hand. The dressing-gown lying on the back of a chair had footstool and slippers beside it. A chair stood in front of the toilet table, and on a small Japanese table to the right of the chair were placed hair-pin box, comb and brush, and hand mirror.

"This room will want money spent upon it," said Loveday, letting her eyes roam critically in all directions. "Nothing but Moorish wood-work will take off the squareness of those corners. But what a maid Miss Monroe must have. I never before saw a room so orderly and, at the same time, so comfortable."

This was so direct an appeal to conversation that the sour-visaged maid felt compelled to open her lips.

"I wait on Miss Monroe, for the present," she said snappishly; "but, to speak the truth, she scarcely requires a maid. I never before in my life had dealings with such a young lady."

"She does so much for herself, you mean—declines much assistance."

"She's like no one else I ever had to do with." (This was said even more snappishly than before.) "She not only won't be helped in dressing, but she arranges her room every day before leaving it, even to placing the chair in front of the looking glass."

"And to opening the lid of the hair-pin box, so that she may have the pins ready to her hand," added Loveday, for a moment bend-



"I NEVER SAW A ROOM SO ORDERLY."

ing over the Japanese table, with its toilet accessories.

Another five minutes were all that Loveday accorded to the inspection of this room. Then, a little to the surprise of the dignified maid, she announced her intention of completing her survey of the bed-rooms some other time, and dismissed her at the drawing-room door, to tell Mr. Hawke that she wished to see him before leaving.

Mr. Hawke, looking much disturbed and with a telegram in his hand, quickly made his appearance.

"From my wife, to say she'll be back to-night. She'll be at Waterloo in about half an hour from now," he said, holding up the brown envelope. "Now, Miss Brooke, what are we to do? I told you how much Mrs. Hawke objected to the investigation of this matter, and she is very—well—firm when she once says a thing, and—and——"

"Set your mind at rest," interrupted Loveday; "I have done all I wished to do within your walls, and the remainder of my investigation can be carried on just as well at Lynch Court or at my own private rooms."

"Done all you wished to do!" echoed Mr. Hawke in amazement; "why, you've not been an hour in the house, and do you mean to tell me you've found out anything about the necklace or the daggers?"

"Don't ask me any questions just yet; I want you to answer one or two instead. Now, can you tell me anything about any letters Miss Monroe may have written or received since she has been in your house?"

"Yes, certainly. Sir George wrote to me very strongly about her correspondence, and begged me to keep a sharp eye on it, so as to nip in the bud any attempt to communicate with Danvers. So far, however, she does not appear to have made any such attempt. She is frankness itself over her correspondence. Every letter that has come addressed to her, she has shown either to me or to my wife, and they have one and all been letters from old

friends of her father's, wishing to make her acquaintance now that she is in England. With regard to letter-writing, I am sorry to say she has a marked and most peculiar objection to it. Every one of the letters she has received, my wife tells me, remain unanswered still. She has never once been seen, since she came to the house, with

a pen in her hand. And if she wrote on the sly, I don't know how she would get her letters posted—she never goes outside the door by herself, and she would have no opportunity of giving them to any of the servants to post except Mrs. Hawke's maid, and she is beyond suspicion in such a matter. She has been well cautioned, and, in addition, is not the sort of person who would assist a young lady in carrying on a clandestine correspondence."

"I should imagine not! I suppose Miss Monroe has been present at the breakfast table each time that you have received your daggers through the post—you told me, I think, that they had come by the first post in the morning?"

"Yes; Miss Monroe is very punctual at meals, and has been present each time.

Naturally, when I received such unpleasant missives, I made some sort of exclamation and then handed the thing round the table for inspection, and Miss Monroe was very much concerned to know who my secret enemy could be."

"No doubt. Now, Mr. Hawke, I have a very special request to make to you, and I hope you will be most exact in carrying it out."

"You may rely upon my doing so to the very letter."

"Thank you. If, then, you should receive by post to-morrow morning one of those big envelopes you already know the look of, and find that it contains a sketch of three, not two, drawn daggers——"

"Good gracious! what makes you think such a thing likely?" exclaimed Mr. Hawke, greatly disturbed. "Why am I to be persecuted in this way? Am I to take it for granted that I am a doomed man?"



IN A STATE OF GREAT EXCITEMENT.

He began to pace the room in a state of great excitement.

"I don't think I would if I were you," answered Loveday calmly. "Pray let me finish. I want you to open the big envelope that may come to you by post to-morrow morning just as you have opened the others—in full view of your family at the breakfast-table—and to hand round the sketch it may contain for inspection to your wife, your nephew and to Miss Monroe. Now, will you promise me to do this?"

"Oh, certainly; I should most likely have done so without any promising. But—but—I'm sure you'll understand that I feel myself to be in a peculiarly uncomfortable position, and I shall feel so very much obliged to you if you'll tell me—that is if you'll enter a little more fully into an explanation."

Loveday looked at her watch. "I should think Mrs. Hawke would be just at this moment arriving at Waterloo; I'm sure you'll be glad to see the last of me. Please come to me at my rooms in Gower Street to-morrow at twelve—here is my card. I shall then be able to enter into fuller explanations I hope. Good-bye."

The old gentleman showed her politely downstairs, and, as he shook hands with her at the front door, again asked, in a most emphatic manner, if she did not consider him to be placed in a "peculiarly unpleasant position."

Those last words at parting were to be the first with which he greeted her on the following morning when he presented himself at her rooms in Gower Street. They were, however, repeated in considerably more agitated a manner.

"Was there ever a man in a more miserable position!" he exclaimed, as he took the chair that Loveday indicated. "I not only received the three daggers for which you prepared me, but I got an additional worry, for which I was totally unprepared. This morning, immediately after breakfast, Miss Monroe walked out of the house all by herself, and no one knows where she has gone. And the girl has never before been outside the door alone. It seems the servants saw her go out, but did not think it necessary to tell either me or Mrs. Hawke, feeling sure we must have been aware of the fact."

"So Mrs. Hawke has returned," said Loveday. "Well, I suppose you will be greatly surprised if I inform you that the young lady, who has so unceremoniously

left your house, is at the present moment to be found at the Charing Cross Hotel, where she has engaged a private room in her real name of Miss Mary O'Grady."

"Eh! What! Private room! Real name O'Grady! I'm all bewildered!"

"It is a little bewildering; let me explain. The young lady whom you received into your house as the daughter of your old friend, was in reality the person engaged by Miss Monroe to fulfil the duties of her maid on board ship, after her native attendant had been landed at Malta. Her real name, as I have told you, is Mary O'Grady, and she has proved herself a valuable coadjutor to Miss Monroe in assisting her to carry out a programme, which she must have arranged with her lover, Mr. Danvers, before she left Pekin."

"Eh! what!" again ejaculated Mr. Hawke; "how do you know all this? Tell me the whole story."

"I will tell you the whole story first, and then explain to you how I came to know it. From what has followed, it seems to me that Miss Monroe must have arranged with Mr. Danvers that he was to leave Pekin within ten days of her so doing, travel by the route by which she came, and land at Plymouth, where he was to receive a note from her, apprising him of her whereabouts. So soon as she was on board ship, Miss Monroe appears to have set her wits to work with great energy; every obstacle to the carrying-out of her programme she appears to have met and conquered. Step number one was to get rid of her native maid, who, perhaps, might have been faithful to her master's interests and have proved troublesome. I have no doubt the poor woman suffered terribly from sea-sickness, as it was her first voyage, and I have equally no doubt that Miss Monroe worked on her fears, and persuaded her to land at Malta, and return to China by the next packet. Step number two was to find a suitable person, who, for a consideration, would be willing to play the part of the Pekin heiress among the heiress's friends in England, while the young lady herself arranged her private affairs to her own liking. That person was quickly found among the steerage passengers of the *Colombo* in Miss Mary O'Grady, who had come on board with her mother at Ceylon, and who, from the glimpse I had of her, must, I should conjecture, have been absent many years from the land of her birth.

You know how cleverly this young lady has played her part in your house—how, without attracting attention to the matter, she has shunned the society of her father's old Chinese friends, who might be likely to involve her in embarrassing conversations; how she has avoided the use of pen and ink lest —”

“Yes, yes,” interrupted Mr. Hawke; “but, my dear Miss Brooke, wouldn't it be as well for you and me to go at once to the Charing Cross Hotel, and get all the information we can out of her respecting Miss Monroe and her movements—she may be bolting, you know?”

“I do not think she will. She is waiting there patiently for an answer to a telegram she despatched more than two hours ago to her mother, Mrs. O'Grady, at 14, Woburn Place, Cork.”

Dear me! dear me! How is it possible for you to know all this.”

“Oh, that last little fact was simply a matter of astuteness on the part of the man whom I have deputed to watch the young lady's movements to-day. Other details, I assure you, in this some what intricate case, have been infinitely more difficult to get at. I think I have to thank those ‘drawn daggers,’ that caused you so much consternation, for having, in the first instance, put me on the right track.”

“Ah—h,” said Mr. Hawke, drawing a long breath; “now we come to the daggers! I feel sure you are going to set my mind at rest on that score.”

“I hope so. Would it surprise you very much to be told that it was I who sent to you those three daggers this morning?”

“You! Is it possible?”

“Yes; they were sent by me, and for a reason that I will presently explain to you. But let me begin at the beginning. Those roughly-drawn sketches, that to you suggested terrifying ideas of blood-shedding and violence, to my mind were open to a more peaceful and commonplace explanation. They appeared to me to suggest the herald's office rather than the armoury; the cross fitchée of the knight's shield rather than the poniard with which the members of secret societies are

supposed to render their recalcitrant brethren familiar. Now, if you will look at these sketches again, you will see what I mean.” Here Loveday produced from her writing-table the missives which had so greatly disturbed Mr. Hawke's peace of mind. “To begin with, the blade of the dagger of common life is, as a rule, at least two-thirds of the weapon in length; in this sketch, what you would call the blade, does not exceed the hilt in length. Secondly, please note the absence of guard for the hand. Thirdly, let me draw your attention to the squareness of what you considered the hilt of the weapon, and what, to my mind, suggested the upper portion of a crusader's cross. No hand could grip such a hilt as the one outlined here. After your departure yesterday, I drove to the British Museum, and there consulted a certain valuable work on heraldry, which has more than once done me good service. There I found my surmise substantiated in a surprising manner. Among the illustrations of the various crosses borne on armorial shields, I



“SO SOON AS SHE WAS ON BOARD SHIP.”

found one that had been taken by Henri d'Anvers from his own armorial bearings, for his crest when he joined the Crusaders under Edward I., and which has since been handed down as the crest of the Danvers family. This was an important item of information to me. Here was someone in Cork sending to your house, on two several occasions, the crest of the Danvers family; with what object it would be difficult to say, unless it were in some sort a communication to someone in your house. With my mind full of this idea, I left the Museum and drove next to the office of the P. and O. Company, and requested to have given me the list of the passengers who arrived by the *Colombo*. I found this list to be a remarkably small one; I suppose people, if possible, avoid crossing the Bay of Biscay during the Equinoxes. The only passengers who landed at Plymouth besides Miss Monroe, I found, were a certain Mrs. and Miss O'Grady, steerage passengers who had gone on board at Ceylon on their way home from Australia. Their name, together with their landing at Plymouth, suggested the possibility that Cork might be their destination. After this I asked to see the list of the passengers who arrived by the packet following the *Colombo*, telling the clerk who attended to me that I was on the look-out for the arrival of a friend. In that second list of arrivals I quickly found my friend—William Wentworth Danvers by name."

"No! The effrontery! How dared he! In his own name, too!"

"Well, you see, a plausible pretext for leaving Pekin could easily be invented by him—the death of a relative, the illness of a father or mother. And Sir George, though he might dislike the idea of the young man going to England so soon after his daughter's departure, and may, perhaps, write to you by the next mail on the matter, was utterly powerless to prevent his so doing. This young man, like Miss Monroe and the O'Grady's, also landed at Plymouth. I had only arrived so far in my investigation when I went to your house yesterday afternoon. By chance, as I waited a few minutes in your drawing-room, another important item of information was acquired. A fragment of conversation between your nephew and the supposed Miss Monroe fell upon my ear, and one word spoken by the young lady convinced me of her nationality.

That one word was the monosyllable 'Hush.'"

"No! You surprise me!"

"Have you never noted the difference between the 'hush' of an Englishman and that of an Irishman? The former begins his 'hush' with a distinct aspirate, the latter with as distinct a W. That W is a mark of his nationality which he never loses. The unmitigated 'whist' may lapse into a 'whish' when he is transplanted to another soil, and the 'whish' may in course of time pass into a 'whush,' but to the distinct aspirate of the English 'hush,' he never attains. Now Miss O'Grady's was as pronounced a 'whush' as it was possible for the lips of a Hibernian to utter."

"And from that you concluded that Mary O'Grady was playing the part of Miss Monroe in my house?"

"Not immediately. My suspicions were excited, certainly; and when I went up to her room, in company with Mrs. Hawke's maid, those suspicions were confirmed. The orderliness of that room was something remarkable. Now, there is the orderliness of a lady in the arrangement of her room, and the orderliness of a maid, and the two things, believe me, are widely different. A lady, who has no maid, and who has the gift of orderliness, will put things away when done with, and so leave her room a picture of neatness. I don't think, however, it would for a moment occur to her to put things so as to be conveniently ready for her to use the next time she dresses in that room. This would be what a maid, accustomed to arrange a room for her mistress's use, would do mechanically. Now the neatness I found in the supposed Miss Monroe's room was the neatness of a maid—not of a lady, and I was assured by Mrs. Hawke's maid that it was a neatness accomplished by her own hands. As I stood there, looking at that room, the whole conspiracy—if I may so call it—little by little pieced itself together, and became plain to me. Possibilities quickly grew into probabilities, and these probabilities once admitted, brought other suppositions in their train. Now, supposing that Miss Monroe and Mary O'Grady had agreed to change places, the Pekin heiress, for the time being, occupying Mary O'Grady's place in the humble home at Cork and vice versa, what means of communicating with each other had they arranged? How was Mary O'Grady to know when she might

lay aside her assumed rôle and go back to her mother's house. There was no denying the necessity for such communication; the difficulties in its way must have been equally obvious to the two girls. Now, I think we must admit that we must credit these young women with having hit upon a very clever way of meeting those difficulties. An anonymous and startling missive sent to you would be bound to be mentioned in the house, and in this way a code of signals might be set up between them that could not direct suspicion to them. In this connection, the Danvers crest, which it is possible that they mistook for a dagger, suggested itself naturally, for no doubt Miss Monroe had many impressions of it on her lover's letters. As I thought over these things, it occurred to me that possibly dagger (or cross) number one was sent to notify the safe arrival of Miss Monroe and Mrs. O'Grady at Cork. The two daggers or crosses you subsequently received were sent on the day of Mr. Danvers's arrival at Plymouth, and were, I should say, sketched by his hand. Now, was it not within the bounds of likelihood that Miss Monroe's marriage to this young man, and the consequent release of Mary O'Grady from the onerous part she was playing, might be notified to her by the sending of three such crosses or daggers to you. The idea no sooner occurred to me than I determined to act upon it, forestall the sending of this latest communication, and watch the result. Accordingly, after I left your house yesterday, I had a sketch made of three daggers or crosses exactly similar to those you had already received, and had it posted to you so that you would get it by the first post. I told off one of our staff at Lynch Court to watch your house, and gave him special directions to follow and report on Miss O'Grady's movements throughout the day. The results I anticipated quickly came to pass. About half-past nine this morning the man sent a telegram to me saying that he had followed Miss O'Grady from your house to the Charing Cross Hotel, and furthermore had ascertained that she had since despatched a telegram, which (possibly by following the hotel servant who carried it to the telegraph office), he had overheard was addressed to Mrs. O'Grady, at Woburn Place, Cork. Since I received this information an altogether remarkable cross-firing of tele-

grams has been going backwards and forwards along the wires to Cork."

"A cross-firing of telegrams! I do not understand."

"In this way. So soon as I knew Mrs. O'Grady's address I telegraphed to her, in her daughter's name, desiring her to address her reply to 115a Gower Street, not to Charing Cross Hotel. About three-quarters of an hour afterwards I received in reply this telegram, which I am sure you will read with interest."

Here Loveday handed a telegram—one



"A CROSS-FIRING OF TELEGRAMS."

of several that lay on her writing-table—to Mr. Hawke.

He opened it and read aloud as follows:

"Am puzzled. Why such hurry? Wedding took place this morning. You will receive signal as agreed to-morrow. Better return to Tavistock Square for the night."

"The wedding took place this morning," repeated Mr. Hawke blankly. "My poor old friend! It will break his heart."

"Now that the thing is done past recall we must hope he will make the best of it,"

said Loveday. "In reply to this telegram," she went on, "I sent another, asking as to the movements of the bride and bridegroom, and got in reply this:"

Here she read aloud as follows:

"They will be at Plymouth to-morrow night; at Charing Cross Hotel the next day, as agreed."

"So, Mr. Hawke," she added, "if you wish to see your old friend's daughter and tell her what you think of the part she has played, all you will have to do will be to watch the arrival of the Plymouth trains."

"Miss O'Grady has called to see a lady and gentleman," said a maid at that moment entering.

"Miss O'Grady!" repeated Mr. Hawke in astonishment.

"Ah, yes, I telegraphed to her, just before you came in, to come here to meet a lady and gentleman, and she, no doubt thinking that she would find here the newly-married pair, has, you see, lost no time in complying with my request. Show the lady in."

"It's all so intricate—so bewildering," said Mr. Hawke, as he lay back in his chair. "I can scarcely get it all into my head."

His bewilderment, however, was nothing compared with that of Miss O'Grady, when she entered the room and found herself face to face with her late guardian, instead of the radiant bride and bridegroom whom she had expected to meet.

She stood silent in the middle of the room, looking the picture of astonishment and distress.

Mr. Hawke also seemed a little at a loss for words, so Loveday took the initiative.

"Please sit down," she said, placing a chair for the girl. "Mr. Hawke and I

have sent for you in order to ask you a few questions. Before doing so, however, let me tell you that the whole of your conspiracy with Miss Monroe has been brought to light, and the best thing you can do, if you want your share in it treated leniently, will be to answer our questions as fully and truthfully as possible."

The girl burst into tears. "It was all Miss Monroe's fault from beginning to end," she sobbed. "Mother didn't want to do it—I didn't want to—to go into a gentleman's house and pretend to be what I was not. And we didn't want her hundred pounds —"

Here sobs checked her speech.

"Oh," said Loveday contemptuously, "so you were to have a hundred pounds for your share in this fraud, were you?"

"We didn't want to take it," said the girl, between hysterical bursts of tears; "but Miss Monroe said if we didn't help her someone else would, and so I agreed to —"

"I think," interrupted Loveday, "that you can tell us very little that we do not already know about what you agreed to do. What we want you to tell us is what has been done with Miss Monroe's diamond necklace—who has possession of it now?"

The girl's sobs and tears redoubled. "I've had nothing to do with the necklace—it has never been in my possession," she sobbed. "Miss Monroe gave it to Mr.

Danvers two or three months before she left Pekin, and he sent it on to some people he knew in Hong Kong, diamond merchants, who lent him money on it. Decastro, Miss Monroe said, was the name of these people."

"Decastro, diamond merchant, Hong Kong. I should think that would be sufficient ad-



"IT'S ALL SO INTRICATE—SO BEWILDERING," SAID MR. HAWKE.

dress," said Loveday, entering it in a ledger; "and I suppose Mr. Danvers retained part of that money for his own use and travelling expenses, and handed the remainder to Miss Monroe to enable her to bribe such creatures as you and your mother, to practise a fraud that ought to land both of you in jail."

The girl grew deadly white. "Oh, don't do that—don't send us to prison!" she implored, clasping her hands together. "We haven't touched a penny of Miss Monroe's money yet, and we don't want to touch a penny, if you'll only let us off! Oh, pray, pray, pray be merciful!"

Loveday looked at Mr. Hawke.

He rose from his chair. "I think the best thing you can do," he said, "will be to get back home to your mother at Cork as quickly as possible, and advise her never to play such a risky game again. Have you any money in your purse? No—well then here's some for you, and lose no time in getting home. It

will be best for Miss Monroe—Mrs. Danvers I mean—to come to my house and claim her own property there. At any rate, there it will remain until she does so."

As the girl, with incoherent expressions of gratitude, left the room, he turned to Loveday.

"I should like to have consulted Mrs. Hawke before arranging matters in this way," he said a little hesitatingly; "but still, I don't see that I could have done otherwise."

"I feel sure Mrs. Hawke will approve what you have done when she hears all the circumstance of the case," said Loveday.

"And," continued the old clergyman, "when I write to Sir George, as, of course, I must immediately, I shall advise him to make the best of a bad bargain, now that the thing is done. 'Past cure should be past care;' eh, Miss Brooke? And, think! what a narrow escape my nephew, Jack, has had!"



BY
JOHN MADDISON MORTON,
AUTHOR OF
"BOX AND COX,"
etc.

AN ORIGINAL
COMEDIETTA, IN ONE
ACT.

(See Note at end.)

CHARACTERS.

LAUNCELOT BANKS, FRANK BIDWELL (*Bachelors*). GRIMES (*Servant*).
MRS. WAVERLEY (*a Widow*), and ROSE SYDNEY.

SCENE.—MRS. WAVERLEY'S Villa at Hampstead.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.—R. H. means *Right Hand*; L. H. *Left Hand*; R. D. *Right Door*;
L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*;
F. *the Flat*; D. F. *Door in Flat*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*;
L. C. *Left of Centre*.

SCENE.—A handsomely-furnished apartment in the town house of Mrs. WAVERLEY; door at back in C.; another door L. H.; window at R. C.; fireplace at R.; table, sofa, chairs, etc., small table near sofa. Mrs. WAVERLEY discovered seated at work-table employed in embroidery. GRIMES, in old-fashioned livery, standing near table, reading a newspaper.

Mrs. WAVERLEY. Grimes! (GRIMES takes no notice.) Grimes! (Louder; turns and sees GRIMES, then smiling.) My good Grimes, when you've quite done with the paper—

GRIMES (hastily putting down paper). Beg pardon, ma'am —

Mrs. W. Tell me, have you carried out my instructions?

GRIMES. About the second floor? Oh, yes, ma'am—everything's quite ready. I took care of that, ma'am; but what is

there I would not do for your cousin, Mr. Launcelot?

Mrs. W. Then, you know him?

GRIMES. Of course I do! Just before you were engaged to my old master, Mr. Waverley, more than four years ago, wasn't Mr. Launcelot always in the house: every day and pretty nearly all day? Such a nice young man, too! Not a bit of pride about him—and so sociable, too! so unlike old master.

Mrs. W. (sighing). True!

GRIMES. Always shut up by himself along with his beetles and butterflies and cockroaches and daddy-longlegs-es.

Mrs. W. He was a naturalist.

GRIMES. Oh! I never could make out what his line of business was. He goes clean away and nobody hears any more of him—and now, up he pops again: just like

a jack in the box. I only hope he'll come back a little more cheerful than when he went away; he did look bad, and no mistake. Never ate anything—always mooning about all by himself, as if he had got something on his mind—some love affair, p'rhaps?

Mrs. W. (*with slight emotion*). Love affair! Nonsense!

GRIMES. Why not, ma'am? I suppose it's like the measles—must have it once, all of us, men and women.

Mrs. W. Exactly! Now, my good Grimes, one more visit upstairs and see that everything



"AND NOW IT IS PAST TWELVE."

is quite ready for my Cousin Launcelot, and be sure you let me know the moment he arrives.

GRIMES. All right, ma'am.

[Exit GRIMES at door C.]

Mrs. W. "Some love affair." (*Sighing*.) Yes, my good Grimes, it was indeed a love affair! Poor Cousin Launcelot—how he must have suffered! And yet how could I possibly know that he loved me, if he didn't tell me? And when he did confess that he worshipped the very

ground I trod on, and declared the devouring flame that consumed him—it was too late—I had engaged myself to Mr. Waverley; not that I was what is called in love with him—but I was flattered by the attention of a man so eminent in the scientific world. I was told it would be such an honour to become the wife of the distinguished President of the Etimeti logical something or other Society. Not that I understood much about natural history; and, if there was one thing I disliked more than another it was a daddy-long-legs. When I became a widow I certainly thought Cousin Launcelot would have written to offer me his condolences; but no; weeks, months passed away, when yesterday the long-expected letter reached me. I am really afraid to say how often I've read it? (*Taking a letter from her dress and reading.*) "Yesterday I set foot on English soil after an absence of four years; my first visit will be to you, expect me at eleven o'clock to-morrow—" (*looking up at clock*) and now it is past twelve. (*Reading again.*) "I should be glad to consult you on a project of the highest importance to myself, and towards the success of which I hope I may confidently rely on your remembrance of our past to contribute." My remembrance of our past! Surely he can mean but one thing—"that the devouring flame that consumed him" hasn't quite burnt out; that it wants but one thing, a tiny spark, to set it in a blaze again! Dear Cousin Launcelot—don't be afraid—I'm sure I'll do all I can to supply the spark! Hark! (*Noises of voices, etc., heard outside.*)

(Enter GRIMES at C., running.)

GRIMES. Master Launcelot's come, ma'am! I've just brought his big travelling trunk to the top of the stairs, and—(*here loud noise as of something falling*) there it goes down to the bottom again. (*Running up, meets LAUNCELOT BANKS, who enters in rough travelling costume, etc., almost knocking GRIMES over.*)

LAUNCELOT. Don't apologise—I'm all right! (*Seeing Mrs. W.*) Ah! my dear Cousin Emily! (*Running to her, and holding out both his hands.*)

Mrs. W. My dear Cousin Launcelot! (*Placing both her hands in his.*)

LAUNCELOT (*pointing to letter she still*

holds in her hands). I'm glad to see my visit hasn't taken you by surprise. You received my letter?

Mrs. W. Oh, yes! And eagerly devoured its contents.

LAUNCELOT. Indeed!

Mrs. W. Yes. (*Recollecting herself.*) That is—no, I mean I skimmed it through and was just about to—to— (*Aside*) I don't know what I'm talking about.

LAUNCELOT. And now, cousin, having gone through the usual preliminaries, etc., suppose we have a little surprise and serious conversation?

Mrs. W. (*aside*). Now it's coming! I must say he doesn't lose much time about it. (*Aloud and seriously.*) Well, cousin! (*Timidly and looking down.*)

LAUNCELOT. Can you give me something to eat?

Mrs. W. (*annoyed and aside*). Something to eat! What business has he to want something to eat! (*Aloud and very coldly.*) I'm very sorry, but I've only just breakfasted.

LAUNCELOT. No more have I; still I say, can you give me something to eat?

Mrs. W. (*very distantly*). I'll enquire. (*Calling.*) Grimes!

LAUNCELOT. What's that? Grimes? did you say Grimes? (*Seeing GRIMES coming forward.*) Eh! yes! it is! Grimes, my old boy! how are you? (*Shaking GRIMES'S hand very violently.*) Didn't know you a bit! such a change in four years! you look sixty at the very least; quite a wreck! never mind, cheer up old boy; you may live through the winter yet!

Mrs. W. (*aside*). About as unfeeling a speech as I ever heard. (*Aloud.*) My cousin, Mr. Banks, requires a little refreshment.

LAUNCELOT. Excuse me, I didn't say a little.

GRIMES. Well, ma'am, we've got some cold shoulder of lamb.

LAUNCELOT. And a capital thing too! give us your cold shoulder. (*Calling to GRIMES as he's going out at C.*) And, Grimes, don't forget the pickles!

Mrs. W. (*aside and in a tone of disgust*). Pickles! after an absence of four long years. Pickles! (*Making a wry face.*)

GRIMES (*aside as he goes up*). Well, he seems to have got his appetite again! I may as well bring up the lobster salad as well—and the damson tart—and the custards—in short, the whole lot.

[Exit at C.

LAUNCELOT (*looking at the small work-table*). Dear me, surely I know that little work-table again! Yes, it's the very one you used to have, and the same reel of cotton, too, I do believe!

Mrs. W. (*very demurely*). No. I've used that long ago.

LAUNCELOT. Well, it's very like it.

Mrs. W. (*aside*). If he's got nothing better to talk about than reels of cotton. (*Impatiently.*)

LAUNCELOT. And now, my dear cousin, to a more serious subject.

Mrs. W. (*satirically*). More serious than—cold shoulder of lamb and pickles.

LAUNCELOT. Infinitely! Can you let me have a little money? You may well look astonished. The fact is, I've got such a lot of commissions to execute from my Australian friends—by-the bye, you didn't know I'd been to Australia?—of course not, how should you?—amongst the rest a handsome present for a young fellow from the girl he's going to marry—no—I mean from the young fellow he's going—no—never mind.

Mrs. W. I needn't say that my cheque-book is quite at your service. (*Aside.*) I'm afraid he's been what's called running over the constable.

LAUNCELOT. Thank you. (*Taking her hand and shaking it.*) It's so like you. Then I may hope that you've quite forgiven me?

Mrs. W. Forgiven you?

LAUNCELOT. Yes, for my sudden and abrupt departure—you remember—and that passionate, I might almost say, insane farewell letter to you?

Mrs. W. (*with affected indifference*). Did you? Yes! I remember now—something about worshipping the—something or other I trod upon—wasn't it? (*Smiling.*)

LAUNCELOT (*aside*). I should think it was, rather! (*Aloud.*) I was quite serious when I wrote it.

Mrs. W. What? About the devouring—something or other "that consumed you"—dear, dear, how uncomfortable you must have felt—ha, ha! but I'm glad to see it didn't!

LAUNCELOT (*annoyed*). No! not quite! but as near as a touch. (*Mrs. W. laughs.*) (*Aside.*) I wish you wouldn't giggle! (*Aloud, and assuming an injured tone.*) I repeat I was perfectly serious. I was infatuated enough to think that I might dispute the possession of your hand with the late lamented W. And yet, what possible chance could I have had?

Mrs. W. (*smiling*). Not the least little bit in the world!

LAUNCELOT (*aside*). That's candid, at all events! (*Aloud*.) It was then that, in utter despair, I threw myself on board a vessel for Australia.

Mrs. W. (*with pretended anxiety*). I hope you didn't hurt yourself?

LAUNCELOT (*sharply*). No! My sufferings were all internal. (*Laying his hand on his stomach—then hurriedly on his heart*.) In due time I arrived at Melbourne, after a long and stormy passage.

Mrs. W. (*sympathetically*). Were you—poorly—

LAUNCELOT (*still more sharply*). No! Once landed, I lost no time, but at once threw myself—

Mrs. W. Again? You seem to have been always throwing yourself into something or other.

LAUNCELOT (*shouting*). Into business! Fortune favoured me. I soon doubled—trebled—quadrupled my capital. In short, I've returned a rich man. And now, my dear cousin, between ourselves, don't you think it time I thought seriously about taking a—partner?

Mrs. W. (*with affected indifference*). In business?

LAUNCELOT. No. In life. (*With intention*) In other words, that I was settled.

Mrs. W. And done for? (*Pathetically*.)

LAUNCELOT. Done for? Not a bit of it. I mean—married. Yes, I see you agree with me; and like a dear, kind, affectionate cousin, you won't mind looking about for a wife for me, will you?

Mrs. W. (*with a slight scream*). A what? (*Aside*.) Dear, dear, what a dreadful mistake I've made! (*Aloud and with effort*.) Of course I shall be delighted—although hunting about for wives for young men is rather out of my line.

LAUNCELOT. Yes; but luckily I've got others on the look out for me as well.

Mrs. W. You seem to have agents all over the country.

LAUNCELOT. One especially—a dear old friend and schoolfellow whose services I engaged more than six months ago. Never was a better fellow than Frank Bidwell.

Mrs. W. Bidwell? I knew a gentleman of that name: an auctioneer, I think.

LAUNCELOT. That's he! By-the-bye, cousin, I took the liberty of dropping a note to him into the post at Portsmouth,



MRS. W. "I HOPE YOU DIDN'T HURT YOURSELF."

yesterday, asking him to meet me here this morning.

Mrs. W. I shall be very happy to see your friend and—agent.

LAUNCELOT. You see, I'm naturally anxious to learn the result of his operations.

Mrs. W. (*smiling*). In the matrimonial market? Of course you are.

LAUNCELOT. He knew he needn't be too exacting in the selection of the lady, so long as she is pretty and young, and accomplished and good-tempered, in short—

Mrs. W. Perfection, eh?

LAUNCELOT. Yes. And then as soon as the happy event comes off, of course you'll come and live with your new cousin; so that's all settled.

Mrs. W. Not quite. What if I were to marry again?

LAUNCELOT (*staring at her*). Marry again? You! What a very odd idea! Why on earth should you marry again? Besides, think what a bad compliment it would be to the memory of the late lamented W.

Mrs. W. Well, cousin, in the event of

Mr. Bidwell's failing to find you a wife to your taste —

LAUNCELOT. May I rely on you? Perhaps you may have one in your eye already?

Mrs. W. (*smiling*). Perhaps I may; but my co-operation in the matter is strictly conditional. I must act alone—no one must interfere with me.

LAUNCELOT. Not even my friend, Frank?

Mrs. W. Not even your friend, Frank.

LAUNCELOT. But remember, he's been on the look-out for me for the last six months.

Mrs. W. You know my conditions.

LAUNCELOT. Very well. (*Aside*.) I'll explain the matter to Frank.

(*Enter GRIMES at C.*)

GRIMES (*announcing*). Mr. Bidwell, ma'am.

LAUNCELOT. All right. I'll come to him. (*About to go.*)

Mrs. W. No! Show Mr. Bidwell up. (*GRIMES goes to the door and calls.*) You're to come up, sir, please!

(*FRANK BIDWELL enters at C.*)

FRANK. My dear Mrs. Waverley, I have to apologise for this unusually early visit.

Mrs. W. No apology. You are naturally anxious to see your old friend and schoolfellow again.

FRANK. Exactly. (*Seeing LAUNCELOT.*) And there he is! My dear Launcelot, glad to see you in Old England once again! (*Shaking LAUNCELOT'S hand very cordially—then aside to him.*) I haven't forgotten your commission; been on the look-out ever since—have got the very article for you—at least I think I have; a regular clipper—at least I think she is.

LAUNCELOT (*aside to him*). Hush!

FRANK (*to Mrs. W.*). By-the-bye, I've discovered lately that a lady friend of mine was once an intimate acquaintance of yours—a Mrs. Colonel Sydney.

Mrs. W. A widow lady, with an only daughter, whom I remember as quite a girl?

FRANK. Exactly; an only daughter, (*Nudging LAUNCELOT.*) (*Aside.*) Miss Rose Sydney, who has now blossomed into a most charming, attractive and fascinating person. (*Nudging LAUNCELOT again.*) A lot that any man would be glad to bid for. Well, finding they intended to pay you a visit this morning, I offered my escort, and they are now in the drawing-room.

Mrs. W. I'll join them at once. You'll not run away, Mr. Bidwell?

[*Exit Door L. H.*]

FRANK. Well, old fellow. I've managed that little affair rather cleverly, eh? Didn't your heart begin to flutter when I spoke of the charming Rose, eh?

LAUNCELOT. Why should it?

FRANK. Why should it? Confound it, didn't you commission me, six months ago, to look out a wife for you? Haven't I got seventeen of 'em already—as per catalogue, (*Feeling in his pockets one after the other.*) I've left it at home—and now I bring three more; a widow—fair, fat and forty; her angelic daughter, to say nothing of Aunt Dorothy.

LAUNCELOT. Aunt Dorothy! who's she?

FRANK. A middle-aged bachelor—I mean spinster—with lots of money, and not at all ill-looking—at least she wouldn't be if she didn't squint. However, you'll be introduced to all three of 'em presently, and then you can pick and choose for yourself; and now I'm off. (*Going.*)

LAUNCELOT. Stop, my dear Frank; I've something of the utmost importance to tell you.

FRANK. Then it must wait till I come back. Business must be attended to. I've got to knock down an Elizabethan mansion at twelve—two hundred and fifty thousand bricks at one, and —

LAUNCELOT. Well, but.

FRANK. Can't stop; soon be back, in the meantime lay close siege to the lovely Rose, and she's yours—yours, you lucky dog!

[*Hurries out at C.*]

LAUNCELOT. What the deuce am I to do now? Here's Cousin Emily look-



ENTER FRANK BIDWELL.

ing out for a wife for me on one side; Frank, with seventeen of 'em, on the other—seventeen?—twenty, by jove, including Aunt Dorothy. Well, after all, there can't be any harm in my having a peep at this divinity of Frank's—the lovely fascinating Rose, as he calls her. That won't compromise me.

(*Re-enter Mrs. WAVERLEY at L. H.*)

Mrs. W. Here I am again, cousin.

LAUNCELOT (*peeping off at door, L. H.*). And without your lady friends, I see.

Mrs. W. Are you particularly anxious to see them?

LAUNCELOT (*with pretended indifference*). Oh, dear no! not at all. (*Coming down.*)

Mrs. W. (*aside*). Fib the first.

LAUNCELOT. You find them nice, agreeable people, I hope?

Mrs. W. Yes; one especially—an aunt, I believe—a Miss Dorothy.

LAUNCELOT. The one with the squint! (*Aloud.*) And the other?

Mrs. W. (*carelessly*). The mother?

LAUNCELOT. No; the other.

Mrs. W. Oh, the daughter! Mr. Bidwell's beauty ideal—the charming, fascinating Rose. (*Indifferently.*) Tolerably pretty: a little, harmless, insipid, average boarding-school miss—nothing to say for herself.

(*Here ROSE SYDNEY peeps in at door, L. H.*)

ROSE. May I come in? (*Running in, then suddenly stops on seeing LAUNCELOT.*) You're not alone! Oh! I am so sorry.

Mrs. W. Don't run away, Miss Rose.

LAUNCELOT. No, pray don't run away, Miss Rose.

Rose. I'm afraid I'm in the way.

LAUNCELOT. Miss Rose Sydney can never be in the way. (*Bowing.*)

ROSE. Oh, sir, you're very complimentary, I'm sure. (*Making a formal curtsy.*)

LAUNCELOT (*aside to Mrs. W.*). I don't see anything particularly insipid about her; she seems to me to talk, remarkably well. (*Mrs. W. shrugs up her shoulders.*) At any-rate, there's nothing to shrug your shoulders at. (*Mrs. W. assumes a patronising air.*) Much less turn up your nose.

Mrs. W. By-the-bye, cousin, you mustn't forget your commissions for your Australian friends—that wedding present especially.

LAUNCELOT. Ye—s; I chose it as I came here.

Mrs. W. (*aside*). Fib the second! (*Aloud.*) But you didn't pay for it?



ROSE. "I'M AFRAID I'M IN THE WAY."

LAUNCELOT. No; that's soon done. (*Aside to Mrs. W.*) Really, cousin, I must say I think you're rather hard on your young friend—I do, indeed. She has not your style, of course. Who has? Still, I confess there's something about her that—that—in short—if you can find an opportunity to slip in a word in my favour, you will, won't you?

Mrs. W. You may rely on my saying all the good I can of you.

LAUNCELOT. Thank you. Miss Sydney, I take my leave of you with the greatest possible regret. (*Making a Bow, which Rose answers with a ceremonious curtsy.*)

Mrs. W. Yes, yes—of course. (*Putting her arm in his and hurrying him off the stage.*)

LAUNCELOT (*stopping at door and turning again*). I repeat, Miss Sydney—

Mrs. W. Now do go. (*Hastening LAUNCELOT off at C.; Mrs. W. seats herself and takes up work—ROSE on the other side of table.*)

ROSE. What a very polite gentleman your cousin seems.

Mrs. W. (*indifferently*). Yes; polite—all young men are; it costs so little and goes for so much,

ROSE. I thought his manner so kind and agreeable.

Mrs. W. (*smiling*). May I ask how long you have left school?

ROSE. Last half.

Mrs. W. Not longer? That accounts for your feeling flattered by such pretty, unmeaning, empty phrases.

ROSE. He didn't mean what he said?

Mrs. W. He may, for the time—perhaps even till he got half way down the street.

ROSE. But that's very wicked! It's to be hoped all young men are not alike.

Mrs. W. There may be exceptions.

ROSE (*indignantly*). I should hope so, indeed!

Mrs. W. Have you known Mr. Bidwell long?

ROSE. He came to our breaking-up last Christmas. It was such fun!

Mrs. W. With Mr. Bidwell? (*Smiling*.)

ROSE (*indignantly*). No!

Mrs. W. I respect that young man be-

cause I'm told he's so fond of his mother. (*Sentimentally*) And we know that good sons always make good husbands. (*With intention*.)

ROSE (*aside*). That's what brother Bob would call a wrinkle. I'll put that down. (*Aloud*.) I know he's a very clever artist—he made a drawing of me for mamma; but as she didn't much like it and I did—I took it.

Mrs. W. (*with pretended surprise*). What? without his knowledge? Oh, you naughty, giddy, impudent child! (*Playfully*.) I should like to see it, if not too much trouble to fetch it.

ROSE. Oh, no trouble at all! I've got it! (*Taking a small case from her pocket*.)

Mrs. W. So you carry it about with you, eh? (*Smiling*.)

ROSE. Yes, always—I mean—quite by accident, of course!

Mrs. W. (*taking and opening the case*).

Yes, there is a likeness—but, my dear child, what made you look at the poor man with such a pair of wide, staring, goggle eyes? (*Imitating*.) When you sit for your portrait, you should put on this sort of a look. (*Putting on a timid, bashful look, dropping her eyes, etc.*)

ROSE. Oh, you mean so! (*Imitating Mrs. W.*)

Mrs. W. That's better! Now, if I were in your place, I should ask Mr. Bidwell just to alter the eyes a little. (*Returning miniature to ROSE*.)

ROSE. I will. I'll have these two taken out and two fresh ones put in; but, perhaps, I mayn't see him again—

Mrs. W. Surely you wouldn't run after the man?

ROSE. Yes, I would. I mean—no!—of course I wouldn't.

Mrs. W. He won't be long away. Doesn't



ROSE "BUT THAT'S VERY WICKED"

ARTIST: A. G. 129

he know that you are here? (*With intention.*) Hark!—I thought so—here he is!—don't run away.

ROSE. I wasn't going. (*Very quietly.*)

Mrs. W. Don't agitate yourself! Don't let him see you blush!

ROSE. I'm not blushing.

Mrs. W. Yes, you are.

ROSE. I'm sure I'm not. (*Aside.*) I feel I'm getting as red in the face as a peony.

(*Enter BIDWELL, C.*)

FRANK. What can have become of Launcelot? (*To Mrs. W.*) A thousand pardons; I quite expected to find Launcelot here.

Mrs. W. Oh! You expected to find Launcelot here. You're quite sure it was Launcelot? (*Smiling satirically, and then aside to BIDWELL.*) Fie, fie! Mr. Bidwell.

FRANK (*astonished*). Fie, fie! (*Aside*) What can she mean by "Fie, fie!"

Mrs. W. (*still aside*). I know all—all.

FRANK (*aside*). She says she knows all!

Mrs. W. (*with assumed seriousness*). Can you find no better occupation than playing with the affections of an innocent, artless child?

FRANK (*aside*). Playing with a child? She can't mean brother Jack's young'un, because she's a boy.

Mrs. W. But I will protect her, sir! I will be a second mother to her, sir! You hear, sir?

FRANK. Yes, ma'am, I hear. But I haven't the most distant particle of a notion what you're talking about.

Mrs. W. (*satirically*). Indeed! Look there, sir—(*pointing to ROSE, who is standing at table, twisting a piece of wool round her finger*)—at your innocent victim, sir. That downcast eye, that agitation—that emotion she in vain endeavours to conceal.

FRANK. She seems to me to be playing at scratch-cradle.

Mrs. W. Pshaw! In a word, I feel it my duty to withdraw her from your seductive influence until you have explained your intentions to her mamma.

FRANK (*staggered*). My mamma? I mean her mamma. You don't, you can't mean to say that you—I mean she—I should say I—(*Aside, and looking at ROSE.*) Poor little soul! and have I been trifling with its affections. (*Hastily advancing to ROSE.*) Miss Sydney—Miss Rose—may I flatter myself that—

ROSE. I'm told you haven't flattered

me, sir. They say there's something wrong about my eyes.

FRANK. I think they are very beautiful eyes

ROSE. I mean my other eyes. In the portrait you painted of me there, you've made them staring open, like this. (*Imitating.*) Instead of this sort of expression (*Putting on the bashful, timid look. Aside to Mrs. W.*) Is that what you mean? (*Aloud to FRANK.*) But you shall judge for yourself—there! (*Giving him the portrait.*)

Mrs. W. Thoughtless, imprudent girl!

ROSE. What's the matter now?

Mrs. W. Give a gentleman your portrait! Almost a stranger! What will he think?

ROSE. It's only to have my eyes altered.

Mrs. W. Not a word more, miss. You must come with me. I can't allow such strange conduct—I can't, indeed! (*Urging ROSE up stage, who tries in vain to speak.*)

[*ROSE exit L. H.*]

Mrs. W. (*stopping at door, and turning to BIDWELL.*) Of course Mr. Bidwell will return that portrait?

FRANK. To the lady who gave it to Mr. Bidwell. Mr. Bidwell will to no one else.

Mrs. W. Surely the man doesn't mean to keep it?

FRANK. Yes, ma'am, the man does. Here—on his heart! (*Striking his right side.*) I mean here. (*Striking his left.*)

Mrs. W. Then, sir, I can only say again, and emphatically, fie, fie, fie! (*Aside.*) We're getting on very well.

[*Exit L. H.*]

FRANK. Here's a pretty state of affairs! I'm commissioned by my old friend, Launcelot Banks, to find a wife for him. I succeed in finding an article suitable in every way, when lo and behold, the article in question falls a victim to my superior attractions. I can't help it. I can't say to the article in question, "Very sorry, ma'am, but I'm not to be had." Besides, she's so pretty—so excessively pretty—I must see her again. But how? I have it! (*Goes on tiptoe to door, L. H., and peeps into room.*) There she is, seated at the piano! (*A roudade on the piano heard*) Charming! What a touch! (*A verse of a ballad heard sung, BIDWELL expressing his delight by signs, etc.*)

(*Enter LAUNCELOT at C.*)

LAUNCELOT. I've got back at last!

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Where the deuce is Frank? (*Seeing him.*) Holloa! what the deuce is he telegraphing about? (*Imitating*) Rather cool of him, I must say—peeping into Cousin Emily's room! (*Hitting table a violent blow with his stick.*)

FRANK (*turning and seeing LAUNCELOT*). Ah! Launcelet—I didn't see you!

LAUNCELOT. No wonder. You seemed to be looking in quite another direction; and very intently, too!

FRANK. Was I?—yes, I—(*aside*) I suppose I'd better tell him—or shall I let him find it out? They say, "When in doubt, toss up;" here goes. (*Tossing up an imaginary coin.*) Heads! I'll tell him! (*Aloud.*) My dear friend—

LAUNCELOT. Wait a minute—my business first. I've just left mamma! (*Nudging FRANK.*)

FRANK. You've just left your mamma?

LAUNCELOT. Her mamma! Rose's mamma. It's all right—she accepts my proposals.

FRANK. You've been proposing to the old lady?

LAUNCELOT. My proposals for her charming daughter—and now the sooner I lay siege to the young lady the better, eh?

FRANK. Wait a bit! (*Grasping LAUNCELOT's hand, and in a solemn tone.*) How are your nerves?

LAUNCELOT (*astonished*). Nerves?

FRANK. My friend, stern duty compels me to unbosom myself. But first, promise me to bear it like a man. I'll be as dumb as an oyster unless you promise to bear it like a man. In a word, since I last saw you—I've—I've met with—with an accident.

LAUNCELOT. Not hurt yourself, I hope?

FRANK. I mean—I've managed—somehow or other—to—fall over head and ears—

LAUNCELOT. Tumbled down stairs?



FRANK. "HOW ARE YOUR NERVES?"

FRANK. No; to fall in love!

LAUNCELOT. In love!

FRANK (*apologetically*). I couldn't help it! 'pon my life I couldn't!

LAUNCELOT. But, confound it, who's the lady?

FRANK. Can't you guess?

LAUNCELOT. Not I. Yes, I can; of course! Aunt Dorothy, the old woman with the squint. I congratulate you. (*Shaking FRANK heartily by the hand.*)

FRANK. No such thing—in a word—

LAUNCELOT. Hush, (*Seeing GRIMES, who enters at C.*)

GRIMES (*going to FRANK*). A letter for you, sir. (*Giving letter.*)

FRANK. For me?

GRIMES. Yes, sir; from missus.

LAUNCELOT (*aside*). What the deuce can Cousin Emily have to write to him about?

GRIMES. Any answer, sir?

FRANK. Yes; say I'm entirely at her disposal.

LAUNCELOT (*aside*). He says he's entirely at her disposal! Confound the fellow! I don't half like this. (*Aloud.*) Might I venture to ask the contents of that rather mysterious slip of paper?

FRANK. Don't be in a hurry; you'll know in time.

LAUNCELOT. Oh! I shall know in time, shall I? Thank you! ha! ha! (*Forcing a laugh.*) So there is a secret, eh?

FRANK. Only one.

LAUNCELOT. Only one—you're sure there's only one? (*Aside.*) Confound his impudence. (*Aloud.*) In a word, Mr. Francis Bidwell—

FRANK. Hush! (*Seeing Mrs. WAVERLEY, who enters at L.H.*)

(FRANK hurries to her—they speak together earnestly.)

LAUNCELOT (*watching him*). What on earth can they be talking about? (*Suddenly.*) Of course, I see it all! It must be Cousin Emily he's fallen in love with. Well, it's

nothing to me—it can be nothing to me; and yet, somehow or other, it seems a good deal to me! Under my very nose, too!

FRANK (*joyously to Mrs. WAVERLEY*). You've given me new life! Then I may hope?

Mrs. W. At least you need not despair.

FRANK (*seizing Mrs. WAVERLEY'S hand*). A thousand, thousand thanks! You've made me the happiest auctioneer in the world! (*Kissing Mrs. W.'s hand again and again; he runs, capering and dancing, out at C.*)

LAUNCELOT (*watching him in utter astonishment*). The man's a lunatic, a frantic lunatic! So they think to keep me in the dark, eh? (*Mrs. WAVERLEY comes forward—he assumes a serious tone and manner.*) Mrs. Waverley!

Mrs. W. (*imitating him*). Mr. Banks!

LAUNCELOT (*after a short pause and assuming a gentler manner*). Cousin Emily!

Mrs. W. Cousin Launcelot!

LAUNCELOT (*aside*). I really think she's improved in the last four years. (*Aloud.*) I wasn't aware you were on such intimate terms with—that person who has just gone skipping out of the room like a lunatic?

Mrs. W. Mr. Bidwell? Oh, yes; he and I are very good friends.

LAUNCELOT. So it seems. I confess I don't see anything particularly attractive about the man myself.

Mrs. W. Perhaps not—but you're not a woman. (*Significantly.*) That makes all the difference.

LAUNCELOT. I dare say it does.

Mrs. W. You see, cousin, being so much alone I naturally appreciate his delicate little attentions.

LAUNCELOT (*aloud*). Confound his delicate little attentions.

Mrs. W. And I'm sure you ought to feel under the deepest obligation to him for finding such a charming wife for you as Miss Rose Sydney.

LAUNCELOT. Charming! Yes—to a certain extent—but nothing to go into raptures about.

Mrs. W. Why just now you were in ecstasies about her, and implored me to say everything I could in your favour—which I have done.

LAUNCELOT. You needn't have been in such a violent hurry about it—unless you think the sooner I'm married the sooner you'll follow my example.

Mrs. W. (*smiling*). Well, why not?

LAUNCELOT (*angrily*). Why not?—because—I say because —.

Mrs. W. (*smiling again*). Well?

LAUNCELOT. We're so differently situated. You see that your position is that you—I say that you—don't you see? whereas my position is this—that I—I say that I . . . you see what I mean, don't you?

Mrs. W. (*smiling*). Not very clearly. And if that is all you can say against my marrying —

LAUNCELOT. But it isn't. As your nearest—your only relation, I shall oppose it, tooth and nail—you hear—tooth and nail!



GRIMES. "A LETTER FOR YOU, SIR."

Mrs. W. Ha, ha! By-the-bye, you said you were rather in want of funds—you'll find what you require in this pocket-book. (*Presenting pocket-book.*)

LAUNCELOT (*in a grandiloquent tone*). Never!

Mrs. W. How? you refuse? Between friends, too!

LAUNCELOT. Friends! (*More tenderly.*) Only friends, Emily?

Mrs. W. (*coldly*). Such was your proposal.

LAUNCELOT. Yes; but only so long as no other could boast a nearer, dearer claim.

Mrs. W. My feelings exactly; but now

that you are about to marry—but pshaw! you're unreasonable, Cousin Launcelot—there can be no jealousy without love! You have ceased to think of me, and yet you object to anyone else doing so! You're very, very unreasonable. So good-bye, cousin; I'll soon return with your charming bride elect, and then I'll leave you together. Ta-ta! (*Waves her hand to BANKS and exit L. H.*)

LAUNCELOT (*shouting*). No, no! Stop Emily—Cousin Emily—dear Cousin Emily! It's no use. Does she think I'll accept her money? Not I! She may give it to her Bidwell! he's just the fellow to jump at it! (*Tearing open pocket-book.*) Hey day! what's this? (*Taking out a letter much soiled and crumpled.*) A letter?—surely I can't be mistaken. (*Looking at letter.*) It's mine! written four years ago. Yes, I remember every line. (*Reading letter.*) "I cannot see you become another's—farewell—should you ever become free, think of him who, though absent, will never cease to love you!" And now she is free—can she still care for me?—why has she preserved this letter? Idiot, dolt that I am—can I have lost her by my own folly!—worse, a hundred times worse, than folly. Ah! she's here!



"YES; I REMEMBER EVERY LINE."

(*Enter Mrs. WAVERLEY at L. H.—ROSE following.*)

Mrs. W. Come in, my dear child.

LAUNCELOT (*aside*). She's not alone—she's brought her "dear child" with her! Poor, unsuspecting, innocent little victim! I'm sorry for her—I am, indeed! She'd suit Bidwell to a T.

Mrs. W. Rose, dear, my cousin, Mr. Launcelot Banks, solicits the favour of an interview. (*ROSE makes a formal curtsy.*)

LAUNCELOT (*after two or three nervous bows—aside*). I have half a mind to take to my heels and run clean out of the house.

ROSE (*aside to Mrs. W.*). But I don't want him to say anything to me: you know I prefer somebody else—you told me I did.

LAUNCELOT (*to ROSE*). Miss—I'm sure—I— (*Aside.*) It's no use, I can't do it! (*To Mrs. W.*) Emily, dear Emily—hear me—I beg—I entreat—I implore!

ROSE (*aside*). Well, if this is his usual style of conversation, I've had enough of it. (*Retires up.*)

LAUNCELOT (*earnestly*). Emily! you must hear me—I have been mad—forgive—forget all save that I love you still. (*Taking out letter and reading with emotion.*) "Should you ever become free, think of him who will never cease to love you"—who has never ceased to love you—who loves you more than ever—Emily—cousin—may I hope? (*Mrs. WAVERLEY turns her head away, holding out her hand, which LAUNCELOT seizes and kisses.*)

ROSE (*seeing them*). What's going on now, I wonder? I think it's time I interfered.

Mrs. W. You forget, Launcelot. (*Pointing to ROSE.*) Is it not now too late?

ROSE (*overhearing and coming down*). Yes, it is too late! a great deal too late! You should have spoken before, young man. I'm very sorry for you—but I don't like you and I do like somebody else—in short, you had better look out for another wife, for I can't, won't marry you! there!

LAUNCELOT. You won't! Quite sure? Then come to my arms, you dear, kind, good, jolly little girl, you. (*Throwing his arms round ROSE.*)

(*Enter BIDWELL at C.*)

BIDWELL (*seeing them*). Holloa! what do I see? (*Rushes forward and tries to drag LAUNCELOT away by the coat-tail.*)

LAUNCELOT. It's all right, Frank, my boy.

FRANK. All right! It seems to me to be all wrong, Launcelot, my boy. Mrs. Waverley has, no doubt, informed you that we are rivals. You hear, sir! rivals!

ROSE (*aside to FRANK*). That's right; speak out.

Mrs. W. I have, Mr. Bidwell: but surely you will be generous enough to resign your pretensions —

FRANK. Never, madam, never!

ROSE (*aside to FRANK*). I should think not, indeed.

LAUNCELOT. Not if the lady herself restores you your liberty.

ROSE (*aside to FRANK*). No such thing.

LAUNCELOT. Not if she confesses her preference for another?

ROSE (*aside to FRANK*). Oh! what a great big fib.

Mrs. W. Not if another could be found to supply her place? (FRANK shakes his head.)

LAUNCELOT. Equally young? (*Another shake of the head from FRANK*) Charming in person? (*Shake of the head still more violent*) Rich? (FRANK shakes his head in a very determined manner.)

Mrs. W. Not even such a one as— (FRANK still shakes his head)—as Miss Rose Sydney? (FRANK nods his head incessantly.)

FRANK. But—it can't be. (*to LAUNCE-*

LOT.) You don't, you can't mean to say that —

LAUNCELOT. That I resign my pretensions? Do you think I would purchase my happiness at the expense of yours? Never, friend of my youth! Never! (*In a grandiloquent tone.*) So take her, and my blessing into the bargain.

FRANK (*seizing ROSE's hand and kissing it; then to LAUNCELOT*). Noble, magnanimous Launcelot! I never can reward you!

Mrs. W. Perhaps I may find a way. (*Holding out her hand to LAUNCELOT, who takes it and kisses it.*)

(*Enter GRIMES at C., carrying a small parcel.*)

GRIMES (*to LAUNCELOT*). Please, sir, here's a parcel for you just come from Mr. Dazzle, the jeweller's.

LAUNCELOT. I know. The set of jewels I ordered for my Australian friend—here's a chance for you, Frank: a lovely wedding present for your bride elect. There. (*Giving parcel to FRANK.*) That's settled. Stop! here's the bill—and that isn't settled!

Mrs. W. (*To AUDIENCE*):

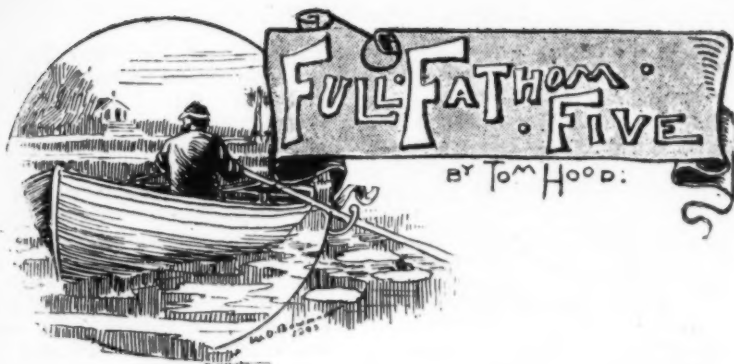
An old flame, as we've tried our best to show,
Needs but a spark to set it in a glow;
Forgive our faults—smile on our little play,
Have but the will—I need not point the way.

(*Imitating applause.*) [CURTAIN.]



LAUNCELOT. "EMILY! YOU MUST HEAR ME."

[Our readers have permission to act this Play at Private Theatricals and Entertainments where money is not taken.]



INTRODUCTION.

I WAS staying with an old college chum, who was incumbent of a small village in the Essex marshes, not far from the Thames. Indeed, the ferry, which conveyed those desirous of so much change as is obtainable by crossing from the Essex marshes to the Kentish marshes, took its name from the village, though it was nearly a mile from it, or rather the church, which I suppose one may consider the centre of the village.

This ferry was the property of one John Hurst, a man of about seven-and-forty in reality, but looking older because he was lined and grizzled with hard work and exposure to rough weather. He was the owner of a farm in the village, and a fairly prosperous man. But his wife looked after the farm while he attended to the ferry. It seemed a strange division of labour, for the farm was of fair size and reared many an Essex calf; and the ferry was but little frequented. I very much doubt whether the money it realised was sufficient to pay for the repairs and occasional repainting of the unwieldy craft which Hurst had to tug laboriously from one bank of the river to the other and back again.

The village was terribly dull, and I found it somewhat difficult to find amusement. I had no taste for district visiting or amateur clerical labours, so I did not accompany my chum on his parochial pilgrimages. "Why did I come to such a forsaken spot?" Well, partly for studious reasons, because I was reading for my last examination for my degree, and partly for economical reasons, because I was a little on the wrong side of the book, financially, at Oxford, and was desirous of retrenching in every possible

manner. Knowing this, my old chum had invited me to his humble "diggings." It was not a richly-endowed cure, but he could live on it with fair comfort, and as he said, "what was enough for one was enough for two"—a maxim on which he acted some years later by marrying. I may add that however well the maxim bore the test for a while, it could hardly be expected to be so elastic as to be made to include a rising family.

However, to return to my subject. I found it no slight task to kill time when I had done my day's reading. There was but one place of entertainment in the place—the village alehouse, by title "The Barge Aground." But even supposing it had been quite etiquette for the parson's visitor to frequent the local beershop, I should have been little better off for amusement amongst its frequenters, who never opened their mouths except to admit their beer, and did not say a word until they were drunk; and when they were drunk they only swore slowly, at intervals, just as they used to imbibe their beer.

Under these circumstances, it was not strange that I made Hurst's acquaintance. I used to go down and sit in the boat with him, smoking and chatting. At first he was a little reserved, but by degrees we became great friends, and he told me his history, which I propose to relate to you as he told it to me, merely correcting certain solecisms, and dressing it up in a readable form.

THE DIVER'S STORY.

"I was a diver as a young man. I may say I was born a diver, for my father was one before me. You may have heard of him—Bill Hurst was his name—he was

pretty well known in his time, and almost the first that ever went down in the dress without a bell. Even when I started at it there were not many in the business. Father began to train me for it early, and consequently, from habit and experience, I got to be considered a first-rate hand, and got my share of employment.

"But you see diving isn't like other things—it's not as good as fishing even. Of course you can't always be sure of a catch, but fish are always saleable when you *can* catch them. There's a constant demand for the article. But with diving it's different. You can't always expect ships to be sinking with valuables aboard, or that people should be constantly building piers or bridges, or things of that kind. Consequently I wasn't making a fortune at the best of times, while at the worst of 'em I had sometimes to turn my hand to other jobs, such as shipping on board coasters or packet boats for a spell now and then.

"It was at one of these hard times that I had shipped aboard a small schooner that was bound for Liverpool. We were just passing that point there, with the tide against us, when we saw a great big steamer coming round the Bolt, as the point is called. They were keeping a mighty poor look-out on board that boat, for though, when we saw she was coming straight down upon us, we holloed and

rung bells, they didn't take a bit of notice. Our skipper rammed the tiller hard a-port, hoping we should swing off and the steamer only graze our stern. But, unluckily the wind fell dead all of a sudden, just for a minute or two—but quite long enough to settle our fate. The steamer struck the schooner full amidships and cut her in half like so much cheese. I was knocked down by the wreck of our foremast, which broke my leg. I became insensible, but, going down with the vessel, was brought to myself by the cold water, and contrived with difficulty to swim ashore.

"There was a pretty fair crowd collected by the time I reached land, and by somebody's orders a shutter was fetched, and I was carried to the nearest farmhouse, the very one that belongs to me now.

"My leg was set all right, but I took a fever, and was very bad for some time. The farmer was for sending me off to a hospital; but his daughter—that's my wife that is—begged of him not to do it. He was a widower, and she was his only child, so she generally got her way in most things and I wasn't sent away. By-and-bye I got a bit better, and was able to creep about the house with a stick, or sit outside in the sun. The farmer was mostly out, looking after his crops and his cattle, except at meal-



"I SHALL COME, NEVER FEAR," I SAID."

times; so Polly and I saw a good deal of one another, and very naturally fell in love.

"It was a very pleasant time for a bit, before I got thoroughly strong and well. But as soon as I began to feel I was getting fit for work again, I began to long to be at it. I felt that I was, in fact, no better than a beggar, and I knew the farmer would be furious to think of my daring to make love to his child, who was reckoned the heiress as well as the beauty of the place.

"Polly was unreasonable, like women mostly are in such matters, and wouldn't hear of my going away. She laughed at the idea of my wishing to work again, and said she was sure her father—if he objected to our loving one another at first—would be safe to give in to her in the end.

"Well, unluckily she soon had an opportunity of finding out that she wasn't quite so powerful over her father as she thought.

"One afternoon the farmer came home unexpectedly to fetch some medicine for one of the cows that had been suddenly taken ill. Polly and I, never dreaming of such a chance, were on the settle by the fire—I with my arm round her waist, and she with her head on my shoulder. It was a very pretty picture, perhaps, for some of those illustrated papers, but I can tell you it didn't suit his taste anyhow.

"Well, there was a pretty row, I can assure you. The old man would have struck me but for Polly. He ordered me out of the house at once, as an ungrateful rogue and vagabond. Then Polly tried her powers of persuasion, for he wouldn't listen to a word from me. At first he wouldn't give much heed to her; but by degrees she got him calmer. At long and at last she got him to sit down and hear what I had to say.

"It wasn't very much beyond that I loved Polly. I could only say I hoped I should get work, and save money, and that sort of thing. He laughed at the idea: 'What could we live on if we married?' Polly jumped up and said she could and would work at needlework, or she'd go into service—anything!—and then she burst out crying, and went into hysterics. That touched the old man a bit, and somehow or another, after a long time, he consented to give me a twelve-months' grace. If I could come back at the end of it with a prospect of earning a



"I SAW THE LONG
LINE OF
GAS LAMPS."

fair living, I might have Polly. But she declared that I shouldn't be fit to work

for some months yet, and that the twelve-month should begin from when I was well and strong. So her father said, 'It's autumn now—I'll give him a twelvemonth from Christmas.' And with that, he stalked out of the room to give orders about the cow's medicine.

"Polly and I had a long consultation, and I persuaded her at last that the sooner I started the better was my chance of getting a good position. So she very unwillingly gave way to my going at once. So I packed up my few things in a handkerchief—my bag had been brought ashore from the wreck of the schooner, at low water—and with a couple of pounds in my pocket, which Polly had insisted on my taking of her, if only as a loan, I set out to London.

"'I shall come, never fear,' said I, as I turned from the door.

"'So will Christmas,' said the farmer crustily, as he came in at the gate just as I got to it.

"'So will the Christmas after,' said I; and I strode out with the best appearance of hope and cheerfulness I could muster, until I was out of sight. Then all my pluck left me, and I tramped along drearily enough till at length I saw the long lines of gas lamps, and knew I was in London streets once more.

"They're uncommonly hard and piti-

less things the London streets, as I found them. All that autumn I tried my best to get something by way of employment. But it was all no use. I applied over and over again, but was always met with the same remark—'We want a man with some knowledge of the business,' as if everybody mustn't begin at some time or other. Men can't be born with 'a knowledge of the business,' or put it on ready-made, like a livery.

"Every now and then I was obliged to go back to the old sailing, and ship on board some vessel for a trip, just to get something to live on. How my heart used to ache as the ship, dropping down the river, passed along by this ferry!

"In the spring I shipped on board a trader bound for Wales for copper ore. We had one passenger on board, a friend of the captain's. They were shareholders in several mines, and had done business together for years. The passenger—his name was Turton—was very rich, but very speculative. The captain used often to rate him for such gambling rashness, as he called it.

"'You'll sink all your money some of these days as deep as the doubloons in the ships over there,' said he to Turton one day, as we were sailing along the Cornish coast.

"'What ships?—where?' said the other.

"'Do you see those breakers yonder,' said the captain, 'about half a mile to the windward of the southern point of that low, rocky little island? That's called Galleon Reef, and it is said that a fleet of Spanish treasure-ships were sunk there, to prevent their falling into the hands of our men-of-war—that were after them.'

"'Has any of the money ever been found?' asked Turton.



"'IF YOU'RE FOR DIVING, HERE'S YOUR MAN.'

"'Yes, a few pieces now and then. There was a company started once—by some such speculative madcaps as you—but somehow or another it all came to nothing.'

"'Egad! I don't see why it shouldn't be done now-a-days, with all our modern diving inventions.'

"'Oh, if you're for diving,' said the captain, 'here's your man,' and he turned to me. I had come aft to relieve

the man at the wheel. I was a bit of a favourite with the captain for steadiness and sobriety, and he had asked me questions, and I had told him who and what I was.

"'Are you a diver, my man?' said Turton.

"'I believe you—John Hurst is one of the best and most skilful divers we have,' said the captain, who then called for another hand to take the wheel in my place.

"Turton asked me many questions, and often during the rest of the voyage would come to me and talk about the probabilities of recovering the treasure from the Spanish wrecks. He left us at Swansea, where we had to take in our cargo, after landing the freight we had brought out. In due time we returned to London, and, my engagement being up, I left the ship, and forgot all about Mr. Turton and the Spanish galleons.

"One day, however, as I happened to be passing across Tower Hill, I heard someone hailing me. I looked across the street, and saw it was my late captain. I went over to him, when he took out of his pocket a bit cut from the *Times*, containing an advertisement, in which I was requested to communicate at once with T. T. at his offices in Old Broad Street.

"'That's Tom Turton,' said the captain; 'he's going to fish for the treasure-ships. Lose no time in going to him. If he's

fool enough to throw his money into the sea, you may as well get the benefit as anyone else."

"I set off at once as he directed me. I saw Mr. Turton, who showed me the prospectus of a company which he had raised for the purpose of trying to recover the money in the lost treasure-ships. The adventurers were not many in point of number, he told me, but they were all wealthy, and, like himself, they delighted in speculation for its own sake. He wished me to report what would be required to set about the search with."

"In a few days I sent in what I estimated as necessary for the attempt. I proposed to begin in as economical a manner as possible, and with a small staff. A couple of divers would be sufficient to examine the reef, and see what truth there was in the report, and if it proved true, to calculate what amount of money could be got out of the vessels. It would then be easy to send as many additional hands as necessary."

"Mr. Turton declared himself greatly pleased with my scheme, and offered me command of the divers, with very good wages. He said that I should be accompanied by a diver, on whose behalf one of the shareholders had applied to him for a post."

"He told me that in order to carry on the exploration with as little delay and intermission as possible, they had rented the small island situated near the reef, and that they would send out huts to be erected on it for us and the crew, and would forward at the same time an ample supply of all sort of stores and necessities."

"This all seemed very hopeful to me, and I began to think my chance had come at last. I wrote and told Polly so."

"I only discovered one drawback in the affair. It turned out that my partner was a diver of the name of Bleggs; a quarrelsome, ill-conditioned fellow, with not the best of characters. I felt it my duty to tell Mr. Turton this much, but he said it couldn't be helped, for Bleggs's patron was one of the largest and most influential shareholders, and that he wanted Bleggs appointed to the post I

had; and Bleggs would have had it but for Mr. Turton's tact and energy, and the respect the other adventurers felt for him."

"Bleggs knew this; for the first time we met he said something about my luck in having friends at court to get me above the heads of better men. 'Well,' he continued, gruffly, 'it's no odds. We shall see soon who does best for the company—skipper or man; and then, perhaps, a meddling secretary may get a wiggling'—meaning Mr. Turton, who had been honorary secretary, *pro tem*. I didn't wish, in the interests of the adventure, to quarrel with Bleggs; but I gave him to understand that I wouldn't have such language, and that once on Spanish Island, as our location was called, I should expect implicit obedience to orders."

"In due time the island was reached, the stores were landed and the huts built. We had a good-sized steam-launch to take us out to the reef. She was fitted with two powerful air-pumps. Our diving-dresses were of the best and newest pattern. Everything looked well for success. The only thing that presented an obstacle was the frequent occurrence of bad weather. We could only take the launch among the rocks when the sea was pretty smooth, and, indeed, could not have made a descent without great risk when it was very rough."

"Seizing every opportunity, I began the search. We were not long in discovering the remains of the wrecked ships. It was impossible to tell how many vessels there had been, for they had broken up and fallen to pieces, and the winter storms had spread dire havoc among them. Only one hulk, which lay comparatively sheltered between two perpendicular walls of rock, retained any semblance of a ship."

"We explored the ocean-bed carefully. I meant to examine the hulk first, but in a weak moment allowed myself to be dissuaded by Bleggs, who urged that as what we wanted was to learn as quickly as possible if there was gold, we had better examine the ships which the sea had broken up for us, and so save ourselves the trouble of breaking up the hulk."



"BLEGGS KNEW THIS."

"The work was exhausting and fatiguing, and I found to my chagrin that Bleggs surpassed me in strength and endurance. My illness had shaken my constitution, and I suffered very severely from pain in the leg that had been fractured; but I made up my mind to persevere and do my best.

"So far our search had been unsuccessful. At last I observed something that made me suspect that Bleggs was playing me tricks. Happening to make my descent after him somewhat more rapidly



"MY AXE SHIVERED THE LID OF ONE."

than usual, I found him emerging from the hulk. He assured me afterwards that he had only gone there for mussels, of which he was very fond, and which were very fine on the hulk.

"A day or two afterwards—Bleggs having meantime obtained leave to 'go ashore,' as we called visiting the mainland—I observed that a man was constantly hanging about the reef, fishing in an open boat. It was not a very good fishing-ground, and it was some distance from shore for an open boat; but I noticed

that this stranger always remained at his moorings till after dark. He was not very communicative—indeed he growled at our manœuvres, saying that we drove the fish away. At the same time I discovered that he was not a native, for he did not speak the local dialect, but what, for want of a better definition, I may call London English.

"My suspicions were aroused at last, when turning round suddenly one day while we were preparing to descend, I saw Bleggs signalling to the solitary fisherman. I said nothing, but determined to investigate without delay.

"All that night I lay awake, thinking over this matter. I rose in the morning with a matured plan. When Bleggs and I had finished our mid-day meal, which was cooked on board the boat, I ordered him to take off his diving-dress, and go to the mainland to fetch some paper, under the pretence that I had none in store and must write my report to Mr. Turton that night. Bleggs did not seem to like the idea, but he was obliged to go. I sent one of the crew with him in our small punt; and as soon as I saw him disappear behind the island I jumped overboard to prosecute my search.

"I made my way to the hulk, and entered it. A very short survey sufficed to show me that it had been visited, and that the contents of its hold had been recently disturbed. Making my way down, I was speedily engaged in clearing the sand and weed, beneath which I soon came upon some large wooden cases, so rotten and decayed that a very few blows of my axe shivered the lid of one, and revealed the contents.

"There lay masses of what, in spite of their being so oxidised and, as it were, fused together by the action of the salt water, I could see were gold and silver coins. The sight at first surprised and delighted me; then came an access of rage at the treachery of Bleggs, who had, it was clear, concealed this treasure from me, and was evidently helping himself to the contents of the chest—somehow, though how I knew not.

"I began to search the hold narrowly for some trace of the manner in which

he removed the coin. In a remote corner I came on a bundle of raw hide, and several coils of thin but strong line. Beside these lay a knife which I identified as his, and therefore took possession of as a bit of evidence against him. Then I ascended to the deck again, and looked about me. I could see a place where the bulwarks had evidently been cut away quite lately, and beyond it, in the sand, which had drifted up almost level with the deck, I could see a trail as if heavy bodies had been dragged along. I followed it, and was guided to a nook in the upright wall of rock, wherein I found two large packages, consisting of raw-hide, and evidently full of coins. A line was attached to them. I followed it with my eye as it went up—up towards the surface of the water, as far as I could see. I was just about to pull it, in order to discover whether it was attached to some floating buoy, when I made out through the dim green haze of heaving water a dark object, which I immediately guessed was the boat of the uncommunicative fisherman.

"Well might that morose personage cast line after line into the sea, if this was the sort of catches he made! I saw at once why he stayed out until it grew dark. It was to haul in his prize unobserved. I determined he should have his labour for nothing this once, at any rate. I would tie his lines to a mass of rock, and let him pull that up! I should want some cord for this purpose, and remembering the coil in the hold of the vessel, I went back to seek it.

"While I was groping my way in the hold I felt a sudden jerk at my signal-line, which, as you are aware, is attached round a

diver's waist. I supposed it must have caught on some projection on the wreck. The next minute I found it must have broken, for it hung loose.

"As I put my hand behind me to the knot of the signal-line, to make sure that this was the case, I experienced a violent push from behind, which flung me down on my face. Before I could recover myself, or even wonder what was amiss, I felt my hands caught in a slip-noose, drawn forcibly together behind, and bound fast by the wrists.

"By this time I had guessed who my assailant was. Bleggs had managed somehow to return very much sooner than he should have done, and had come down and surprised me.

"As soon as he had finished tying my hands, he turned me over on my back, and, putting his foot on my chest, stood looking at me for a minute or two. Even at that moment it struck me how strange we must look—one man looking at the other with triumph and hatred—the other gazing at him in alarm and anxiety, but the countenance of each hidden from the other by the strange expressionless diving helmets.

"He raised me to my feet, when a violent struggle ensued. But he was my master; I was powerless with my hands bound, so he forced me back against an upright support, and lashed me to it.

"I felt a sense of relief, for I knew that although he had cut my signal-rope, my staying down long after he ascended would alarm the men in our boat, and some means would have to be taken to free me.

"There were one or two men among the crew who could dive a little, and there were two



"MADE A MOCKING BOW."

spare dresses on the island, in case of accidents.

"But I had miscalculated my enemy's malice. You may have observed in a diver's helmet two little brass discs, perforated like the rose of a watering-pot. One of these is constantly in use allowing the superfluous or vitiated air to escape. The second is for use in case of the other being clogged or damaged. Both are so arranged that on being turned half-round, they are closed, and shut in the air, whereupon the diver becomes so buoyant that he rises at once to the surface.

"Bleggs came up to me, made a mocking bow as if to take farewell—and then closed both the escape valves of my helmet. All the horror of my situation flashed on me. With every stroke of the air-pump would come a greater pressure of air, which, by its increasing weight, would kill me after the most awful tortures.

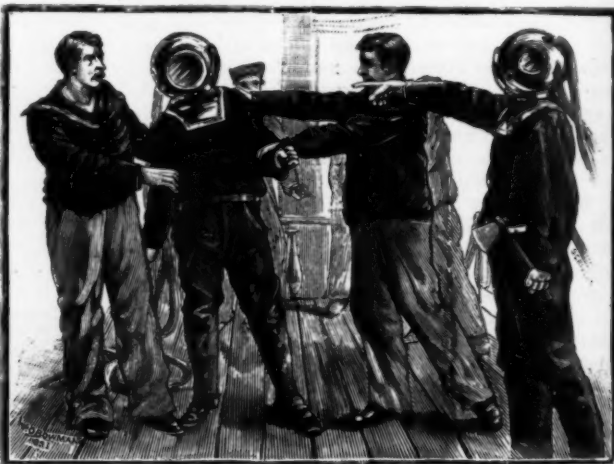
"Before I had recovered from the shock Bleggs had disappeared, and already the strokes of the air-pump seemed to beat on my brain like sledge hammers. I writhed and twisted, and tore at my fastenings with the strength of a desperate, and the fury of a madman. The agony became intense. All of a sudden I felt that I held some hard substance in my hand. It was the knife I had picked up. I had instinctively gripped it hard, even in my struggle with Bleggs. But it was closed. Still the pressure increased; I felt as if my head would burst; my eye-balls seemed filled with fire; my breath was choked; my brain began to swim.

"Now or never, thought I. After some vain struggling, I managed to hold the knife against the timber with the back of one hand, and with the other open its blade. Directly it was open I thrust it into my diving-dress, which, with the pressure of the air, was distended like a balloon. With the bubbling sound that denoted the escape of the air through the hole thus

made came an immediate sense of relief. The hope of escape from such imminent peril gave me new courage and fresh strength, and I speedily released myself from my bonds, and was saved.

"The hole I had made was in the leg of my trousers; I took some of the cord that had bound me, and, after tying it as tight as I could round my leg, above the hole, was able to turn on my regular escape valve and breathe with comparative freedom.

"In a few moments I had gained the deck, and, closing the valve, was rapidly borne to the surface. I came up just under the quarter, and as I laid my hand on the rope ladder to climb up the side, I heard Bleggs's voice:



"SEIZE HIM AND BIND HIM," SAID I.

"Governor's a long time down. Something queer there; wouldn't let me stay down—signalled me to go up at once. Found the swag p'rhaps, and wants it for himself! I wonder when he means coming up?"

"Now!" said I, climbing up and showing myself over the bulwarks. Bleggs fell back as if he had been shot.

"Seize him, and bind him hand and foot!" said I to the men, who obeyed me with some wonder and not very readily. Luckily he was too surprised to resist. When I told the story of his villainy the crew were for throwing him overboard, then and there, but this I positively forbade.

"At this moment, looking in the direction of our fisher friend, I saw him preparing to slip his cable and make for shore. I immediately ordered three of the crew into the boat to give chase. They caught him after a smart race.

"To make a long story short, we traced the stolen treasure to this man's hut on the opposite side of the island to ours, and he and Bleggs were taken before the nearest magistrate, and the whole case laid before him.

"Then I learnt the manner of Bleggs's rapid return. Apparently guessing my suspicions, he had gone to the island instead of the mainland—had broken into the stores and found the paper. This he showed to the man who was with him, saying he fancied he had seen some and that I must have overlooked it, and so, of course, there was no need to go on shore.

"The magistrate discharged Bleggs's accomplice. The treasure ships were not our property, and the man was not in our employ, so there was no case against him.

"But with Bleggs it was quite another affair, said the justice; though it was unnecessary to go into that part of the question, as he should commit him for trial on the charge of attempting to murder.

"As he said this my overpent feelings gave way, and turning round giddily as if in search of support, I fell all in a heap on the floor.

"From that time there was a long blank until I came to myself and found I was lying in a bed, attended by a nurse, who seemed very glad to find I was sensible—as well she might, poor woman, for I had been raving with brain-fever. But I was forbidden to talk, and, indeed, scarcely cared to do so, I was so weak.

"My recovery was very, very slow. At last, when I was strong enough, they told me that I had been laid up for a long time, during which my enemy had been kept in prison, until, growing weary

of confinement, he had confessed all to Mr. Turton, and, being allowed to plead guilty, had been transported.

"I asked what time of the year it was, for I saw through my bed-room window that the branches of the trees were bare. I was told it was October.

"Then came back to me the bitter thought that the year was nearly run out, and I was as badly off as at the commencement of it. I saw I had lost all chance of winning Polly. Nay, my long silence might have led her to think me faithless.

"The worry and disappointment brought on a relapse, and for another month I lay at death's door, and it was another three weeks ere I could muster strength to rise from my bed.

"Then I wrote to Mr. Turton to ask him for the wages that were due at the time of my illness, and to thank him for his kindness in providing me, as I learnt he had done, with nursing and medical attendance.

In a couple of days I received a letter from him, enclosing me a cheque for a thousand pounds, with the thanks of the company for my fidelity and vigilance in their interests. They had raised an immense quantity of treasure.

"I need hardly say how grateful I was, or how soon I gained health and strength then. I made my way up to town as soon as I could, and went straight to Polly.

"It was the day before Christmas Day, and she was putting up the holly. I saw her through the window, so I slipped in quietly by the back door, and crept up and caught her in my arms. It was a foolish trick, for she just gave me one look and then fainted dead off.

"But no harm came of it, and—well, sir, the thousand pounds satisfied the farmer, and we were married. And a better wife a man couldn't have."





Dedicated by special permission to H.R.H. Princess May.

Tempo di Valse.

Intro. *ff*

Cadenza.

No. 1. *mf*

8.

MAY BLOOM WALTZ.

167

The musical score for 'May Bloom Waltz' is written for piano on a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The tempo markings 'rall.' and 'a tempo.' are present at the beginning. The score consists of seven systems of music. The first system includes the tempo markings. The second system features a first ending bracket marked with a triangle. The third system begins with a double bar line and a forte 'f' dynamic marking. The fourth, fifth, and sixth systems continue the waltz melody and accompaniment. The seventh system concludes with a double bar line and the instruction 'D.C. 8'.

rall. *a tempo.*

f

D.C. 8

No. 2.

ff *fz* *fz* *mf*

8

Co

XUM

MAY BLOOM WALTZ.

169

1st time.

2nd time.

D.C. 8

Coda.

Ped. *

Cadenza ad lib.

tr

Ped. *

a tempo.

A musical score for a piano piece, consisting of four systems of staves. The first system includes the markings *rali.* and *a tempo.*. The third system includes the markings *tr* and *accel.*. The score is written in a key with one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like *f* and *ff*.

THE CAVE OF ASSARSE.

A Legend of the Erne.

By CALDWELL LIPSETT.

THE following tale is a story of my grandfather's youth, which I will strive to tell in the exact words in which I have often heard it related by his lips. He always used to begin:—

It was in the days when I was young and curly, and I remember well one of those glorious summer afternoons, which Ireland so seldom boasts in this degenerate age. There were four of us in the boat, floating on that best of salmon throws, well known to lovers of the gentle art, between the bridge of Ballyshannon and the falls of Red Hugh, or Assarse.

I was idly whipping the stream with my flies; it was too bright for fishing—too hot for any other exertion. The boatman dipped his sculls in the water from time to time to keep us in our place. My other two companions were lying full length in the bottom of the boat, smoking: they were brothers, Hugh and Philip O'Donnell by name, and though Irish by birth, deriving, indeed, descent from O'Donnell of the Bloody Hand, were English by education and feeling; so that they rather looked down upon me as an artless aboriginal. But when it came to casting a salmon fly or shooting a snipe, they were glad enough of my advice and assistance.

"I wonder," said Hugh lazily, "what would happen to the old boat if Pat were to lose his sculls or anything happened now?"

"Better not try," said Philip; "once we got

regularly sucked into the stream above the falls, we would find it a hard job to get out again, and there wouldn't be much left of this rotten old tub if she went over; what do you say, Alick?"

"Well," I replied, "I don't suppose a boat could shoot the falls with safety, but it is possible for a man to do so, if he knows what he is about, and has luck."

"Rubbish," cried Hugh; "don't tell me that. Why, there is a good twelve foot drop, even at half tide, as it is now; it's ten to one against a man getting to the bottom at all, with life in him, and if he did, he'd never come up again."

"I think I ought to know better," I said hotly, "for two of my brothers have swum it already; and what man has done, man can do."

"Oh, of course that alters the case; but I should like to see it done with my own eyes. I'll bet you twenty to one in guineas that you don't do it now—it's just the day for a dip."

"Done," said I at once, for his sneers had raised my blood. Besides, twenty guineas were no small consideration to me at that time, and as I grimly reflected, even if I lost my



PLUNGED INTO THE RIVER.

bet, I shouldn't have to pay it, since I should never come back alive.

In a moment I had thrown off my coat and boots and plunged into the river; for what I was going to do had better be done without hesitation.

Immediately, in fact, as the shock and the cool gurgle of the water about my ears and hair allayed the fever of my blood, I began to regret what I had undertaken. But it was too late to retreat, so I swam with a slow, steady breast-stroke, down the centre of the stream.

The force of the current, gentle at first, grew gradually stronger and stronger, and the roar of the falling water louder, as "the winding banks of Erne" flashed ever more rapidly past. During those few moments I felt none of the activity of mind, nothing of that condensed emotion I have heard ascribed to the imminent approach of danger: I only remember dreamily counting the number of salmon I could see leaping in front of me.

Before I came to the broken water of the rapids, I turned on my back, and approached them feet first. Soon the foaming torrent bubbled around me upon every side, and the flakes of froth blinded my sight. I kept myself in the deepest part as far as possible, fending myself off upon either side. Once I was caught in an eddy, and swept round, but I thrust myself off the rock with my hand, cutting my palm to the bone.

Now I was through the rapids, and approached the sloping ledges or shelves of rock before the falls. Down the centre I went, still feet first, and as I shot the third ledge I felt a jagged point of rock part my hair at the back and cut my scalp, just drawing blood; none other had penetrated the skin of my body so far, though my clothes were torn to ribbons.

The thunder of the falls became deafen-



"STAND WHERE YOU ARE."

ing as I approached their brink. It stunned my senses. I was swept resistlessly down the last smooth dark slide of all, the black mass of water combed slowly beneath me, then held its breath before taking the final plunge. I, too, breathed deep, filling my lungs to the utmost: one moment being in mid-air, the next the river dissolved in foam beneath me: I was buried under the falls, and tons of water were boiling down on top of me.

Immediately I struck down for the bottom, and swam

along it, away from the roar behind me with all my strength. Soon my breath began to fail; I let it out gradually in gasps, and did not rise to the surface till all was gone.

When I reached the top the first breath was delicious; but instead of rising in the glare of the sunlight, I was in semi-darkness, and the air was cool and moist.

For a moment I thought my senses had deserted me; but then I heard the sound of voices, and saw a group of men lying on the floor of what I now perceived to be a rocky cavern.

I stepped from the water with the intention of asking them where I was. As I did so, I felt a hand clapped on my shoulder, and a harsh voice said, "Stand where you are, or I'll blow your head off."

This was a rough and unexpected welcome to dry land, but as the command was enforced by the pointing of a pistol barrel full in my face, I obeyed it without question, and stood still. But that did not suit my captor either, for he dragged me violently into the midst of the men I had seen, who were playing cards.

"Hullo, skipper, who have you got there?" said one of the men.

"Some young spy I found hanging around. I'll have that Morgan's life: he's got drunk again, I'll bet, and left the

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passage open, and this young devil has got in and hid himself in the water to watch us."

"I'm not a spy," said I indignantly, "and I don't know what you mean. I only got here by accident, and my name's Alick McCarthy: some of you ought to know me, as I suppose you belong to the ship in the Pool."

"Troth the cub spakes the truth there," said one of the men; "he's young masther McCarthy right enough, an' no mistake."

"I don't care who he is, Dennis," answered the skipper; "he knows too much for our good and his own, and he'll never go back to tell it."

Up to that moment I had not recognised the desperate character of the men into whose hands I had fallen, but the grim

tone of these words enlightened me. I had been on the point of telling them I had got there by an entrance underneath the water, but now I saw this information would not render them any more friendly to me. It was evidently my possession of their secret that annoyed them; it mattered little how I had come by it, and I might be throwing away my best chance of escape: so I determined to put the best face I could upon the matter.

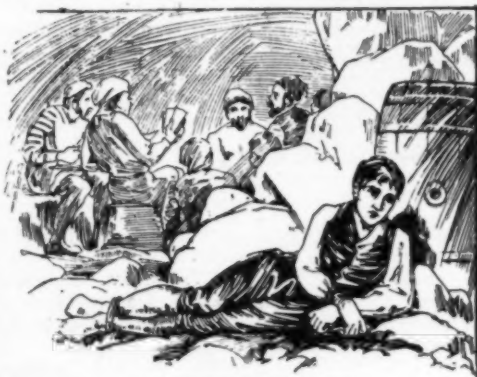
"Look here," I said, "as I told you, it was only by accident I got here, and I don't want to do you any harm. If you let me go, I'll swear not to tell anyone about this place, or if you like, I don't mind joining your ship. I've always wanted to see the world."

At this suggestion of mine, they left two of their number to hold me, while the rest withdrew a little and began to whisper among themselves. One of them, the man called Dennis, appeared to be pleading on my behalf, while the "skipper" was against me. I could hear an occasional sentence in his growling tones, "enough to share the plunder already"—"can't trust him"—"dead men tell no tales"—"best throw him in the Pool to-

night." When they came back again, I could only judge that the decision had gone against me by the roughness with which I was flung down and my hands and feet were tied together; then I was thrown into a corner, and the men went back to their game.

Lying there, I had plenty of time to reflect upon my surroundings and the nature of the scrape I had got myself into. At that time we were at war with France and the United States, and our sequestered town was occasionally used by privateers to put in for provisions and repairs. The vessel now in the Pool below the falls was our most frequent visitor, and had the worst name of them all. It was whispered that with her privateering, she mixed a good deal of

smuggling and not a little piracy. Her captain was a notorious ruffian, the Dirk Hatteraick of our Irish coast; her crew were a collection of desperadoes from all nations, including Spaniards, Americans and negroes, with a few of our own townspeople, amongst whom was Dennis, to whom they doubtless owed the knowledge of their

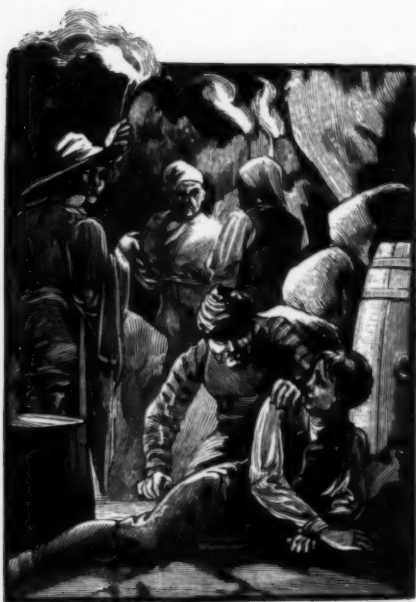


I WAS THROWN INTO A CORNER.

hiding-place.

The cave was piled with bales and goods of all description, evidently of considerable value. In one corner was a stand of arms; beside the gamblers there was placed a keg of whiskey from which they drank from time to time. I remembered now that there were some half-forgotten legends floating about the countryside of the existence of an underground passage from the old Abbey of Assarse, a mile or so away, to the river, which had been used by the monks in olden times to escape the raids of their enemies. These popular tales, it now appeared, had more truth than was generally ascribed to them.

As evening drew on, the light in the cavern, which proceeded from crevices in the rock overhead, began to fail, and a fire was lighted. Then, too, I remembered



A MAN WAS SHAKING ME.

rumours of voices being heard, and lights seen on the "Fairies' Mound," as the headland above us was called, where "the good people" were wont to dance at night, men said, and no good Christian would lay his foot for love or money after dusk.

Presently the sailors began their evening meal. My friend Dennis was bringing me something to eat, but some ruffian said to him "No, no, don't waste good food on him; an empty stomach's as good as a full one for the journey he's going." This grim pleasantry was received with a shout of laughter, and I was left hungry, with rage in my heart. No thing that had hitherto happened angered me so much as this disappointment: I cursed them by all my gods, but they only admired my command of language; then I believe I went mad for a time; I foamed at the mouth, I bit and tore at my bands and struggled to get free, but sailors know how to tie a knot, so I could make nothing of it, and presently, exhausted by my efforts, in spite of the peril overhanging me, I fell asleep and earned a temporary rest from my anxieties.

When I awoke a man was shaking me, and it was pitch dark, except for the light of several torches carried by members of the band. They cut the ropes which bound my legs, placed me in their midst, and entered a passage leading from one end of the cave, which gradually got narrower and lower, until we had to walk in single file, and finally creep on our hands and knees.

We must have gone nearly a mile before we reached the end. Then the two foremost lifted a large stone, which proved to be a tombstone, and we stood in the old churchyard, where, in the words of William Allingham, the poet of the place—

"Grey, grey, is Abbey Assarse."

At that time, however, the words were not yet written, and it was too dark to see anything of the building but a black mass, looming in front of us, so that there were not a few falls over the gravestones before we reached the road. Along this it was nearly two miles back to the headland above the pool, as the road took a wide detour, while the passage was perfectly straight. I knew, from the conversation I had overheard, that the part of the cliff immediately above the cave, was our destination.

When we reached the spot, there was a short delay, while a couple of the sailors fetched a large stone, which they proceeded



THEY PROCEEDED TO TIE TO MY FEET.

to tie to my feet. This filled the measure of my rage: to be drowned like a dog, with a stone about its neck! While I was lying in the cave, I had once or twice been thrilled with what was to come, but now that the moment had arrived, all other feelings were swallowed up in wrath. I longed to be free; not to escape death, but that I might be able to wreak my vengeance upon these fiends. Death itself, would taste sweet in my mouth, if only I had them to share my fate with me; and I swore in my heart, that, if by any chance I did escape, I would never rest till I had destroyed my enemies, one and all; for their heartless cruelty had made me as ruthless as themselves.

Meanwhile, two of them lifted me by the feet and shoulders, to cast me from the cliff. "This night's as dark as the mouth of hell," growled one; "you want to see where the ground ends and the air begins; best keep back a bit from the edge, or we'll be going over ourselves."

At the last moment Dennis befriended me again; he cut the rope binding my wrists, saying, "Poor devil, he may as well have his hands free at last." It was then too late to object. The words one, two, three, were given: at the third swing, I gathered myself up, and kicked one man in the stomach, while I struck at the other with my fists. There was a curse, and I

was flying through the air; then an upright post rose out of the darkness, and struck me in the chest; I clung to it with might and main, and my leg with the weight attached swung round; there was a jerk that I thought would tear my hips from their sockets, but the stone slipped from its holding, and I heard it fall with a splash in the river.

"You blundering idiots," I heard a voice above me say, "couldn't you sling him better than that? I heard him strike the mast of the schooner."

"Aye, aye, skipper," replied another, "but he glanced off it, right enough. Didn't you hear the splash? And that's

an end to the cub: couldn't the young whelp kick, too, to be sure; if he hadn't struggled like that at the last he wouldn't have gone anywhere near the ship."

"Come along back," said a third, "an' don't stan' bletherin' there. You owe me my revenge."

Yes, I thought, I did owe them their revenge, and now, indeed, they would have it, before I was done with them. For a time, I was too shaken to move, but I had already a plan in my head, and there was no time to waste; so, with some difficulty, I freed my legs from their bonds and descended the rigging, in which I was entangled. I found, as I suspected, that it

was the privateer herself which had been the instrument of my salvation, and she was lying close under the cliff, to the top of which her masts nearly reached. No one was on board.

Hastily I slipped over the side, and swam to the part of the cliff, where the cave ought to be. I dived again and again, till I found the entrance, and in another moment I stood for the second time, on its sandy floor; but this time, alone.

In the corner, near the stand of arms, I found a small keg of gunpowder, which I substituted for the keg of whiskey; then knocked a hole in it and laid a thick train of powder to the water's edge, and took my place in the water



STRUCK ME IN THE CHEST.

with a pistol in my hand.

Scarcely were my arrangements complete, when my enemies returned by the underground passage, laughing and talking. They sat down in a group round the keg. One of them put out his hand to take a drink: I flashed the pistol, and saw a line of flame run along the ground: the rock shook, and I dived for the entrance with all my strength.

Even beneath the water the sound of the explosion was deafening, and as I reached the surface outside, a huge slab of rock detached itself from the face of the cliff, and fell behind me in the river; the surge that it raised, carried me right across to

the opposite shore, and dashed me against the bank with stunning force. But what cared I for bruises then? I had wreaked my vengeance on my persecutors.

Little more remains to be told. The crew of the privateer never returned, and the mystery



THEY SAT DOWN IN A GROUP ROUND THE KEG.

of their disappearance was never fathomed. Their vessel was sold after a time to pay harbour dues, and their wealth became mine. That night's explosion blocked the underground passage to the churchyard, and the mud brought down by the river from Lough Erne has long since choked the water entrance to the Cave of Assarse.

So ended my grandfather's slightly truculent narrative, coloured, I suspect, to some extent by his imagination and the frequency with which he had told it; but as it was a fact that he had acquired his fortune in some unknown manner, we were content to accept his own account of the mystery.



Grahame of Claverhouse—so famous for his ferocity and daring, his occasional generosity and romantic courage—was ordered to hunt down the wandering Covenanters in lane and field, in meadow and on hill side, with two troops of horse.

Claverhouse—for such is the name by which he is best known—having discovered that a “conventicle” was to be held in the neighbourhood of Drumclog Moor, repaired thither with his troops of Dragoons, and his own troop of independent horse. He found the Nonconformists armed, in great numbers, and evidently bent on a resolute resistance; but his orders being imperative, he led his men to the attack. The encounter can be best described in the quaint language used by Claverhouse himself in his report of the action to the Earl of Linlithgow, the commander-in-chief of the Royal forces in Scotland:

“Glasgow, Sun. the 1, 1679.

THE commotion in Scotland which followed the restoration of Charles the Second, and originated in the bitter hostility of the Presbyterians against the triumphant Prelacy, occasioned the formation, in the spring of 1678, of three troops of dragoons to assist in the stern repression of the Nonconformists. These were severally commanded by Lieutenant-General Thomas Dalziel, Lord Charles Murray, and Mr. Francis Stuart—the latter a private of the Life Guards and grandson of the Earl of Bothwell whose name is so fatally associated with that of the Scotch Queen Mary. The assassination of Archbishop Sharp (May 3, 1679), still further inflamed the Government against the recusant Presbyterians, and

“MY LORD,—Upon Saturday's night, when my Lord Rosse came into this place, I marched out, and because of the insolvency that had been done the nights before at Ruglen, I went thither and inquired for the names. So soon as I got them, I sent out our party to sease on them, and found not only three of those rogues, but also an intercomend minister, called King. We had them at Streven about six in the morning yesterday, and resolving to convey them to this, I thought that we might make a little tour to see if we could fall upon a conventicle; which we did, little to our advantage; for when we came in sight of them, we found them drawn up in battell, upon a most advantageous ground, to which there was no coming but through mosses and lakes. They

were not preaching, and had got away all their women and shildring. They consisted of four battalions of foot, and all well armed with fusils and pitchforks, and three squadrons of horse. We sent both partys to skirmish, they of foot and we of dragoons; they run for it, and sent down a battalion of foot against them; we sent three score of dragoons, who made them run again shamefully; but in the end, they perceiving that we had the better of them in skirmish, they resolved a general engagement, and immediately advanced with their foot, the horse following; they came throught the lotche; the greatest body of men all made up against my troope; we kept our fyre till they were within ten pace of us; they recaved our fyre, and advanced to shok—the first they gave us brought down the Cornet, Mr. Crayford and Captain Bleith; besides that, with a pitchfork, they made such an opening in my rone horse's belly, that his guts hung out half an elle, and yet he carried me haf an myl, which so discouraged our men that they sustained not the shok, but fell into disorder. There horse took the occasion of this, and pursued so hotly that we had no tym to rally. I saved the standard, but lost on the place about eight or ten men, besides wounded; but the dragoons lost many mor. They are not come easily af on the other side, for I sawe severall of them fal befor we cam to the shok. I mad the best retraite the confusion of our people would suffer, and I am now laying with my Lord Rosse. The town of Streven drew up as we were making our retrait, and thought of a pass to cut us off, but we took courage and fell to them and made them run, leaving a dousain on the place. What these rouges will dou yet I know not; but the contry was flocking to them from all hands. This may be counted the beginning of the Rebellion, in my opinion.

"I am, my Lord,
"Your Lordship's most humble servant
"J. GRAHAM



CLAVENHOUSE

"My Lord, I am so wearied and so sleepy, that I have wryten this very confusedly."

The success of this affair gave a fresh impetus to the insurrection, and so magnified its proportions that the Duke of Monmouth was despatched to take command of the army. He was possessed of great military skill, but he relied a good deal on his undoubted popularity with the common people. That he was a popular man is testified in the well-known lines of Dryden:—

"Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone 'twas natural to please;
His motions all accompanied with grace,
And Paradise was opened in his face!"

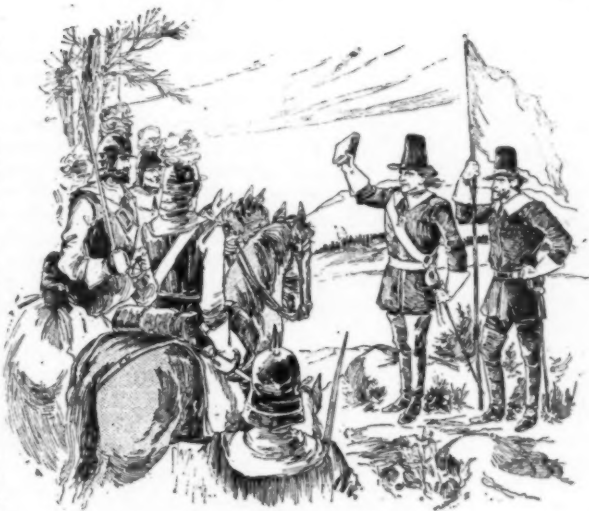
The force which gathered round his Standard was certainly sufficient to crush a half-armed and undisciplined peasantry; it included the Scots troop of Life Guards, three troops of Scots Horse, three troops of Scots dragoons (now the "Greys"), one troop of English Horse, four troops of the English Royal Dragoons, the Scots Foot Guards, the Earl of Mar's Regiment and several corps of militia. The Covenanters, except that they possessed undaunted courage, were in no way fitted to

OFFICER'S DRESS,
UNDER CLAVENHOUSE

contend with such a formidable army, and one so strong in cavalry, which is always particularly effective against the undisciplined mob. They were, moreover, divided among themselves, and anything like organisation was never attempted.

They were fortunate in one respect, their position had been well selected. The unfordable Clyde rolled in their front, and Bothwell Bridge, a long and narrow tract, was strongly barricaded and fortified with a considerable amount of engineering skill. It was a spot that a hundred well-trained soldiers might have held against an army; it was a Thermopylæ, where stout hearts and strong arms would be of more service than actual numerical strength.

When the Royal army appeared, the insurgents numbered about four thousand men, but even this comparatively small force was divided into factions in consequence of the conflict of authority that existed. They decided to send a deputation to the Duke of Monmouth, and to lay before him a list of their grievances. Much to the indignation and amazement of his lieutenants, the grim Dalziel and the hot-blooded Claverhouse, the Duke decided to receive the insurgent envoys. With his usual courtesy, he assured them that he could make no terms with them unless they agreed to lay down their arms and surrender. When they had thus done homage to the Royal authority, he promised he would use his interest with the King on their behalf. He agreed to wait one hour for their answer. The deputation returned, and a noisy discussion ensued, and the time passed away without any result being attained. The Foot



A PARLEY WITH THE COVENANTERS.

Guards then rushed forward to the river, and one corps deploying along the right bank, commenced a galling fire on the defenders of the pass, while the other pressed on to occupy the bridge. The

attack was resisted with valour and composure by the rebels, who managed to keep up a constant discharge of musketry upon the assailants, which inflicted severe loss. The Foot Guards were twice ordered to charge, and were twice repulsed. The third attack was led by Monmouth himself, seconded by Dalziel, who, at the head of a body of Lennox Highlanders, rushed forward with their terrible war cry of Loch-Stoy. Sir Walter Scott, in "Old Mortality," thus describes the scene: "The ammunition of the defenders of the Bridge began to fail at this important crisis; messages commanding and imploring succours and supplies were in vain despatched, one after the other, to the main body of the Presbyterian army, which remained inactive drawn up on the open fields in the rear. Fear, consternation and misrule



PRIVATE, UNDER CLAVERHOUSE

had gone abroad among them, and while the post on which their safety depended required to be instantly and powerfully reinforced, there remained none either to command or obey." The Bridge was eventually abandoned, and the Foot Guards, streaming through the long and narrow pass, cleared away its obstructions, which consisted of the heavy beams and trunks of trees with which it had been barricaded, to admit of a clear passage for the cavalry. This being done, the Scots Greys and the Royal Horse charged across, under cover of a heavy cannonade. Claverhouse himself was conspicuous in the charge, and at the head of the cavalry charged the rebels with fearful ardour. We cannot do better than again quote Sir Walter Scott: "Their (the insurgents') devoted army was now in that situation when the slightest demonstration towards an attack was certain to inspire panic. Their broken spirits and disheartened courage were unable to endure the charge of the cavalry, attended with all its terrible accompaniments of sight and sound: the rush of the horses at full speed, the shaking of the earth under their feet, the glancing of the swords, the waving of the plumes, and fierce shouts of the cavaliers. The front ranks hardly attempted one ill-directed and disorderly fire, and their rear were broken and flying in confusion ere the charge had been completed; and in less than five minutes the horsemen were mixed with them, cutting and hewing without mercy. The voice of Claverhouse was heard, even above the din of conflict, exclaiming to his soldiers: 'Kill, kill! No quarter! Think on Richard Graham!' The dragoons, many of whom had shared the disgrace of Loudon Hill, required no exhortation to vengeance, as easy as it was complete. Their swords drank deep of slaughter among the unresisting fugitives. Screams for quarter were only answered by the shouts with which the pursuers accompanied their blows, and the whole field presented

one general scene of confused slaughter, flight and pursuit."

It would seem to have been about 1701 or 1702 that the regiment was first mounted on white horses, whence it obtained the distinctive appellation by which it has since become so famous—the Scots Greys. In 1702, they were again despatched to Holland, and joined the forces of the great Marlborough. At the Siege of Venloo, Ruremond and Stevenswaert, as well as at the capture of Liège, they did good service; and at the close of the campaign a squadron of their regiment was selected

to escort the Commander-in-Chief from Maestricht to the Hague. On this journey an incident occurred which might have ended Marlborough's career as a conqueror. He descended the Meuse in a boat, accompanied by a guard of twenty-five men, and at Ruremond was joined by General Cohorn in a large boat with sixty men and the Scots Greys, who marched along the bank of the river. In the darkness of the night the latter lost their way, and, to make matters worse, the large boat out-distanced the other, and Marlborough was left with his handful of men. In this predicament he was surprised by a French partisan from Guelder, who, with thirty-five men, was lurking among the reeds. They seized the tow-rope, rushed on board, and overpowered the Guard. Although Marlborough's companions had ob-

tained French passes, he himself had not thought it necessary to get one. Preserving his presence of mind, however, he presented his captors with an old French pass in the possession of one of his attendants. The date had expired, the pass was not carefully examined, and, after pilaging the vessel, his captors allowed him to proceed on his way. Had they given a closer look at the pass, the battle of Blenheim would never have been fought. Following in the footsteps of the victorious Marlborough we find the Scots Greys distinguishing themselves at the battle of the Schellenberg, July 2, 1705. At this engagement, they not only fought on



OFFICER, 1762.

horseback, but at one period of the battle were dismounted, and fought shoulder to shoulder with the infantry. At the Battle of Blenheim (August 13, 1704) the "Greys" earned fresh laurels. The first attack was made upon the village of Blenheim, which the French had strongly palisaded. The "Scots Greys" formed part of the attacking body and inflicted considerable execution on the enemy. The assault was gallantly made and gallantly resisted and the battle raged with varying fortune for several hours. Meanwhile, the engagement had extended along the whole line. A magnificent charge of cavalry,

him. She first entered an infantry regiment and in 1702 the Scots Greys, serving in the campaigns of that and the following year, and receiving a wound in the leg at Schellenberg. After the battle of Blenheim she fell in with her husband, made herself known to him, and passed as his brother until detected after Ramillies. She had escaped unhurt through the hottest of the battle, and the French were rapidly retiring from the disastrous field, when she was struck by a shell from one of the enemy's mortars, which fractured her skull. This wound necessitated her laying up for ten weeks, and during



SCOTS GREYS' CHARGE AT RAMILLIES.

directed by Marlborough in person decided the victory in favour of the allies. During the Siege of Landau the Scots Greys formed part of the covering force, and subsequently went into winter quarters in Dutch Brabant. The Campaign of 1705 was illustrated by the victory of Ramillies (May 23). The Scots Greys were rewarded for their gallantry at this engagement by the capture of the Colours of the French "Regiment du Roi." One of the privates of the Scots Greys, wounded at Ramillies, was a female. Her name was Mrs. Christian Davis. She was an Irishwoman, whose husband having enlisted in the army, had donned man's attire in the hope of more easily following

her illness the surgeon who dressed her wounds discovered her sex. "No sooner had they made this discovery," she observes in her curious narrative, "but they acquainted Brigadier Preston that his pretty dragoon (for so I was always called) was a woman. The news spread far and near, and reaching my Lord John Hay's ears (the colonel of the Greys), he came to see me, as did my former comrades; and my Lord John called my husband. He gave him a full and satisfactory account of our first engagement, marriage and situation, and my lord seemed very well entertained with my history."

This brave Amazon remained with the army until the conclusion of the war, but

never again appeared in male attire; and, instead of shouldering a musket, dispensed wine, brandy and other necessities to the troops. She returned to England after the treaty of Utrecht, and was allowed by Queen Anne a pension of one shilling a day. She died in 1739, and was buried in the graveyard of Chelsea Hospital with full military honours.

In the year 1707 the Act of Parliament was passed which united the crowns of England and Scotland, and henceforth the Royal Scots Dragoons were officially known as the "Royal Regiment of North British Dragoons."

The only occasion in the campaign of 1707, which brought the Greys into contact with the enemy, was on June 21st. A detachment of twenty-five "sablours," which had accompanied a foraging party, met on its return with some thirty French musketeers. The latter took up their position and poured a volley into the horsemen, who instantly drew their swords and rode upon them, sabring fourteen and taking the rest prisoners. On July 11, 1708, they shared in the battle of Oudenarde. They also shared in the peril and glory of Malplaquet, August 11, 1709. For their gallantry at the latter engagement, the Scots Greys received the thanks of Marlborough.

Malplaquet was the last great victory of the war. The war having been terminated by the Treaty of Utrecht, the Greys, now numbered as the "2nd Dragoons," returned to England. In 1714 the Jacobite rebellion broke out in Scotland, headed by the Earl of Mar, and at the battle of Sheriffmuir, November 12, 1714, the Scots Greys made some brilliant charges and inflicted terrible slaughter. The rebellion soon died out and the regi-

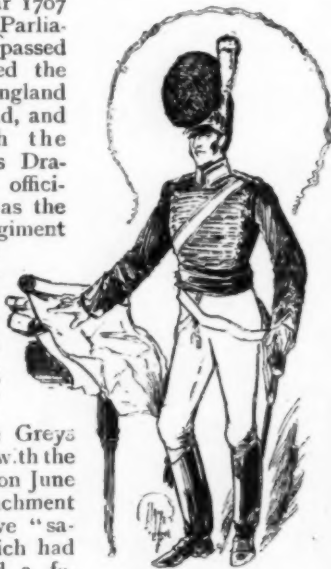
ment retired to winter quarters in Glasgow and Stirling. It was not until 1742 that our gallant dragoons were again summoned to active service. War having been declared by England against France, Bavaria and Prussia, which had united to effect the submission of the House of Austria, sixteen thousand British troops were ordered to proceed to the Continent; among these were the Scots Greys. The first important battle in the campaign was that of Dettingen, where they displayed great heroism, and were instrumental in the capture of the famous white standard of the French Cuirassiers. On May 11, 1745, was fought the famous battle of Fontenoy, in which action the Greys lost their gallant Colonel (Lieut.-General Campbell) and fifteen men killed, one officer and eleven men wounded. The details of these

Continental campaigns, in which England so unwisely expended her treasure and the blood of her troops, can have but little interest for the reader, and the programme of the operations of the British during the Seven Years' War is a dreary one. The treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, signed

on Oct. 17, 1749, concluded the wearisome and unprofitable war, and

in the same year the Royal North British Dragoons returned to England.

In the eighteenth century a chronic state of war was maintained between France and England. The two countries were again at blows in 1758, and various descents were made upon the French coast. In June the Greys formed part of a detachment which landed at St. Malo, and destroyed its stores and shipping. In August they assisted in the expedition that captured Cherbourg, and afterwards



UNIFORM, 1812.



UNIFORM, 1830-40.

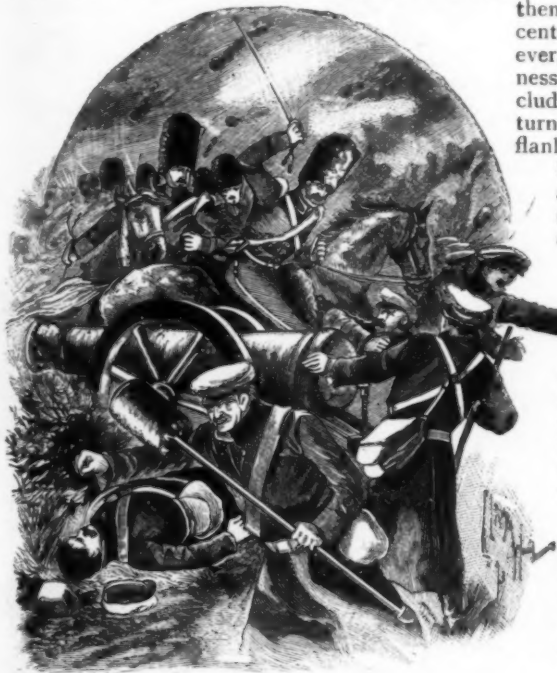
landing in the Bay of St. Lamea, were so grossly mismanaged as to be compelled to re-embark. They afterwards served with the allied army in Westphalia; in Hesse they were present at the Battle of Bergen (April 13, 1759). The Greys left Germany and returned to England in February, 1764, and for many years their services were confined to movements from one part of Great Britain to the other. The great Revolutionary war broke out in 1793. Republican France having invaded Holland, a British and Hanoverian force, under the Duke of York, proceeded to the assistance of the Dutch, and four troops of the Scots Greys were included. They joined the army engaged in the Siege of Valenciennes. That city having fallen, they marched towards the coast, and were employed in covering the Siege of Dunkirk. They afterwards moved to Ghent, and in 1794 were stationed at Beveren. In the following campaign they were actively engaged in skirmishes with the enemy. On May 10, the British army, then in position on the heights of Tournay, was attacked by a superior French force under General Pichegru,



CAPTAIN NOLAN, OF BALACLAVA FAME.

which attempted to turn its left. Repulsed in this, they opened a heavy cannonade, and the French columns were then hurled against the British centre. The assault was, however, received with wonderful firmness, and a brigade of cavalry, including the Greys, was directed in turn against the enemy's right flank. Forming in line under a heavy fire, they rode through a densely-planted corn-field, still maintaining their orderly array, and fell upon the enemy with such astonishing vehemence that they drove them into the utmost confusion. The whole army of the British then swept on the disordered ranks and inflicted an irretrievable defeat. Pichegru retired, having lost many men and thirteen pieces of cannon.

The Scots Greys were recalled to England in December, 1795, and remained at the home establishment for many years. Its complement was increased to fifty-one officers, ten quarter-masters, fifty-four sergeants, ten trumpeters and a thousand rank



HEAVY CAVALRY CHARGE AT BALACLAVA.

and file, in 1803. In the same year it was marched to Canterbury, as a convenient front from which to act in case the threatened invasion was attempted by Napoleon. It remained there for two years. Two squadrons of this gallant regiment were included in the funeral of Lord Nelson (January 8, 1806). Sir David Dundas was appointed colonel in 1801, and General the Marquis of Lothian in 1813. In April, 1815, it was despatched to reinforce the British army in the Netherlands, under the command of Wellington, and, on its arrival at Denderhautain, was brigaded with the Royals and Enniskillen Dragoons, under Major General Sir William Ponsonby. Early on the morning of the 16th of June the regiment was ordered to advance upon Quatre Bras, and arrived at that post about dusk. The night was passed in an open field near the Charleroi Road. On the following day the British retired upon Waterloo, in order to preserve their communications with Blucher. On the elevated ground in front of Waterloo the army made a stand, and, after some hot firing, prepared to pass the night in the open field, exposed to a heavy rain and barely supplied with forage or provisions. The next day was the memorable 18th of June. The Greys had their full share of the honours of that great victory. Their brigade was posted behind the left centre of the allied line, and came into action about eleven o'clock, when D'Erlon's infantry was retiring in disorder from their futile attacks on Picton's division. The Earl of Uxbridge, who was in command of the cavalry, observed their confusion, and ordered the Greys, Royals and Enniskillens to charge. It was a masterly movement. The Royals appeared to take the lead, while the Scots Greys kept a beautiful line at full speed, and the Irish regiment was equally prompt to get into action. Before this terrible avalanche of steel everything went down. Napoleon's Cuirassiers and Lancers were alike overwhelmed. The Eagles of the 45th and 105th regiments, and upwards of two thousand prisoners were the rewards of this brilliant movement. The Eagle of the 45th was captured by Sergeant Ewart,

of the Greys. The reader will be interested with his own narrative of his exploit. "It was in the first charge that I took the Eagle from the enemy. He and I had a hard contest for it. He thrust for my groin—I parried it off and cut him through the head. After which I was attacked by one of their lancers, who threw his lance at me, but missed the mark by my throwing it off with my sword by my right side. Then I cut him from the chin upwards, which went through his teeth. Next I was attacked by a foot soldier, who, after firing at me, charged me with his bayonet; but he very soon lost the combat, for I parried it, and cut him down through the head; so that finished the contest for the Eagle."

Napoleon himself was moved to admiration by the bravery of this splendid regiment. "What fine troops!" he exclaimed. "What a pity it is that I shall cut them all to pieces!" He did not succeed in doing so, but they suffered heavily, and lost their Commander, Sir William Ponsonby. The Greys afterwards supported an attack made by the 92nd Regiment, which, reduced



FULL DRESS, TIME OF CRIMEA.

to scarcely two hundred men, broke into a column of infantry nearly two thousand strong. Bayonet and sabre together captured or destroyed nearly every man. In that last grand charge, which destroyed for ever the hopes of Napoleon, the Greys rode forward, triumphant.

Their services for many years were not of a character to call for description in these pages. But when the Russian war broke out, in 1854, and a British



FULL DRESS, TIME OF CRIMEA.



OFFICER, PRESENT DAY.

army was despatched to the Crimea, the Greys were once more summoned to "boot and saddle," and proved at the Alma and Balaklava that they were worthy successors of the men that fought at Waterloo. The memorable "Charge of the Light Brigade" at Balaklava is described by Dr. Russell, the veteran war correspondent of the *Times*, who was an eye-witness of the terrible scene.

"The trumpets rang out through the valley, and the Greys and Enniskilleners went right at the centre of the Russian cavalry. The open space between them was only a few hundred yards; it was scarcely enough to let the horses 'gather way,' nor had the men quite space sufficient for the full play of their sword-arms. The Russian line brought forward each wing as our cavalry advanced, and threatened to annihilate them as they passed on. Turning a little to the left, so as to meet the Russian right, the Greys rushed on, with a cheer that thrilled every heart. The wild shout of the Enniskilleners rose through the air at the same time. As lightning flashes through a cloud, the Greys and Enniskilleners pierced through the dark masses of Russians. The shock was but for a moment. There

was a crash of steel, and the light play of sword blades in the air, and then the Greys and the redcoats disappeared in the midst of the shaken and quivering columns. In another moment we saw them emerging with diminished numbers and in broken order, charging against the second line. It was a terrible moment. "God help them; they are all lost!" was the exclamation of more than one man and the thought of many. With unabated fire, the noble hearts dashed to the enemy. It was a fight of heroes. The first line of Russians, which had been utterly smashed by our charge, and had fled off at one flank and towards the centre, were coming back to swallow up our handful of men. By sheer steel and sheer courage Enniskilleners and Scots were winning their desperate way through the enemy's squadrons, and already grey horses and red coats had appeared at the rear of the second mass, when, with visible force, like one bolt from a bow, the 4th Dragoon Guards, riding straight at the right flank of the Russians, and the 5th Dragoon Guards, following close after the Enniskilleners, rushed at the remnants of the first line of the enemy, went through it as if it were made of pasteboard, and put them to utter route."

The Scots Greys have not been employed on foreign service since the Crimea.



PRIVATE, UNDRRESS, PRESENT DAY.



CHAPTER I.

ON THE MERE.

THE great blue mere lay in the blazing July sunshine like a great steel shield—broad-edged, with jagged black shadow like torn crape. Into the shadow drifted a boat. Presently, under its light keel, lilies, golden and white, shivered and swayed and sank. The boat had grounded softly on a floating island of them.

One of the two sitters, a girl, who had been watching for a long while her own fingers twist and untwist the useless rudder-lines lying loosely across her lap, looked up and at her companion. He leaned forward idly still over his idle sculls, absorbed apparently in the contemplation of his stretcher. So the girl said—and Cecil Maltravers had a voice that seemed, as her present listener was wont to declare it did, to perfect the beauty of her face—so this voice said up-braidingly,

"Burgo!"

"Yes," returned the contemplative one, contemplative still.

"Look here!"

Then the great blue eyes came slowly up and looked there, at her, reproachfully, you would have thought. Was their owner bored at being roused from his lazy reverie, or what? He said nothing.

Miss Maltravers tapped her foot on the footboard.

"Don't you see where we're got to?"

Cousin Burgo realised the fact of their being stranded on the lily-island; and then gave utterance to a laconic sentence

to that effect, with his reproachful eyes on the other's face again.

"Then take us out of it, please; we shall never get to the island at this rate, Burgo. And—I'm hungry."

"Oh!" Burgo returned, leaning over his sculls again, "you're hungry; very?" And he kept his eyes on her, too, all the time, with the same expression in them, only stronger. She objected to this style of treatment.

"Very," she said. "Row me across at once, Burgo, please; do you hear?"

She looked and spoke imperiously enough; but she felt rather helpless. She was in his power in that boat, for once, you see. She tried not to see it, but that wouldn't do.

Burgo heard his cousin perfectly well; but he had no intention of rowing her across to the island and her luncheon just yet, however hungry she might profess to be. That was not his game at all, as he observed to himself

"Not yet," he said to her.

"Why not?"

"Because we have something more to say to one another, Cecil; and because we can say it better here by ourselves than anywhere else."

"And you mean to keep me here till —"

"Till this that we have to say is said between us? Yes."

Her foot began tapping the footboard again, and more sharply. She had not meant this, at any rate. She was taken by surprise; and she knew what a cool hand he was. She felt angry with him, angry with herself; but it was not her anger that he was afraid of—not this sort of anger.

"Then this was a—trap?" she asked, dropping back against her cushion, and

speaking more than half in earnest, he could see.

"Trap's not a nice word; say opportunity. It was an opportunity, and I took it—arranged it, if you like. I can't help that, Cecil; you don't give me so many. I arranged this opportunity of telling you—what I have told you. And now —"

Burgo Maltravers paused a little here, and stroked his moustache anxiously with his forefinger. She knew him so well, that she saw the anxiety.

"And now?" she repeated.

This emboldened him.

"And now you must give me my answer, Cecil. You've had time to think of it since you heard my question."

"Do you know what I thought?"

"What?"

"That I wished you hadn't asked me that question."

"So you have been trying to shirk the answer: why?"

"Because —"

Her eyes fell before his; yet if the answer he dreaded had been in them, he would have been able to read it there. But in them it was not.

"Go on," he said quietly; "I'm not going to let you shirk it now."

"Because—don't you think we were very well as we were? And because I can't give you the answer you want."

This wasn't exactly sentence of death; Burgo bore it with decent composure.

"We couldn't have gone on as we were," he said. "At least, you see, I couldn't. Of course, I must take your answer now, whatever it is; but why can't it be what I want, Cecil?"

"Suppose it were; what good would that do us?"

"Try." And his bronzed face brightened.

"No," she said, shaking her head and sighing as she said it. "I've thought of it all, Burgo, often. I thought it would come to this—no, not that it would, that

it *might* come to this between us one day. Not to-day, not to-morrow; one day—vaguely, like that. I tell you so because I must tell you now. Well; and I always saw that, if it did, I should have to tell you, too, that what you wanted couldn't be. That was why I would rather you hadn't asked me just now; that was why I didn't answer you. You see?"

He saw, of course. He had seen a good deal of her kind; and he saw more, perhaps, now than she bargained for.

He put away the crossed sculls that had barred him all this time from her, and he stretched over his long arms and took both her white hands into his brown ones, and drawing her down a little to him,

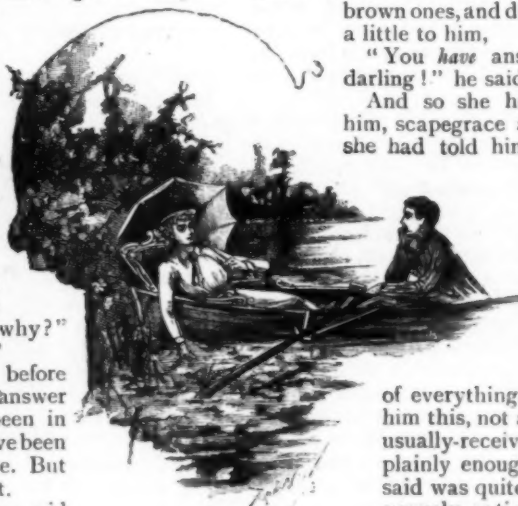
"You *have* answered me, my darling!" he said.

And so she had. She loved him, scapegrace as he was; and she had told him so—told him

that she loved him in spite of all there was, and all that would be said and done against him; in spite of her training and herself; in spite

of everything. She had told him this, not altogether in the usually-received fashion, but plainly enough. All she had said was quite true. She had vaguely anticipated that one day he *might* say that which should alter the pleasant rela-

tionship they lived in; she had determined that, if he did, she would be sorry, and would calmly and quietly point out to him that it could not be, and that there should be an end of it. One day he had said this same vaguely-anticipated thing, and that day she had been taken by surprise; she had had at first no word to answer; she had tried to escape answering at all; he had insisted; and then, indeed, she had made him the little speech, or the beginning of it, which she had resolved to make him under the circumstances. And lo! the end of it all had been that he had taken both her hands into his and drawn her unresistingly down to him, and calling her his darling, had informed her that she *had* answered him.



HIS EYES FELL BEFORE HIS.

Answered him, of course, as he wished to be answered, and, as she had arranged, it was quite impossible he ever could be: that was quite evident. He told her so, and she couldn't deny it.

Donc—there was no help for it; she loved him.

She admitted that fact, too, presently. There was no help for that either: she had to; he made her, over and over again, this way and that. Burgo had won a great stake—he, daring as he was, had hardly dared hope to win; and he was quite conscious that he was utterly underserving of what he had won. So, naturally, he required reiterated assurances of the fact. She gave him all he required. After what he had got already from her, he might as well have this also, she thought. Knowing she loved him, he might as well know how much.

"Are you satisfied?" she asked him by-and-bye. They had then been cast away upon the lily-reef for the best part of an hour—an hour neither of them ever forgot.

"Quite," he answered, and confirmed his assertion strongly; indeed, there was not a shade of disquietude on the handsome, bronzed face or in the fearless blue eyes of Burgo Maltravers: he evidently was perfectly satisfied that all was right; not because he didn't know the dangers that menaced him, not because he was too dazed with his sudden happiness to see the grim rocks ahead, the threatening storm-clouds, and their signs of tempest that might bring about shipwreck, but simply because he was gifted with that sublime *insouciance* which is the highest form of self-confidence, an heroic quality. For Cecil, with Cecil, there was nothing that might not be dared and done and overcome. So he smiled tranquilly when she asked him if he was satisfied, and said that assured "Quite."

"I don't mean about—about *me*, you know," Miss Maltravers added.

"Nor I, darling," he interposed.

"Well, no, I don't suppose you did; but you must see, of course, what will happen when this is known—that is directly."

"There will be a howl—a righteous howl, I admit. Don't I know better than they do that I'm pretty nearly as bad as they make me out?"

"Not quite as bad," she said, with a

little anxious smile. "But that is my affair—now."

There shone that in his eyes, as she looked down into them then, that assured her she had said sooth. He was not quite so bad as some would have fain had him be. Whatever he was, it was manifestly, so she had put it, her affair now. Yet the anxiety in her smile didn't lessen.

"You're not afraid, Cecil?"

"No, not of you. But —"

There were so many "buts" in this business.

"But what?" Burgo inquired, attacking the first resolutely.

"Mamma." Now mamma was the worst "but" of all. She came first.

"Aunt Mildred? She won't howl at me."

"She will do worse."

"*Elle en serait capable, cette chère tante!*" he laughed.

"Don't laugh; you don't know. She has a plan of her own."

"For you?"

"Yes."

"Who is he?"

Burgo's knowledge of his relative naturally suggested the question. He asked it as naturally; but Lady Mildred's daughter had to laugh this time, in three words.

"Guess."

"I think I understand; Madame la Marquise," he said after a moment's reflection. "Yes, that's it, isn't it?"

"Yes," she nodded. "Mamma has decided, I believe, on Monsieur de Mornac."

"Who is quite willing to be decided on. Yes, I see. I wonder I didn't think of that before. That is a bore. The Frenchman is a great card, and strengthens her hand against us, that was strong enough before. Well, it can't be helped. We must do battle with the Gaul also. Fortunately he, at least, will fight fair. Meantime, never mind about him."

After a while he got her to look on matters hopefully with his eyes; and then he backed the boat off the lily-reef and



CECIL.

It described her parent

rowed her away across the blazing steel mirror to the island, and her luncheon. Nevertheless, Miss Maltravers' misgivings were rather drugged than dead. They stirred again and again.

"Remember," she said to Burgo, before they landed, at the last moment she could say anything to him unheard; "remember, you will get no quarter—you must give no advantage. My knight must fight for me."

"To the death!" he laughed, the precise meaning of her words not striking him till long afterwards; and then the fight was over.

You may, however, understand what she meant if I tell you a little of the man to whom she spoke.

He was what they who had the nominal care of his precocious youth—they were of the strictest sect of our modern Pharisees, it must be borne in mind—he was what these people called reprobate at a very early age. I don't know that he was, either then or later, much worse than his fellows. He was, however, a more persistent breaker of the great commandment,

THOU SHALT NOT BE FOUND OUT, —which is the whole duty of man and woman according to good-natured Saint Society—than they; and he suffered the inevitable penalties. There was a frankness about his wrong-doing, a serene indifference to the prejudices and opinions of fetish-worshippers, that gave the Elect a tremendous handle against him. Having it, of course they used it. Burgo was branded as a black sheep, a ne'er-do-weel, a scapegrace, as I have called him. I am sorry to say that I don't think this branding did him much harm. Your scapegrace in these days is as much a member of a denomination as your Jew, your Turk, and the other classes of offenders one prays for. Burgo lived his own life pleasantly enough amongst his kind. The scapegrace at Eton became a member of the most scientifically-dissipated mess that paternal authority ever sent into Indian banishment, there to break up or purge itself of its contempt. This fraternity did neither, as it happened; it did the State

some service, though, when a certain dark hour came by-and-bye; and, that done, the fraternity dropped back into its old courses, so far as they were compatible with a tropical climate. Burgo had his share in all that was done—rather more, perhaps. Stories of him reached home—of his loves, and his plunging, and his life generally; but all to the same effect: this black sheep was beyond all whitewashing; this brand could not be snatched from the burning; there was no salvation for this sinner.

Old Sir Burgo, K.C.B., who played Sir Anthony to the Captain, pooh-poohed all this at first—less confidently after a while, when his nephew's bills began to turn up with heartbreaking regularity. The old man was getting dangerously angry. He had sent for his other nephew, Glyn Vipont; he had talked openly of rank ingratitude, of altering his will. The Vipont interest did its best to fan this flame. Glyn was well in with the Elect, and the Elect dared penetrate sometimes even to the Towers.

But just then came the news of revolt and retribution. There was mention of the boy, his namesake, when the gallant old corps was spoken of and praised and glorified. The K.C.B.'s soldier-blood warmed as he read. Then Captain Maltravers was mentioned in despatches; was to have the Cross; had been badly wounded. The old man at home felt the proud tear burn his stern old eyes. He forgot his anger against the scapegrace he had loved as his own son; he sent princely batta to Cox's for his necessities; he swore that day at Glyn Vipont before an outwardly-stolid, but inwardly-guffawing, chief butler, who hated Mr. Glyn; he burned the new will at his dressing-room fire before dinner, and drank—and made the much-enduring Glyn drink—to the health and the speedy home-coming of *his heir*.

Glyn Vipont smiled blandly. The wise youth had an admirable command of countenance, and drank damnation to Captain Burgo under his breath. It was irritating to find oneself knocked nearly out of the betting in this way. The Elect,



MAMMA WAS THE WORST
"BUT" OF ALL.

his friends, were greatly exercised about it.

Burgo came home on leave by-and-bye, and then his enemies grew more hopeful. They felt sure he must break out worse than ever. The old K.C.B. killed the fatted calf for the prodigal and would have forgiven him anything. The prodigal loved his hot-tempered, generous old relative honestly; but he left the toad-eating to Glyn, who had stomach for any amount of it, and enjoyed the diversions of his long-lost London, with only occasional sojournings at the Towers.

Sir Burgo about this period must have confided to his nephew his testamentary dispositions. Burgo was to reign at the Towers by-and-bye. In the meantime he had "done enough for Venice," and was to send in his papers, and go into training for his future sovereignty.

Captain Maltravers sold out of "The Duchess's Own," to please his uncle; but his "training" hardly benefited thereby. Bucolics bored him, and with his usual frankness, he betrayed his boredom unmistakably. He thoroughly appreciated the Towers' covert-shooting, though, and could hunt six days a week from it comfortably. Sir Burgo, who had turned his notched old sabre into the expensive ploughshare he drove his hobby to death in, was fain to content himself with such evidence as this of his successor's capacity for his position. But Glyn Vipont, always at that failing right hand at the right moment, noticed now and then how the old man's face would show signs of annoyance and discontentment—anger even. Never when Burgo was by; but with increasing frequency when his cousin was away, in this haunt or that; and the wise youth would think the odds against him were getting shorter.

In this way things had gone on—Burgo living after his fashion, showing his bronzed, handsome face in London ball-rooms, and Paris salons, and Continental "hells;" going the pleasant downward



GLYN VIPONT.

road faster and more pleasantly than ever; liked of all men, loved of most women; not yet tired of his life; with nothing particular to turn him and keep him straight if he had tired of it—old Sir Burgo at home moodily nursing nascent wrath—wise Glyn Vipont cool, unscrupulous, cunning, with stronger cards being dealt into his hand every day, biding his time to play them. And then Burgo met his cousin Cecil one afternoon in the Laisen-Strasse at Homburg.

When Glyn Vipont heard of that meeting, and thought of its possible consequences, he went away into a remote spot where he could swear at his ease, and swore hard and steadily for a good while. When the K.C.B. heard of it, he forgave Lady Mildred a long score—and a heavy one he had against that inestimable woman—and felt happier about his nephew than he had done for months.

The same idea had struck

both these two. Burgo was reported at Homburg with Miss Maltravers; then at Baden; then at Paris. What more natural than that he should find that his soul clave unto the damsel and be minded to take her to wife?

Such an event would, of course, knock Glyn out of the betting again, and finally; for the prodigal would become a reformed character and settle down at once in the Towers. So Glyn swore and Sir Burgo rejoiced.

But Lady Mildred came back to England and Ellesmere, and brought her daughter with her; but Burgo came not. And there were reports of a certain millionaire French Marquis; and the Marquis appeared in person later.

The K.C.B. and his sister-in-law were not on good terms; the old man couldn't even now make overtures to my lady. He had to wait till his nephew returned, too, for authentic information; and he had to wait a good while. And then Burgo had no information, apparently, to give him, and the other was sorely disappointed.

But the end of the next season found

CHAPTER II.
ON THE ISLAND.

Burgo down at Ellesmere. My lady had got over her apprehensions of any interference with her plans, or had reasons of her own for having him there. Anyhow, there he was. The Elect marvelled. How Lady Mildred *could*! Lady Mildred smiled; she was a charitable woman. Her nephew had been rather wild but he was quite reformed now. So, indeed, it seemed. Burgo had apparently found at last the something to keep him straight, and was behaving admirably.

Did Lady Mildred *mean* him? If so, why was Monsieur le Marquis at Ellesmere? Friend of my lady's youth? Just so; but—and people grinned and shrugged shoulders. But Lady Mildred was an enigma unto them.

Sir Burgo's hopes revived, and Glyn Vipont's fears. And there was a picnic one day on the island in the mere, and Burgo had stolen away his cousin in a boat by herself, and they had got stranded on a lily reef, and he had spoken and she had answered, as you know.

And Lady Mildred is watching the pair as they disembark on the little landing-stage just now, with keen eyes and not altogether pleasantly-smiling lips.



It was something like Shelley's—a little lawny islet, by anemone and violet-like mosaic paven, or as nearly as was compatible with an English climate; and it

was bounteously blessed with wild strawberries besides. So in the sweet summer-time, before its paving was used up, and its strawberries all

browsed, it was rather a favourite resort of picnic pilgrims from Ellesmere and the county generally. It boasted of a little harbour and the little landing-stage before mentioned; it had a miniature forest, with winding paths and sheltered nooks convenient for flirtation, and a modern Crusoe's hut, with modern upholstery, wherein you lunched and lounged, or took refuge in inclement weather. Lady Mildred's water parties were deservedly popular.

The county had followed the suzeraine of Ellesmere and taken shipping in her wake rather more numerous than usual to-day. The tiny bay was crowded with a regular fleet of "hen-coops" and "sulkies" and sailers. There was a crowd of recently-disembarked pilgrims gathered together at one end of the landing-stage when Burgo and his cousin came quietly and skilfully alongside, very nearly unnoticed, except by my lady's keen eyes, which raked them from a vantage-ground above. People were watching the Hon. Cole Stocquerre's new *Pyroscaphe*, which, with its scientific young inventor stowed away somewhere in its circumscribed bowels, had come to a standstill half a mile or so off, and though its tobacco-pipe of a funnel smoked furiously, seemed incapable of proceeding on its voyage. The Hon. Cole was an experimental philosopher; he had turned his rooms in the Canterbury Quad. into a chemical laboratory, and blew himself up there, or was there discovered poisoned with ghastly



IN LONDON BALL-ROOMS.

odours of his own creating, periodically, during his Oxford career; and had recently set fire to, and well nigh occasioned the destruction of, the family seat, in the course of some experiments he had been making with a new combustible. He had introduced this fearful and wonderful fuel into the furnace of a model steamer of the future, fortunately only just large enough to hold her owner, and this was the result. The *Pyroscaphe* had worked her patent screw frantically for ten minutes, the Hon. Cole had begun to fancy he had hit upon a regular space-annihilator, when, with a sudden whirling of her machinery, she stopped dead.

On shore odds were being rather freely laid she was going to burst. A boat was sent off to the rescue, the rescuers found the martyr prostrate and insensible as usual. They pulled him forth—the *Pyroscaphe* groaning and hissing all over ominously the while. The Hon. Cole's hair was smouldering, and his eyebrows, what was left of them, charred, so were his clothes. The smell of him was something awful; before they had pulled half way back, the *Pyroscaphe* burst up and went down, after which there was a general move to luncheon.

With a glance that pointed her last words to him, Miss Maltravers left her cousin, and was absorbed next moment in a multi coloured mob of her own kind. She was in no particular hurry to undergo my lady's clever cross-examination; the story would have to be told, of course, but not now; she kept as well out of the maternal reach as she could. Lady Mildred marked, but let her child alone; she had other business to attend to now.

The Crusoe hut was on a little elevation; it was from this elevation that my lady had seen Burgo scull her daughter so quickly and skilfully to shore. Someone else had noticed the cousins, too—the tall, grizzled, melancholy-eyed man, with the curling white moustache and pointed royale, with the thin, thoroughbred face, weary and wayworn, full of sad experience. This was René Pardaillan, Marquis de Mornac, a friend of Lady Mildred's youth, whose presence at Ellesmere had provoked grinning comments among the county quidnuncs, to whom my lady was an enigma.

René Pardaillan's sad face looked less sad, and his melancholy eyes even brightened.

"You see her, too, *mon ami*?" Lady Mildred said, pressing the arm her fingers rested on gently.

"Yes, I see her," the Marquis made answer. "They have been long coming. We did not pass them? No. He rows well, Monsieur, your nephew, when he chooses. See! how fast. He is strong; he is young. Ah! youth and strength."

The last words were sighed rather than spoken, and to himself. The face had got the old sad look, and the eyes that rested on Burgo down below, their old melancholy. Lady Mildred heard and saw.

"René!"

"Well? Look, how easily he lifts her ashore with one swing of his arm! How she trusts herself to him! How she thanks him, now, with that smile and that glance! And Monsieur, your nephew, bends down his handsome face, and—Bah! *j'aime autant regarder autre chose!* Let us see if Monsieur Stocquerre is blown up yet."

"If you like," she said, having knowledge of the man and his humour. "But why, René?"

"Eh!" and his brow darkened as he told her. "Should I care much to look at that, think you, Emilie?"

"You mean the old story?" she answered with her quiet smile. "What you hinted at —"

"No," he interrupted; "it was no hint I gave you. I told you that, plainly, when I told you of my folly—of my mad, hopeless folly. No; I knew this; and I know it. She loves him, Emilie."

"You talk of folly," Lady Mildred said calmly, but severely; "this is folly, René, after what I promised you. You are wrong. It is not as you think; and it never will be. Trust me."

"You ought to know," he answered, with a little dash of hope in his tone.

"I do," she returned.

But René Pardaillan knew better in his soul. He knew he could not have been deceived. And then, what was he wanting to do? What had my lady promised, meaning assuredly to keep her promise? The instincts of the *gentil-homme*, who had sins enough upon his conscience, and bore them lightly, but whose honour could bear no stain, revolted as they had revolted against this thing before that day. She loves her cousin, a gallant soldier, young and strong, the beau-ideal of a *beau sabreur*. Ay, she loved him; he, René Pardaillan,

had found that out. *Allons!* what was this said René Pardaillan with his sixty odd years well and duly wrung out—what was he better than an imbecile to imagine he could have what he coveted so keenly, *now?* Once—ah! once, when the dead youth in him was strong, and his worn face was fair to look upon, and women loved him, and gave their souls for him, in the divine days long, long ago—she might have loved him, too, then. But—now! There was enough of this folly; it must end. He would go. Go—and leave her to that beau cousin?

No; that was more than he could do, for he, too, loved her. He was a scapegrace, this man she loved. Would he make her happy, after all? She was young—a child. She knew nothing; but would she not be happier with *him?* What was there that he would not do for her? And it would not be for long; she would be free again soon. Why should he not, after all, take Emilie's word?

It was so bitterly hard, you see, for this man, who had foregone so little all his life, to forego this, the last, the most desperately-desired joy of all. He stayed, in temptation still, at Ellesmere. There were times when temptation almost mastered him, but he could put it from him at others. It was an unsatisfactory—not to say a martyrising—state of things for him. Lady Mildred pitied the friend of her youth, but she had promised to make him amends by-and-bye. As satisfaction for the ancient grudge she bore Sir Burgo, K.C.B., as gratifying another dislike, as simply more advantageous—for one, or

other, or all these reasons, she had decided finally upon this, instead of upon any other arrangement she might have previously contemplated. Subsequent events helped her, but she would have done single combat with events, and have probably won. So her tone with René Pardaillan that afternoon on the island had been weightily calm and confident.

Before her face had time to cloud again, she changed the subject of conversation from her daughter and Monsieur, her nephew, to the Hon. Cole Stocquerre and his *Pyroscaphe*. Then the upward move to luncheon deposited Lady Mildred comfortably in her chair.

Cecil was safe at the other end of the hut's dining-room, next to Sir Lorrimer Losely, an *ex-viveur*, who was making a graceful, if not a pious ending, wived with an admirable wife who might have been his daughter; pleasant, harmless, effete, yet now and then with a touch of the old fire in him, such as lurks in ancient burgundy, that should be fireless now. Sir Lorrimer had secured his place next Miss Maltravers to tell her an admirable story he had brought down from London, as he said, his real object being to communicate an extra flavour to his mayonnaise by keeping his eyes on her face while he ate. He was a scientific old voluptuary, and he disagreed altogether with the *post prandia Callirhoe* theory. So he thoroughly enjoyed his mayonnaise that day, without telling his story through; but then Glyn Vipont was on Cecil's left hand, and Glyn had a good deal to say. Glyn was, personally (it always seemed to me when I looked at him) just what



"YOU SEE HER, TOO," LADY MILDRED SAID.

a wise youth should be. He was not very tall and he was not very fat, but there was nothing angular about him, and you would never have called him short; you saw at once that his digestion was admirable, and he played no tricks with it. He was always unobtrusively well dressed; his tailor was afraid of him, for Glyn had some pull or other over the man, and Glyn's taste was perfect. His face was a well-looking one enough—fair and smooth, in admirable command, calm, cool, smiling—whereon most people read of the real man about as much as they might have read on a blank page.

Glyn talked to Miss Maltravers. He had never been on terms of more than decent civility with the Ellesmere people, but since he had taken up his permanent residence at the Towers, Lady Mildred had revived those terms. Glyn had dined now and again at Ellesmere; to-day he had been invited to join the water pilgrims, but that was all: his footing was nothing like Burgo's. He made himself very agreeable to Cecil as he ate his luncheon beside her; he made himself agreeable to everybody, this wise youth, only indulging his prejudices, as he did his passions, where the indulgence could do him no harm. He had come here to-day to watch, and he used his eyes while he used his tongue and his teeth.

"This mayonnaise is really very good," he said to Cecil; "let me give you some of the anchovy. By the way, where is Burgo? Here, isn't he?"

He had seen Burgo quite well some time ago, and he knew that Cecil had, but he wanted to make her let him, Glyn, see that she saw Burgo.

"Here, somewhere, isn't he?"

Of course the wise youth had an object in saying this, as he had in saying most things. Burgo was sitting next Mrs. Brune, an Indian grass-widow, a sister of Lady Losely's, and the two were deep in apparently very interesting conversation.

Now Indian gossip and tattle had mixed up Burgo's name pretty freely with his present neighbour's, and Glyn knew this, and, moreover, he knew that Cecil knew it. He wasn't a bad judge of character, and he guessed instinctively that Miss Maltravers was about the last person in the world to indulge in anything like vulgar jealousy; nevertheless, what he was doing now was part of his little game.

"Ah! yes; there he is—over there, be-

side Mrs. Brune. How well she's looking, isn't she?"

She was looking very well, just as he spoke, with that sudden warm flush on her piquant Irish face, and that quick darkening of her blue eyes that always accompanied such flushes; and something Burgo had just said to her was evidently the cause of all this. Cecil couldn't help noticing that, as she glanced casually in the direction of Glyn's nod, and remarked, "Oh, yes, there is Burgo; and Mrs. Brune is looking remarkably well."

Then Glyn turned the talk till Sir Lorrimer had finished his strawberries and cream, and, having no further need of Miss Maltravers' countenance, had strolled off to flirt elsewhere; but he flattered himself he had given his young friend something to think about all the time.

Perhaps he had. She wouldn't have confessed it, even to herself. She understood that, of course, Burgo would never *afficher* their new relationship; but she *did* think that he needn't have made that marked demonstration with a person in connection with whom he had already been sufficiently talked about. This was not what she had meant, but perhaps what had been in her mind, when she had said to him that her knight must fight for her; that he would get no quarter, and must give no advantage to the enemy. And here he was doing exactly what he ought not to do—fighting my lady's fight under my lady's own eyes, under the eyes of everybody.

Of course, Miss Maltravers had quite settled that Burgo's past was nothing to her; that, if she took him, she took him clear of all that—as he was now. And this was a very wise resolve. She cared little what old stories there might be afloat concerning him, and—and Annie Brune, for instance. She loved him and she trusted him; that was enough. But people were to have no grounds, however absurd, for starting fresh stories about him and—and Annie Brune, for instance; certainly not. And yet, if—Bah! what was she thinking?

Just the thoughts the wise youth could have desired, probably. At least, she was heard to declare to confidential ears that she liked Glyn Vipont less than ever that afternoon. And I see the connection between those two sentences.

Lady Mildred bore down upon her

when the hut was clearing, and people were dispersing in primeval fashion—in pairs. Only my lady's eyes questioned her daughter; this was neither the time nor the place for anything more. Yet, somehow, Cecil felt uncomfortable; she foresaw a *mauvais quart d'heure*. She had nerved herself to face that probability pluckily when she landed; but now she had grown nervous. It would have been better, after all, if Burgo had sat beside her at luncheon, instead of that objectionable Glyn. She made her escape from the maternal eyes as quickly as she could. René Pardaillan came up, with his sad face, and she let him take her away. They wandered into the little wood, René talking platitudes with inward bitterness; she silent, thoughtful. Glyn Vipont, listening to the revived Stocquerre outside, smiled pleasantly at her as she passed him. The wise youth was pleased with her; she was doing what he wanted.

Five minutes or so before, Glyn had seen Burgo and Mrs. Brune strolling, in close converse still, and in the same direction as these two; and he had smiled exactly the same smile on them; for he was pleased with them also, and for a similar reason.

They came to a seat under a big tree, and they sat down there. They were old friends, Burgo and she. Evil tongues had tried to make them out something more; but the evil tongues only lied. Annie Brune owed Burgo her life; he had carried her one day out of the midst of an ugly knot of arrack-maddened mutineers, who were quarrelling over her; carried her out of nameless horrors, safe. Drunken Fred Brune, her husband, who had fought like a paladin, and was lying at the time with half a dozen tulwar gashes in his miserable little body doing their best to bleed him to death, and failing, the medicine-men said, only because he had no blood left to bleed—drunken Fred Brune, when he heard of

this exploit, swore and wept, and forthwith insisted on swallowing his last half-bottle of V. O. P. This was his way of expressing his gratitude. However, he unfortunately didn't die of it. God made him, and he passed for a man; so they had let him tie that passionate, high-spirited Irish girl to him for life before she knew what life was. — She found out by-and-bye. Imagine the life she lived then. If it had been merely death she was to undergo, she told Burgo afterwards, he had done wrong to save her.

However, there she was—saved, given back to drunken Fred, who made preposterous promises of amendment, and “pegged” himself into oblivion of them and everything else before he tumbled

home from duty that same night; who flung temptation at her brutally, as he flung his clumsy boots at his masall's head; who called himself a fool and a villain for it in his next sober fit; who cursed her and slept; who awoke and wept over her; who deserved no mercy at her hands and knew it; and who got what he never deserved from her and knew that too.

But not why—not why she was his wife still—not why temptation failed now. Bur-

go, the scapegrace, only knew it later; yet it was for his sake, because she loved him—recklessly, passionately; that was natural enough. What had her loveless life been? What was it now? She loved the man who had saved her; she could dream of him as she had seen him that day, smiting hip and thigh among that crowd of lustful devils; swinging that thirsty sabre right and left, and shearing lives at every stroke; trampling the pale, dark faces under Red Lancer's pitiless hoofs; hewing his way to her through the smoke and the bristling steel that never harmed him; bending down to her, and lifting her up before him, and carrying



BURGO WAS SITTING
NEXT MRS. BRUNE.

her through the smoke and the steel again to —

To drunken Fred, of course. But Mrs. Brune forgave him that by-and-bye. She nursed her husband till his wounds were healed. He owed his life to her care, he said—they all said. And she and Burgo didn't meet again for a long time. In that time she had got herself in hand. When they met she saw that was as well; for, as I said just now, it was not till later, till long after, that Burgo knew she was his, body and soul, if he chose. He got this knowledge unasked, for one night. When Brune had sat drinking at home with some other men, and there had been a worse scene than usual, she had risen with a pale, tearless, desperate face, without a word, but with a look that went to the scapegrace's heart. Drunken Fred hiccupped a curse after her, but Burgo sharply bade him hold his peace, and flung away his cheroot, and followed the white dress on to the verandah. Captain Brune stared with owlish gravity at his fast-receding guest, then burst into an idiotic laugh, staggered to a sofa, and slept stertorously till parade bugle. Next morning he had forgotten all about the thing. But Burgo remembered that night all his life.

He had found Mrs. Brune huddled up in one of the chairs outside, sobbing passionately—and fortunately—at last. He had done his best to comfort her; and she had looked up at him with the moonlight on her pretty, tear-stained face, and with wild eyes and wilder words, had asked him what comfort there could be for her? What was her life like—what must it always be like? Ah, why had he saved her only for this; why had he given her back to this brutal sot? Why not have let her die—why not, why not?

And then it all came out, of course—all the reckless, passionate love she had held in hand so long. She kept back nothing of it; she told him all. She could bear this no longer, and she would not. She would go, or she would kill herself.

"Oh, take me away, Burgo, take me away—no matter where, no matter how. Only away from this—away from *him*!"

He had listened. He couldn't have helped that, even if he would. And he



HE HAD FOUND MRS. BRUNE SOBBING PASSIONATELY.

was a scapegrace, you must remember, who was supposed to have no scruples—to have done worse things than this; to be always ready and willing to do worse still. So it was natural enough, perhaps, that he should listen to her. Not absolutely unnatural that, being such as he was, this listening should have been attended with a certain amount of temptation for his sinful flesh and blood. She was a temptation—she might have proved one even for our immaculate selves, you know—that woman, with those desperate words on her lips and that light in her blue Irish eyes that showed she meant them, and would stand unflinching to them—a strong temptation to one who knew what she had suffered, and who saw her there now, with her brown hair falling over her round white shoulders—rounder and whiter than ever in the moonlight—who pitied her honestly, and who believed as honestly there was no hope, no help for her but this while that snoring drunkard on the sofa yonder should live on.

(To be continued.)

Famous Women.

LADY ARTISTS AT HOME.

MRS. LOUISE JOPLING.

IT was in her charming studio, 3, Pembroke Road, Kensington, that I first made the acquaintance of Mrs. Jopling, who holds so prominent a position in the art world, though her paintings had long been familiar to me as household words, as doubtless they are to hundreds of other Englishwomen who can read between the lines and appreciate the pathos and sentiment of the stories she depicts, which are, in their way, as attractive as the masterly manner and firm touch with which she handles her subjects. The sweet and gracious woman, whose portrait adorns this page, bears traces of her early struggles for fame, not so much in the handsome countenance, full of brightness and vivacity, as in the gentle, sympathetic manner, which has

a magnetic attraction for all who come in contact with her. For Louise Jopling has fought the world, inch by inch, and conquered, and such women as she are ever ready and willing to smooth away the obstacles from the rough and thorny paths they themselves have trod, if by so doing they can help their sister workers.

Miss Louise Goode, now Mrs. Jopling, was one of nine children, and the daughter of the late T. S. Goode, Esq. Deprived of a mother's care when very young, the family was entirely dependent upon the father, who encouraged them to lead healthy outdoor lives, and educated them on the ordinary lines; but having himself a strong leaning towards music and literature, he naturally desired that his offspring should excel in these directions. Miss Louise Goode made her first bid for literary fame by sending a thrilling love story to that happy hunting-ground of youthful writers



MRS. JOPLING.

the "Family Herald." The editor of this periodical accepted and paid for the contribution, but it does not appear to have been followed by other work of a similar character till, many years later, Mrs. Jopling again took up her pen, and forwarded articles, chiefly dealing with artistic subjects, to various newspapers and magazines. In 1891 she published a useful work, entitled "Hints to Amateurs: A Handbook on Art," which has had a large sale, owing to the bright and sprightly way the



VIEW OF MRS. JOPLING'S HOUSE.



MRS. BEERBOHM TREE AS OPHELIA. BY MRS. JOPLING.

subject is treated, and the thoroughly practical information on the various branches of drawing and painting which it contains. In addition to her other accomplishments, Mrs. Jopling is a brilliant pianist, a charming vocalist, and one of the most popular hostesses in London. It was not, however, till after her first marriage with Mr. Romer, whose wife she became when only seventeen years of age, that she seriously adopted painting as her life work. Residing in Paris with her husband, who was private secretary to Baron Nathaniel de Rothschild, she entered the studio of M. Chaplain in 1867, and for sixteen months devoted herself entirely to study, abstaining, during the interval, from social pleasures and gaieties. In 1868 she was rewarded for her labour, by seeing her picture, "La Crépuscule," and a head in red chalk, on the line at the Salon. "Bud and Bloom" was also well hung at the Royal Academy and favourably criticised, and since then pictures from her brush have appeared there every year, with two exceptions, and she has also contributed to the Dudley and Grosvenor Galleries, the Society of Lady Artists and many provincial exhibitions. On the death of Mr. Romer, in 1873, his widow

found the talent she had cultivated so assiduously of practical service to her from a pecuniary point of view; but any anxieties she may have felt on this score were relieved by her union with Mr. Jopling, himself an artist, and one with whom she naturally had many tastes in common. This marriage lasted for ten years, when the fell destroyer, death, once more entered the household, and carried off one whose many attractive and social qualities made him universally beloved and whose decease was widely lamented.

Four years later, Mrs. Jopling became the wife of Mr. Rowe, who is well known in legal circles; but as far as the art world is concerned, the subject of this sketch prefers to be known by the name under which she has become so distinguished.

As a portrait painter, Mrs. Jopling has been particularly successful; she has also produced a number of pictures of a more or less Oriental character—such as "Five o'clock Tea," a charming Japanese interior, or the one at present on her easel (and intended for the Liverpool Exhibition this year) entitled: "The Home-coming of the Bride," which depicts another scene in the domestic life of Japan. Among her most popular works may be mentioned "The Five Sisters of York," illustrating the legend in "Nicholas Nickleby"; which received the bronze medal at the Crystal Palace, and was subsequently shown at the Exhibitions of Philadelphia and Sydney. "It Might Have Been," and "Pity is Akin to Love" were the principal attractions at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1878. Miss Ellen Terry, as "Portia," Mrs. Tree, as "Ophelia," "A Portrait," "The Trysting Place," "The Betrothal," "In Memoriam," "Queen Vashti," a gorgeous scene picture, "Charlotte Corday in her Hour of Death" and "The Last Look," which hangs in Mrs. Jopling's studio, and portrays a youthful widow, with an expression of intense sorrow, gazing through the open doorway of the home she is about to leave.

The artist's studio is a handsome apartment, decorated in

shades of yellow and white; at one end is a picturesque gallery, and in the corner a circular window, with cushioned seat, near which is drawn that most charming piece of modern domestic furniture—the tea-table. Another recessed seat by the fireside, and luxurious chairs and couches give an air of comfort often wanting in rooms of this description. A grand piano and parquet floor are suggestive of impromptu dances, when, doubtless, the drawing-room, which adjoins the studio, is pressed into service. The latter looks on to the garden; and soft tones of green prevail, with touches, here and there, of tawny orange contrasting with Oriental draperies. In this room there is a quaint and curious cosy corner



THE TRYSTING PLACE. BY MRS. JOPLING.

designed by the artist. In the angle of the wall near the fire-place, have been hung two plain sheets of looking-glass with shelf above for books or china. This forms a background to a divan loaded with downy cushions and partially concealed by a Moorish screen. Opposite the fire-place, which is surmounted by a quaint overmantel of old oak, garnished with blue Nankin pottery, is a triple seat, which bears unmistakable signs of the painstaking carving of that king of cabinet makers, Chippendale. Near at hand is a delightful little secrétaire of inlaid satinwood, with dainty brass fittings, a wedding present to Mrs. Jopling; and extending almost the length of the side wall is a fine specimen of 16th century tapestry, while the polished floor is covered with Eastern rugs. A tiny table, containing specimens of antique silver, and one or two examples of Tudor furniture add to the artistic effect, and leave on those who see it the impression of an unconventional but thoroughly comfortable interior.

The square hall has handsome dark oak fittings relieved by cream and buff decorations; while the dining-room has a yellow paper, which seems to flood it with sunshine, and throws into relief other examples of old oak with delicate mouldings produced by workmen who thoroughly understood the art of carving, and who were not bound by trade unions to produce as little as possible for the wages they earned. One portion of the room is arranged as a library, with handsome bookcases inserted in the recesses; comfortable writing-tables and every inducement to study.

Some four or five years ago, Mrs. Jopling was persuaded by her friends to open an Art School, on the French system, for female students, and for their accommodation, a studio of ample dimensions has been built at the end of the garden. Here, on the occasion of my visit, I found about twenty-five pupils under the direction of a qualified teacher, busily engaged in painting from a model, who seemed deeply impressed with the importance of her position. Under the wise leadership of Mrs. Jopling, who is at once their guide, philosopher and friend, the students draw life-size, study the antique and go through the ordinary routine of perspective, outline drawing, anatomy, composition and design; while valuable lessons in portraiture are given by Mrs. Jopling herself,

who paints from a model before the class, commenting on the work and giving valuable hints as she proceeds. As earnest workers are generally engaged the whole day in the studio, with thoughtful care for their comfort, a small kitchen has been provided with a gas-stove and every convenience for cooking the light refreshments required. Once a week an "At Home" is held, when the students' work is exhibited and their friends and parents have an opportunity of judging of the progress made; and at these informal gatherings it is easily seen with what loving respect and reverence the artist is regarded by those who bow beneath her gentle sway.

LADY BUTLER.

Those who first heard of Lady Butler (then Miss Elizabeth Thompson), when her fame was established in what was generally known as "The Roll Call Year," seldom pause to consider what long and unrelenting study preceded her unparalleled success. She had been well coached in every detail by her father, who had spared no efforts in developing the wonderful talent possessed by his eldest daughter. For the first few years she led a comparatively nomadic existence, travelling with her parents on the Continent and visiting the various art centres, and enjoying the best instruction to be procured at that time in any place at which they might be staying. Her general education was the special care of her father, who for many years devoted his mornings to reading aloud those works which were calculated to improve the mind of his daughter, during which time Elizabeth was expected to wield her pencil or paint brush, while conning over the various points suggested by her father's method of teaching. Those who were acquainted with the artist in the earlier years of her life, describe her as an energetic little traveller, always observant and on the alert for any peculiarities displayed by men and horses. At length Miss Thompson began a regular course of study at South Kensington; but finding the progress slow and the routine irksome, commenced to take lessons in oil painting from Mr. Standish. After this, she worked alone for a time, and finally presented herself once more at South Kensington, armed with specimens of her

work, with the hope that the authorities would relax in her favour their rules respecting students taking the entire course, and would permit her at once to draw from the antique or a model. Mr. Buchett, then head-master, acceded this point, admitted her to the advanced rooms, and for some years Elizabeth Thompson was one of his favourite pupils.

About this time she exhibited at the Dudley Gallery, and critics and buyers began to comment favourably on her works.

Mr. Tom Taylor, of *The Times*, and the representative of the *Pall Mall Gazette* being particularly warm in their praise. Another sojourn in Italy, of two years' duration, was employed by Miss Thompson in the further study of her art. She entered the studio of the late Professor Bellucci, at Florence, varying her lessons as much as possible, and spending a portion of her time in copying the frescoes of Andrea del Sarto and Francia Bigio, in the cloisters of the Santissima Annunziata. Miss Thompson painted "Visitation" in Rome, which she exhibited in a collection of ecclesiastical art, and received honourable mention. Returning, with her family, to England when in her twenty-third year, she arranged a small garden studio in Ventnor and began to make studies for "The Roll Call." At this period her family did not give her much encouragement, hardly thinking that such a subject would appeal to the public taste. However, Mr. Gallo-way, an art patron, having commissioned her to paint the picture for him, Miss Thompson took a studio in St. John's Wood, and there worked upon it during 1873 and 1874. Miss Thompson, having previously exhibited a small sketch called

"Missing" at the Royal Academy, which, though skied, found a purchaser, decided to try her luck again with "The Roll Call," which was hung on the line and purchased by Her Majesty (who had it removed to Osborne, where it has remained till the present year, when, by the Queen's gracious permission, it was sent to the Chicago World's Fair), the original owner ceding his rights in favour of the Royal lady, who had expressed a wish to possess it. Since then "Quatre Bras," and various warlike subjects, have appeared from time to time, but since her marriage Lady Butler's social duties and travels have somewhat deterred her from exercising the art to which she is devoted. This year a spirited painting, "The Camel Corps" (a regiment of natives, mounted and sweeping across the desert, raising clouds of sand as they go) has adorned the walls of the Royal Academy, and is considered by art critics to be one of the finest examples of her work.



LADY BUTLER.



MRS. AMYOT.

MRS. AMYOT

was born of Norwegian parents, although she herself first saw the light at Copenhagen, on February 6, 1845, where her father, Mr. Christian Engelhart, held an important position in the National Bank of Denmark. Mrs. Amyot's childhood was a comparatively lonely one, as, till she was eleven years of age, she had neither brother nor sister,

but depended on the companionship of her mother, who, for many years, was in delicate health, and spent much of her time in the south of France, whither she was accompanied by her little daughter. Eventually two other daughters and a son appeared upon the scene, and shared with

Caroline Catharina, or Katinka, as she was familiarly called in the family circle, all the advantages that their parents' position insured.

Having inherited decided artistic talents from both father and mother (the former being an accomplished wood-carver and the latter possessing aptitude with her pencil), Miss Engelhart took the opportunity while travelling of making graphic sketches, with which she illustrated the *viva voce* accounts of her journey, for the benefit of her young friends on her return.

It was unusual in those days for a woman of position in Denmark to adopt a career, and the idea of a lady becoming a professional artist was almost unheard of. It was only after the earnest entreaties of the mother were coupled with those of the daughter, that Mr. Engelhart consented to Katinka undertaking a regular and systematic course of study at Dusseldorf, where, in 1866, she was placed under the care of Professor Vautier and Wilhelm Sohn. During the first year of her student life she had the good fortune to sell a picture to the Art Union of Christiania; and in 1870 "The Little Housewife" was exhi-



THE LITTLE HOUSEWIFE. BY MRS. AMYOT.

bited in Berlin, and bought by the famous art dealer, Lepke, from whom she received many commissions. By a strange coincidence, Mrs. Amyot discovered, after her marriage, that her husband's mother had purchased a photograph of this painting, valuing it for its intrinsic beauty, and quite unconscious that it was the work of her future daughter-in-law. Naturally the artist sets great store on this memento of her girlish days, but has courteously allowed the writer of this article to reproduce it for the benefit of the readers of THE LUDGATE MONTHLY.

Others issued by the Berlin Photographic Society had a large sale in both Europe and America and quite established the reputation of the young artist. About this time, Miss Engelhart indulged in literary aspirations and published in a German Magazine, the *Deutsche Jugend*, some delightful fairy stories, which she illustrated herself. In 1874, she went to Norway for the purpose of painting several portraits of distinguished people in that country, and was shortly afterwards summoned to Stockholm and commissioned by King Oscar II. and



MY LITTLE SWEETHEART. BY MRS. AMYOT.

his mother, Queen Josephine, to execute two historical paintings representing the founder of the present dynasty of Sweden, Carl Johann Bernadotte. One of these portraits was placed behind the throne in the Royal Palace of Christiania, and the other hangs in the Palace at Trondheim. After spending seven months in the Swe-

Mrs. Amyot managed to do this with perfect success was proved by her frequent exhibits in the Royal Academy and her happy home life. Among the principal pictures hung in the years subsequent to her marriage were: "The Return of the Penitent," "In Flagrante Delicto," "The World Forgetting, by the World Forgot,"

"Three Guineas from the Queen," "Soap Bubbles," "My Little Sweetheart," "Il Faut Souffrir pour être Belle," "Tit-Bits," etc. etc.

In 1882, Dr. and Mrs. Amyot settled in London, where they have gathered round them a large circle of friends. Mrs. Amyot, as well as being a talented artist, is a brilliant hostess, who has the happy faculty of charming all who listen to her bright and sparkling conversation and apt stories, which are given with an evident desire to interest and amuse her friends. "Tit-Bits" and "Scattered Tit-Bits," which appeared with Christmas Numbers of the



LE PAUVRE AMOUR. BY MRS. AMYOT.

dish Court, Miss Engelhart went to Paris, to acquire, by careful study, those technicalities which she felt, owing to her early training, were lacking in her work. There she became the private pupil of M. Bonguereau and also joined the classes at Julien's as the pupil of Le Febvre and Boulangier. In her second year, "Le Pauvre Amour" was placed in a prominent position at the Salon, and received flattering notice from all the leading journals. "Le Retour de la Fille Repentante" was also exhibited in the Salon, and was reproduced by Goupil as one of the principal pictures of the year.

In 1878, Miss Engelhart decided to combine an artistic with a domestic career, and became the wife of Dr. Thomas Amyot, an Englishman in practice in the town of Diss, Norfolk. That



THE RETURN OF THE PENITENT. BY MRS. AMYOT.

Strand Magazine, have made Mrs. Amyot's work familiar to thousands who have never been inside the Royal Academy, and who, consequently, have never had the opportunity of seeing her more ambitious productions. The model is her own little boy; and the portico which appears in the paintings is easily recog-

nised as that of her house in Pennywern Road, Earls Court. Her two little daughters occasionally sit for her, but Mrs. Amyot prefers to utilise the professional model whenever practicable. In the studio is that charming picture entitled, "Interesting News," which shows a cottage interior and a number of country women discussing over the cup that cheers, certain facts communicated by the local Sarah Gamp for the benefit of those present. In the foreground is a youthful mother with her infant on her lap, and though convalescent, still bearing traces of the pangs of maternity, as she leans languidly back in the Grandfather's chair. "Soap Bubbles" is also here and a nearly finished picture (as yet unnamed) of a charming village child in a blue frock, driving away from the door, with gusts of wind from the bellows, the domestic chanticler, whose curiosity has overcome his prudence.

While sipping the fragrant bohea, Mrs. Amyot gave me many interesting particulars of her home life and the pleasant visits to Cornwall, where, among the congenial spirits of the Newlyn School, so much of her best work has been produced. The artist spoke with enthusiasm of the small community, including Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope Forbes, Mr. Frank Bramley, Mr. Norman Garsten, Mr. Gotch and others whose homes are dotted about the cliffs of Newlyn and who draw their inspiration from the beauties around them, and paint nature as it really is, not as it appears to a fervid imagination. But time flies, and gladly as one would linger in the pretty studio, with its graceful palms, simple flowers, and surrounded by the many examples of my hostess's industry and talent, the pleasantest visit must come to an end, and I reluctantly bid Mrs. Amyot farewell, after



SOAP BUBBLES. BY MRS. AMYOT.

thanking her for the opportunity she has given me of seeing her under such favourable circumstances.

MRS. ELIZABETH FULLEYLOVE.



MRS. FULLEYLOVE.

It would be strange indeed if Mrs. Fulleylove, who is the sister of one artist and the wife of another, had not developed artistic talents on her own account, and, to use her own words, she "cannot remember the time when she could not draw, or when pencil and paint-brush were not an intense source of pleasure to her." She commenced to study, in 1870, at the Leicester School of Art, then under the direction of Mr. Willmott Pilsbury, whose charming landscapes are highly prized by collectors. After her

marriage, in 1878, to Mr. John Fulleylove, R.I., she spent the greater part of a year in travelling through Italy, for the purpose of acquiring greater facility in her art, and of becoming acquainted with the various schools of painting in that country.

In 1882, Mr. and Mrs. Fulleylove settled in London, and, since then, this artist has made flowers, more particularly roses, her special study, and has frequently exhibited at the Royal Institute for Painters in Water Colours, in Piccadilly, and at the Galleries of the Society of Lady Artists, where her work has attracted considerable attention.

Mrs. Fulleylove is the third daughter of the late Samuel Elgood, Esq., and Mrs. Elgood of Leicester, and the sister of Mr. George Elgood, R.I., whose exhibi-



ROSES. BY MRS. FULLEYLOVE.

tion of garden pictures in London recently evoked such favourable criticism in the art world. A measure of her success, as the artist would be the first to acknowledge, is, undoubtedly, due to the assistance she has received from her husband, whose work is highly appreciated by those who are competent to judge of its merits.

In the studio, I observed two paintings by Mr. Fulleylove: "Clumber," the seat of the Duke of Newcastle; and "Moresby," that of Lord Manvers, a commission from H.H. The Maharajah Giakwar of Baroda. A fine Spanish leather screen formed an excellent background for "Roses" painted by Mrs. Fulleylove and some charming sketches of Thomas Collier's. Here are, also, copies of various old masters, and notably one of Gaspar Poussin, "Epitome of Italy," which occupies the place of honour over the fire-place. At the opposite end of the room is a unique specimen of 17th century tapestry, and the remaining wall space is occupied by dwarf bookcases, shelves for china and other works of art. Resting against an antique oak cabinet, were two panels of intarsia work from the Church of St. Peter, at Perugia, and I noticed an ancient prayer-desk, which has appeared more than once in the paintings of Mr. Fulleylove. The soft-toned walls of the dining-room are almost covered with water colours. Of special interest are the quaint sketches of Leicester (the birth-place of both husband and wife), the portraits of Mr. Fulleylove's father, mother and eldest child, and some pretty interiors at Oxford.

F. M. G.



SKETCH OF MY WIFE. BY JOHN FULLEYLOVE, R.I.

Whispers from the Woman's World.

By FLORENCE MARY GARDINER.

THAT tact and a pleasant manner are the first elements of success, all those who are acquainted with the ways of the world are ready to acknowledge. They are the "sesame" to ambition, social distinction and influence, and men and women alike should spare no pains to acquire what will prove to be the true philosopher's stone in all the relations of life. Unfortunately, those who have not these priceless blessings are apt to stigmatize the happy possessors thereof as "insincere," a calumny which, like all half-truths, is the most difficult to combat. But is it not better to avoid hurting the feelings of others by judicious tact, than to ruthlessly plough, time after time, through their cherished sentiments and most sacred convictions, because some early prejudice exists that one must blunder out the truth, whatever the consequences? George Eliot, that keen observer of human nature, has left on record that "a little unpremeditated insincerity, must be indulged in under the stress of social intercourse; and the talk of an honest man must often represent merely his wish to be inoffensive or agreeable, rather than his genuine opinion or feeling of the matter in hand." Fancy what it would be for the majority of mankind, if we were obliged to inhabit a Palace of Truth, in which each one was compelled to speak the truth—the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Would it not be confusion worse confounded, and would not the world become so unbearable that nothing could follow but the total extinction of the species and the depopulation of the civilised globe?

Sheer ignorance is responsible for some of the most glaring instances of want of tact, as when recently an old woman, whose daughter was suspected of drink, said, in answer to an inquiry, "'Taint no use; I have done my best for her, but she's a bad lot. She came in to see me only the other day, and I sez to her, 'Mary,' sez I, 'you're growing fat. 'Taint 'ealthy fat,

to my mind. You'd best prepare for death, and break off from your sins.' But she went off just sharp like," she continued, with an air of innocent surprise, "and I haven't seen nothink of her from that day to this."

Poor Mary! who can tell what unspeakable woes she must have silently endured, and which, as likely as not, had been the original cause of her drowning her sorrows in the flowing bowl.

And yet, in this year of grace, 1893, there are still thousands existing, who would go through the tortures of the stake rather than deviate by a hair's breadth from that strait and thorny path which, in their opinion, is the only sure way to salvation, utterly oblivious to the fact that the freedom of speech and the strict truthfulness they advocate will probably drive their victim to hopeless perdition.

Truth, no doubt, is an excellent virtue, and one which may be indulged in with advantage under certain circumstances; but it should also be borne in mind that it is a most dangerous weapon in the hands of foolish and inexperienced persons, and of such a combustible nature that it may at any moment explode, dealing death and ruin in its course on friend and foe alike. I do not wish, however, to imply that truth and good manners are incompatible, only that truth must be tempered with tact, which is the germ to which courtesy and many other elements of good manners owe their very existence.

Tact, that beautiful little word tact, might form the text for a thousand sermons, and would do more practical good, than ten times the number of a doctrinal character. It is the humble chrysalis from which emerge in the glorified form, good manners; it is the silver key which unlocks every human heart; it is the emblem of Divinity, and the link between our present unworthiness and a more perfect existence in a future state.

That this heaven-sent germ can only be

cultivated from our own inner consciousness, and not by the aid of others, is a fact that few will dispute, and it remains with ourselves whether it shall receive tender attention and culture or be allowed to wither away from neglect.

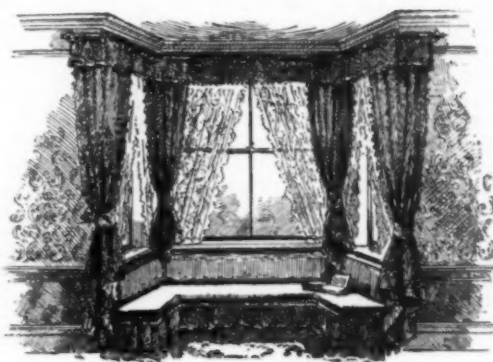
Education may have a softening influence, and one can be grounded in the things which are, and which are not, suitable for conversation under certain circumstances. But for the attainment of the "Quality of Tact," there is no royal road; it is emphatically an instinct that is born, not made, and those wanting this additional sense will probably continue through life a source of fearful joy to their family and acquaintances.

Another important element in good manners is certainly unselfishness, which will induce one never to try to outshine, only to please. The natural dignity of an unselfish person prevents superiors being treated with servility, or inferiors with arrogance, and gives precedence to elders. Such a one, will never needlessly wound the vanity of others, or dilate unnecessarily upon disagreeable subjects.

Self-possession is also another very important factor. "Be self-possessed, that is the only art of life," is the counsel of Mephistopheles to Faust, and self-consciousness, which is so often mistaken for pride, is absolutely fatal to that *savoir faire*, which we associate with the polished and refined. Such persons may be well-mannered, according to the strict canons of politeness, but will never be favourites with the world, because they are absolutely lacking in the elements that please. These are the rough diamonds who do not shine in society, but whose sterling qualities endear them to those who have conquered their "unfortunate manner," as want of tact, selfishness and shyness are frequently called. Manners must adorn knowledge, to quote Lord Chesterfield, and great as is the value of learning, it is enhanced a thousand-fold by an attractive exterior.

In this article I propose to refer briefly to some of the minor details of furnishing, and shall also touch lightly on those useful accessories of the household—glass, plate and linen.

The staircase window, shown in the first drawing, is fitted with one of those useful



A STAIRCASE WINDOW.

boxes, whose virtues I am never tired of advocating. I am surprised that the space about the portico in many houses is not more often utilised, as an oriel or bay might be thrown out for a trifling cost, and would afford another cosy nook, the advantages of which some of our modern architects are beginning to realise.

The next two sketches show simple methods of draping bedsteads with light fabrics, so as not to impede ventilation, which was the great drawback which our ancestors suffered from in the elaborate four-posters, hung with silk and damask, without which, a few years since, no house would have been considered properly furnished. For the small bed one pole only is necessary, and this should be placed at a convenient height above the bed. The drapery consists of a long, straight curtain of ample width, doubled, and sewn up the centre, leaving, of course, a small opening at the top for the pole to pass through. The bottom and front edges should be finished with daisy fringe, or frills of the material.

The brass bedstead has movable wings, with back draping, curtains and valance of reversible cretonne, which correspond with those used for the windows.

That we should promote the welfare of those who minister to our needs, are indispensable to our comfort, and who are members of our household, is demanded by common justice; therefore I must confess that it is a matter of considerable surprise to me when I sometimes get a peep at the servants' bedrooms in otherwise comfortably and, in many cases, handsomely furnished houses. The greasy walls, decrepit furniture, cracked crockery, and

absence of all the necessities, to say nothing of the decencies of life, make one stand aside and consider, where is the loosened screw in the domestic machinery which accounts for this appalling state of affairs.

Without any desire to quibble with the divine rights of British matrons, and with the knowledge that I am laying myself open to the grave accusation of pandering to the foibles and whims of the lower classes, I do distinctly state that a mistress of a house who neglects to provide proper sleeping accommodation for her domestic servants is guilty of a grave lapse of duty, to put it in the mildest possible way, towards those whom circumstances have placed beneath her roof.

Perhaps in no branch of household plenishing has there been such rapid advance, both in quality and style, as in glass and china, particularly in that for the table, and contrary to the usual course of events, as it has improved, the price has decreased. What could be prettier or in better taste than a service of glass, the clear surface of which is delicately engraved with a monogram. How superior to the crude emerald and ruby crystal, which our ancestors employed for *ornamenting*(?) their festive boards, and which made their dinner-tables as parti-coloured as the coat of Jacob's favourite son.

If the eye requires relief, let it be given by the softly-tinted German glass, which is as delicate in shade as the undulating waves of the ocean on a summer afternoon. This is manufactured in



A DRAPED BEDSTEAD.

many quaint shapes for the various kinds of wine, and the prettiest flower and specimen glasses are made to correspond. With a snowy damask cloth, a tinted table-centre

of satin, edged with white lace, a liberal supply of the flowers in season, and the cutlery and silver dazzling in brightness; what more could the heart of man (or woman) desire to stimulate the appetite.

To have entire services of silver has its advantages, and brands the possessor with a hall-mark of respectability which is not to be lightly

disregarded. But if it necessitates wrapping the precious articles carefully in baize bags every night, and of unwrapping them again in the morning, in my opinion life is not long enough; so give me instead the humble but enduring electro. The best quality of the latter is guaranteed, with ordinary care, to last twenty years; which is surely as much as can be reasonably expected, and by which time, doubtless, the domestic exchequer will stand the expense of replating. Of the different shapes of spoons and forks in common use I prefer the Queen Anne, or



A MODERN BEDROOM.

Rat-tail, as it always looks well, is more elegant in shape than the fiddle, and is more easily cleaned than the thread, union, king's, rosetted or beaded patterns. Teaspoons, teapots, cream ewers and similar articles, one naturally likes to be of the precious metal, but for all ordinary requirements table services of electro answer perfectly, and do not cause those domestic upheavals so common in establishments where only silver is used; silver which, sooner or later, is sure to find its way into the family dustbin, or be the pelf of some marauding burglar.

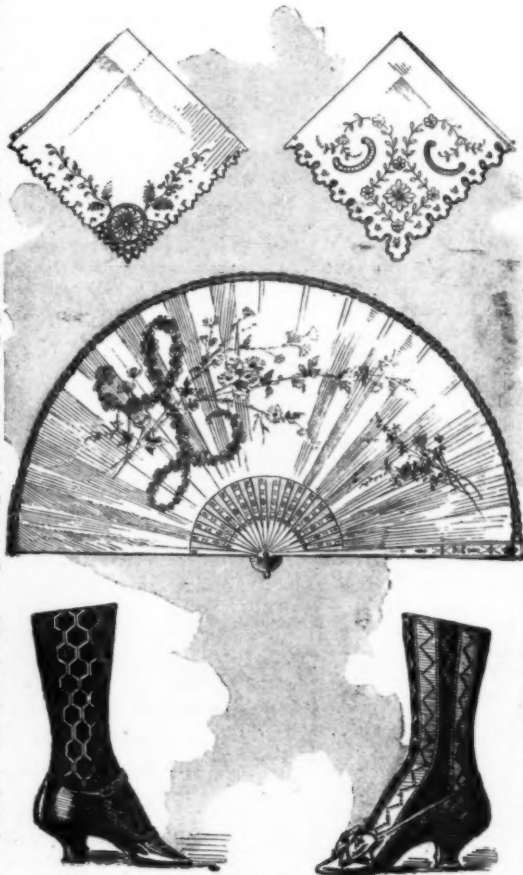
The linen is an important item in the furnishing of a home, and as large a sum as can be set aside should be devoted to this purpose, so that the best quality can be procured, as the inferior kinds never look well, and fall to pieces after comparatively little wear. The respective advantages of calico and linen can only be decided by those who use them, but even if sheets are made of the less expensive fabric, for ordinary use, there should be some, at least, of linen, and the latter should always be used for pillow-slips, as it lends itself better to decorative treatment than calico. Both bed and table linen can be ornamented in a variety of ways, and afford an ample field for the industry, ingenuity and taste of the housewife who is clever with her needle, as almost every

article in daily use can be embellished in this manner.

FASHIONS AND FRIPPERIES.

Every woman is looking her best, thanks to summer toilettes and King Sol, who, this season, is giving us more than the average amount of his presence and has honoured with his august patronage all the most important social functions. Recently, at the Children's Salon At Home, organised by their popular leader, philosopher and friend, Levana, of *The Gentlewoman*, I noticed some very striking dresses, especially among the children. One graceful girl was attired in softest grey crepon; another had an empire frock

of white, accordion-pleated crepon, set into a folded yoke of moss-green satin; and two sisters, who took part in the skirt dancing, had modified Spanish frocks, mainly composed of black and gold silk and Indian muslin elaborately trimmed with sequins. Levana's little daughter was quaintly dressed in a Tudor gown of rich brown velvet relieved by a Liberty sash of orange silk. Levana herself was wreathed in smiles, and looked very handsome in a gown of Robin Hood green cashmere, with broad shoulder-frills, edged with jewelled passementerie, but the finishing touch to this becoming costume was the



NOVELTIES.



SCHOOL DRESSES FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

dainty little bonnet of lilac, which looked as though it had just been gathered and pinned with deft fingers among her sunny locks. Mrs. Aria, who sets the fashions for half the English-speaking world through her charming articles in *Black and White*, *Hearth and Home*, and numerous other papers, was gowned in a plain skirt and double-breasted jacket of dove-coloured cloth, with a white chip hat nearly covered with roses and forget-me-nots. Miss Elsner had a charming costume of heliotrope silk and cashmere, and a hat of cream fancy straw. Miss Strutt Cavell was gowned to perfection, as she always is, in soft brown, relieved with pale blue, and the Honourable Mrs. Clay wore an ideal dress, for an elderly lady, of black brocade, her bonnet of lace and jet having a long veil at the back, almost reaching to the edge of her gown.

At a *recherché* luncheon, Mr. Alex. J. Warden, who was in the chair, referred to the work of the Children's Salon, now consisting of 3,000 members, banded together for the advancement of art, literature and music, and for the promotion of all good works. The special object of the gathering was to obtain further funds for the endowment of the "Salon Cot," in the Victoria Hospital for Children, which has been

dedicated to the memory of the late Duke of Clarence, and, by special permission of the Princess of Wales, named after him. After luncheon, Levana distributed the prizes to those successful in the various competitions, and this was followed by a musical and dramatic entertainment, in which Members, Associates and Graduates of the Salon took part, assisted by Madame Jeanne l'Estrange's Ladies' Amateur Mandoline and Guitar Band. The following day a Children's Fancy Dress, and Calico Ball was given in the Westminster Town Hall, which was largely attended by Members of the Salon and their friends, who danced to the stirring strains of the string band of the Royal Artillery.

This season the greatest attention is given to the minor details of the toilet, and I have recently made a pilgrimage round some of the leading houses in the West End so as to give the readers of "THE LUDGATE" the latest and most reliable information regarding chiffons. Mr. F. Penbertley showed me a really unique collection of fans, handkerchiefs, hosiery and gloves, to which I feel it my duty to call the attention of those ladies residing in the country, and who desire to possess themselves of the latest novelties.

I was particularly smitten with some white and black ostrich feather fans, in pearl and tortoise-shell mounts. Others of gauze, with a lace initial, were very



MILLINERY AT MESDAMES ANDREWS AND WYNDHAM'S.

attractive, and most moderate in price, as were the black Chantilly fans for mourning wear.

The favourite materials in vogue for summer costumes are silks, which have spots, points and ombre effects, diagonal cloths, of a loosely-woven texture and in

every shade conceivable, lovely crepons, striped and plain, which fall in such pretty soft folds, and every variety of cotton fabrics, including a long range of satins, batistes, muslins, printed cambrics, etc.

Bonnets are very small as a general rule, while hats are gradually distending till they sometimes make the head look out of all proportion to the body. This is essentially a straw year, which I am glad to chronicle, as it means an improvement in the condition of our own labouring classes, especially in the neighbourhood of Luton and other straw-weaving centres.

At Mesdames Andrews and Wyndham's pretty show-rooms were displayed most ravishing costumes and millinery, specially prepared for some smart weddings on the *tapis*, and for Ascot and Goodwood. Their children's dresses are perfect models, in their way, which will be judged from the two sketches I have taken. They also had some charming hats of Leghorn, trimmed with lace, feathers and ribbon, which had been made for a debutante of this season, desirous to excel all other debutantes by the beauty and charm of her headgear.

A fashionable fichu of cream lace is



A FASHIONABLE FICHU.

a pretty addition to almost any dress, and allows the bodice to be turned in, an advantage during the month of roses, when the temperature is sometimes higher than we can bear.

A very charming evening gown, of palest green silk crepon, made over a white satin slip, is shown in the next sketch, and was worn by a handsome girl at the Salon Ball. As a contrast to the above, I have introduced a morning gown of spotted cambric, belonging to the same young lady, who devotes a considerable portion of her waking hours to devising costumes that are calculated to bewitch her masculine admirers and drive her feminine acquaintances wild with envy.

The remaining illustrations give a very good idea of the prevailing modes in mantles. The tight-fitting jacket is made of light grey cloth, with revers and sleeves of black velvet, while the smart little triple cape of tabac cloth is braided with black and finished with a high pleated collar. For a youthful matron nothing could be more stylish than the jacket of black duchesse satin, with large puffed sleeves, and trimmings of lace and jet.

Just as we go to press, the joyful news of the Royal Betrothal is announced. A union which will be hailed by all classes of the



THREE SUMMER MANTLES.

community with satisfaction, and one upon which the warmest congratulations can be offered.

It has occurred to me that it would form a fitting conclusion to those portions of "Whispers" which specially refer to suitable employments for women, to give a few particulars as to the accommodation in the "Mighty Metropolis" for those who are desirous of earning for themselves an independent position.

Apartments and boarding-houses exist in large numbers all over London, but should be chosen with considerable discrimination, as many of them are far from being appropriate dwellings for young and unprotected girls, who hitherto have led a sheltered and domestic life in the provinces. Besides these, there are students' homes in various districts, notably in Bloomsbury, which is conveniently situated for many of the avocations of life, and within easy reach of the art and medical schools, musical academies, etc. The best of these resemble a good-class ladies' college. Single bed-rooms are to be had, but in some cases, where cheapness is a consideration, the cubicle system has been adopted. There are cheerful sitting-rooms, reading and other rooms for the boarders, the meals are at fixed hours, and there is a certain amount of freedom, as latch-keys are allowed. One of these homes is to be found at 4 and 5, Brunswick

Square, W.C., and struck me as looking clean and comfortable, while the inclusive terms of twenty-five to thirty shillings a week, are not excessive. College Hall is a little dearer, but seems well-managed, and here private sitting-rooms can be had if desired; but this is intended for students only. In Chenies Street and also in York Street, a short distance from Baker Street Station, there are residential clubs, which contain suites of small, unfurnished

rooms at rentals varying from ten to twenty shillings a-week. Service costs fivepence an hour, and meals are served in a dining-hall and paid for separately. Sloane Gardens House is on the lines of a boarding-house, with low charges, ranging from five shillings for a furnished cubicle, to one guinea for two unfurnished rooms. Brabazon House, South Crescent, Tottenham Court Road, and Miss Younghusband's two homes in connection with the Gentlewoman's Employment Club, give a great deal at a low rate, board and lodging ranging there from fourteen to twenty-one shillings per week; and the same may be said of 19, Lexham Gardens. There are also some excellent homes for working-girls in London, of a lower class, of course, but still very clean and comfortable, of which particulars may be obtained from Mr. John Shrimpton, Westminster Chambers, 3, Victoria Street, London, S.W., who will send on application a description of the various houses and their localities.

Small, cheap flats, where women can set up their household goods, and make a little home for themselves at a moderate cost, can be found in Gray's Inn Road, Rosebery Avenue, Chelsea, Marylebone, etc. etc., at rents from eight shillings to one pound a week, according to the accommodation required. Those called Clovelly Mansions in Gray's Inn Road, are particularly comfortable, and here in-

formation may be obtained of the new ones, built by the same company, in Rosebery Avenue, which are even nicer. Holborn Houses, Pimlico, have their advantages, and 3 to 13 Stafford Street, Lisson Grove, and King's Mansions, Lawrence Street, Chelsea, are not to be despised by modest house hunters.

[I am indebted for the drawings of the draped bedstead and bedroom, also for that of the staircase window, to Messrs. Oetzmann and Co., Hampstead Road, London.]



A STYLISH MORNING DRESS.



A PRETTY EVENING GOWN.

Tales from Dream- Land.

By May Cumberland

THE CROWN OF LAURELS



THE evening sun was slowly sinking to its rest, tipping the distant hill with roseate hues, kissing a last good-night to the latticed windows and lingering gently and lovingly on the head of a tired youth.

There he lay, and had lain, for hours, his head pillowed on his hands—his body ever tossing and turning with the troubled sea of his thoughts. He never heeded the tinkling of the sheep bells, as the little flock passed him, followed by Gretchen, who called softly, "Tridel! Tridel!" as she passed, nor the chilly night wind sweeping boisterously up from the sea, and making the huge pines quiver and cry in its clutches. No, he noticed not the departing day and the awakening night; the swallows left him and went to bed,

and the night owl hooted dismally over his head; but there he lay, crying ever:

"Fame! give me fame! I will toil and slave, but to be famous in the end. I will give my heart, my life, my soul if the world may ring with my name, and cry, 'He is noble—he is grand: would that the earth held more such as he to whiten its blackness, and to turn its day into night.' Oh, help me, Invisible Beings! Here no one understands my thoughts. I must travel and find what I seek—others have before me—and I will return famous and happy to those I love." And he turned on his side and gazed with love on the figure of his mother, shading her eyes as she looked out towards the pines, searching for him.

But as he watched, gradually she faded from his eyes, surrounded by a white haze; slowly the mist took shape, until, in the place of his mother, only closer to him, there stood another woman, more stern and beautiful than she. Tridel lay for one moment amazed; then,

"Help me, whatever being thou art!" he cried.

"That is my errand," the Spirit answered. "You seek fame. Come with me; you shall find it."

Then Tridel sprang from the ground in an ecstasy of joy, all his agony gone; he tore into the cottage, and, clasping his mother round the neck, cried:

"Mother, I leave you to become famous; behold my guide."

The mother turned and, seeing the stranger, fell at her feet with clasped hands.

"Take not my boy from me," she cried; "fame is nothing to love."

"Fame is more than love," returned the Spirit; "it is greater even than death."

"No," cried the woman; "it cannot cheat death."

"But, it can outlive it." And stretching out her hand, she drew Tridel away.

"Let me but kiss him once before he go," the mother cried, and, snatching her boy from the stranger's grasp, she printed a passionate kiss on his brow. "Bring him back in safety to me again, that I may share his joy," and her voice was choked with sobs.

"Yes; he shall come back, I promise that."

Then the mother dried her tears, and watched, with a trembling, but proud heart, the figure of her boy fast disappearing in the evening haze. "He will become famous," she said, with quivering breath; but inwardly she cried: "Fame is nothing to love—give me back my son."

The boy journeyed on, the figure ever beside him, through long and weary days and endless nights; still they travelled, side by side.

"Show me fame," he cried.

But the figure answered: "Not yet; not yet."

"But I work all day and reap no reward; my thoughts burn in my brain, and yet, when I give them life, they yield me no return; shall I never gain what I seek—never?"

"It will come in time," said his companion, and they travelled on.

Once, burning with his desire, they passed through a great city, trembling on the eve of a terrible crisis, its people running to and fro like driven sheep.

"Let me speak to them; I can help them," cried the youth; "they need a

leader; I will head their parties; I will calm their distress.

Then the Spirit drew back its detaining hand, and the youth, bursting from his hold, poured out to the astonished and excited people words that thrilled their hearts and spurred them on to action.

"Lead us," they cried with one great voice; "we will follow."

Then the youth, forgetting the Spirit, flushed with the fire of might, fought, with heart and voice, for the people's cause. At times they rested on the highest crest of the wave of success, at others in its lowest depths. But, alas! their struggles were in vain, for their cause was lost, unutterably and for ever. Then the youth was reviled and cursed.

"Traitor!" they cried, and they cast him out, till, fleeing, with aching brow, he came again upon the Spirit, waiting patiently.

"Have you gained the laurels of fame?" she asked, with a smile on her lips.

"Fame?—no; I have slaved and toiled for the cause, and now am crowned with curses. Take me where I shall find the laurel branch, my guide."

So they journeyed on; but the boy was not so gay as before, the reverses of life were bowing him down; but he raised

his head—which, thrilling with beautiful and noble thoughts, could not long be cast down—when they drew near another and more beautiful city than the last.

"Here is a field for glory," he cried; "why do we not stop? We have passed city after city, and yet, instead of my staying and working, we journey ever on to that dark loneliness ahead. Let me gain fame here," he cried.

The Spirit shook its head, but let the youth go.

With bounding step and light heart, he entered the city, and, lying beneath the shadow of the trees, he, with rapid pen and trembling fingers, poured out his soul to the world. He told of wonders in the earth and sea, of wonders to come and mighty



"TAKE NOT MY BOY FROM ME," SHE CRIED.

works to be performed; and the people read and were amazed.

Then he went to them and cried:

"Give me fame—that is all I ask—the glory of being known to the world for some good done."

But they laughed and said:

"You are mad! We do not know you. Your works are clever, but you have no name; when you have found that, come back to us and we will give you all you ask."

And the youth, pale and sorrowful, sought his guide again.

"Do not despair," the Spirit said; "fame will come."

"Why," said the youth, "are we journeying there," and he pointed to where the sky looked black and overcast, where the air was filled with the roar of a mighty cataract and the distant hills towered dark and gloomy to the clouds.

"Because there is what you seek."

Then the youth wondered that in those gloomy regions should be the laurel crown, but he said nothing.

"What is that strange shadow following me?" he said one day. "It never leaves me."

"What is it like?" asked the Spirit.

"I cannot tell," he answered; "it has no earthly form."

But as they travelled on, the form of the shadow grew clear and defined.

"I see it now," he cried; "it is an old man, bent and white-headed, and he is clothed in clinging grey garments, and holds something in his hand I cannot see."

"You are nearing your goal," answered the Spirit; "you will soon see what he holds."

Again and again did the youth struggle to be known, and each time returned despondent to his guide, who, comforting him, said:

"Your works are great; weep not—glory awaits thee."

After journeying wearily on, they left at length the gay cities behind them and were surrounded by a dreary, desolate plain; no trees grew in such bleak air; flowers they had not seen for days; even the earth they trod was black and stony, and the roar of the great cataract was in their ears.

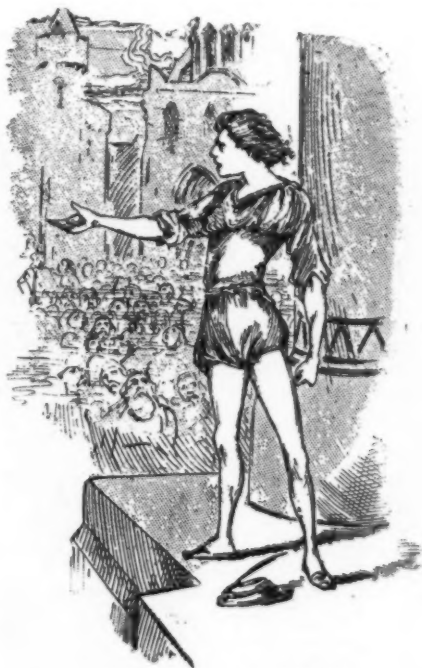
"Surely here cannot be fame" the youth said, weary and dispirited, but the Spirit answered:

"Patience; it is coming."

The roar of the rapids grew fiercer, and the air was filled with a dashing foam that dimmed the eyes of the youth; and as they journeyed on, they saw before them, surrounded by overhanging rocks and with a black, lowering sky overhead, a terrible rushing torrent, its waters dark and gloomy, its banks too steep for mortal feet to climb.

At the brink they paused.

"Here," said the Spirit, "I must leave you. I have done my duty: the Spirit of



WORDS THAT THRILLED THEIR HEARTS.

the Valley of the Shadow must end my work," and, pointing to the figure of the old man, the Spirit vanished.

Then, being alone, with the black sky, the rushing torrent and the thunder in his ears, the youth trembled and turned to grasp the hand of his new guide; the fingers he took were long and bony, and, looking up at the face, he saw its eyes were sunk, its cheeks hollow, and the grey garments clung close and rigid to the form of a skeleton; but yet he saw not clearly what he held in his hand.

"The river must be crossed," the figure

said; but the youth trembled, and would have gone back.

"There," said the figure again, "lies the only way to Fame. Cross but the torrent, and this is yours," and he held aloft a crown of laurels. Then into the foaming rapid plunged the youth.

"I am sinking," he cried, but the gaunt figure did not reply. Three times he sank into the inky depths.

Then he rose.

The sky above was dark, the water around him was cruel and keen, and the air was filled with the thunder of a mighty storm; but the face upturned to the blackened sky was as a bright moonbeam on the waters; the soft brown hair rose and fell on the marble forehead; on the sweet red lips was the smile of success and victory—and, held aloft by the gaunt hands of Death—there floated the laurel crown.

The mother, listening with aching heart at her cottage door, waited day by day for the fame of her boy, that did not come.

Till at last, afar on the breeze, she heard the whisper of his name.

"He has done marvellous works," they said; "he has saved a nation." Then the heart of the mother leapt, and she cried:

"He is becoming known; I shall see him soon."

The whisper grew to a murmur, and the murmur to a roar. "Where is he?" they cried; "he is noble, he is glorious, he is famous." And the heart of the mother was glad within her; not for his glory, not

for his fame; but that he should return.

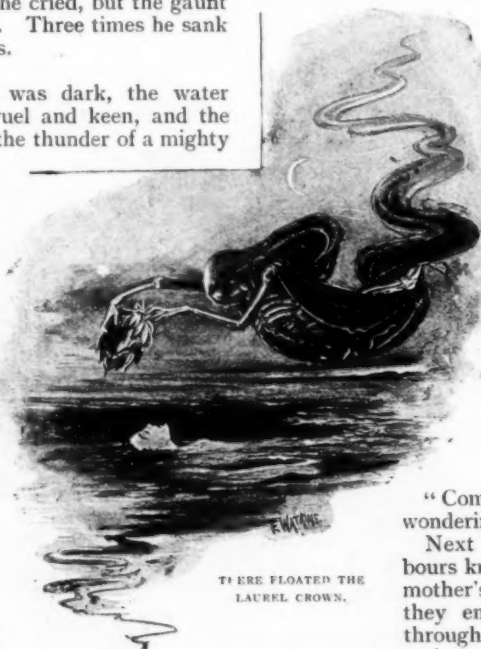
Each night when she retired to rest, she said, "To-morrow he will come." But as she lay sleeping, she heard a voice beside her saying, "Mother! I have returned, as the Spirit said." And looking up, she beheld her son, dazzling and glorious in snow-white robes, with the crown of fame upon his brow.

"Come?" he said, and wondering, she obeyed.

Next morning, the neighbours knocked in vain at the mother's door, and at last they entered; they passed through the empty parlour, and came to the little bed-

room. "She is dead," they said; "she has passed away in her sleep, mourning for Tridel."

"She has not died in sorrow," said another; "look! that is not the smile of grief; it is the smile of love and recognition—she has found her son."



THERE FLOATED THE
LAUREL CROWN.



The announcement of the betrothal of Prince George and Princess May may certainly be classed amongst the most popular of the incidents of the month. We have taken advantage of this opportune moment to publish Mr. Asher's charming waltz, "May Bloom," which is dedicated to H.R.H. Princess May, by special permission of H.R.H. the Duke of Teck.

Since my last notes, several pieces have been produced and withdrawn, and many of the theatres are now closed. "Man and Woman," at the Opera Comique, of which great things were expected, and which was undoubtedly a good play, failed to draw, and was withdrawn after a very few weeks' run. This failure I attribute to the fact that the play was wrongly cast, the leading characters not being in strong enough hands. Terry's Theatre also re-

mains shut. "The Black Domino, a new and original drama in five acts, by Geo. R. Sims and Robert Buchanan" is how the latest Adelphi drama is described. There is, however, a great lack of both "newness" and "originality" about it.

Lord Dashwood has sown his wild oats and is about to be married to his cousin



MISS EVELYN MILLARD.

when his former mistress turns up and threatens to expose him. Her father, however, silences her. Lord Dashwood is in the hands of a swindling, sanctimonious lawyer and money-lender, called Honeybun, who has a nasty way of asking for his money. His lordship, to put off the inevitable day of reckoning a little longer, and having no cheque book of his own wherein to write his name, coolly but

accidentally writes his father's, the noble Earl of Arlington, to the tune of £20,000. Though this noble gentleman, my lord of Dashwood, professes to love his wife, yet he is persuaded to go off to the Covent Garden Fancy Dress Ball to meet his former mistress, Belle Hamilton. Lady Dashwood, informed of this meeting by Captain Greville, her husband's mentor and friend, follows, sees her husband laughing and joking with this infamous Belle Hamilton, faints in Captain Greville's arms, and is carried off to his rooms. Now Captain Greville thinks he has his revenge at last: he will now be able to disgrace and ruin his friend. However, he is foiled. Eventually the old Earl meets the forged bill, Belle Hamilton confesses she had broken with Lord



W. L. ABINGDON.

Dashwood before his marriage, and that she met him at the ball at the instigation of Captain Greville. Greville receives a good thrashing from Lord Dashwood, Belle Hamilton makes a rapid exit from the world, assisted by the contents of some mysterious phial, and everything ends happily. Such is the plot of "The Black Domino."

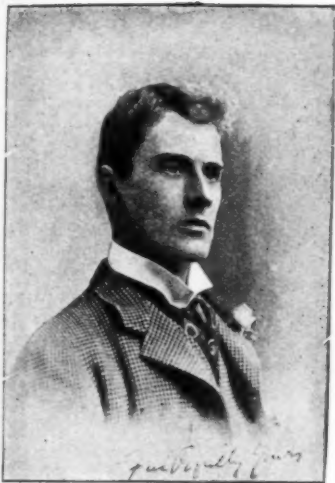
The scenery is by Bruce Smith, and is quite a surprise. The Brothers Gatti have spared no expense in this line. The Fancy Dress Ball scene is an exact reproduction of Covent Garden Theatre, and in this scene the entire Adelphi stage is called into requisition. The last scene, again, "The Star and Garter" at Richmond, is a very handsome and picturesque set.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, as Belle Hamilton, is weak, and has not the nervous dash and desire for constant pleasure and excitement one associates with Belle Hamilton. Miss Evelyn Millard is a sympathetic Mildred Vavasour, afterwards Lady Dashwood. Miss Bessie Hatton, as Rose Berton, Belle Hamilton's young sister, does all she has to do well: Miss Clara Jecks, as Dolly Chester, the music-hall artiste, has not much to do, more's the pity; however, she manages to extract as much as possible out of her part.

Turning to the men, Mr. Chas. Glenney, as Lord Dashwood, is forcible and dramatic, but what a thankless part he has; instead of being the good old Adelphi hero, who is always maligned and ill-treated, he is an unprincipled scoundrel,



MISS CLARA JECKS.



T. B. THALBERG.

who thinks no more of forgery, seduction and lying than he does of eating his breakfast. Mr. Arthur Williams, as Honeybun, the money-lending solicitor with amatory proclivities, is excellent. In the fancy dress ball scene he turns up as Cupid, and is accompanied by two of his

MISS LILY HANDBURY.
Photo. by Russell and Sons.

many nieces, Birdie Johnson and Gussie Conyers. Mr. W. L. Abingdon is, of course, all that can be desired, but as we now accept this gentleman as our stage villain *par excellence*, it is always taken for granted that he can be relied on to successfully enact such parts. He has one fine scene in his rooms with Lady Dashwood, of which he makes the most. Mr. John Le Hay, as Chenevix Chase, Mr. Thalberg, as Dr. Maitland,

Mr. Chas. Stuart, as Lord Drewscourt, all go to complete an excellent cast. A special word is due to Mr. Cockburn for his touching performance of Pierre Berton, the poor old blind organist, heartbroken at the knowledge of the infamy of his daughter, Clarice, better known as Belle Hamilton.

To sum up, the piece is weak, very weak, and is not worthy of the authors; yet it will run and is running. The acting and the scenery have, however, a lot to do with its success.

"The Amazon," an original farcical romance in three acts, by Arthur W.

Pinero. Thus does the programme describe this extravaganza up-to-date. The author has been poking a lot of good-natured fun at some of the up-to-date society faddists. Plot there is none, or, at least, very little, in this latest production from the prolific pen of Mr. Pinero, yet Mr. Chudleigh is succeeding nightly in filling the Court Theatre with the attractions offered by this piece. Briefly,

the story is this: Miriam, Marchioness of Castlegordan, married a modern Hercules, and naturally admires her stalwart husband. Her one great disappointment, in which her husband joined, was that all her three children were girls. She had set her heart on a son, and, when the first daughter arrived, her husband remarked, "Well, dear, you have lost the whole hunting season for nothing." She christens her child Noeline, Noel being her husband's second name. Her other two daughters are Wilhelmina and Thomasin. These three young ladies are brought up as boys, and are in the charge

MISS ELLALINE TERRISS.
Photo. by Russell and Sons.

of Sergeant Shuter, a masculine and muscular female, widow of a sergeant, who has adopted her late husband's rank.

The Marchioness of Castlegordan lives in seclusion at Overcote Park, and devotes herself to the bringing up of her girls—or boys, as she will persist in styling them. Visitors are rigorously excluded from the Park, and the "boys" go about in male attire, learn to shoot, box, fence, ride, in short, everything that becomes a man. True, once a fortnight the Marchioness is at home to visitors, and on these occasions her "boys" resume their natural attire, and come out in stylish frocks. Thus things go on; however, her two youngest "boys" go up to town and fall in love, just to upset their mother's arrangements, I suppose, and, to make matters worse, her eldest hopeful, Lady Noel, who is in town, fancies she would like to see a bit of "London after dark," so she dresses up in the dress clothes belonging to the



JOHN BEAUCHAMP.



young man of the house, gets his opera cloak on, and off she goes. While strolling up West, she sees a man knocking a woman about, so she, as she afterwards describes it, "lands" him with her left in the jaw, and down he goes. A crowd gathers, and she is encouraged with cries of "Good for you, gov'nor; hit him again." This recalls her to herself; she flies, falls into the arms of a gentleman and faints. The gentleman, who, by-the-bye, is Barrington, Viscount Litterly, takes her—

that she is his cousin, the Lady Noeline Belturbet. The other two lovers of the sisters also turn up at Overcote Park, in the shape of Galfred, Earl of Tweenways, and André, Count de Grival. Some amusing scenes take place, naturally, between these three loving pairs, and eventually the Ladies Wilhelmina and Thomasin write and arrange to meet Tweenways and De Grival in the East Wing.

MISS PATTIE BROWNE.
Photo. by Russell and Sons.

WEEDON GROSSMITH.

These two beauties mistake the West Wing for the East Wing, and descend through a skylight into the gymnasium. While waiting for their companions, Litterly arrives by the same skylight, he having found the letter making the assignation. Footsteps are heard, and the three conspirators hide in a cupboard. In come the three young ladies, led by the Sergeant, who persists in calling them "my lord." The gentlemen are discovered, so they all set to work to enjoy themselves and have a dance, while "the Sergeant" kindly consents to play. In the midst, in walks the Marchioness, accompanied by the Rev. Robert Minchin, the friend of the family. So horrified and so shocked is the dear Marchioness at her daughters' improprieties that she immediately frocks them; the gentlemen are invited to stay to dinner, and everything ends happily.

Thus it will be seen that though the plot is thin, yet a great deal of innocent and wholesome fun can be and is obtained.

Miss Lily Hanbury, Miss Ellaline Terriss and Miss Pattie Browne, as the Ladies Noline, Wilhelmina and Thomasin Belturbet, are so fascinating and charming in their male attire that one quite regrets when, obedient to their mother's commands, they at last frock themselves.

Mr. John Beauchamp, as the Rev. Roger Minchin, makes the most of a part which is a thankless one at best. Mr. Weedon Grossmith, as the Earl of Tweenways, extracts a lot of fun out of his lines, his business in the dark, when he first arrives in the gymnasium, being especially funny. Mr. Fred Kerr, as Viscount Litterly, gives us many touches of that dry humour for which he is so well-known, and Mr. Elliot, as the French Count, is very amusing. Made up as Frenchified as he possibly can be, he resents being taken for such. "True, I am French by birth, but," says he, "I am English by education—by inclination. Do I not go in for your



MISS NORA HASTINGS.

sport, your 'idioms'? Do I not know your proverbs, vat you say—'Damn it all?' Do I not say many times 'Don't cher know,' 'voila'?" Miss Emily Cross, as the Marchioness is satisfactory—but, oh, what a lot Mrs. John Wood would have made of the part; and Mr. Compton Coult, Mr. Quinton and Mr. Nainby all contribute to make the whole play what it undoubtedly is—a success.

* * *
Mr. Angelo Asher, the composer of this month's piece of music, "May Bloom" waltz, was born in London in 1862, and as an infant showed musical proclivities.

When a schoolboy he got up an entertainment, and such a success was it that the Baroness Lionel de Rothschild, who happened to be present, sent for him, congratulated him on his musical abilities, and encouraged him in the pursuit of music as a profession. He entered the Royal Academy of Music under Sir Sterndale Bennett and Sir George Macfarren; here



MRS. MARY DAVIES.

he studied for three years, and was a most distinguished pupil.

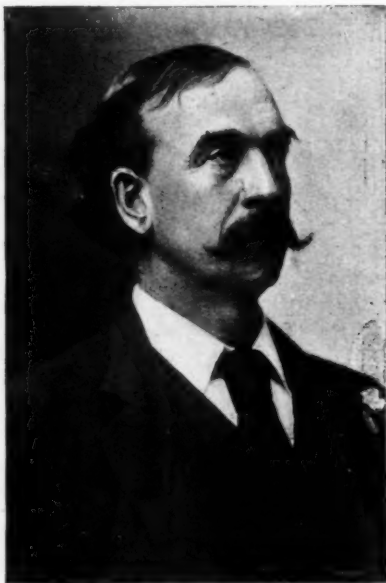
In 1885, when promenade concerts were all the rage, Mr. Asher composed a vocal waltz—the “Fan Fan Waltz”—this was brought out at the concerts then being held in Her Majesty’s Theatre, and was personally conducted by the composer; it proved a great success. Mr. Asher is now conductor at the Tivoli.

One of the most charming and successful concerts of the season was held at St. James’s Hall, Piccadilly, on the 10th of May, under the auspices of Miss Nora Hastings. The programme contained no less than twenty-one selections, and among the artistes were Mrs. Mary Davies, Madame Enriquez, Miss Meredyth Elliot, Signor Foli, Mr. Banck Pierpoint and Mr. Braxton Smith.

Miss Nora Hastings scored another success. Her dramatic and humorous powers are of a high standard, and her renderings of “The Shipwreck” and Nesbit’s “Singing of the Magnificat” were worthy of all praise. Mrs. Mary Davies, who is, without doubt, one of our sweetest ballad singers, gave an old French song, “La Charmante Marguerite,” and “The Mandarin,” in her own charming style, receiving an encore to each.

Signor Foli, who had a most enthusiastic reception, sang “Blow, blow, thou Winter Wind” and “The Bedouin’s Love Song,” and, as an encore, he gave “Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep,” the audience recalling him a second time.

We notice that Mr. Edward Turner Lloyd, the eldest son of our great tenor, has obtained a professorship of the Royal Academy of Music, and we think it is a matter for congratulation to know that he is so successfully following in the steps of his celebrated father.



SIGNOR FOLI.

tion with previous teams, not only batsmen, but some good all round men.

The team is captained by the Australian wicket-keeper, Mr. Blackham, one of the best stumpers known to cricket, who has been included in each eleven that has visited this country.

The hardest hitters are Lyons, Trott and Graham; but it is, indeed, hard to single out any as the best, for they appear to be completely without the usual *tail-end*.

The bowling is principally in the hands of Turner, Giffen, Coningham and M’Leod, who will be found dangerous trundlers as the season advances.

After such a lengthy voyage and change of country, it cannot be expected to find our visitors playing at concert pitch in their earliest engagement; but I do predict for them a good season, and shall expect them to render a good account ere the season closes.

They have had a most hearty welcome accorded them throughout the country, so far; and the team, I should mention, is under the able management of Mr. Victor Cohen, a gentleman well respected in the land of the “Golden Fleece.”

The winner of the Football Competition will be announced next month.

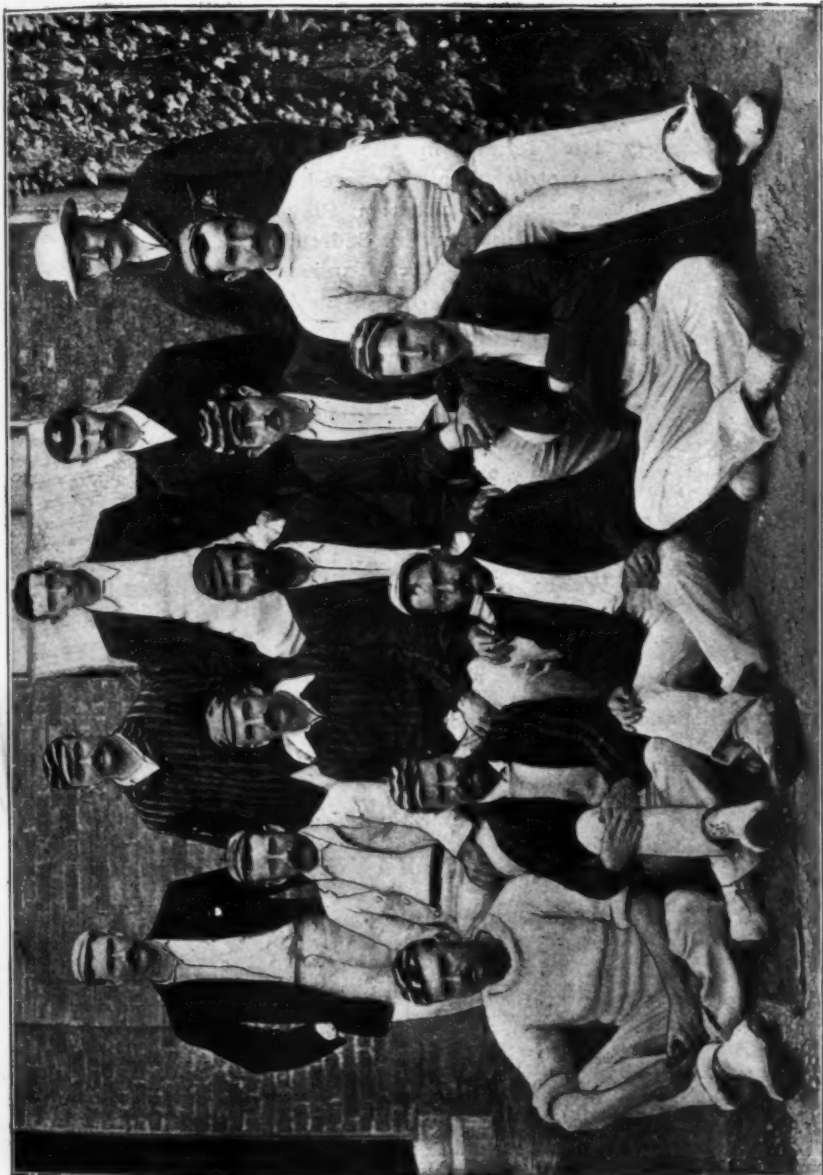
The chief event of cricketing this season will be the contests with the Australians. The Colonists arrived in London the last week in April, and opened play last month with a week’s practice at Mitcham, their favourite haunt.

The Eighth Australian Team is undoubtedly a strong combination of good batsmen, notwithstanding the defeat they received in their first engagement with Lord Sheffield’s eleven, which might easily have been called an eleven of England.

As will be seen from our group, there are players who have made a name in this country in connection

THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKET TEAM (1893)

R. W. MCLEOD, J. J. EYRE, H. TRUMBLE, W. BRUCE, G. H. B. TROTT.



A. CONINGHAM, G. GIFFEN, J. M. BLANCHMAN (Captain), C. T. B. TURNER, W. F. GIFFEN, A. N. JARVIS, A. C. BARRERMAN, S. B. GREGORY, H. GRAHAM.

❧ Puzzledom ❧



36. A Charade. My first is a dye,
my next you drink dry, my
whole is a fly.

37. The letters in the following
words, when transposed, name
celebrated cities: 1. Plevoliro.
2. Latiboerm. 3. Sedrend. 4.
Lasmesrile. 5. Tanhes. 6.
Glareis.



38. What word becomes shorter by
adding a syllable?

39. Why is a wise man like a pin?

40. Why is a mirror like a great
thinker?

41. Why is it absurd to ask a pretty
girl to be candid?

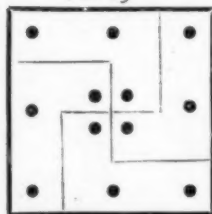
42. Where are the vegetable and
animal kingdoms united?



Five Prizes of Three-Volume Novels, cloth bound, will be awarded to the First Five Competitors sending in correct or most correct answers by 20th June. Competitions should be addressed "June Puzzles," THE LUDGATE MONTHLY, 1, Mitre Court, Fleet Street, London. Postcards only, please.

ANSWERS TO MAY PUZZLES.

No. 29.



30. Because it is in firm.

31. When they make twenty-two (22).

32. Because it contains a merry thought.

33. A ditch.

34. A glass—lass—ass.

35. Sunday.

The following are the names and addresses of the five winners in Puzzledom in our April Number, to whom the Three-Volume Novels have been sent:—W. Quick, H.M.S. Boscawen, Portland; W. May, 32, Oxford Road, Kilburn; J. Richardson, Inland Revenue, Oban, N.B.; J. Clarke, 3, Orchard Street, Lincoln; J. A. Bleakley, East View, Willows Lane, Accrington.

e First
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"THE BISCAVA" ICE BOUND IN THE KARA SEA.

Across Siberia.

A Special Artist's Journey Round the World.

By ARTHUR H. LAWRENCE.

WHEN, in the spring of 1890, Mr. Julius M. Price, F.R.G.S., the subject of this sketch, started on his travels as "special artist," on behalf of the *Illustrated London News*, first with the commercial syndicate, which was formed by a number of City gentlemen for the purpose of opening up a trade route with Siberia by way of the Kara Sea, and afterwards with no companion save a servant or so, across the great Gobi Desert, and so through China to Peking, he had no idea, so he told the writer, that his journey would form the subject of so much interviewing, or that he would have been persuaded, as he has been, to make his *début* as a lecturer.

He is the author of a book entitled "From the Arctic Ocean to the Yellow Sea" (Sampson Low & Co.), which, coming as it did, soon after the publication of Mr. Kennan's experiences in Siberia, as well as the more rosy, and, it may be added, the less interesting account of Mr. de Windt, attracted a good deal of attention at the time, and his experiences and sketches were, of course, published as they came to hand, in the pages of the *Illustrated London News*, the proprietors of which bore the whole of the expenses of his expedition, giving him full opportunity, sufficient funds and a roving commission generally (after he had been landed by the Trading Syndicate), to do as he liked and to go on round the world by what precise course he chose, so long as he sent them something from his busy pencil. Most of the illustrations given in this article, have not however, either in his book or elsewhere, previously been published, but are, at the same

time, the property of the proprietors of the paper named, to whom we are indebted for the permission to reproduce them.

The fact that Mr. Price was landed in the very heart of Siberia by the English Syndicate stood him in good stead, for, arriving in this unusual manner, he was able to take notes and make sketches of what he saw without that close police surveillance which would have been his lot had he arrived in Siberia in the ordinary way; but, nevertheless, he found it desirable, while visiting the Siberian prisons, to use a very neat little sketch-book, which he had arranged so that it could be slipped, if necessary, down the neck, while apparently engaged in the innocent operation of rubbing the back of one's head, or placed in some other receptacle, so that vigilance itself might be deceived. The material on which they are drawn is of about the same size and texture as an ordinary cigarette paper, but one of these little outlines, representing a line of prisoners, has formed the basis of a very life-like picture.

The little crew which mustered on the deck of the *Biscaya*, a Norwegian steamer of some eight hundred tons burden, numbered two representatives of the commercial syndicate, a mining engineer, a master stevedore, to superintend the discharge of the cargo,

the ice-master (Captain Crowther), the captain of the vessel, and Mr. Price.

On the 18th of July, 1890, this little band of explorers left Blackwall on their way Northwards to the Arctic Ocean, and had for their object, nothing less than the open-



DROPPING THE PILOT AT HARWICH.

ing up of a new trade route with Siberia, by way of the Kara Sea.

The little expedition experienced a rough enough passage on their way North, experiencing a head wind and a heavy sea nearly the whole of the way after passing Harwich; but they were at last sufficiently rewarded, according to Mr. Price, by the beauties of that wonderful region—"the land of the Midnight Sun." Until the coast of Nova Zembla was reached, they did not come into contact with the ice, but here it gave them battle royal for several days, and, notwithstanding the best efforts of the ice-master, Captain Crowther, whose duty it is for the time to assume the command in place of the captain of the ship, the ice proved conqueror, and they were ice-bound—an unpleasant predicament. It was, indeed, a question whether it would not be necessary to take to the boats and desert the ship; but, fortunately enough, this, on the strong advice of the ice-master, was not done, and when once the ice broke up, the way was almost clear to the mouth of the river Yenesei.

While the ship was ice-bound, however, the crew were not idle, and while some were engaged in making little excursions across the ice, or in rowing a boat over the untroubled and silent depths of the lakes which were formed by the enormous fissures of the ice, Mr. Price was engaged in studying and sketching on paper, with the temperature a long way below freezing point, the artistic "effects" of those still and icy solitudes which lie beyond the arctic circle.

It is interesting to observe that the Kara Sea, which they had successfully navigated, was discovered by Nordenskiöld in 1875, and is even now an almost unknown region. When the chart was consulted by the captains of the *Biscaya*, they discovered thereon a "caution" to the effect that as no survey had been made of this portion of the sea, it should be navigated with more than ordinary care, and it gave the further reassuring



A TRADER'S HOUSE ON BANKS OF YENESEI RIVER.

information that "the geographical positions of headlands and islands are all, without exception, uncertain, and that their general delineation is only approximately accurate."

They were now in the dangerous and romantic regions of

the whale and the walrus hunter, and it was here that the *Biscaya* fell in with a vessel which was only temporarily prevented by the ice from working farther north in pursuit of the bear and walrus before returning to the coast of Norway, and to their care was entrusted a packet of letters which the captain promised to post at the first port he touched at—a vague and uncertain promise it seemed, but it is interesting to know that it must



MARKET WOMEN IN NORTHERN SIBERIA.

have been faithfully kept, for the letters in the packet eventually came to hand in London and elsewhere. Along with the packet were some sketches by Mr. Price for the *Illustrated London News*; and, as in this case, so in his subsequent experiences, especially in Siberia, he was often ignorant if his sketches had safely reached their destination until the reproduction of them met his eye weeks afterwards, in a copy of the paper, found perhaps in some out of the way corner of far away Russia.

At last they came to the mouth of the river Yenesei; having passed as far north as 75°. This proved a difficult river to

navigate; for the current was strong and turbulent, and is, in some places, as much as seven miles in breadth. This great stream runs its course through the "Tundras," as the immense undulating plains of moss in these regions are called, and there were not less than one thousand five-hundred miles to be traversed before the city of Yeneseisk could be reached. About two hundred miles up the river they touched at the port of Karaoul; this so-called port consisting principally of a wooden hut, some dogs, a white man and a few natives.

Here they met with the ship *Phenix*, the vessel in which Captain Wiggins made his celebrated voyage, on her way down the river to meet them, as the *Phenix* was to take them the remainder of the journey. Then all was bustle and excitement; and while this was going on, Mr. Price took the opportunity thus given him of studying the "natives"—roaming about the country with no companion save his gun and his sketch-book.

The Samoyedes are decidedly interesting. Their leading characteristics, if we may gather so much, seem to be cheerfulness and dirt. There is a touching simplicity in the way in which they leave their dead, buried in some lonely spot, perhaps on the hill-side, marked only by a sledge, standing ready packed as for a journey, a forked stick standing upright to frighten away evil spirits.

The trans-shipment of passengers from the *Biscaya* to the larger ship, *Phenix*, having been effected, the little band of travellers then made their way up the river to Yeneseisk, and they had an eventful voyage. Their chapter of accidents, which contained such incidents as a fire on board, springing a leak, running aground, break-

ing a propeller, culminated in the death of their captain, Mr. George Lee, who fell overboard one night during a storm and was drowned.

At length, after a number of adventures *en route*, the city of Yeneseisk was reached

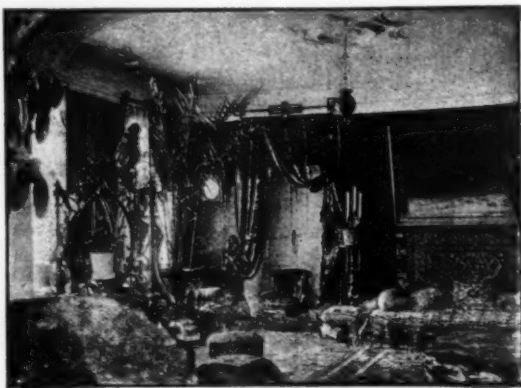


THE HIGH STREET, YENESEISK.

on October 26, 1890, some fourteen weeks after leaving Blackwall. So far, the commercial expedition had accomplished its end, that of conveying a cargo of British merchandise into the very heart of Siberia.

The trading expedition, from a commercial point of view, it may be remarked, was unsuccessful, nor are any further attempts at commerce with Siberia by this route likely to be a success; but while it is not the writer's purpose to discuss the matter, it is worth while noticing that in the summer of 1891 the first step was taken to-

wards the construction of a railway which shall cross Siberia. The first sod was cut at Vladivostok, in the presence of the Czarewitch, and though it may take, at the present rate of progress—for although it is being steadily worked at, it is, as can well be imagined, a gigantic under-



DRAWING ROOM OF AN EXILE'S HOUSE IN YENESEISK.



CATHEDRAL AT KRA'SNOIARSK.

taking—nearly ten years to complete, it will do something to revolutionise the commerce of these regions. At the present moment something over six thousand men are constantly working on the railroad, only four hundred of whom have been imported from Russia, eight hundred are regular convicts from the mines, four hundred and fifty exiles under police supervision, two thousand Chinese labourers, and two thousand five hundred troops of the regular Russian army. It is interesting also in connection with the idea which prompted the trading syndicate, that since that date rich coal mines have been discovered, and are even at the present moment being exploited by the aid of English machinery.

A view of the High Street of the Siberian city of Yeneseisk certainly serves to upset the notion that a town inhabited by Siberian exiles contains nothing but wretched huts, and, indeed, it is Mr. Price's contention throughout that the condition of

the Russian exile is by no means so black as it is painted. It was not his experience to come into immediate contact with the political exile, in the same way that Mr. Kennan did, his observation being more confined to the criminal prisoner, with regard to whom we shall have more to say presently, but as he found more than one of those who were supposed to be expiating their political sins, exercising their powers, for example, in the artistic direction—a studio being, in one case, elegantly fitted up by the prisoner—it is safe to say that in some cases, at all events, the conditions of life in Siberia are not, after all, so bad as is usually supposed. Of course, little can be judged of life in a Siberian town by the appearance of the outside of the houses, though some of them are very fine pieces of work, or from glancing at the view presented by an empty street; but a step within one of these dwellings, which is a type of many of these in Siberian towns, will convince the reader that some of these houses, at any rate, are far from being wretched. Built of wood,



FIRE WATCHMAN.

and protected from the intense cold — some fifty degrees below zero — by double windows and by felt-ing, a great stove keeps the house at an even temperature. The inner doors are never shut; the choicest exotics bloom in the corridors and in the dwelling-room, and the living is admirable.

Very curious is the local institution which takes the place, to some extent, of our English fire brigade station, and which consists of a tall tower, containing a large alarm bell, near which is stationed the watchman, whose duty it is to look out, day and night, for any fire which may break out in the town, and then to ring the bell. As most of the houses in the town are built of wood, his services are frequently required.

Accompanied by the governor of Yeneseisk, with whom he had got on very friendly terms, Mr. Price paid a visit to the exiles' prison and entered the cells of the men who were to undergo long sentences for criminal offences, a visit which he thus describes:—

"There must have been at least eighty men confined in the large hall in which I now found myself, and as we entered they formed themselves into a long line up one side of it, and saluted the governor of the prison in a hoarse, guttural tone. As we walked slowly up the line, I had a good opportunity of inspecting a crowd of the most awful-looking ruffians I have ever seen. With very few exceptions, vice was written on their faces, and I was not astonished to learn that many of them were old criminals and had been there for many years. Heavy chains were, in most cases, riveted to their ankles, which were held to the waist by a rope. Until the rivets were struck off, these were part and parcel of the prisoner. They passed the day with him, and at night they were his

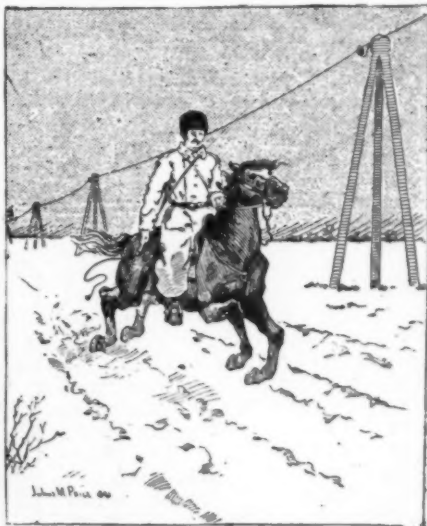


JULIUS M. PRICE.

bedfellows. This hall led into another, and yet another, with long lines of ruffians who had nothing to do but to eat and sleep, and with no supervision save an occasional visit from one of the jailors. The various divisions elect a captain, or a 'staroster' as he is called, who is generally the worst rascal of the lot. His abilities in this line have won him the first place. He has, as other ambitious men do in civilised communities, trampled over the other candidates for office, and pushed himself to the front.

"The Government allows so much a day for the keep of each prisoner, and those

prisoners who wish to add to their income, cobble boots, make clothes, or roll cigarettes. It is the captain of the gang who arranges these details. The price paid for the labour is trifling, the Govern-



A SIBERIAN COSSACK.

ment takes half, and perhaps the captain has his commission. Woe to the prisoner who offends his captain. His life is not worth a kopeck. He retires to sleep in his filthy clothes and heavy chains, and in the morning, when the jailors enter, a lifeless body is found huddled up in a corner. Out of the hundred witnesses, who dares turn traitor?" Such is the life of a Siberian prisoner. It should be remembered, however, that many of these men are exiled for crimes which in England would meet their reward at the hands of the common hangman, and whatever may be said of the political exile, it may be safely asserted that the criminal is treated with greater leniency in Siberia than he is in England.



MR. PRICE'S SERVANT.

ing with a runaway prisoner, who, on being asked where he was going, answered that he hoped to make his way back to Moscow—a journey to his home of over three thousand miles, which he proposed to accomplish, and, doubtless, would successfully accomplish, on foot, and in the depth of winter, showing pretty evidently in this case, at all events, and it was no rare exception, that this man would prefer almost everything to life in exile. The plan, it seems, which these runaway prisoners adopt is to sleep in the bath-houses which are to be found in every Russian village, and which are heated by means of pipes; and the peasants, never thinking of giving them up, as peasants would almost certainly do in England, supply them, on the quiet, with bread and broken victuals, so that, at any rate, there is no fear of their dying of hunger within the village commune.

Lake Baikal was crossed by means of a sledge it having to be done by daylight on account of the enormous fissures in the ice, which was of so

peculiarly transparent a nature, on the day that Mr. Price crossed it, that one could see, as it were, into the depths beneath, and realise how thin a sheet of crystal divided one from all that we



Julius M. Price.

Siberia, Feb. 1894

MR. PRICE'S SLEDGE.

Continuing his journey, with only a servant with him, who attended to his sledge and to all the numerous details of Siberian travel, Mr. Price made his way across central Asia by means of the Great Post Road. Its track is marked by one endless succession of telegraph posts, while along its dreary stretches there is a never ceasing traffic, the great feature of which is the number of tea caravans crawling on the way to Moscow. Occasionally a mounted Cossack would gallop by, or he would meet with a gang of prisoners on their way to Siberia.

An interesting incident which Mr. Price relates, as occurring on his way along the Post Road, was his meet-



PONY BAZAAR AT OURGA.



MONGOL PRINCES.

mean by the word Eternity. This is one of the largest freshwater lakes in the world, and the scenery which surrounds it is superb. Some idea of its size can, perhaps, be gathered from the fact that it is about sixty times the size of the Lake of Geneva, that is to say, it covers an area of about 12,441 square miles, it being four hundred and twenty miles in length, and forty miles in breadth in the widest part. In the summer time, when it is without ice, its great and dread peculiarity is the way in which severe storms rage suddenly upon it, so that it is a saying in those regions that it is only on the Lake Baikal that "a man learns first to pray with his heart," for so unexpectedly do its awful hurricanes arise that no one can tell, however promising may be the outlook when starting, under what condition the opposite shore will be reached. At length, however, Lake Baikal having been crossed, the Mongolian frontier was gained, in which little was to be found to mark the dividing line between the Russian and Chinese empires.

The first stoppage of any importance, after crossing the Mongolian frontier, was made at the city of Ourga. This city is of considerable interest, as being the centre of Llama Buddhism and the abode of that mysterious personage, the "Bogdor of Kurene." Ourga is the Mecca of Mongol Buddhism, and long and weary are the

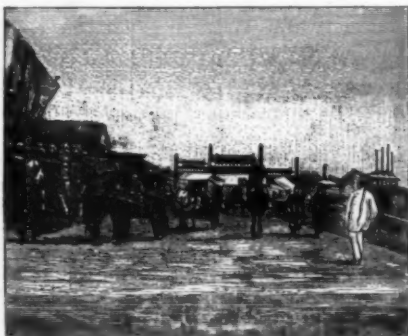
pilgrimages which are made by the true believer to the city for a glimpse of this mysterious man, who occupies much the same place in the faith of the Mongol Buddhists as the Great High Priest did in that of the ancient Jews, though, as becomes a religion which rests upon the superstition of the multitude, rather than upon their sense of the fitness of things, he keeps himself as secluded as possible, and is not often to be seen by the eyes of man—that is to say, by the eyes of ordinary men—and, it should be unnecessary to remark that the subject of this sketch being an Englishman and a newspaper correspondent to boot made no attempt at dissimulation, but gazed on the sacred procession as it came in view, while others covered their faces, and so he may be said to have been the only man who has succeeded in interviewing the Bogdor of Kurene. There is, however, as of course many of our readers in this



CROSSING THE DESERT.

enlightened age will be well aware, a mightier personage, or rather a series of personages, with whom certain of us here in England have, by report, become somewhat familiar, and they are the reverend Mahatmas of Thibet, the capital of which is the city of Lhassa, and which is still a forbidden place to the unbeliever.

Ourga is, in fact, quite a branch establishment, for it is from Lhassa, in Thibet, that the Bogdor is appointed, and whatever may be said of the mysterious Delai Llama who "holds the fort" at Lhassa, it is quite certain of the mighty Bogdor, of whom something is known,



STREET SCENE IN PEKIN.

that his life, as a general rule, is very far from being above reproach. The offerings and presents of the devoted, however, keep him in comparative splendour, and if everyone is satisfied, what more can be said?

The city of Ourga itself, is indeed a very religious place, and it is almost impossible to avoid stumbling over a kneeling native, or to lose sight of, for a minute, the sheds with their revolving prayer wheels, or the praying boards, which bestrew the ground.

A stay of a month in this city sufficed, and the next concern was to get across the eight hundred miles of sandy waste which lies between the desert city and the Great Wall of China. By dint of much persuasion and a substantial consideration, a number of Mongolians were obtained to form a caravan across the desert. "After three days' travelling," says Mr. Price, "I saw stretched out before me a vast, limitless waste, so flat and unbroken that it looked exactly like the sea. A quiet, as though of death, reigned over it, for not the slightest sign of life broke the oppressive stillness of the scene. Neither the Karoo nor the Kalihari deserts in South Africa ever produced upon me an impression so weird and indescribable as that first glimpse of the awful Gobi."

At length, after three or four weeks of weary travelling, the little town of Kalgan was reached, and as from thence to Pekin there is a very mountainous region to be crossed, the camels had to be changed for a mule litter. A few days' travelling brought in sight the Great Wall of China, a mighty structure, standing out in bold relief against the sky, where in places it actually crossed the tops of the highest mountains. What must have been the panic into which the inhabitants of China had been thrown to have erected such a barrier as a protection from Tartar invasion!

At last the welcome sight of the walls of Pekin met the traveller's gaze, and betokened the end of his long journey,



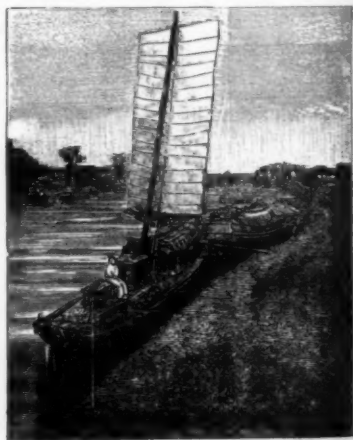
PEKIN SHOPS.

and, after skirting the wall for a considerable distance, an entrance to the Tartar city was found by way of the famous Chienmen Gate.

Here our traveller found himself the constant recipient of invitations to dinners, parties, banquets and receptions, at all of which it was difficult to realise how close one was to the barbarism which characterises the people of this strange old city.

A month's stay in Pekin and then Shanghai was reached, by

way of the Peiho river. A Chinese house-boat is far from a luxurious craft, such as one sees, say in the upper reaches of the Thames, and but for the curious, mat-like sail, is more like a barge in appearance. Nevertheless, the trip was not unenjoy-



A CHINESE HOUSE-BOAT.

able, for the banks were lined with people, and junks were passing on either side. In Shanghai were found the comforts of the civilization to which for so long a time Mr. Price had been a stranger.

Nothing now remained but to choose a route home, which our traveller did by way of Japan and America, thus completing a journey round the world which has certainly never before been attempted and is not likely to be undertaken again.

The Experiences of Loveday Brooke, Lady Detective.

By C. L. PIRKIS, Author of "Lady Lovelace," &c. &c.

THE GHOST OF FOUNTAIN LANE.

"**W**ILL you be good enough to tell me how you procured my address?" said Miss Brooke, a little irritably. "I left strict orders that it was to be given to no one."

"I only obtained it with great difficulty from Mr. Dyer; had, in fact, to telegraph three times before I could get it," answered Mr. Clampe, the individual thus addressed. "I'm sure I'm awfully sorry to break into your holiday in this fashion, but—but pardon me if I say that it seems to be one in little more than name." Here he glanced meaningly at the newspapers, memoranda and books of reference with which the table at which Loveday sat was strewn.

She gave a little sigh.

"I suppose you are right," she answered; "it is a holiday in little more than name. I verily believe that we hard workers, after a time, lose our capacity for holiday-keeping. I thought I was pining for a week of perfect laziness and sea-breezes, and so I locked up my desk and fled. No sooner, however, do I find myself in full view of that magnificent sea-and-sky picture than I shut my eyes to it, fasten them instead on the daily papers and set my brains to work, *con*

amore, on a ridiculous case that is never likely to come into my hands."

That "magnificent sea-and-sky picture" was one framed by the windows of a room on the fifth floor of the Métropole, at Brighton, whither Loveday, overtaxed in mind and body, had fled for a brief respite from hard work. Here Inspector Clampe, of the Local District Constabulary, had found her out, in order to press the claims of what seemed to him an important case upon her. He was a neat, dapper-looking man, of about fifty, with a manner less brusque and business-like than that of most men in his profession.

"Oh pray drop the ridiculous case," he said earnestly, "and set to work, *con amore*, upon another far from ridiculous, and most interesting."

"I'm not sure that it would interest me one quarter so much as the ridiculous one."

"Don't be sure till you've heard the particulars. Listen to this." Here the inspector took a newspaper-cutting from his pocket-book and read aloud as follows:

"A cheque, the property of the Rev. Charles Turner, Vicar of East Downes, has been stolen under somewhat peculiar circumstances. It appears that the Rev.



"LISTEN TO THIS."

gentleman was suddenly called from home by the death of a relative, and thinking he might possibly be away some little time, he left with his wife four blank cheques, signed, for her to fill in as required. They were made payable to self or bearer, and were drawn on the West Sussex Bank. Mrs. Turner, when first questioned on the matter, stated that as soon as her husband had departed, she locked up these cheques in her writing-desk. She subsequently, however, corrected this statement, and admitted having left them on the table while she went into the garden to cut some flowers. In all, she was absent, she says, about ten minutes. When she came in from cutting her flowers, she immediately put the cheques away. She had not counted them on receiving them from her husband, and when, as she put them into her Davenport, she saw there were only three, she concluded that that was the number he had left with her. The loss of the cheque was not discovered until her husband's return, about a week later on. As soon as he was aware of the fact, he telegraphed to the West Sussex Bank to stop payment, only, however, to make the unpleasant discovery that the cheque, filled in to the amount of six hundred pounds, had been presented and cashed (in gold) two days previously. The clerk who cashed it took no particular notice of the person presenting it, except that he was of gentlemanly appearance, and declares himself to be quite incapable of identifying him. The largeness of the amount raised no suspicion in the mind of the clerk, as Mr. Turner is a man of good means, and since his marriage, about six months back, has been refurnishing the Vicarage, and paying away large sums for old oak furniture and for pictures."

"There, Miss Brooke," said the inspector as he finished reading, "if, in addition to these particulars, I tell you that one or two circumstances that have arisen seem to point suspicion in the direction of the young wife, I feel sure you will admit that a more interesting case, and one more worthy of your talents, is not to be found."

Loveday's answer was to take up a newspaper that lay beside her on the table. "So much for your interesting case," she said; "now listen to my ridiculous one." Then she read aloud as follows:—

"Authentic Ghost Story.—The inhabitants of Fountain Lane, a small turning leading off Ship Street, have been greatly disturbed by the sudden appearance of a ghost in their midst. Last Tuesday night, between ten and eleven o'clock, a little girl named Martha Watts, who lives as a help to a shoemaker and his wife at No. 5 in the lane, ran out into the streets in her night-clothes in a great state of terror, saying that a ghost had come to her bedside. The child refused to return to the house to sleep, and was accordingly taken in by some neighbours. The shoemaker and his wife, Freer by



IN A GREAT STATE OF TERROR.

name, when questioned by the neighbours on the matter, admitted, with great reluctance, that they, too, had seen the apparition, which they described as being a soldier-like individual, with a broad, white forehead and having his arms folded on his breast. This description is, in all respects, confirmed by the child, Martha Watts, who asserts that the ghost she saw reminded her of pictures she had seen of the great Napoleon. The Freers state that it first appeared in the course of a prayer-meeting held at their house on the previous night, when it was distinctly seen by Mr. Freer.

Subsequently, the wife, awakening suddenly in the middle of the night, saw the apparition standing at the foot of the bed. They are quite at a loss for an explanation of the matter. The affair has caused quite a sensation in the district, and at the time of going to press, the lane is so thronged and crowded by would-be ghost-seers that the inhabitants have great difficulty in going to and from their houses."

"A scare—a vulgar scare, nothing more," said the inspector as Loveday laid aside the paper. "Now, Miss Brooke, I ask you seriously, supposing you get to the bottom of such a stupid, commonplace fraud as that, will you in any way add to your reputation?"

"And supposing I get to the bottom of such a stupid, commonplace fraud as a stolen cheque, how much, I should like to know, do I add to my reputation?"

"Well, put it on other grounds and allow Christian charity to have some claims. Think of the misery in that gentleman's house unless suspicion can be lifted from the young wife and directed to the proper quarter."

"Think of the misery of the landlord of the Fountain Lane houses if all his tenants decamp in a body, as they no doubt will, unless the ghost mystery is solved."

The inspector sighed. "Well, I suppose I must take it for granted that you will have nothing to do with the case," he said. "I brought the cheque with me, thinking you might like to see it."

"I suppose it's very much like other cheques?" said Loveday indifferently, and turning over her memoranda as if she meant to go back to her ghost again.

"Ye-es," said Mr. Clampe, taking the cheque from his pocket-book and glancing down at it. "I suppose the cheque is very much like other cheques. This little scribble of figures in pencil at the back—144,000—can scarcely be called a distinguishing mark."

"What's that, Mr. Clampe?" asked Loveday, pushing her memoranda on one side. "144,000 did you say?"

Her whole manner had suddenly changed from apathy to that of keenest interest.

Mr. Clampe, delighted, rose and spread the cheque before her on the table.

"The writing of the words 'six hundred pounds,' he said, 'bears so close a

resemblance to Mr. Turner's signature, that the gentleman himself told me he would have thought it was his own writing if he had not known that he had not drawn a cheque for that amount on the given date. You see it is that round, school-boy's hand, so easy to imitate, I could write it myself with half-an hour's practice; no flourishes, nothing distinctive about it."

Loveday made no reply. She had turned the cheque, and was now closely scrutinizing the pencilled figures at the back.

"Of course," continued the inspector, "those figures were not written by the person who wrote the figures on the face of the cheque. That, however, matters but little. I really do not think they are of the slightest importance in the case. They might have been scribbled by some one making a calculation as to the number of pennies in six hundred pounds—there are, as no doubt you know, exactly 144,000."

"Who has engaged your services in this case, the Bank or Mr. Turner?"

"Mr. Turner. When the loss of the cheque was first discovered, he was very excited and irate, and when he came to me the day before yesterday, I had much difficulty in persuading him that there was no need to telegraph to London for half-a-dozen detectives, as we could do the work quite as well as the London men. When, however, I went over to East Downes yesterday to look round and ask a few questions; I found things had altogether changed. He was exceedingly reluctant to answer any questions, lost his temper when I pressed them, and as good as told me that he wished he had not moved in the matter at all. It was this sudden change of demeanour that turned my thoughts in the direction of Mrs. Turner. A man must have a very strong reason for wishing to sit idle under a loss of six hundred pounds, for, of course, under the circumstances, the Bank will not bear the brunt of it."

"Some other motives may be at work in his mind, consideration for old servants, the wish to avoid a scandal in the house."

"Quite so. The fact, taken by itself, would give no ground for suspicion, but certainly looks ugly if taken in connection with another fact which I have since ascertained, namely, that during her hus-

band's absence from home, Mrs. Turner paid off certain debts contracted by her in Brighton before her marriage, and amounting to nearly £500. Paid them off, too, in gold. I think I mentioned to you that the gentleman who presented the stolen cheque at the Bank preferred payment in gold."

"You are supposing not only a confederate, but also a vast amount of cunning as well as of simplicity on the lady's part."

"Quite so. Three parts cunning to one of simplicity is precisely what lady criminals are composed of. And it is, as a rule, that one part of simplicity that betrays them and leads to their detection."

"What sort of woman is Mrs. Turner in other respects?"

"She is young, handsome and of good birth, but is scarcely suited for the position of vicar's wife in a country parish. She has lived a good deal in society and is fond of gaiety, and, in addition, is a Roman Catholic, and, I am told, utterly ignores her husband's church and drives every Sunday to Brighton to attend mass."

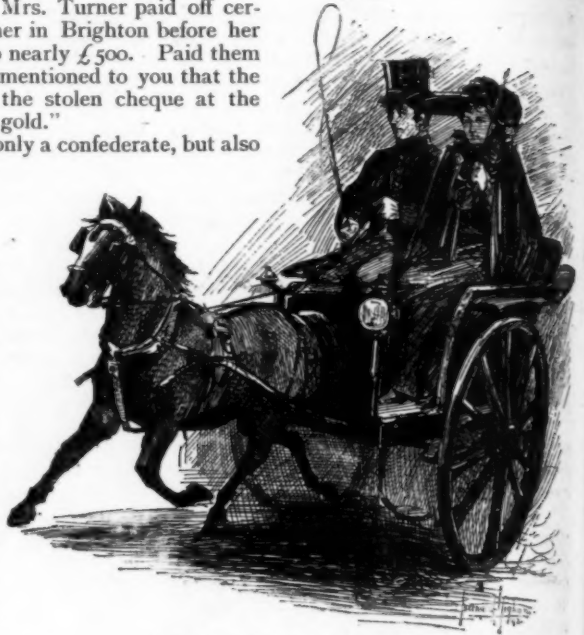
"What about the servants in the house? Do they seem steady-going and respectable?"

"There was nothing on the surface to excite suspicion against any one of them. But it is precisely in that quarter that your services would be invaluable. It will, however, be impossible to get you inside the vicarage walls. Mr. Turner, I am confident, would never open his doors to you."

"What do you suggest?"

"I can suggest nothing better than the house of the village schoolmistress, or, rather, of the village schoolmistress's mother, Mrs. Brown. It is only a stone's throw from the vicarage; in fact, its windows overlook the vicarage grounds. It is a four-roomed cottage, and Mrs. Brown, who is a very respectable person, turns over a little money in the summer by receiving lady lodgers desirous of a breath of country air. There would be no difficulty in getting you in there; her spare bedroom is empty now."

"I should have preferred being at the vicarage, but if it cannot be, I must make



"DRIVES EVERY SUNDAY TO ATTEND MASS."

the most of my stay at Mrs. Brown's. How do we get there?"

"I drove from East Downes here in a trap I hired at the village inn where I put up last night, and where I shall stay to-night. I will drive you, if you will allow me; it is only seven miles off. It's a lovely day for a drive; breezy and not too much dust. Could you be ready in about half an hour's time, say?"

But this, Loveday said, would be an impossibility. She had a special engagement that afternoon; there was a religious service in the town that she particularly wished to attend. It would not be over until three o'clock, and, consequently, not until half-past three would she be ready for the drive to East Downes.

Although Mr. Clampe looked unutterable astonishment at the claims of a religious service being set before those of professional duty, he made no demur to the arrangement, and accordingly half-past three saw Loveday and the inspector in a high-wheeled dog-cart rattling along the Marina in the direction of East Downes.

Loveday made no further allusion to her ghost story, so Mr. Clampe, out of politeness, felt compelled to refer to it.

"I heard all about the Fountain Lane ghost yesterday, before I started for East Downes," he said; "and it seemed to me, with all deference to you, Miss Brooke, an every-day sort of affair, the sort of thing to be explained by a heavy supper or an extra glass of beer."

"There are a few points in this ghost story that separate it from the every-day ghost story," answered Loveday. "For instance, you would expect that such emotionally religious people, as I have since found the Freers to be, would have seen a vision of angels, or at least a solitary saint. Instead, they see a soldier! A soldier, too, in the likeness of a man who is anathema maranatha to every religious mind—the great Napoleon."

"To what denomination do the Freers belong?"

"To the Wesleyan. Their fathers and mothers before them were Wesleyans; their relatives and friends are Wesleyans, one and all, they say; and, most important item of all, the man's boot and shoe connection lies exclusively among Wesleyan ministers. This, he told me, is the most paying connection that a small boot-maker can have. Half-a-dozen Wesleyan ministers pay better than three times the number of Church clergy, for whereas the Wesleyan minister is always on the tramp among his people, the clergyman generally contrives in the country to keep a horse, or else turns student, and shuts himself up in his study."

"Ha, ha! Capital," laughed Mr. Clampe; "tell that to the Church Defence Society in Wales. Isn't this a first-rate little horse? In another ten minutes we shall be in sight of East Downes."

The long, dusty road down which they had driven, was ending now in a narrow, sloping lane, hedged in on either side with hawthorns and wild plum trees. Through these, the August sunshine was beginning to slant now, and from a distant wood there came a faint sound of fluting and piping, as if the blackbirds were thinking of tuning up for their evening carols.

A sudden, sharp curve in this lane brought them in sight of East Downes, a tiny hamlet of about thirty cottages, dominated by the steeple of a church of early English architecture. Adjoining the church was the vicarage, a goodly-sized house, with extensive grounds, and in a lane running alongside these grounds were situated the village schools and the schoolmistress's

house. The latter was simply a four-roomed cottage, standing in a pretty garden, with cluster roses and honeysuckle, now in the fulness of their August glory, climbing upwards to its very roof.

Outside this cottage Mr. Clampe drew rein.

"If you'll give me five minutes' grace," he said, "I'll go in and tell the good woman that I have brought her, as a lodger, a friend of mine, who is anxious to get away for a time from the noise and glare of Brighton. Of course, the story of the stolen cheque is all over the place, but I don't think anyone has, at present, connected me with the affair. I am supposed to be a gentleman from Brighton, who is anxious to buy a horse the Vicar wishes to sell, and who can't quite arrange terms with him."

While Loveday waited outside in the cart, an open carriage drove past and then in through the vicarage gates. In the carriage were seated a gentleman and lady whom, from the respectful greetings they received from the village children, she conjectured to be the Rev. Charles and Mrs. Turner. Mr. Turner was sanguine-complexioned, red-haired, and wore a distinctly troubled expression of countenance. With Mrs. Turner's appearance Loveday was not favourably impressed. Although a decidedly handsome woman, she was hard-featured and had a scornful curl to her upper lip. She was dressed in the extreme of London fashion.

They threw a look of enquiry at Loveday as they passed, and she felt sure that enquiries as to the latest addition to Mrs. Brown's ménage would soon be afloat in the village.

Mr. Clampe speedily returned, saying that Mrs. Brown was only too delighted to get her spare-room occupied. He whispered a hint as they made their way up to the cottage door between borders thickly planted with stocks and mignonette.

It was:

"Don't ask her any questions, or she'll draw herself up as straight as a ramrod, and say she never listens to gossip of any sort. But just let her alone, and she'll run on like a mill-stream, and tell you as much as you'll want to know about everyone and everything. She and the village postmistress are great friends, and between them they contrive to know

pretty much what goes on inside every house in the place.

Mrs. Brown was a stout, rosy-cheeked woman of about fifty, neatly dressed in a dark stuff gown with a big white cap and apron. She welcomed Loveday respectfully, and introduced, evidently with a little pride, her daughter, the village school-mistress, a well-spoken young woman of about eight-and-twenty.

Mr. Clampe departed with his dog-cart to the village inn, announcing his intention of calling on Loveday at the cottage on the following morning before he returned to Brighton.

Miss Brown also departed, saying she would prepare tea. Left alone with Loveday, Mrs. Brown speedily unloosed her tongue. She had a dozen questions to ask respecting Mr. Clampe and his business in the village. Now, was it true that he had come to East Downes for the whole and sole purpose of buying one of the Vicar's horses? She had heard it whispered that he had been sent by the police to watch the servants at the vicarage. She hoped it was not true, for a more respectable set of servants were not to be met with in any house, far or near. Had Miss Brooke heard about that lost cheque? Such a terrible affair!



MISS BROWN CAME IN WITH THE TEA-TRAY.

She had been told that the story of it had reached London. Now, had Miss Brooke seen an account of it in any of the London papers?

Here a reply from Loveday in the negative formed a sufficient excuse for relating with elaborate detail the story of the stolen cheque. Except in its elaborateness of detail, it differed but little from the one Loveday had already heard.

She listened patiently, bearing in mind Mr. Clampe's hint, and asking no questions. And when, in about a quarter of an hour's time, Miss Brown came in with the tea-tray in her hand, Loveday could have passed an examination in the events of the daily family life at the vicarage. She could have answered questions as to the ill-assortedness of the newly-married couple; she knew that they wrangled from morning till night; that the chief subjects of their disagreement were religion and money matters; that the Vicar was hot-tempered, and said whatever came to the tip of his tongue; that the beautiful young wife, though slower of speech, was scathing and sarcastic, and that, in addition, she was wildly extravagant and threw money away in all directions.

In addition to these interesting facts, Loveday could have undertaken to supply information respecting the number of servants at the vicarage, together with their names, ages and respective duties.

During tea, conversation flagged somewhat; Miss Brown's presence evidently acted repressively on her mother, and it was not until the meal was over and Loveday was being shown to her room by Mrs. Brown that opportunity to continue the talk was found.

Loveday opened the ball by remarking on the fact that no Dissenting chapel was to be found in the village.

"Generally, wherever there is a handful of cottages, we find a church at one end and a chapel at the other," she said; "but here, willy-nilly, one must go to church."

"Do you belong to chapel, ma'am?" was Mrs. Brown's reply. "Old Mrs. Turner, the Vicar's mother, who died over a year ago, was so 'low' she was almost chapel, and used often to drive over to Brighton to attend the Countess of Huntingdon's church. People used to say that was bad enough in the Vicar's mother; but what was it compared with what goes on now—the Vicar's wife driving regularly every Sunday into Brighton to a Catholic

Church to say her prayers to candles and images? I'm glad you like the room, ma'am. Feather bolster, feather pillows, do you see, ma'am? I've nothing in the way of flock or wool on either of my beds to make people's heads ache." Here Mrs. Brown, by way of emphasis, patted and pinched the fat pillows and bolster showing above the spotless white counterpane.

Loveday stood at the cottage window drinking in the sweetness of the country air, laden now with the heavy evening scents of carnation and jessamine. Across the road, from the vicarage, came the loud clanging of a dinner-gong, and almost simultaneously the church clock chimed the hour—seven o'clock.

"Who is that person coming up the lane?" asked Loveday, her attention suddenly attracted by a tall, thin figure, dressed in shabby black, with a large, dowdyish bonnet, and carrying a basket in her hand as if she were returning from some errand. Mrs. Brown peeped over Loveday's shoulder.

"Ah, that's the peculiar young woman I was telling you about, ma'am — Maria Lisle, who used to be old Mrs. Turner's maid. Not that she is over young now; she's five-and-thirty if she's a day. The Vicar kept her on to be his wife's maid after the old lady died, but young Mrs. Turner will have nothing to do with her, she's not good enough for her; so Mr. Turner is just paying her £30 a-year for doing nothing. And what Maria does with all that money it would be hard to say. She doesn't spend it on dress, that's certain, and she hasn't kith nor kin, not a soul belonging to her to give a penny to."

"Perhaps she gives it to charities in Brighton. There are plenty of outlets for money there."

"She may," said Mrs. Brown dubiously; "she is always going to Brighton whenever she gets a chance. She used to be a Wesleyan in old Mrs. Turner's time, and went regularly to all the revival meetings for miles round; what she is now, it would be hard to say. Where she goes to church in Brighton, no one knows. She drives over with Mrs. Turner every Sunday, but

everyone knows nothing would induce her to go near the candles and images. Thomas—that's the coachman—says he puts her down at the corner of a dirty little street in mid-Brighton, and there he picks her up again after he has fetched Mrs. Turner from her church. No, there's something very queer in her ways."

Maria passed in through the lodge gates of the vicarage. She walked with her head bent, her eyes cast down to the ground.

"Something very queer in her ways," repeated Mrs. Brown. "She never speaks to a soul unless they speak first to her, and gets by herself on every possible opportunity. Do you see that old summer-house over there in the vicarage grounds—it stands between the orchard and kitchen garden—well, every evening at sunset, out comes Maria and disappears into it, and there she stays for over an hour at a time. And what she does there goodness only knows!"

"Perhaps she keeps books there, and studies."

"Studies! My daughter showed her some new books that had come down for the fifth standard the other day, and Maria turned upon her and said quite sharply that there was only one book in the whole world that people ought to study, and that book was the Bible."

"How pretty those vicarage gardens are," said Loveday, a little abruptly. "Does the Vicar ever allow people to see them?"

"Oh, yes, miss; he doesn't at all mind people taking a walk round them. Only yesterday he said to me, 'Mrs. Brown, if ever you feel yourself circumscribed'—yes, 'circumscribed' was the word—'just walk out of your garden-gate and in at mine and enjoy yourself at your leisure among my fruit-trees.' Not that I would like to take advantage of his kindness and make too free; but if you'd care, ma'am, to go for a walk through the grounds, I'll go with you with pleasure. There's a wonderful old cedar hard by the pond people have come ever so far to see."

"It's that old summer-house and little



MARIA LISLE.

bit of orchard that fascinate me," said Loveday, putting on her hat.

"We shall frighten Maria to death if she sees us so near her haunt," said Mrs. Brown as she led the way downstairs. "This way, if you please, ma'am, the kitchen-garden leads straight into the orchard."

Twilight was deepening rapidly into night now. Bird notes had ceased, the whirr of insects, the croaking of a distant frog were the only sounds that broke the evening stillness.

As Mrs. Brown swung back the gate that divided the kitchen-garden from the orchard, the gaunt, black figure of Maria Lisle was seen approaching in an opposite direction.

"Well, really, I don't see why she should expect to have the orchard all to herself every evening," said Mrs. Brown, with a little toss of her head. "Mind the gooseberry bushes, ma'am, they do catch at your clothes so. My word! what a fine show of fruit the Vicar has this year! I never saw pear trees more laden!"

They were now in the "bit of orchard" to be seen from the cottage windows. As they rounded the corner of the path in which the old summer-house stood, Maria Lisle turned its corner at the farther end, and suddenly found herself almost face to face with them. If her eyes and not been so persistently fastened on the ground, she would have noted the approach of the intruders as quickly as they had noted hers. Now, as she saw them for the first time, she gave a sudden start, paused for a moment irresolutely, and then turned sharply and walked rapidly away in an opposite direction.

"Maria, Maria!" called Mrs. Brown, don't run away; we sha'n't stay here for more than a minute or so."

Her words met with no response. The woman did not so much as turn her head.

Loveday stood at the entrance of the old summer-house. It was considerably out of repair, and most probably was never entered by anyone save Maria Lisle, its unswept, undusted condition suggesting colonies of spiders and other creeping things within.

Loveday braved them all and took her seat on the bench that ran round the little place in a semi-circle.

"Do try and overtake the girl, and tell her we shall be gone in a minute," she said, addressing Mrs. Brown. "I will

wait here meanwhile. I am so sorry to have frightened her away in that fashion."

Mrs. Brown, under protest, and with a little grumble at the ridiculousness of "people who couldn't look other people in the face," set off in pursuit of Maria.

It was getting dim inside the summer-house now. There was, however, sufficient light to enable Loveday to discover



THE FIRST WAS A PENCIL-MARKED BIBLE.

a small packet of books lying in a corner of the bench on which she sat.

One by one she took them in her hand and closely scrutinized them. The first was a much read and pencil-marked Bible; the others were respectively, a "congregational hymn-book," a book in a paper cover, on which was printed a flaming picture of a red and yellow angel, pouring blood and fire from out a big black bottle, and entitled "The End of the Age," and a smaller book, also in a paper cover, on which was depicted a huge black horse, snorting fire and brimstone into ochre-coloured clouds. This book was entitled "The Year Book of the Saints," and was simply a ruled diary with sensational mottoes for every day in the year. In parts, this diary was filled in with large and very untidy handwriting.

In these books seemed to lie the explanation of Maria Lisle's love of evening solitude and the lonely old summer-house.

Mrs. Brown pursued Maria to the sea-

vants' entrance to the house, but could not overtake her, the girl making good her retreat there.

She returned to Loveday a little hot, a little breathless and a little out of temper. It was all so absurd, she said; why couldn't the woman have stayed and had a chat with them? It wasn't as if she would get any harm out of the talk; she knew as well as everyone else in the village that she (Mrs. Brown) was no idle gossip, tittle-tattling over other people's affairs.

But here Loveday, a little sharply, cut short her meanderings.

"Mrs. Brown," she said, and to Mrs. Brown's fancy her voice and manner had entirely changed from that of the pleasant, chatty lady of half-an-hour ago, "I'm sorry to say it will be impossible for me to stay even one night in your pleasant home. I have just recollected some important business that I must transact in Brighton to-night. I haven't unpacked my portemanteau, so if you'll kindly have it taken to your garden-gate, I'll call for it as we drive past—I am going now, at once, to the inn, to see if Mr. Clampe can drive me back into Brighton to-night."

Mrs. Brown had no words ready wherewith to express her astonishment, and Loveday assuredly gave her no time to hunt for them. Ten minutes later saw her rousing Mr. Clampe from a comfortable supper, to which he had just settled himself, with the surprising announcement that she must get back to Brighton with as little delay as possible; now, would he be good enough to drive her there?

"We'll have a pair if they are to be had," she added. "The road is good; it will be moonlight in a quarter of an hour; we ought to do it in less than half the time we took coming."

While a phaeton and pair were being got ready, Loveday had time for a few words of explanation.

Maria Lisle's diary in the old summer-house had given her the last of the links in her chain of evidence that was to bring the theft of the cheque home to the criminal.

"It will be best to drive straight to the police station," she said; "they must take out three warrants, one for Maria Lisle, and two others respectively for Richard Steele, late Wesleyan minister of a chapel in Gordon Street, Brighton, and John Rogers, formerly elder of the same chapel. And let me tell you," she added with a little smile, "that these three worthies

would most likely have been left at large to carry on their depredations for some little time to come if it had not been for that ridiculous ghost in Fountain Lane."

More than this there was not time to add, and when, a few minutes later, the two were rattling along the road to Brighton, the presence of the man, whom they were forced to take with them in order to bring back the horses to East Downes, prevented any but the most jerky and fragmentary of additions to this brief explanation.

"I very much fear that John Rogers has bolted," once Loveday whispered under her breath.

And again, a little later, when a smooth bit of road admitted of low-voiced talk, she said:

"We can't wait for the warrant for Steele; they must follow us with it to 15, Draycott Street."

"But I want to know about the ghost," said Mr. Clampe; "I am deeply interested in that 'ridiculous ghost.'"

"Wait till we get to 15, Draycott Street," was Loveday's reply; "when you've been there, I feel sure you will understand everything."

Church clocks were chiming a quarter to nine as they drove through Kemp Town at a pace that made the passers-by imagine they must be bound on an errand of life and death.

Loveday did not alight at the police station, and five minutes' talk with the inspector in charge there was all that Mr. Clampe required to put things en train for the arrest of the three criminals.

It had evidently been an "excursionists' day" at Brighton. The streets leading to the railway station were thronged, and their progress along the bye streets was impeded by the overflow of traffic from the main road.

"We shall get along better on foot; Draycott Street is only a stone's throw from here," said Loveday; "there's a turning on the north side of Western Road that will bring us straight into it."

So they dismissed their trap, and Loveday, acting as cicerone still, led the way through narrow turnings into the district, half town, half country, that skirts the road leading to the Dyke.

Draycott Street was not difficult to find. It consisted of two rows of newly-built houses of the eight-roomed, lodging-letting

order. A dim light shone from the first-floor windows of number fifteen, but the lower window was dark and uncurtained, and a board hanging from its balcony rails proclaimed that it was "to let unfurnished." The door of the house stood slightly ajar, and pushing it open, Loveday led the way up a flight of stairs—lighted halfway up with a paraffin lamp—to the first floor.

"I know the way. I was here this afternoon," she whispered to her companion. "This is the last lecture he will give before he starts for Judaea; or, in other words, bolts with the money he has managed to conjure from other people's purses into his own."

The door of the room for which they were making, on the first floor, stood open, possibly on account of the heat. It laid bare to view a double row of forms, on which were seated some eight or ten persons in the attitude of all-absorbed listeners. Their faces were upturned, as if fixed on a preacher at the farther end of the room, and wore that expression of rapt, painful interest that is sometimes seen on the faces of a congregation of revivalists before the smouldering excitement bursts into flame.

As Loveday and her companion mounted the last of the flight of stairs, the voice of the preacher—full, arrestive, resonant—fell upon their ear; and, standing on the small outside landing, it was possible to catch a glimpse of that preacher through the crack of the half-opened door.

He was a tall, dignified-looking man, of about five-and-forty, with a close crop of white hair, black eye-brows and remarkably luminous and expressive eyes. Altogether his appearance matched his voice: it was emphatically that of a man born to sway, lead, govern the multitude.

A boy came out of an adjoining room and asked Loveday respectfully if she would not like to go in and hear the lecture. She shook her head.

"I could not stand the heat," she said. "Kindly bring us chairs here."

The lecture was evidently drawing to a close now, and Loveday and Mr. Clampe, as they sat outside listening, could not resist an occasional thrill of admiration at the skilful manner in which the preacher led his hearers from one figure of rhetoric to another, until the oratorical climax was reached.

"That man is a born orator," whispered Loveday; "and in addition to the power of the voice has the power of the eye. That audience is as completely hypnotised by him as if they had surrendered themselves to a professional mesmerist."

To judge from the portion of the discourse that fell upon their ear, the preacher was a member of one of the many sects known under the generic name, "Millenarian." His topic was Apollyon and the great battle of Armageddon. This he described as vividly as if it were being fought out under his very eye, and it would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that he made the cannon roar in the ears of his listeners and the tortured cries of the wounded wail in them. He drew an appalling picture of the carnage of that battlefield, of the blood flowing like a river across the plain, of the mangled men and horses, with the birds of prey

swooping down from all quarters, and the stealthy tigers and leopards creeping out from their mountain lairs. "And all this time," he said, suddenly raising his voice from a whisper to a full, thrilling tone, "gazing calmly down upon the field of slaughter, with bent brows and folded arms, stands the imperial Apollyon. Apollyon did I say? No, I will give him his right name, the name in which he will stand revealed in that dread day, Napoleon! A Napoleon it will be who, in that day, will stand as the embodiment of Satanic majesty. Out of the mists suddenly he will walk, a tall, dark figure, with frowning



A MAN BORN TO SWAY.

brows and firm-set lips, a man to rule, a man to drive, a man to kill! Apollyon the mighty, Napoleon the imperial, they are one and the same —"

Here a sob and a choking cry from one of the women in the front seats interrupted the discourse and sent the small boy who acted as verger into the room with a glass of water.

"That sermon has been preached before," said Loveday. "Now can you not understand the origin of the ghost in Fountain Lane?"

"Hysteries are catching, there's another woman off now," said Mr. Clampe; "it's high time this sort of thing was put a stop to. Pearson ought to be here in another minute with his warrant."

The words had scarcely passed his lips before heavy steps mounting the stairs announced that Pearson and his warrant were at hand.

"I don't think I can be of any further use," said Loveday, rising to depart. "If you like to come to me to-morrow morning at my hotel at ten o'clock I will tell you, step by step, how I came to connect a stolen cheque with a 'ridiculous ghost.'"

"We had a tussle—he showed fight at first," said Mr. Clampe, when, precisely at ten o'clock the next morning, he called upon Miss Brooke at the Métropole. "If he had had time to get his wits together and had called some of the men in that room to the rescue, I verily believe we should have been roughly handled and he might have slipped through our fingers after all. It's wonderful what power these 'born orators,' as you call them, have over minds of a certain order."

"Ah, yes," answered Loveday thoughtfully; "we talk glibly enough about 'magnetic influence,' but scarcely realise how literally true the phrase is. It is my firm opinion that the 'leaders of men,' as they are called, have as absolute and genuine hypnotic power as any modern French expert, although perhaps it may be less consciously exercised. Now tell me about Rogers and Maria Lisle."

"Rogers had bolted, as you expected he would have done, with the six hundred pounds he had been good enough to cash for his reverend colleague. Ostensibly he had started for Judea to collect the elect, as he phrased it, under one banner. In reality, he has sailed for New York, where, thanks to the cable, he will be arrested on

his arrival and sent back by return packet. Maria Lisle was arrested this morning on a charge of having stolen the cheque from Mrs. Turner. By the way, Miss Brooke, I think it is almost a pity you didn't take possession of her diary when you had the chance. It would have been invaluable evidence against her and her rascally colleagues."

"I did not see the slightest necessity for so doing. Remember, she is not one of the criminal classes, but a religious enthusiast, and when put upon her defence will at once confess and plead religious conviction as an extenuating circumstance—at least, if she is well advised she will do so. I never read anything that laid bare more frankly than did this diary the mischief that the sensational teaching of these millenarians is doing at the present moment. But I must not take up your time with moralising. I know you are anxious to learn what, in the first instance, led me to identify a millenarian preacher with a receiver of stolen property."

"Yes, that's it; I want to know about the ghost: that's the point that interests me."



"I WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THE GHOST."

"Very well. As I told you yesterday afternoon, the first thing that struck me as remarkable in this ghost story was the soldierly character of the ghost. One expects emotionally religious people like Freer and his wife to see visions, but one also expects those visions to partake of the nature of those emotions, and to be somewhat shadowy and ecstatic. It seemed to me certain that this Napoleonic ghost must have some sort of religious significance to these people. This conviction it was that set my thoughts running in the direction of the millenarians, who have attached a religious significance (although not a polite one) to the name of Napoleon by embodying the evil Apollyon in the person of a descendant of the great Emperor, and endowing him with all the qualities of his illustrious ancestor. I called upon the Freers, ordered a pair of boots, and while the man was taking my measure, I asked him a few very pointed questions on these millenarian notions. The man prevaricated a good deal at first, but at length was driven to admit that he and his wife were millenarians at heart, that, in fact, the prayer meeting at which the Napoleonic ghost had made its first appearance was a millenarian one, held by a man who had at one time been a Wesleyan preacher in the chapel in Gordon Street, but who had been dismissed from his charge there because his teaching had been held to be unsound. Freer further stated that this man had been so much liked that many members of the congregation seized every opportunity that presented itself of attending his ministrations, some openly, others, like himself and his wife, secretly, lest they might give offence to the elders and ministers of their chapel."

"And the bootmaking connection suffer proportionately," laughed Mr. Clampe.

"Precisely. A visit to the Wesleyan chapel in Gordon Street and a talk with the chapel attendant enabled me to complete the history of this inhibited preacher, the Rev. Richard Steele. From this attendant I ascertained that a certain elder of their chapel, John Rogers by name, had seceded from their communion, thrown in his lot with Richard Steele, and that the two together were now going about the country preaching that the world would come to an end on Thursday, April 11th, 1901, and that five years before this event, viz., on the 5th of March, 1896, one hundred and forty-four thousand living saints

would be caught up to heaven. They furthermore announced that this translation would take place in the land of Judæa, that, shortly, saints from all parts of the world would be hastening thither, and that in view of this event a society had been formed to provide homes—a series, I suppose—for the multitudes who would otherwise be homeless. Also (a very vital point this), that subscriptions to this society would be gladly received by either gentleman. I had arrived so far in my ghost enquiry when you came to me, bringing the stolen cheque with its pencilled figures, 144,000."

"Ah, I begin to see!" murmured Mr. Clampe.

"It immediately occurred to me that the man who could make persons see an embodiment of his thought at will, would have very little difficulty in influencing other equally receptive minds to a breach of the ten commandments. The world, it seems to me, abounds in people who are little more than blank sheets of paper, on which a strong hand may transcribe what it will—hysteric subjects, the doctors would call them; hypnotic subjects others would say; really the line that divides the hysteric condition from the hypnotic is a very hazy one. So now, when I saw your stolen cheque, I said to myself, 'there is a sheet of blank paper somewhere in that country vicarage, the thing is to find it out.'"

"Ah, good Mrs. Brown's gossip made your work easy to you there."

"It did. She not only gave me a complete summary of the history of the people within the vicarage walls, but she put so many graphic touches to that history that they lived and moved before me. For instance, she told me that Maria Lisle was in the habit of speaking of Mrs. Turner as a 'Child of the Scarlet Woman,' a 'Daughter of Babylon,' and gave me various other minute particulars, which enabled me, so to speak, to see Maria Lisle going about her daily duties, rendering her mistress reluctant service, hating her in her heart as a member of a corrupt faith, and thinking she was doing God service by despoiling her of some of her wealth, in order to devote it to what seemed to her a holy cause. I would like here to read to you two entries which I copied from her diary under dates respectively, August 3rd (the day the cheque was lost), and August 7th (the

following Sunday), when Maria no doubt found opportunity to meet Steele at some prayer-meeting in Brighton."

Here Loveday produced her note-book and read from it as follows:

"To-day I have spoiled the Egyptians! Taken from a Daughter of Babylon that which would go to increase the power of the Beast!"

"And again, under date August 7th, she writes:

"I have handed to-day to my beloved pastor that of which I despoiled a Daughter of Babylon. It was blank, but he told me he would fill it in so that 144,000 of the elect would be each the richer by one penny. Blessed thought! this is the doing of my most unworthy hand."

"A wonderful farrago, that diary of distorted Scriptural phraseology—wild eulogies on the beloved pastor, and morbid ecstasies, such as one would think could be the outcome only of a diseased brain. It seems to me that Portland or Broadmoor, and the ministrations of a sober-minded chaplain, may be about the happiest thing that could befall Maria Lisle at this period of her career. I think I ought to mention in this connection that when at the religious service yesterday afternoon (to attend which I slightly postponed my drive to East Downes), I heard Steele pronounce a fervid eulogy on those who had strengthened his hands for the fight which he knew it would shortly fall to his lot to wage against Apollyon, I did not wonder at weak-minded persons like Maria Lisle, swayed by such eloquence, setting up new standards of right and wrong for themselves."

"Miss

Brooke, another question or two. Can you in any way account for the sudden payment of Mrs. Turner's debts—a circumstance that led me a little astray in the first instance?"

"Mrs. Brown explained the matter easily enough. She said that a day or two back, when she was walking on the other side of the vicarage hedge, and the husband and wife in the garden were squabbling as usual over money-matters, she heard Mr. Turner say indignantly, 'only a week or two ago I gave you nearly £500 to pay your debts in Brighton, and now there comes another bill.'"

"Ah, that makes it plain enough. One more question and I have done. I have no doubt there's something in your theory of the hypnotic power (unconsciously exercised) of such men as Richard Steele, although, at the same time, it seems to me a trifle far-fetched and fanciful. But even admitting it, I don't see how you account for the girl, Martha Watts, seeing the ghost. She was not present at the prayer-meeting which called the ghost into being, nor does she appear in any way to have come into contact with the Rev. Richard Steele."

"Don't you think that ghost-seeing is quite as catching as scarlet-fever or measles?" answered Loveday, with a little smile. "Let one member of a family see a much individualized and easily

described ghost, such as the one these good people saw, and ten to one others in the same house will see it before the week is over. We are all in the habit of asserting that 'seeing is believing.' Don't you think the converse of the saying is true also, and that 'believing is seeing?'



"SQUABBLING AS USUAL."



THE beginning of the volunteer movement in England dates from the end of the last century, when the great Napoleon threatened to invade this country. He always maintained that England was at once the most persistent and the most generous of his enemies, and what he desired most was to inflict upon her a crushing defeat and to destroy her national independence. Elaborate preparations were made by the French for a descent on the coast of England, and that was why, in 1798, one hundred and fifty thousand volunteers answered the appeal to defend their country: the danger was imminent, consequently the movement was national. In 1801, after Egypt had been wrested from Napoleon by the battle of Alexandria, he said, "Well, there now remains no alternative but a descent on Britain." He strained every nerve to prepare for invasion. He established a camp and flotilla at Boulogne, and the

"Army of England" was enrolled. France, however, was not yet prepared, and in October, 1801, the preliminaries of the Peace of Amiens were signed. The peace was hollow. In 1803 war was again declared. In 1804 Napoleon was crowned Emperor, and once more his attention was turned towards England. The coast of France was lined with soldiers, and every harbour sheltered war vessels. The army was so trained that in half an hour they could be got on board the flotilla. Such experienced veterans as Victor, Soult and Ney were placed in command. The plan was to decoy our fleet to Martinique, to return suddenly, and sweep the denuded channel with the combined fleets of France and Spain, to effect a landing on our shores, and, by seizing London, to practically blot us from the map of Europe as an independent nation. England was never in a more serious position, but never did her sons prove themselves



HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, HONORARY COLONEL QUEEN'S WESTMINSTERS.

more undaunted. The manhood of England came to the rescue, and three hundred and fifty thousand volunteers were ready to fight shoulder to shoulder in defence of their beloved land. In 1803 King George III. reviewed in Hyde Park sixty battalions of volunteers, all equipped at their own expense; and Sheridan moved a vote of thanks to them in the House of Commons: "A noble and puissant nation roused itself, like a strong man after a sleep, and shook its invincible locks."

England was saved by the genius and indomitable courage of three men, Pitt, Nelson and Wellington. Nelson dissi-

troops, our volunteers became a great national organisation. In 1860, when Napoleon annexed Savoy, it acquired a still stronger impetus. French colonels, in threatening addresses, had called England a nest of banditti, and threatened to drag thence the refugees. In answer, the martial spirit of English manhood again asserted itself. The volunteers rose superior to the sneers and unfair criticisms of the malign, and proved to the Government, that should an invader come, they were ready and fit to take their place with their brethren of the regular army on the field of battle.



ST. MARTIN'S IN FIELD VOLUNTEER, 1790.



ST. CLEMENT'S DAME VOLUNTEER, 1790.



UNIFORM, 1870.

pated all fear of a foreign invasion at Trafalgar, and the peace of Europe was assured by Wellington at Waterloo. The volunteers were now disbanded. In 1852 the invasion of England once again seemed probable. The *coup d'état* had placed Louis Napoleon on the throne of France. He had said that he represented a defeat to be avenged, and that defeat was Waterloo. A French journal had openly declared that the first duty of a new Napoleonic dynasty was the conquest of England. In spite of the Crimean war the mistrust deepened. In 1859, when Lombardy fell before the victorious French

With this necessarily brief account of the formation of the volunteer movement, we will proceed to deal with the "Queen's Westminster Rifles" (13th Middlesex), one of the most distinguished corps in the service. Few volunteer regiments can boast of a more interesting history. The present corps holds a position very similar to that so creditably filled by its prototype, the Royal Westminster Regiment, which was formed at the eventful period of the threatened invasion of England by the first Napoleon, to which we have already alluded. Like the corps of to-day, the old regiment consisted of Companies raised in



COLONEL HOWARD VINCENT, C.B., M.P.

the several parishes of the City of Westminster; the only difference being that a century ago, they were numerically strong enough for each parish to have a battalion of its own. St. Anne's, Soho, was the parish in which the first corps was formed, and it sprang into existence in 1793, Colonel Robertson, whose portrait adorns the officers' mess room at the "Queen's" headquarters, being the first commanding officer; but Pimlico was not long behind; and the Volunteer Association connected with that parish was, after a time, amalgamated with the Soho battalion, and Colonel Stephen Roileston took the command. To the corps were attached fifty special constables and a company of artificers, armed with quarter-staves. They were drilled to work the fire-engines. They were also expected to especially

look after and protect the Royal residences at Pimlico, it being rumoured at the time that there was a plot to set fire to the Royal palaces and public offices. Every precaution was duly taken, as will be gathered from the following extracts taken from "The Fire Duty Rules," which were very quaint: "Each member is to take particular care to deposit his regimentals, firelock, etc., in his bedroom; and it is particularly requested that each member will provide himself with a lantern, which he may light at the nearest watch box, or in any other more expeditious mode. The lantern to have a slide to obscure the light when necessary, and to have a loop to suspend it from a button on the breast If the fire should be discovered in one of the Royal residences, all the nobility and gentry who are honorary members are to repair in uniform to the rendezvous." These elaborate rules were submitted to and approved by the King, as being "calculated to preserve the tranquility of a very important part of the Metropolis." It is not recorded that these plans had to be put in practice; though the accounts of the Royal review in Hyde Park, on June 4th, 1799, state that the artificer companies mustered over three hundred of all ranks, and that they had their fire engines with them. On July 9th, 1803, the Volunteers assisted the soldiers in putting out a fire at Westminster Abbey. Some plumbers were at work on the roof of the central tower, and

while they had gone to their midday meal, the fire broke out, and as no water could be readily obtained, the roof was burned off, and the ignited timbers fell into the choir and set that alight. By this time, however, plenty of buckets had been procured, and the soldiers outside and the volunteers inside the abbey passed the water from hand to hand, and so put out the fire. The "fire discipline" was, therefore, of some service, though not at the Royal residences.

The active, or "armed members," as they were



COLONEL COMERFORD.

called, resided near the Palace and the public offices and many of them filled official positions under Government. The rules of their regiments required them to hold themselves in readiness at all times to protect public property in the locality, and particularly the "sacred persons of the Royal family." For rendering this special service the regiment received from the King the distinctive title of the "Royal Pimlico Volunteers." The uniform of the Westminster division was somewhat elaborate.

The tunic was dark blue, with scarlet facings, trimmed with gold, and a cocked hat with red feathers, tipped with white. The breast-plate was ornamented with the portcullis, surrounded by the words; "Royal Westminster Volunteers;" on the buttons were the portcullis and crown, with the letters R. W. V. The Light Infantry wore a distinctive head-dress in the shape of a helmet, covered with bearskin, with gold ornaments and a dark green feather. The Pimlico division wore scarlet tunics turned up with blue, faced with gold, bearskin hats with white feathers, tipped with red, and dark blue pantaloons. The St. Martin's Division wore cocked hats with black, white and scarlet feathers, dark blue tunics, trimmed with scarlet, white waistcoats, lace frills, gilt buttons and buff pantaloons. The several corps had grand musters at all the reviews, and were presented with sets of handsome colours, some of which now hang in the Church of St. Margaret, Westminster, and some at the headquarters. The strength of the Westminster regiments, prior to the disbanding of the volunteers, may be estimated from the following return of the numbers on parade at a review in Hyde Park on the occasion of a visit of the allied sovereigns on June 14th, 1814.

London and Westminster Light Horse	...	727
Westminster Cavalry	...	225



MAJOR CANNING.

Queen's Royals	...	926
St. James's Infantry	...	954
St. George's	...	663
Royal Westminster	...	961
St. Martin's (The Prince of Wales's)	...	640
St. Margaret's	...	625
St. Clement's Dane	...	245

Amongst the nine hundred and fifty-four members of the St. James's Infantry who marched past the king and his distinguished guests on this memorable occasion, was the Hon. Frederick Byng. He is specially named here because he is—or rather was—the connecting link between the Ancient and the Modern Westminster Volunteers;

for when the corps was revived in 1859 he rejoined his old company, and marched past the Queen at the review in Hyde Park on June 23rd, 1860.

This regiment of Rifle Volunteers was revived in 1859, and like the Old Westminster Corps, was composed of several companies and divisions formed in the principal parishes of the City of Westminster.

They were, however, all amalgamated early in 1860, and Earl Grosvenor was the first commandant. The portrait which we publish is reproduced from a steel engraving issued soon after he took the command, and gives a good idea of the uniform worn by the officers at the time. There has been no change in the colour of the cloth, which is the silver



CAPTAIN LEIGH, ADJUTANT.

grey adopted at the formation of the regiment. The facings were scarlet, with grey braiding, brown belts and light brown gaiters, and a demi-shako with a scarlet pompon. The shako was at first, and its successor, the helmet, now is, ornamented with a badge in bronze or silver, like that shown in our small illustration. The cross belt had special badges according to the various parishes. On the 23rd of June, 1860, Her Majesty held the great review in Hyde Park, and strenuous exertions were made by all ranks to attain a high state of efficiency. The Queen's Westminsters mustered nine hundred and thirty-eight strong, and presented a splendid appearance as they marched past the Queen, the Prince Consort and other members of the Royal family. The corps was divided into two battalions, the first under the command of Lieut. Colonel Earl Grosvenor, and the second under Major R. R. Twining. The *Morning Post's* account of the march past said that "this regiment marched with great precision and kept a firm and unwavering front." It was in 1860 that the corps



SERGEANT FULTON.



PRIVATE JAMES, "CYCLIST" CORPS.

obtained the distinctive title of the "Queen's Westminster Rifle Volunteers." With the single exception of the "Queen's Edinburgh," it is the only volunteer corps which is officially entitled to style itself the "Queen's." In a speech after the official inspection in 1864, Colonel McMurdo, then Inspector General of Volunteers, incidentally remarked that he recollected going out pheasant shooting two seasons before, when he met one of the party wearing light yellow gaiters. Answering a joking remark about the leggings, his friend said he was an officer in the Queen's Westminster Volunteers, and that, being ashamed of the strikingly fresh appearance of his regulation gaiters, he had put them

on to tone down a little of the vivid hue. The gallant colonel, continuing his speech, congratulated the corps that they had succeeded in imparting a mellow colour to their gaiters, not by going out pheasant shooting, but by the rough work of drill, so often carried on in very bad weather. The late Dean Stanley, who succeeded Dean Trench, was chaplain to the corps for many years, and he generally treated the regiment to a good speech at the annual distribution of prizes in Westminster Hall. On one occasion the learned dean said that the Force had been formed to "defend our hearths and altars," and this, he thought, might, in the case of the "Queen's," be aptly applied by assuming that their hearth was the grand, historic Hall of Westminster, and their altar the magnificent old abbey close by. Alluding to the regimental badge, he remarked that the portcullis was one of the principal ornaments in and on Henry the Seventh's Chapel, and was chosen by that monarch as being emblematic of the best protection the country possessed against invaders, next to the navy, and expressed a hope that if ever the first defence gave way,

the portcullis would come rattling down on the heads of the enemy. On another occasion, Dean Stanley, speaking of Westminster Hall, reminded the corps that the Hall was a suitable and appropriate place for drilling, as the roof was made of wood from the forest of Shillelagh in Ireland!

Dean Bradley is now chaplain to the regiment, and is universally respected in the corps. It is not possible, in the limited space available in our pages, to follow the corps in the many reviews, field days, Easter manœuvres, etc., in which they have taken part during the past twenty years. Moreover, such events, except to those versed in military

Metropolis, but in every city and town of the kingdom, they mustered in great strength, marched to church, returned to their "alarm posts," or rendezvous, and fired a feu de joie. The various corps in London observed the Jubilee by full-dress parades and banquets, in which both officer and private had a share. The "Royal Westminsters" attended a special church parade in the Abbey; and the Queen's Royals assembled in Sloane Square and went to Chelsea Hospital. The most important function in which the "Queen's Westminsters" took part, during the Victorian Jubilee, was undoubtedly the State Service held in the church of St. Margaret, Westminster,



A GROUP OF OFFICERS.

technicalities, are pretty much alike, year after year. The corps has played an important part on several historic occasions. On the day of the Queen's Jubilee, in 1887, the "Queen's" mustered in force and "lined" both sides of the Embankment from Westminster Bridge to Charing Cross Bridge.

In alluding to the part played by the volunteers in the Jubilee celebrations of Queen Victoria, we may give a retrospective glance at the doings of the volunteers in the Jubilee of George the Third, for one of the leading features in the celebrations held on the 25th October 1809, was the presence of many thousands of volunteers. Not only in the

on Sunday, May 22nd, 1887, when "Mr. Speaker, and the Honourable the House of Commons of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland," attended to "return thanks for the fifty years' reign of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen." The spectacle was without historic parallel, and was striking in the extreme. The Chamber in which the House sits was opened at about ten o'clock, and shortly afterwards a number of members who had accepted the invitation to take part in the Jubilee Service, assembled with the view of forming a procession. At a quarter to eleven the Speaker, wearing his robes of state of black and gold, took his seat in the chair

usually occupied by the clerk at the table. After the lapse of a few minutes, during which members continued to arrive, the Speaker rose, and, preceded by the mace-bearer, walked down the House and entered the central lobby, where the procession was to be formed. The procession, on being formed, was preceded by Chief Inspector Denning, the Inspector of the Houses of Parliament, and by Chief Inspector Horsley, the Inspector of the House of Commons. The procession itself was headed by the mace-bearer, carrying the mace; the Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms, and the Sergeant-at-Arms. Next came the Speaker, whose train was carried by his train-bearer; the Chaplain of the House of Commons, and the Secretary to the Speaker, followed, being preceded by two messengers. They were followed by the Clerk of the House of Commons, and the first and second clerk assistants.

After these, came the Honourable Members, in a line of four abreast. In the first rank were Mr. Gladstone, the late Mr. W. H. Smith, Mr. Courtney and Lord Hartington. The procession marched in slow time, by way of St. Stephen's Hall to Westminster Hall. Westminster Hall was lined on both sides by the "Queen's," behind whose ranks stood a number of Regular and Volunteer Officers in uniform. The procession of the clergy and choirs of the Abbey and of St. Margaret's entered the Hall by the great door, and, having reached the bottom of St. Stephen's Steps, at the upper end of the Hall, the two lines separated and, counter-marching down the Hall, formed two lines in front of the Volunteers. On the Speaker reaching the top of St. Stephen's Steps, at the upper end of the Hall, the Commons procession halted, and was saluted by a flourish, played by the twenty-four buglers of the Queen's Westminsters. The Clergy procession was then reformed, and marched at the head of the Commons procession.



A GROUP OF OFFICERS AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.



A GENERAL INSPECTION.

The grand procession was headed by Colonel Howard Vincent, M.P., colonel of the Queen's Westminsters, who was mounted. He was followed by the band of the corps, playing a slow march. Next came two silver maces of St. Margaret's, followed by the churchwardens and overseers of St. Margaret's, and in due succession by the master of the choir house, the Abbey choristers, the lay vicars, the clergy, walking two and two, the three curates of St. Margaret's, the Dean of Peterborough, the Westminster Queen's Scholars, the Westminster "Town Boys," the Westminster Masters, the High Bailiff of Westminster (Mr. W. J. Farrar), the senior Abbey verger, the minor canons' verger, the minor canons of the Abbey, Canons Duckworth and Furse, the Dean's verger, with silver staff, the Dean of Westminster, the bishops of Sydney and Ruperts Land, the silver maces of St. Margaret's, the Rector of St. Margaret's (Archdeacon Farrar), and the preacher (the Bishop of Ripon). The line of march,

after emerging from the great doors of Westminster Hall, was through New Palace Yard, across the road to Parliament Square, straight between the two enclosures, and then diagonally across the road to the west door of St. Margaret's Church. The line was kept by the remaining companies of the Queen's Westminsters, who had assembled nearly a thousand strong.

At the time of the Hyde Park and Trafalgar Square Demonstrations, in No-



IN CAMP.

COL. COMERFORD. LT.-COL. SPURWAY. MAJOR TYLER.
COL. SCRIVENER. MAJOR CHARTER. MAJOR MEADE.

vember, 1887, when a serious conflict with the people was feared by the authorities, a body of special constables was formed, under the command-in-chief of General Percy Feilding, and the A Division, composed mainly of "Queen's" and "London Scottish," over one thousand strong, was placed under the command of Colonel Comerford, and occupied positions in Trafalgar Square and other West-end centres. Colonel Comerford had certainly a very remarkable body of men under his command, for in the ranks were commissioned officers, naval and military, barristers, professional men, medical men, and, in fact, representatives of every profession.

On the occasion of the visit of the German Emperor in 1891, a great volunteer review was held at Wimbledon. The "Queen's Westminsters," which mustered some six hundred and eighty strong, went down to Putney in two steamboats, thence marching by road to the Common. This



WELL KNOWN FACES IN CAMP



A SQUAD AT BAYONET EXERCISE.

was not the first occasion on which the Emperor had met the corps, as he had already been present at a special inspection of the regiment. This took place in the garden of Buckingham Palace. Thither the Emperor came in the uniform of the Queen's Dragoons, attended by his staff, and by Lord Mount Edgumbe and Lord de Ros. The hour of the inspection was early morning—

the Emperor arriving precisely at eight o'clock. The Dean of Westminster, Dr. Bradley, was present in his capacity of Chaplain to the regiment. There were also in the garden the Duke of Connaught, General Smith, C.B., Lieutenant-General Fremantle, Colonel Gascoigne, General Sir J McNeil, V.C., and others. The Empress of Germany and the Duchess of Westminster were in the garden also. The inspection itself was a short affair. First came the National Anthem, which so far as music goes, is the common property of the English and Germans, then a careful inspection by the Emperor of the first corps of adult volunteers which had appeared before him, the band playing the "Wacht am Rhein" in the meanwhile, and, following some preliminary manoeuvres, a capital march past, after which the Emperor expressed his satisfaction and pleasure. Then the Queen's Westminsters marched away, with every reason to be proud of the incident in the career of the corps. A sequel to this event was the presentation of a portrait of the

Emperor, which his Majesty had presented to the corps as a memento of the inspection. This took place on December 22nd, 1892, in the Queen's Hall, James Street, Buckingham Gate. Colonel Howard Vincent presided, and amongst the German notabilities present were the Hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, Count Metternich, Baron Eckardstein, Prince Schonburg-Waldenburg and Herr Rücker Jenisch (secretaries to the Embassy), and Privy Councillor Schmettan, etc. Baron Eckardstein, an officer of great stature, wore the white uniform of the 6th Cuirassiers, with the helmet of gold and the silver eagle; Herr Rücker Jenisch wore the uniform of the 2nd Uhlans of the Guard; and Prince Hohenlohe-Langenburg that of the 2nd Dragoons of the Guard.

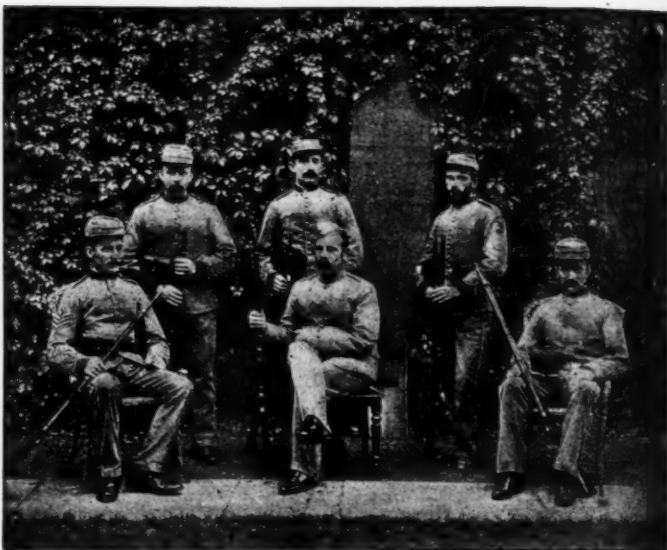
The Queen's Westminsters have played an important part in other stately ceremonies, but space does not permit us to give further detailed accounts. We will endeavour to give a brief account of the present organisation of the regiment. The Honorary Colonel is His Grace the Duke of Westminster, and the senior Colonel in Command, Colonel Howard Vincent, who was gazetted to the regiment in 1884. Colonel Vincent saw five years service in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, from 1868 to 1873; was Captain of the Royal Berks Militia from 1873 to 1875; Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant of the Central London Rangers from 1875 to 1878, when he was appointed Director of Criminal Investigations, which appointment he resigned in 1884; he is M.P. for Central Sheffield, was made C.B. in 1885, and is, also, an original Member of the London County Council, and takes an active part in many charitable associations. The second Colonel in Command, Colonel Comerford, joined the Victorias in 1853, but on the formation of the "Queen's" he transferred his services to that regiment. He now stands at the head of the roll of active members. Having served as Private, Corporal, Sergeant and Colour-Sergeant, he was promoted to Lieutenant, 1866; Captain, 1871; Major, 1882; Lieutenant-Colonel and Hon. Colonel, 1890. Colonel Comerford is, undoubtedly, one of the ablest and most popular officers in the service. He is unremitting in attention to his military duties, and is an authority on drill and tactics. He has made a special study of

the German War Game. He is also Band President, and organised the present excellent brass band and the bugle band, which is certainly one of the best bugle bands either in the regular or volunteer service. The present field officers are Major and Hon. Colonel George H. Trollope, and Major the Hon. A. H. Grosvenor, formerly Captain in the Rifle Brigade. A very popular officer of the corps is Major Canning, who, like Colonel Comerford, is a most hard-working and painstaking officer. The Adjutant is Captain Hubert C. Legh, who has seen much war service during the Afghan War, and the Relief of Kandahar, under Sir Frederick Roberts, the Boer War in 1881, and the Egyptian Campaign of 1882. The Sergeant Major is Adam Richardson, formerly of the Scots Guards, and the Volunteer Sergeant Major is J. B. Jordon. The former hails from North of the Tweed, and is deservedly esteemed by all in the regiment.

In the all-important matter of shooting the "Queen's" is second to none in the kingdom, either for individual prowess or for team or battalion shooting; the trophies adorning the walls at headquarters are numerous and handsome. Looking back only a few years, we find that the regiment won the Mappin prize in 1887 and 1890; the Mullen's (a money prize called after the donor), 1890; the Brinsmead, 1889, and the Alexandra in 1888. Sergeant Fulton won the Gold Medal at Wimbledon in 1888, and the Grand Aggregate and the Volunteer Aggregate at the Bisley Meeting in 1890. Another famous shot is private Lowe, who, amongst numberless prizes, has won the National Rifle Association Silver Medal and the Olympic, and he was champion shot of the county in 1887; Sergeant Fulton has a brilliant record as a crack shot. He joined the "Queen's" in 1881; won the first Nursery Prize at the Middlesex Royal Artillery Meeting in 1886; won the Gold Medal for the Queen's Prize in 1888, and also tied for the St. George's Vase the same year, and was at once promoted to the rank of Sergeant. He shot in the English Twenty in 1889, 1890, and won a badge and eighth place in the Queen's Prize Competition in 1892. Private J. James has also won high honours at Wimbledon and elsewhere.

After Colonel Howard Vincent assumed the command a great change was made

in the uniform of the "Queen's;" the helmet was adopted in lieu of the shako; and the rifle forage cap, pill-box pattern, was substituted for the Glengary. Moreover, proper great coats were provided; a regimental wagon and ambulance obtained; the standard of height raised, and measures were promptly taken to secure new headquarters. Under the splendid guidance of Colonel Vincent, the regiment steadily increased, both in numbers and in efficiency, and detachments of mounted infantry, ambulance, cyclists and signallers were organised. In 1885 a suitable site for the new headquarters was obtained in St. James's Street, Buckingham Gate, next door to that of the London Scottish. The new building was formally opened by the Duchess of Westminster in 1886. The cost of the erection was £10,039, towards which the Duke of Westminster contributed £1,700. The building comprises, besides the Queen's Hall, a spacious armoury, a Morris Tube range, officers' mess, sergeants' mess, members' canteen, reading-room, billiard-room, gymnasium, dressing-rooms, etc. The signalling, ambulance and transport sections of the corps are also provided for, as well as the cyclist section and the mounted troop. The school of arms is ably conducted under Major Bone, and the masonic lodge has a large number of members. No effort seems to have been spared to make everything as complete as possible, and it would be almost im-



A MULLEN'S TEAM.

possible to suggest a real improvement anywhere.

In December, 1892, H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge distributed the Volunteer Decoration, awarded to officers for twenty-five years' service, and Colonel Comerford had the honour of receiving it at his hands. The remaining officers from the Queen's Westminsters were recipients of this much-coveted honour from the hands of General Lord Methuen.

The late Sir Morell Mackenzie was a surgeon-captain in the "Queen's," and his loss was deeply felt by his brother officers.

A complete and comprehensive history of this distinguished regiment has yet to be written, but, short as is the foregoing sketch, we think that it will prove to our readers that the Queen's Westminster Volunteers, from colonel to corporal, and, indeed, throughout the whole rank and file, are still imbued with that self-sacrificing patriotism which animated them when their country was threatened by a foreign foe.

BURGO SCAPEGRACE

By J. F. WALLER SHEPHERD.

CHAPTER II. (continued).

BURGO MALTRAVERS saw all this—knew it, felt it, believed it all, and the temptation was at least as bad for him as for a better man. But he knew, and, what was more to the purpose, remembered more than this. He hadn't lived his sort of life all these years for nothing. And he thought of what would be left for her when the thing was done, and she had had time to find out that, in the way she loved him, he loved her not at all. For he did not, and so he could ask himself this question. If he *had* loved her that way, if he had even felt a whit less honest liking and pity for her, why, retribution, only too well merited, would have at last overtaken Captain Frederick Brune. As it was, nothing of that unpleasant sort happened. I don't know how Burgo managed; but he did manage somehow. He and Mrs. Brune sat half the night in the veran-

dah, while her lord and master snored unconscious a dozen yards off. They sat there talking long and earnestly. Her wild sobbing ceased by degrees; by degrees ceased, too, that flow of silent tears. Then she could listen. And by-and-bye she answered him as he would have had his sister answer him, and put her firm

little white hand into his to close the bargain they had made. They parted presently, loyal friends. The evil tongues would have done good business over that long *tête-à-tête* if they had had the chance.

There was Burgo's previous bad character, there was Annie Brune's flirting propensities and popularity, and there was "that poor fellow Brune, so trustful, so confiding in his wife." Can't you hear it all from here?

However, the evil tongues had not this chance. They had a good deal to say about these two, but not more than

had been said before the two understood one another, and both heeded it as much now as they had previously. Someone touched on the topic to Brune, who, happening to



BURGO WAS WRITING A LETTER.

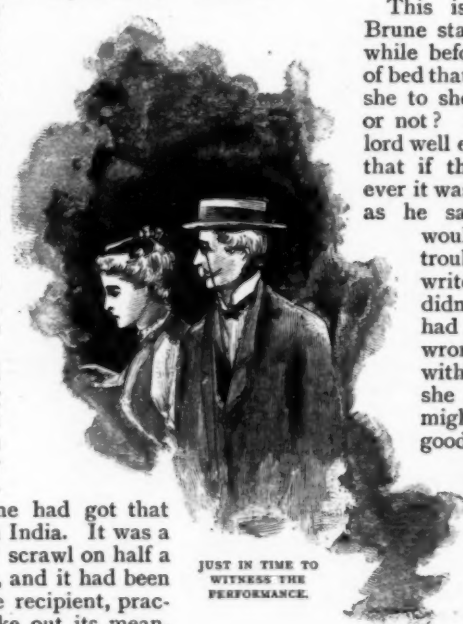
be sober, laughed in the other man's face, and told him he knew a d—d deal better than *that*, anyhow. And the speaker for once was right.

Mrs. Brune got home later on leave of absence, which she intended should be unlimited, and went to live with her sister, Lady Losely. When the "Duchess's Own" lost the most popular member of their mess, she was living at the Court still. Burgo, coming down into that part of the world for the Towers' covert-shooting, found her there. The spectacle of their friendship had not altogether found favour in the eyes of a notably correct county; but Carrie Losely laughed prudery cleverly to scorn, and Sir Lorrimer, of course, took his wife's part, especially after he had seen his sister-in-law; and Sir Lorrimer was not to be lightly offended, for he was, as far as acreage went, "that almighty man, the county god." But Miss Maltravers had never liked Mrs. Brune, I think, whoever else learned to do so.

Burgo and his friend sat, then, under a big tree in the little wood on the island that afternoon of Lady Mildred's water party. Burgo was reading a letter Annie Brune had got that morning from her lord in India. It was a hideous, blurred, blotted scrawl on half a dirty sheet of thin paper, and it had been rather hard work for the recipient, practised as she was, to make out its meaning. At last, however, she had succeeded. The result of her labours had been eminently unsatisfactory.

The scrawl began by informing her that the writer was not drunk, as she might erroneously be led by his cacography to believe, but only suffering from severe mental anxiety. The fact was, he was in an infernal fix; he was always getting into infernal fixes since she had gone away, but this was worse than any of them. Something had gone wrong with the d—d money—awfully wrong. He didn't know how, but it had. And he had got another fellow—at least, he hadn't actually got him, she understood—but

another fellow had stood the racket on the strength of Maltravers's name, and— But he hadn't time to explain. Only she must see he was in an awful hole, and must show this letter or send it to Burgo, and Burgo must get that old bloke of an uncle to stump up, if he hadn't got the coin handy himself. Anyhow, the amount he mentioned *must* be paid into Cox's before the next mail went out, or he should be broke or cut his throat. But, of course, old Burgo could manage it, and he, the writer would pay up monthly. They must save him between them, for it was awfully serious.



JUST IN TIME TO
WITNESS THE
PERFORMANCE.

This is what Annie Brune stared at a good while before she was out of bed that morning. Was she to show it to Burgo or not? She knew her lord well enough to know that if the thing, whatever it was, had not been, as he said, serious, he would never have troubled himself to write at all. She didn't believe he had done anything wrong intentionally with the money, but she did believe he might have left a good deal undone till the last moment, and then be obliged to resort to extreme measures, usually not considered justifiable altogether. But she felt that Burgo ought to know about it. So she did what she had been straitly charged to do, and showed him the letter.

Burgo could only guess what it meant. But then he knew Brune perfectly: so he guessed pretty nearly right.

"It's the regimental money he's let get wrong, I suppose," he thought; "and when it came to a pinch he calmly used my name to get his deficit covered out there. No wonder he writes to her and not to me to say so." But he didn't tell Brune's wife this.

"He means what he says," he said to



CECIL STOOD THERE.

her; "it is serious. But it'll be all right; the mail doesn't leave London till the day after to-morrow. I'll manage it."

"Burgo," she cried bitterly, "why does he send me to you for this? You sha'n't do it."

"Nonsense! He writes to you to save himself the bother of writing *two* letters. Just like him! Besides, remember our compact—unlimited confidence. Don't bother any more about it, Annie; it'll be all right."

Tears quick and warm from her warm heart sprang into her great blue eyes.

"What a dear, good fellow you are, Burgo!" and she took his hand in hers, and pressed it.

All in honest gratitude to him, as he knew. But someone's eyes, who couldn't hear Mrs. Brune's little speech, happened to see that grateful hand-pressing. And those eyes were Cecil Maltravers'. She and De Mornac came down another path behind the pair under the tree, just in time to witness the performance. Burgo and Mrs. Brune rose next moment and sauntered away back to the hut; but Miss Maltravers assured René Pardaillan that she was not at all tired yet, and would walk on farther if he chose.

CHAPTER III.

UPSTAIRS AND DOWNSTAIRS.

THERE is a quaint little octagon chamber at Ellesmere. Below it is the rose-garden. One of its windows looks across the rose-garden upon the Pleasaunce; from

the other you see a curved segment of the great mere shimmer, when the sun is upon it, like a giant silver scimitar. The octagon chamber is lightly entered or approached by none at Ellesmere, for it is my lady's.

The water-party was over, and the pilgrims landed and dispersed their several ways, all except Glyn Vipont, who had been bidden to stay dinner, and who had stayed.

The shades of eve were falling fast; so was a gentle dew from heaven. Prosaically, it was getting chilly—the sort of evening when burning logs are a blessedness. So logs were burning across the bronze andirons in the octagon chamber, and Lady Mildred sat, and her daughter stood, close beside them.

My lady lay back in her chair, tapping her round chin softly with the top of her folded fan, after a way she had, her eyes half-closed and fixed upon the fire. She was a small, slender, delicate-faced and fashioned woman, with bands of silky, fair hair, looking, in that light, like her daughter's elder sister.

Cecil was more than a head taller, and her hair had darker gold shades in it, and her eyes were as Parma violets, whereas my lady's had in their blueness, occasionally the blueness of steel. Her voice, though, was admirable, so was her manner; so was her serene impassibility. As a rule, people didn't like her; but then, as a rule, too, they were afraid of her. She was a smiling Sphinx, whom not everybody was *Œdipus* enough to question. She had her own way generally, and no one said her nay; and she meant to have her own way now.

Cecil stood there, leaning an elbow on the low mantelpiece, and her chin upon her hand. She was looking silently into the fire too—silently, and not very happily. This was the evil quarter of an hour she had had before her all day, and it had come when she was not half so well prepared for it as she had been when she landed with Burgo on the island.

After the little scene she had witnessed between her cousin and Mrs. Brune under the big tree, Miss Maltravers had strolled on with De Mornac a good deal farther than she had any intention of doing when they left the hut, and their conversation had become considerably more lively, if not more interesting. René Pardaillan had seen what she had seen, and had

made no sign. At his heart there was a guilty joy, though—guilty, because in his heart he didn't believe what he thought Cecil might believe. He was an old hand; he knew the whole *métier* only too well. There was nothing—no harm between those two on the bench; he knew that. But if his companion believed the contrary? Bah! was that his affair? Since when was one bound to play one's rival's game? Who lost, paid; who won, won. It was each for himself!

Decidedly a guilty joy; but it made René Pardaillan charming. He did the girl justice. She would have walked down the quiet track he took her by ancient instinct with any man who had been in his place—with any man, anywhere, away from that tableau under the tree. This meant nothing for him in particular. Nevertheless, he made the most of his chance. If she had been listening, she would have understood how dangerous a slave that man had been once; how likely some of the stories she had heard of him amongst his own countrywomen were to be true; what a power of tongue he had still. The low, sweet voice, with a tender tinge of melancholy in its music, spoke on; the gallant, graceful form bent over her in knightly homage; the worn, handsome, thoroughbred face got back for the moment almost all its subtle charm. Perhaps he had scarcely even been better, for surely he had never been more in earnest.

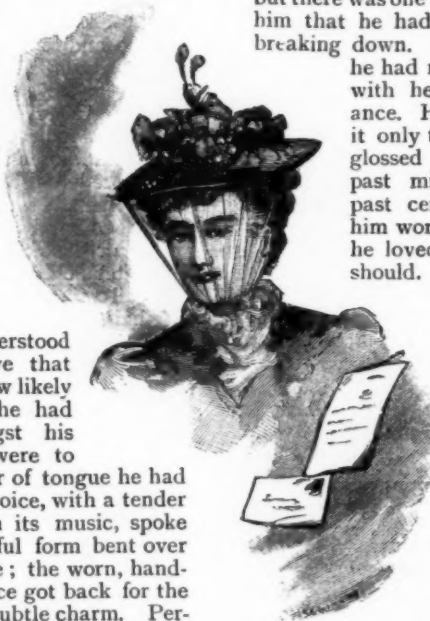
But Miss Maltravers was not listening, and she looked straight before her. The Marquis saw he had failed, but still the sense of failure was not wholly unmitigated. It was not difficult for him to divine what Miss Maltravers was thinking about all this time.

Her thoughts were, indeed, absorbingly unpleasant; she was more angry, she was even in a more "dangerous" mood than De Mornac gave her credit for. What was this she had seen—to-day of all days? And what she had seen anyone else might have seen; he didn't seem to care. And

two hours before, he had been telling her—she had let him tell her—that he loved her! And now, what did this mean? She remembered, and she couldn't help it, all that she had heard about Burgo and her already. Once this had been no lousiness of hers; once Burgo was her cousin, whom she had liked, in spite of his follies, always very much, but who had been nothing more. Then she had begun to find out that he was something more to her. She had fought against this something resolutely; it must never, could never be. For all that, it *had* got to be; but there was one inner defence against him that he had been a long while breaking down. He guessed it, but he had never upbraided her with her protracted resistance. He knew he deserved it only too well. He never glossed over to himself his past misdoings; and the past certainly hadn't made him worthy of her love. But he loved her, and the future should. So the defence gave way.

As she walked down the wood-walk with René Pardaillan, ever eloquent, Miss Maltravers was thinking bitterly that the defence had been yielded too soon. You can't have a woman in a more dangerous state, if she thinks that sort of thing in downright earnest. Miss Maltravers did not yet—quite; but

Burgo had almost better have cut off his hand than have had it in Annie Brune's clasp of gratitude that afternoon. He was a scapegrace, you see; his previous character was all bad. The court, on the evidence before it, was bound in ordinary justice to consider so old an offender guilty of this offence also. I am rather afraid it did. It was, however, a trifle more merciful than certain other courts: though the dog had such a bad name, it didn't hang him out of hand. His judge had walked and reasoned herself into a more favourable frame of mind by the time she and her



HIS LORDSHIP'S LETTER HAD
MADE HER UNHAPPY.

escort came round again to the hut. Only, they had been a good while in coming round; and when they got there, Burgo was not amongst the group under the verandah. The fact was that, not finding Cecil there, as he had expected, when he and Mrs. Brune came back after discussing Fred's letter, he had gone to look for her. And he had gone wrong—perhaps owing to some information he received casually from Glyn Vipont. Anyhow, he had not yet appeared. Cecil was not supposed to know the reason; he *ought* to have been there. Mrs. Brune was absent too. Her lord's letter had made her unhappy; and she had taken herself out of everybody's sight to brood over her miserable lot, as now and then this plucky woman would do. Cecil was not supposed to know the reason of her absence either. Perhaps it was natural, because it was wrong, that she should account for it and for Burgo's as she did. The luck was dead against Burgo that afternoon.

Lady Mildred talked to the Marquis. She had smiled affectionately on her child as she came up; she kept her eye on her now. Cecil knew that, and knew too what the maternal smile meant; and Burgo was not there, and she had to keep talking to that tiresome Glyn Vipont, who smiled upon her with calm affection also. She was extremely ill at ease, and it was all his fault; and that this should happen *now*, just when she needed all her courage and her confidence to face my lady with the story she must tell; it was a little too bad. Burgo was being judged somewhat more harshly, perhaps, than he quite deserved, when he strolled up in his leisurely fashion to the assemblage—alone. He had moved quicker when he was hunting for Cecil, a good deal; he would have moved quicker now, but that he caught sight of her at some distance off, and at once checked the exhibition of anything like particular *empressment*. He thought she would understand this. So she might have done if she had looked at him; but she looked another way, and misunderstood him.

Lady Mildred could comprehend a "situation" better than many a distinguished diplomat; she comprehended this instinctively. She manœuvred accordingly. The cousins had no chance of an explanation, even if one could have asked for it and the other had imagined it was needed. They had no opportunity for

more than a dozen words, that everybody could not hear, till Cecil was safe in the octagon chamber, and the story had to be told, as they had already arranged, by her to my lady first.

Those dozen words had been principally of Burgo's speaking. They were a brief encouragement to his darling to open the battle bravely, and bring him on the scene of action as soon as she could. And Cecil had answered—she hardly knew what. She was angry with him—that is, she had been angry, worse than angry, with him till that moment. But then, when he spoke that way to her, when he looked that way at her, with that light in his eyes that shone there only for her; what was she to do, in spite of all, but feel happy again, and smile back confidence upon him? Yet the smile was the anxious little smile of that morning; yet the confidence was dashed with something like doubt. She went to do battle for their love with a terrible flaw in her armour, and against one so cunning of fence and so pitiless as she knew my lady was and would be. To do this was to court defeat simply. She told herself so, when she came on to the ground; and my lady smiled, and crossed swords immediately.

"What is it, darling?"

Cecil turned her head, and looked down over her blade, as it were, at her antagonist. But she didn't answer this *appel*. My lady lunged twice.

"You've looked unhappy all day," she said. "Something is wrong, Cecil, I can see. Tell me, dear."

Remember how sore the girl was, and judge of the irritating effect of these little touches. No wonder she winced. My lady remarked that with calm satisfaction, and smiled, just as a veteran gladiator might have smiled when he saw the other man's blood and muttered his grim "*Habet*" to himself.

Something wrong! That was a pleasing way of speaking of what had happened on the lily-reef that noontide. Something wrong; something that had made her unhappy—and noticed. The worst of it was—there was truth in this. She had been unhappy nearly ever since the thing had been done. But it was not agreeable to be told so in this way, all the same; and it was provoking. The girl flushed rather; she gripped her foil, and prepared to fight it out—just what the other wanted.

"Tell me, dear," my lady repeated tenderly.

"You brought me here for that, I suppose, mamma," Miss Maltravers said, with a flush on her fair face still, and a look, hardly so dutiful as a model mother deserved, in her kindling eyes.

"Let us suppose I did," the model mother returned; "that has nothing to do with it. You can tell me, can't you, Cecil?"

The tone of the last words didn't make them so soothing as they might have been.

"If you don't know. But I think you do know, mamma."

"No. What has been troubling you, dear?"

"Nothing has been troubling me. It is not that."

"What?"

The young one was no match for the old one at this game. My lady drew blood again. Those four superfluous last words in her daughter's last sentence gave her her chance.

"What? Not your folly with a scape-grace like Burgo, and his perfectly consistent conduct afterwards? That has not been troubling you, my poor misguided child? A fond mother knows better; there is no deceiving *me* you know." That is what my lady's monosyllable meant, and what Cecil felt it meant.

"What?"

"You make it hard for me to answer you."

"I make it hard? Why?"

"Mamma, you have guessed this."

"I can't guess why you talk in this way, Cecil. I see you looking wretched, whenever I *do* see you, all day. I ask you why, and you tell me nothing has been troubling you, which is nonsense; and that I know what it is, which is nonsense also. It is something, then, you had

rather I guessed than tell me it your self?"

"No," Cecil said, fairly roused; "I had rather tell you. It is only this: Burgo spoke to me to-day, and I —"

"Ah!" my lady interrupted, "I understand it all now, dear, of course. Burgo spoke to you to-day, as he had no right to speak; and you had to tell him, —Yes; of course that made you unhappy, poor child. One can't help liking him, in spite of all his faults."

The speaker's tone and face were perfect when she said this; but they did not deceive her daughter. Cecil was pale now, but cool; her lip curled a little as she answered:

"No, one can't help liking Burgo. And when he spoke to me to-day, mamma, it was as he had every right to speak, if he chose."

"What is that? What did he say, then?"

"He told me that he loved me."

"Ah! And you?"

"It seems that I love him, mamma," the girl said, tenderly now.

A less perfectly model mother would have perhaps taken her child in her arms here to hear the rest; but Lady Mildred was a perfect model; she knew better than to do this.

"Ah," she said again, just as before, "it seems that you love Burgo. And you told him that?"

"Yes; I told him that."

"And this was what you had to tell me, Cecil? I see."

"I had to tell you. But when I came here to-night, you knew what I had to tell you. I think you have known I might have to tell you this for a long time, mamma."

"No, I never thought so. What had I to day to lead me to suppose this was what I was to hear? except, indeed, your evident —disquietude.



"YOU LOVE HIM SO MUCH AS THAT, DARLING?"

And if I had ever considered this possible, it was long ago—before one of you had rendered it impossible, before I had formed other plans for you, Cecil. This can't be, my poor child."

"Mamma!" The "poor child" was intolerable.

"Think what he is."

"What he *was*," the girl put in quickly.

"What he was, then, if you like. Has he altered so much? I didn't know. What he was, then. Burgo has no business to marry yet; no business to marry you. How could I feel happy about you? You smile—yes, *now*; but later, when — You must see that, Cecil? Burgo is —" A gesture finished the sentence.

"I love him," said Cecil.

"My lady saw that in her face.

"How long? Yes; I say you were always fond of him. And to-day, when he spoke to you—he ought to do that sort of thing well by this time—you were surprised —"

"No!"

"Listen, dear. You were surprised into answering him as you did."

"As I did?" she repeated imprudently; "no, I was not surprised. I told him at first —" She stopped.

Quick came the other's "What?"

Then my lady understood what, and smiled.

"You told him, in other words, just what I have been telling you—that this could not be. And you say you weren't surprised into telling him just the contrary immediately afterwards? My dear child!"

Cecil felt she was making a wretched fight of it. My lady hit on all the weak points of her armour unerringly; but she hadn't hit on the weakest yet.

The girl shuddered in anticipation, but yet held her ground pluckily.

"Not altogether that," she said; "but I knew, of course, there was much against this —"

"Very much."

"Very much, if you choose; and I said so to him. What I didn't know till I knew how he loved me, was how I loved him. And then —"

"Then you forgot all the obstacles, of course. You love him so much as that, darling?" my lady asked, after a little pause, softly, flinging away her foil, too,

and taking her daughter's hand in both hers.

This sudden change of treatment is apt to effect wonders. It touched the present patient, who was not wont to trust her parent over much. A course of model-motherdom does now and then, I have noticed, bring about such distrust between child and parent. However, Cecil was young; and though she was a clever girl, she forgot hers just when an older hand would have been most mindful of it, and have stood most upon her guard. She let my lady draw her down to her; and then she said:

"As much as that! O mamma, I love him more than all!"

At the moment of her speaking I suppose she did; at all events, she thought so, because for the moment she had forgotten everything but her love. This is a common mistake, as Lady Mildred was well aware, no doubt. Nevertheless, my lady looked very grave at her daughter's confession.

"I am sorry for this, Cecil," she said, as gravely after a while.

"Oh, mamma!"

"What would you have me do? Give you to him? How can I? That is why I am sorry, Cecil. I don't blame you; the fault is his. He should have seen this was out of the question. And I am to blame, too—worse than Burgo, perhaps. Yet I thought you quite safe as you were. I never dreamed of this—not since you met this time. It is impossible."

Cecil wasted a good deal of her strength and her skill against this hard-and-fast line. When she had tired herself, my lady moved forth and smote her.

"You said yourself there was much against this that you had thought of, darling. That must seem much more to me, don't you think? And if you can forget all this so easily, you must not wonder if I cannot."

What could the girl urge against this? Only that Burgo had never really been so bad as the evil tongues would have had him; that her business was with the future, not the past; and that she had no fear—rather humiliating arguments which my lady made her repeat over and over again. Then she retreated to another line of opposition. Cecil might have no fear; but she, the speaker, might have—honestly, had. Still, if all was as Cecil affirmed, why, perhaps—the end was that



THE BENEFACTOR
WAS
BEGINNING TO
THINK SO.

which one of the two had all along intended. The pleader was shown the weakness, the inconsistency, the folly of her special pleading, delicately but distinctly. It was made quite clear to her that she was running a great risk for a gain which might or might not be worth that risk; that, at all events, the chances were that it would not, and the guarantee that it would, merely imaginary; that she had, fortunately, a fond mother to care for her; and that this fond mother would do her duty. If her child's happiness were absolutely involved in this, as she must call it, unfortunate affair, it was her duty to see that, whatever else—my lady emphasised these words—was sacrificed, that happiness was at any rate secured; and to feel even tolerably confident of that, she must have time; they must wait a year—or two; the engagement between them must remain in abeyance. If Burgo satisfied her when his probation was over, why, she would then not withhold her consent. All depended on Burgo; if Cecil could trust him, as she said—

And, of course, Cecil declared she could again; and, of course, my lady sighed and kissed her.

These were my lady's terms. They were better

than either of the offenders had ventured to expect; and yet Cecil went out of the octagon chamber, when she had won them, feeling not at all victorious—irritated, dispirited, dissatisfied.

Lady Mildred, left alone, sat smiling at the log-fire, as though she read her child's heart.

Burgo was waiting on the terrace. Glyn Vipont had turned out there, too, to consume his tobacco. Burgo had to stroll up and down with him while he waited for Cecil. He had no great liking for Glyn; but no great dislike either. The wise youth's wisdom was not insufferably intrusive; Glyn was not a prig and not a bore; he made himself generally agreeable. He was not an ordinary toady, though Sir Burgo, K.C.B., had once sworn at him before the chief butler, and Glyn had borne it patiently. Burgo, the nephew, used to set him down as one, I fancy, not perceiving that Glyn was something a great deal more dangerous to himself. But, then, Burgo never had sufficiently looked after his own interests at the Towers. The old General had been a father to him since he first went to Eton, and the boy had loved and respected him immensely. Burgo loved and respected the old man not a whit less

now; but I am afraid he took the General's intentions and long-suffering towards him too much as a matter of course. The benefactor, at all events, was beginning—nay, had begun—to think so. And somehow things came to his ears, and were placed before his eyes, which only aggravated his tendency to fall into that train of thought. Yes, the wise youth was by no means the mere harmless toady Captain Burgo chose to consider him. The General's factotum worked for a higher price than his meat and drink and shelter, and perhaps a contemplative legacy by-and-bye. Burgo ought never to have allowed his cousin to have taken root at the Towers at all. But then Burgo detested bucolics; and, though Glyn detested them equally, yet the wise



GLYN WAS ALWAYS THERE.

youth expended much midnight oil secretly in the study of them. And Burgo's appearances at the Towers coincided a deal too regularly with the shooting and hunting; whereas Glyn was always there, quick, ready, intelligent, at the old man's beck and call. Glyn's cards, in fact, would have been easy enough to play, but for a certain great affection, that passed the love of women, for the son of his adoption, who bore his name, which lay deep in the old K.C.B.'s heart under all his growling and strong language. Glyn found this very troublesome; it caused him much anxiety and taxing of thought. He had exhibited the most powerful remedies he dared, but hitherto without effect. What he felt was wanted was a sudden, sharp, cruel stab from Burgo's own hand. He was wise enough to consider that a thing almost impossible, but he waited.

Burgo and he strolled up and down the terrace before the drawing-room windows. Glyn smoked, with the perfect appreciation peculiar to him, a golden brown cabana that must have cost about eighteenpence. He would have gone without tobacco altogether sooner than have offended his palate with anything coarser; but how he paid for them—as, apart from mankind in general, he made a point of owing no tradesman anything—only his wisdom could determine. Glyn smoked appreciatively, as usual; Burgo, with a long cheroot-tube between his teeth, like a fiery turnace, but meditatively. He had plenty to think of; the other didn't interrupt, but watched, and enjoyed his cabana none the less.

Burgo was thinking how it was going with him before my lady's judgment-seat upstairs in the octagon chamber. He felt half inclined to go and see, for he was not at all afraid of Lady Mildred, his aunt, who liked him none the better on that account. However, he concluded he had best stay where he was. He lifted his head and the polite Glyn immediately made a remark, out of which conversation might arise, should Burgo see fit. Glyn's remark had the directly opposite effect; Burgo dropped deeper into thought than ever. He had forgotten, or rather, put for the present on one side, Captain Frederick Brune's money matters. Glyn's observation made him think of something which made him think of Annie, the thought of whom was suggestive, for

once, of unpleasantness—her husband, namely.

It was confoundedly awkward; such things not unusually are. If Brune hadn't indulged his confounded laziness quite so long, or if he had borrowed, or whatever else it was, his (Burgo's) name a month or two sooner, why, it would have been all right. But just now Burgo was *au sec*, with no particular prospect either of an immediate reflux of the golden stream. That last season had been "hotter" than ordinary, and Phlegethon had muckered the Derby, and—in short, from a variety of causes, Captain Maltravers found himself impecunious just when he particularly

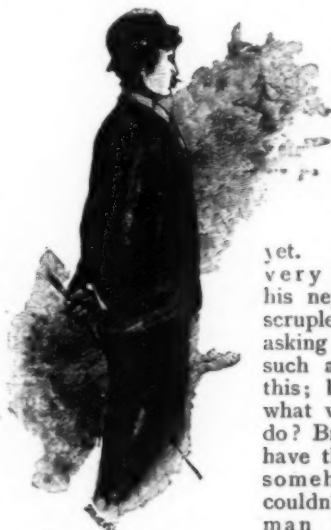
wanted money.

There was the K.C.B., of course, who had never refused him what he asked for

yet. For that very reason, his nephew felt scruples about asking him in such a case as this; but, then, what was he to do? Brune must have the money somehow. He couldn't leave a man he had called, and lived years with as, a

friend in a hole like the hole drunken Fred had tumbled into. That was Burgo's creed. I am aware that it was wrong, not to say wicked. One has no business to help evil-doers. But I have said all through that my Burgo was a bad lot, a ne'er-do-well.

So the ne'er-do-well determined that he must do all he could to help that poor devil out there, if only for the sake of the poor devil's wife. You know the real state of the case between Burgo and Mrs. Brune, or that last sentence might be open to misconstruction. A good many men would have done a great deal for her husband, for Annie's sake, also—with a difference. Burgo reckoned his resources.



DETERMINED HE MUST DO ALL HE COULD.

He had enough left to carry him on where he was for a month or two, and there was a cheque of the K.C.B.'s in his dressing-bag, which had been intended for a new breech-loader. But that only made a third of what was necessary. Whom should he ask? Time pressed. He glanced at Glyn. Glyn ought to be able to do it. Would he?

"I say, Glyn, can you lend me three hundred?"

This question broke a long silence.

The wise youth smiled pleasantly, just as if he had expected it.

"I've got just thirty-three sovereigns in the drawer of my dressing-table at the Towers," Glyn said. "They're quite at your service; but I haven't a rap more."

"O, thanks; never mind," Burgo returned; "it doesn't matter. Only I'm hard up just now, and I happened to want this coin immediately. Thought you might be able to lend it me, that's all."

Glyn was very sorry. At the same time he was wondering what the deuce Burgo wanted three hundred for immediately, and wanted it so badly as to ask him (Glyn) for the loan of it. Why didn't he ask the General? Evidently it was something the General was to know nothing of. "Then I think I ought to know what it is," the wise youth concluded.

René Pardaillan joined the smokers. He had guessed what Burgo's preoccupation and Cecil's absence meant. He remembered what my lady had promised him. His state of mind would have well repaid a psychologist for analysis. But he smoked cigarettes with his accustomed melancholy.

Cecil appeared at the drawing-room window. Burgo flung away his cheroot and went in. Glyn and René Pardaillan kept walking up and down.

"What has Mildred done?" one kept thinking.

"What does he want that money for? Where is he going to get it?" speculated the other.

Both got an answer before they slept that night—René Pardaillan from my lady herself, and Glyn Vipont from his own eyes. Those eyes saw presently Burgo striding downstairs with a letter in his hand. Glyn was in the hall alone.

"Bag there still?" Burgo inquired, as he came down.

This bag was the Ellesmere post-bag,

which went night and morning to the village on a groom's back.

"Yes," Glyn returned, "I think so," and went into the drawing-room.

"All right!" Burgo responded, and dropped in his letter. Then he went back to Cecil.

Glyn's face appeared at the drawing-room door. He looked at his watch. "Ten minutes," he thought; "time enough."

He stepped into the hall; no one was there; no one could see him. He walked calmly up to the post-bag, opened the flap, and picked out Burgo's letter.

"Just so!" he nodded when he read the address—that of the K.C.B.'s bankers at Norbury. Then he paused, and seemed



AND THEN HE TOOK A PEN.

inclined to drop the letter back again; but his delicate fingers had made a discovery.

"Something besides a letter. I think I must do it, after all."

He carried the letter away with him back to the drawing-room, and sat down before a davenport.

"Now, then!"

The gummed envelope, hardly dry yet, gave him no trouble. Inside he found a note to Bullion and Baggs, and—a cheque. He twisted the cheque up to the light to read the amount.

"Hundred odd. What's the note say?"

He read that too. Then reflected intensely for two whole minutes; then he saw his way, and made up his mind.

"He's pretty sure they'd do the three

hundred for him; and so they shall, only another way. By ——!" Glyn Vipont swore almost aloud in some sudden excitement—"they'll be doing more for me!"

He burned Burgo's note at a taper carefully. Then his face grew a little pale; but he didn't hesitate. Glyn had pluck, undoubtedly. And then he took a pen, and made a stroke or two in two different parts of the striped slip of paper—these not so carefully. He put that back into the envelope, and the envelope into the post-bag, securely gummed down this time. After which he strolled into the dining-room, and took a big glass of Burgundy before he rang the bell for his dog-cart.

"I shouldn't wonder," the wise youth said, as he set his glass down, "if I have played a trump card to-night."

CHAPTER IV.

THE NEXT DAY.

THE next day, in the afternoon, Burgo and Cecil were talking at the drawing-room window at one end of the terrace. My lady and René Pardaillan were walking slowly up and down a shady strip of grass in the rose-garden below, talking also.



"I CAN'T STAND TWO, CECIL."

"I sat up smoking over it all night," Burgo was saying; "and the more I thought about it, the more I thought it wouldn't do. We'll have to fight, and get one year knocked off, anyhow. I can't stand two, Cecil."

He had had his interview the night before with his relative. Lady Mildred had found him a good deal harder to deal with than her daughter. Burgo admitted

readily enough how much might be brought against him, and that my lady had some reasons for doing what she wanted to do. He was quite willing to submit to any fair probation she chose, but—two years!

"That's an awful time, Aunt Mildred. Think of two years, you know!"

"I am thinking of *her*, my dear Burgo, more than of you, I admit. But then you mustn't wonder at that."

"Not I. I think of her, too, more than of myself a good deal."

"I hope so—now, Burgo. Well, then, as I tell you, I think this is an unfortunate business. You and she were much better as you were."

"Perhaps; if we could have kept as we were. But we couldn't."

"My fault, I know. I never meant this; I had other plans. However——"

"I know you had other plans, Aunt Mildred. However, as you were going to say, since this unfortunate business has happened—and, as far as I am concerned you must see it couldn't be helped——"

"I see nothing of the kind. But go on."

"Well, since it has happened, we must make the best of it. That's why I want you to say one year at the outside. Look here, Aunt Mildred," Burgo went on, when my lady only looked grave at this and shook her head; "I grant you you have a strong case against me, if you choose to make one; but I don't think it's altogether fair to judge and condemn me now only by the past."

"Do I?" she asked, smiling; "I thought I was proposing to judge you by the future. And I have not condemned you at all yet that I know of."

"No; but you don't acquit me, Aunt Mildred."

"Of having done a thing you never should have done? Certainly not. However, you have done it. Under the circumstances, I don't think my terms are very hard: nor does Cecil."

"Then I suppose I oughtn't," he responded, laughing ruefully. "But can't you trust me?"

"I thought I could, my dear Burgo. But after yesterday——"

"Well, I sha'n't offend that way any more for the future, you know. And I didn't mean that. I meant, don't you think Cecil's happiness safe with me? Do you fancy I would or could jeopardise

my own with her now? I would sooner kill myself; for I love her, Aunt Mildred. I can do anything, be anything for her sake. Let the past alone, if you can. It's the future that must redeem that; the future that shall bring her no wrong, or sorrow, or regret, that a man's love can save a woman from—that shall not, I swear it."

This was a long speech for Burgo to make, but it was every word of it true, his listener knew, in her heart.

"He may be troublesome," my lady thought. "He is quite in earnest. Why did he not reform before, and have the Towers for his own instead of leaving room for Glyn Vipont? Or why was René so late? Pooh! things are always so. I am sorry for him, but —" and Lady Mildred smiled like a sphinx on her nephew.

"Bravely spoken," she said to him. "'Let the deed show!'" she added, quoting their own device.

After which, Burgo had to subscribe to my lady's further condition that there should be no formal engagement between the cousins while Burgo's probation lasted. He fought harder than poor tired, badgered Cecil had been able to do against this; but Lady Mildred made it a *sine qua non*, and he had to give in. Then he left the presence enforcedly content. He and Cecil had talked over the result they had obtained that night; and Burgo had tried to put it, and to look at it, in as cheerful a light as possible. But alone, by-and-bye, he had come to the conclusion that it was risking too much to leave things on this uncertain footing; that my lady was not to be trusted to give him any fair play; and that two years would give her ample time to carry out her "other plans" one way or another; and, in short, that he had everything to dread from such a delay, and that the two years' probation must be reduced by at least a moiety.

Part of his midnight reflections he had confided to Cecil next day. He was leaning against the frame of the open window

at which she sat repeating them now. Cecil was all the better for her sleep, and the night had brought counsel, wise counsel. She was going to forget all about that tableau under the tree, in which Annie Brune had so unpleasantly figured. She didn't understand it; she would have given a good deal, almost anything, to ask Burgo plainly what it meant, without losing dignity in her own eyes; it had troubled her greatly; but she believed in the man who was talking to her now, and she trusted him. So she was not going to trouble any more about Mrs. Brune, and she was in a healthier frame of mind in consequence.

"I can't stand two years," Burgo was saying.

"Suppose it had been 'No' altogether," Cecil responded; "it might have been that."

"I wouldn't have taken that, then. Would you?"

"Never mind. It hasn't come to that yet. We haven't done badly."

"Oh! two years!"

"Yes; I know. It is a long time, Burgo, if we have to wait all that time; but we must—that is, you must—get some of it remitted. You don't know

what a deal depends on you, Burgo."

"Yes, I do," he answered, looking full at her. "I'll fight for you, Cecil, never fear."

"Fight for me, then. But what I was going to say was—you heard something of the other plans, didn't you?"

"My lady mentioned

she had other plans for you, and I told her I knew it; that was all."

"She said the same thing to me. I didn't like that, Burgo."

"Bah! Aunt Mildred must content herself with *my* plans, darling. We're not to change them for her, are we?"

"No," Cecil said, and meant it. "But," she added, "it would have been better for us, Burgo, if mamma had had no 'other plans,' or if she had been meaning you all the time."

"I was too bad a lot. She might well



"SUPPOSE IT HAD BEEN 'NO' ALTOGETHER."

think me out of the question. Of course, it would have been better if I had been her choice. But what mamma would choose me in preference to that old gentleman yonder?"

He nodded towards René Pardaillan, visible on the grass-walk below, bare-headed beside his hostess.

"No," Burgo went on, "Aunt Mildred was perfectly frank and above-board in that. She told me she had other plans for you, and that she considered ours an unfortunate business. From her point of view, she's right, no doubt. What you mean, Cecil, and what I'd be glad to hear for certain myself, is, whether Aunt Mildred has finally renounced her own plans in favour of this unfortunate business, or not. Remember, that old gentleman is a millionaire. And remember, also, that in his eyes and in my lady's we continue to be cousins simply, and nothing more. You are held in no degree bound to me; and this is to go on for two years. My darling, I'll fight for you like a true knight. Will you fight for me like a true love?"

She put out her hand to him; it was long before he let it go again. And she thought no more of Annie Brune awhile.

"And he consents to wait two years? Monsieur, your nephew, is patient, Mildred."

It was René Pardaillan, walking to and fro with my lady down there in the rose garden, who was speaking now—a little bitterly, a little scornfully—only a little, for all the fierce, jealous passion that warred within him and rejuvenated him. Lady Mildred had told him the night before what had happened on the mere, and what had passed afterwards between herself and the two culprits in the octagon chamber—quite briefly, and without comment, in a matter-of-course tone, as though the thing were absolutely indifferent to both of them. And René had listened silently, with his sad eyes fixed upon the fire.

I think my lady must have been disappointed.

I think she wanted to provoke another outburst, such as she had had that morning, from this grey-haired man, whose passions were so young. I think she didn't dislike torturing this heart that she had never been able to make beat a pulse the quicker for her. It is a woman's way. He did not know or suspect this. They had always been friends, as far as he knew—nothing more. They were friends now. Lady Mildred would have done anything for René de Mornac—for this one man, anything; but, then, though he never knew it, she would always have done so. He wanted her daughter; she meant he should have her. Could she do more than this? I think not. True, he was a millionaire, a marquis, of ancient lineage, and knightly; true, he was a magnificent match. But people who laid the usual stress on these points did Lady Mildred wrong for once. She was, she could have been in any case, a deal more disinterested in the matter than she ever got credit for, even from the person most concerned. She liked to torture him all the same.

So she was disappointed, probably, when he took her intelligence so quietly.

With the flashing firelight on it, she couldn't even see whether his face quivered. He lifted his eyes, and looked at her when she left off speaking.

"Well?" they asked, as much as his voice.

"Well, that is all," my lady answered.

He looked back again at the fire, and so stood for some minutes longer. And then, without another word, he bade her good-night and left her.

"Poor René!" my lady murmured, "he will suffer horribly to-night." And her thoughts travelled back to the dead-and-buried past, when she too had suffered horribly.

De Mornac stood half the night at his open window. The moonlight sickened, the starlight paled, the grey dawn came and found him there still, thinking. It ought not to be—it could not



DE MORNAC STOOD HALF THE NIGHT AT HIS OPEN WINDOW.

be—it should not be; he would go. And yet, why not, if he loved her with this exceeding love? Why not, if he could win her? It should be. He would stay. So his thoughts ran, this way and that. As Lady Mildred had anticipated, he suffered horribly.

From his window De Mornac could see Burgo's. There was a light there, too. Now and then he got the powerful odour of Burgo's esteemed cheroot. Burgo was wakeful, too. De Mornac understood his anxiety—this two years' probation. In that, though, René saw hope for himself, and would see nothing else. His passion had begun to blind him. Why should he leave her to this other, if he could take her for himself? They two were rivals; it was each for himself. Monsieur Burgo must fight if he would win. And René smiled a little grimly at the notion of this combat—or, rather, of another combat, where that deadly pistol-hand, or terrible wrist of his, would have cleared the way for him, as both had often enough done before. But the grim smile passed away soon.

"Ay," he murmured, "but then *they* loved me, and she loves *him*."

He suffered enough to satisfy my lady. And the night passed, and the day came, and he was going downstairs to see her again; and he had determined nothing, whether he would go or stay, whether he would fight or fly. So of course he stayed.

He spent the morning by himself in the Pleasaunce. Lady Mildred never appeared below till luncheon. It was only after luncheon that he found an opportunity of leading back to their talk, or, rather, her talk to him of the evening before. As he availed himself of it directly, the presumption is that he meant to stay and fight. He remembered the tableau under the tree.

"Perhaps I may fight him and win, under that tree—who knows?" he speculated figuratively; "and that pretty

Mistress Brune may be my best weapon. If Cecil had only a *femme-de-chambre*, like Florine for instance." The old *roné* sighed. He had worked a dozen intrigues of the kind he was imagining then, but never for such a prize as this. He began to feel he was capable of doing anything for this one.

Walking bare-headed by Lady Mildred's side, he made that remark about her nephew's patience.

"Not so patient," my lady said. "*Il s'impatiente, au contraire*. But he will wait."

"Well, and then?"

"We shall see."

"What? Tell me plainly, Mildred. What do you mean?"

"I told you yesterday, before I knew of this. This alters nothing of what I said then."

"So far as you are concerned, this alters nothing?"

"No. There is nothing settled between them—no engagement. She is left absolutely free. And I have gained that, and gained time. Did you not understand that from what I said last night?"

"I hardly know; but I understand now. Yes, she is free, after all."

"To have simply refused my consent would only have strengthened his hand against me. This way gives nothing, and gets time—which is everything, is it not? They know I had other plans; I have not relinquished them. They know I think this affair unfortunate; I can hardly wish to make it more so. René, I did for you all I could do—the rest you must do for yourself."

"She loves him; she will wait, Mildred."

"And while she waits, will you wait? You are changed, indeed, my poor René." She couldn't deny herself that little stab.

"Cecil loves him now," my lady went on, "or she thinks so. That is against you; but you have time. Love and time—which lasts the longest, usually? Bah! that I should ask *you* this."

(To be continued.)

The River Thames.

FROM OXFORD TO KINGSTON.



THE STEAMBOAT "OXFORD."

PART I.

OXFORD TO GORING.

VEAR after year the popularity of Father Thames increases amongst those seeking recreation and health. Those who have once enjoyed the *dolce far niente* of idly drifting on its gentle stream, or the more invigorating exercise of a long pull and a strong pull in a light-built skiff, with kindred spirits, return season after season to renew their acquaintance with its quiet charms and many well-loved stretches.

It is not the intention in this article to dive into history or wander into the realms of the guide-book; indeed, the limit of space precludes any such attempt; rather let us glide lazily along, noting as our boat moves gently past the changing banks, those spots which linger in our memories in after months, and which grow dearer and more entrancing with every successive visit.

There are various ways of seeing the beauties of the Thames,

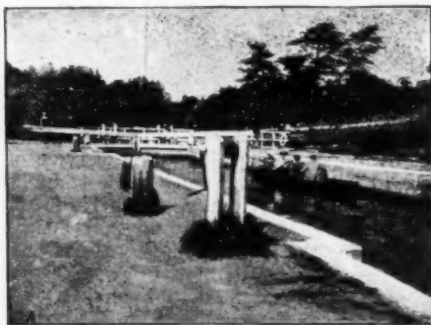
each having its votaries and each equally enjoyable and charming. The service of steamers which runs during the summer months between Oxford and Kingston affords a most enjoyable and easy means of viewing the main features of the river.

These boats are fitted up with every convenience that modern ingenuity and foresight can accomplish. On the downward trip they leave Oxford every day at 9.30 in the morning, stopping the first night at Henley and reach Kingston the



SALTER'S BOAT YARD, FOLLY BRIDGE, OXFORD.

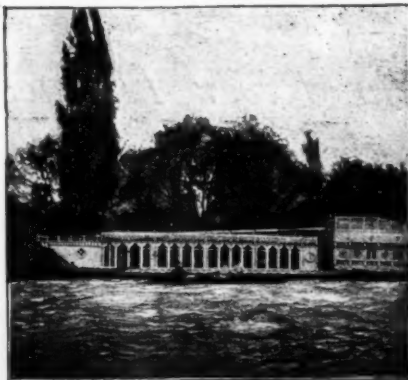
next night. Leaving Kingston daily at 9 a.m. they reach Henley the same evening and arrive at Salter's landing-stage, Oxford, the following evening about seven o'clock, the trip each way thus occupying two days. The boats do not run on Sundays. Joint rail and river tickets are issued, by which the boats can be joined or left at various intermediate points on the river, and the proprietors, Messrs. Salter Brothers, Oxford, deserve great credit for the excellent manner in which they carry out their arrangements.



IFFLEY LOCK.

The camper-out claims special notice. What is a camper-out some may exclaim? He is an amphibious, two-legged animal of the genus homo; he delights in garments of the most well-worn description. He congregates in small droves of about half-a-dozen, more or less, and arranging terms with a friendly lock-keeper, pitches a tent on some vacant piece of land or adjacent islet, and during his residence under canvas comports himself in a primitive and self-reliant manner, doing for himself and his fellows. A hardy, independent, jolly crew.

But to appreciate to the utmost the scenery of our lovely river no more enjoyable method can be found than rowing along its silvery stream, with leisure to dawdle here and there, feasting on the



PEMBROKE COLLEGE BARGE, OXFORD.

ever-changing kaleidoscopic scenes presented to our vision as our little craft moves slowly on. Undoubtedly the most pleasant means of progression is to pull down stream, and modern facilities make this most easy of accomplishment. There need be no such thing as trouble in the matter. Arrange your crew, pack your bag with as few things as possible, and if you

are a follower of the black art, by all means take your camera. The reminiscences so obtained will be a joy and pleasure to you for many a day. Then hey for the train to Oxford. If time permits, a stroll through one or two of the famous colleges will well repay the visit. Christ Church College is the largest and perhaps the most magnificent. If you are fortunate enough to secure the services of the old attendant usually located in the "Tom" gateway to show you round, you will enjoy his loquacious chatter.

Crossing over Folly Bridge, Salter's boat yard is reached, and here boats of all sizes can be hired on most moderate terms; a double sculling gig, which will carry four persons comfortably, can be obtained for fifty shillings for one week, and an extra fifteen shillings if kept for a second week—and can be left at any yard



IFFLEY MILL.



KING'S ARMS INN AND LOCK, SANDFORD.

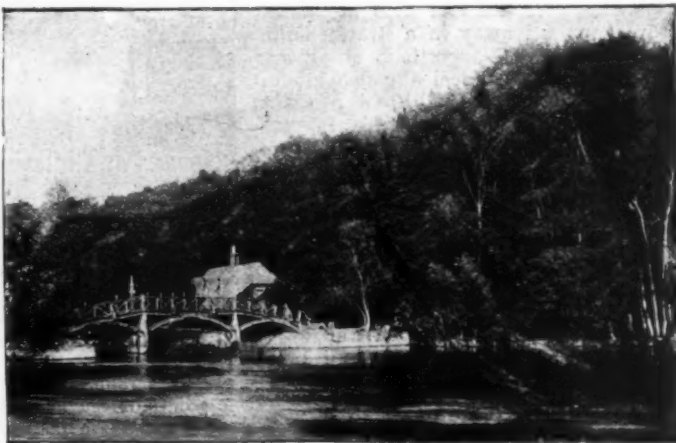
on the river down to Teddington without further charge.

The Thames below Folly Bridge broadens out considerably and is lined for some distance along the Oxfordshire bank with the 'Varsity barges and boat-rafts, and during the season is alive with craft of all sorts and sizes, from the ancient, weather-beaten tub to the spick and span racing eight.

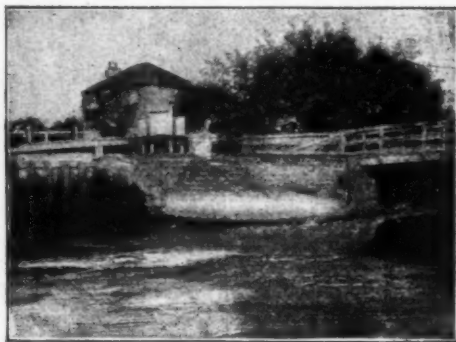
About a mile and a half below Oxford, we come to the first lock, Iffley, approached on the Berks side. The old church, seen from the river, makes a charming picture and is over seven hundred years old. The mill lying in the backwater is also most picturesque and

shows evidence of great age. Below Iffley the scenery is somewhat uninteresting until Sandford Lock (three miles, one furlong from Oxford) draws into view, when the mill stream, with its cottages and the King's Arms Inn nestling under their ivy coverlet, makes a truly old-world picture. The backwater and islets below the lock are worth exploring and here, too, may be found very fair fishing for jack, roach and chub.

It may, perhaps, interest the reader to know that the photographs illustrating this article were taken by the writer specially for *THE LUDGATE*, the smaller views being snap shots with a "Frena" hand camera, which, for perfection of working, leaves nothing to be desired; it takes forty negatives without recharging,



THE COTTAGE, NUNEHAM.



ABINGDON LOCK AND BACKWATER.

and, given good light, never failed to secure the picture desired. These cameras can be obtained from the Patentees, Messrs. R. and J. Beck, Cornhill, London, and they will develop the whole forty negatives and send a mounted print of each for one sovereign.

Many a lover

of nature sighs for the ability of the artist to preserve those glimpses of foliage and water, land or seascape, and until a year or so ago sighed perforce in vain. Yet now, ready to his hand, he has his wish

granted, and with his faithful camera he can store up those scenes which gladden his heart; and when the dark days of winter bid him bide at home, or perhaps far away in a strange land, he can turn to his portfolio or album, and in imagination feel the delights of once more going over the old pleasant scenes. A photographer crank, I fancy some say. Yes, I plead guilty. But 'tis



SHEEP DRINKING.

much to call for notice. Nuneham Wood, rising abruptly from the water's side, forms a great and pleasing contrast to the opposite low-lying bank.

Some little way down there is a small island connected by a quaint wooden bridge with the Nuneham estate, and on the island, nestling at the foot of the woods, lie a couple of



ABBEY GATE, ABINGDON.

a pleasant "crank," and harmless; and I say go and do likewise, and then if you can repeat the accusation, I give you up. Now let us "return to our muttons," so, a snap shot and there we have "Sheep Drinking," a pretty "bit," truly.

For a mile or so below Sandford Lock, the river's course is almost straight, and, until the heights of Nuneham come in sight on the Oxon Bank, there is nothing



ABINGDON BRIDGE.

pretty thatched cottages, where a cheering cup of tea can be obtained. Thus refreshed the journey is resumed.



OTTER CAUGHT AT ABINGDON.

Passing under the Great Western Railway bridge, about half a mile below the cottages, the Berks bank must be kept to avoid the overfall on the Oxon side. This overfall rejoins the river again about a mile below Abingdon.



ST. HELEN'S CHURCH, ABINGDON.

This inn is, we believe, unique in its position. The front entrance is on a level with the centre of the roadway of the bridge, and descending through the hotel you come out at the landing stage on the island before mentioned.

The Church of St. Helen, just off the

river's bank, will be found worthy of a visit.

The otter, one of a pair, of which we give a sketch, was caught in the Thames near by, in 1886, by the proprietor of the Nag's Head, and now adorns the cosy coffee room; it weighed eighteen pounds and measures from nose to tip of tail four feet.

Up betimes next morning, we resumed our trip; the passage through the bridge requires care, as the arches are narrow and the stream runs strong. About a mile lower down, on the Oxon side, we come to the outfall of the stream mentioned as leaving the river above Abingdon Lock. It forms a pretty little lagoon,



CULHAMFORD BRIDGE.

Just below this weir the tow-path changes to the Oxon shore, and, about half a mile farther, brings us to Abingdon Lock, seven and three-quarter miles from Oxford. The stream here, when the river is full, runs strongly over the weir, and special care should be taken on entering the lock. It is worth while getting out of the boat here to catch a glimpse of the old town of Abingdon, which is situated about half a mile lower down.

Abingdon Bridge is a favourite subject with artists; it was built in the fifteenth century and its centre buttresses rest on an island, on which is built the Nag's Head Hotel, a most comfortable and charmingly old-fashioned inn; and, as the town contains many points of interest, we decided to put up here for the night.



CULHAM LOCK, FROM BELOW.



CULHAM BRIDGE, FROM BELOW.



CLIFTON LOCK, FROM BELOW.

and is spanned by Culhamford Bridge, making a most charming picture. There is no passage up this stream, the arches of the bridge being barred with gratings.

Half a mile or so lower, the river is split into two streams, and keeping to the Oxfordshire side, the cutting to Culham Lock is entered. If time permits, the boat may be taken carefully down the opposite stream before going through the lock, when a pretty view of Sutton Courtney Mill



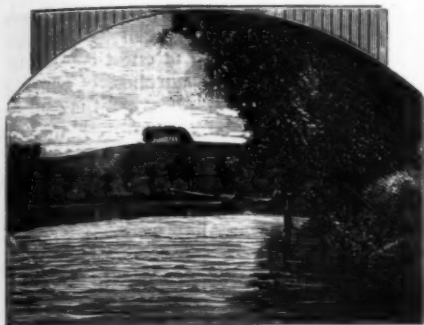
CLIFTON HAMPDEN BRIDGE AND CHURCH.



CATTLE WATERING.

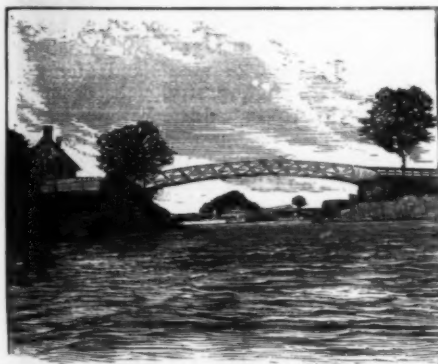
can be had, which will well repay the visit.

Passing through Culham Lock (ten and a quarter miles from Oxford) the scenery presents little to tempt the artist, but the river here abounds in fish, and apartments can be had in the village. Culham bridge crosses the river just below the lock; and a mile lower the railway spans the Thames, Culham Station lying inland about half a mile on the Oxon shore. Just below the bridge, and a little inland on the Berks side, is the pretty, old-fashioned village of Appleford. The stream to Clifton Hampden Lock is on the Oxon side down a cutting of nearly half a mile, which is spanned by two foot-bridges. Here we got a snap shot at



WHITTENHAM HILL FROM DAY'S LOCK.

some cattle watering. Clifton Lock is thirteen miles from Oxford, and just below we have Clifton Hampden Bridge, with the church peeping out from a wooded knoll beyond on the Oxfordshire bank, the whole forming a charming picture of rural life, with the thatched cottages of the village to the left. A visit to the church will afford a lovely view of the surrounding country. On the Berks side of the bridge is the Barley Mow Inn, where comfortable quarters can be obtained.



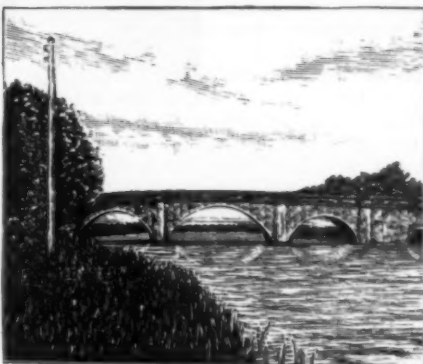
CUTTING TO DAY'S LOCK.

Below the bridge are several private houses with grounds running down to the river bank, the flower-gardens of which make a pleasing spot of colour.

The river thence to Day's Lock (sixteen miles from Oxford) runs through rather flat country, but over on the Berks shore can be seen the Wittenham Hills. These are a famous landmark, as the summit bears a group of trees which, owing to the twisting and curving of the river, is visible for miles, now appearing to the right, now

to the left, they seem to haunt the oarsman. From the top of these hills a wide view of the country can be obtained. Looking towards the north-east the Chiltern Hills can be easily discerned, with the white cross of Risborough in the distance. Sinodun, as one of the higher prominences of the Wittenham Hills, is called, retains strong evidence of once having been a strongly fortified position, and many local traditions still obtain amongst the country people thereabouts.

A little less than a mile below Day's



SHILLINGFORD BRIDGE.

Lock the little river Thame joins the Thames on the Oxon side, its size being so insignificant that unless its position is known, it might easily be passed without notice. Dorchester, at one time a famous city, can be reached by boat up the Thame, being about half a mile up the little stream. It is a quaint little place and rich in ancient British history, and was the scene of many a severe tussle between the Romans and our forefathers. In A.D. 634 the Pope Honorius sent



BENSON LOCK FROM BELOW.

Birinus to Christianise the Wessex folk, and Dorchester was made his episcopal see. The Abbey Church is said to still remain in parts as originally constructed, and its architecture alone draws many an admirer to the town. Many pages might be penned on this old-world town but space here will not permit. The George Hotel is a comfortable house to put up at, and has many points of interest in itself. Continuing our course some two miles below the mouth of the Thame, Shillingford Bridge comes in sight, and the Swan Hotel on the Berks shore is a much frequented hostel and has recently been enlarged to meet the grow-



BENSON WEIR.



WALLINGFORD BRIDGE.

ing requirements of its patrons. About a mile farther, on the Berks side, we come to Benson Lock (twenty miles from Oxford). The river from Shillingford to Benson is of more than the average width hitherto, but there is not much to interest on its banks. Wallingford, on the Berks bank lies a trifle over a mile below Benson Lock and boasts of great age. The bridge, built of stone, has fourteen arches, and the view of the river towards Streatley is very

pretty as seen from the bridge. The Lamb and the George are both comfortable houses. Wallingford at one time was famous for its many churches, of which it had fourteen; now, however, it is content with three, one of which, St. Mary's, is said to have been built in the eleventh century. The Great Western Railway Station at Wallingford is about fifteen minutes' walk from the river.

For some two miles or so below Wallingford, the river's course is exceedingly straight, running through flat country, and except the small village of Newnham Murren, on the Oxon bank, about a mile below Wallingford, and Mongewell Park a trifle lower, there is little to attract attention.

A couple of miles farther brings us to Mouldsford Railway Bridge, where there is a landing-stage for the Railway Hotel, and Mouldsford Station, the latter being about a mile from the river, on the Berks side. Mouldsford Church, about half a mile below the bridge, is a quaint old structure, built of stone and flint, and looks exceedingly pretty, embedded in its bower of trees. Just beyond is the Beetle and Wedge, a well-known riverside inn—this is one of the queerly named signs that no fellow can account for. The scenery now begins to grow more and more attractive, and around Mouldsford the country is exceedingly charming. Cleeve Lock, on the Berks side, is a mile below the Beetle and Wedge, and the backwater above the lock is well worthy of a short visit.

Cleeve Lock is twenty-six and a-half miles from Oxford and six-and-a-half miles from Benson, the last lock, being the longest stretch on the river. The Weir here forms a pretty bit of river scenery with its long stretch of



MOULDSFORD CHURCH.



CLEEVE LOCK FROM BELOW.

tumbling water and leafy background of well-grown trees; indeed, the Oxford bank from this lock to the next, Goring, is lined with foliage overhanging the river and is well loved by frequenters of this part of the Thames. About half a mile farther, Goring Lock is reached, the distance from Cleeve Lock being five furlongs (the shortest on the river). Goring Village lies on the Oxon side, with the village of Streatley on the opposite shore, just above the backwater, the lock being between the two.

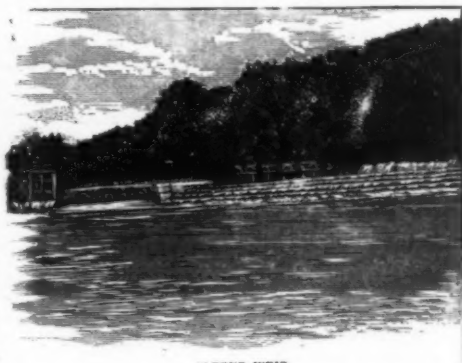
The Swan Inn, on the banks of the backwater at Streatley, is a famous boating resort and deservedly so; here we came to anchor for our second night. The view of the inn and village as approached by the river is charmingly picturesque. Behind rises Greenhill, the termination of the Lambourne Range, with its chalk cliffs, at the foot of which the village is embedded in a mass of foliage. The village is of Roman origin, and coins and other antiquities of that period have been found in the neighbourhood. If any stay is made, a visit should be paid to Aldworth, a little village some three miles across the downs, where

within the church may be seen some most remarkable monuments, erected to the memory of the De la Beches, a family of prominence several hundred years before William the Conqueror arrived on our shores.

Goring, on the Oxfordshire shore, is becoming every year more popular: the chief inn is the Miller of Mansfield, and here also are found traces of Roman occupation, as in the fields around are many remains of massive foundations of ancient Roman architecture, whilst Roman coins, tiles and pottery are being repeatedly found in the

vicinity.

Goring and Streatley are joined by a



CLEEVE WEIR.

wooden bridge, spanning the Thames just below the lock, and the view both up and down stream from this bridge is most charming.

This part of the river is much frequented by lovers of the brush, and several of our Royal Academicians spend much of the summer here, reproducing on canvas the beauties of nature so lavishly scattered around.



SWAN HOTEL, STREATLEY.

(To be continued.)

THE VEILED PORTRAIT



James F. Knight

IT has been asserted that one cannot hold intercourse with that which is generally called the Unseen World, or behold anything supernatural, and live; but these ideas, from my own experience, I am inclined to doubt.

In the year subsequent to the great Bengal mutiny, I found myself at home on sick leave. My health had been injured by service in India, and by our sufferings consequent on the revolt; while my nervous system had been so seriously shaken by a grape-shot wound received at Lucknow, that it was completely changed, and I became cognizant of many things so utterly new to me, and so bewildering, that until I read Baron Reichenbach's work on magnetism and crystallism, I feared that I was becoming insane. I was sensible of the power of a magnet over me, though it might be three rooms distant, and twice, in darkness which seemed perfect to others, my room became filled with light; but the Baron holds that darkness is full of light, and that to increase the sensitiveness of the visual organs is to render that rare and dissipated light susceptible, with all that it may contain.

I was now compelled to acknowledge the existence of that new power in nature which the Baron calls the Odic Light, and of many other phenomena that are described in "Der Geist in der Natur," of Christian Oersted—the understanding that pervades all things.

But to my story.

Nearly a year had elapsed since the mutiny. The massacres at Delhi, Lucknow, Cawnpore and elsewhere had been fearfully avenged by that army of retribution which marched from Umballah, and I found myself in London, enfeebled, enervated and, as the saying is, "weak as a child." The bustle of the great capital stunned and bewildered me; thus I gladly accepted a hearty invitation which I received from Sidney Warren, one of "ours," but latterly of the Staff Corps, to spend a few weeks—months if I chose—at his place in Herts: a fine old house of the Tudor times, approached from the London Road by an avenue that was a grand triumphal arch of nature's own creation, with lofty interlacing boughs and hanging foliage.

Who, thought I, that was lord of such a place, could dream of broiling in India

—of sweltering in the white-washed barrack at Dumdum, or the thatched cantonments of Delhi or Meerut!

My friend came hurrying forth to meet me.

"How goes it, old fellow? Welcome to my new quarters," he exclaimed.

"Well Sidney, old man, how are you?"

Then we grasped each other's hands as only brother soldiers do.

I found Warren, whom I had not seen since the commencement of the revolt, nearly as much changed and shattered in constitution as myself; but I knew that he had lost those whom he loved most in the world amid the massacre at Meerut. He received me, however, with all the warmth of an old comrade, for we had a thousand topics in common to con over; while the regiment, which neither of us might ever see again—he certainly not, as he had sold out—would prove an endless source of conversation.

Sidney Warren was in his fortieth year, but looked considerably older. His once dark hair and coal-black moustache were quite grizzled now. The expression of his face was one of intense sadness, as if some secret grief consumed him; while there was a weird and far-seeing expression that led me to fear he was not fated to be long in this world. Yet he had gone through the storm of the Indian war without receiving even a scratch. Why was this?

Before I had spent two days with Sidney, he had shown me all the objects of interest around the Warren and in it—the portrait gallery, with its courtiers in high ruffs, and dames in the long stomachers of one period and *décolletés* dresses of another; his collection of Indian antiquities, amassed at the plundering of Delhi, and those which were more interesting to me—ponderous suits of mail which had been hacked and battered in

the wars of the Roses, and a torn pennon unfurled by Warren's troop of horse, "for God and the King," at Naseby.

But there was one object which he would neither show nor permit me to look upon, and which seemed to make him shiver or shudder whenever it caught his eye, and this was a picture of some kind in the library—a room he very rarely entered. It was the size of a life-portrait, but covered closely by a green-baize hanging. Good taste compelled me to desist from talking to him on the subject, but I resolved to gratify my curiosity on the first convenient occasion; so one day, when he was absent at the stable court,



"WELCOME TO MY QUARTERS."

I drew back the hanging of this mysterious picture.

It proved to be the full-length portrait of a very beautiful girl—a proud and stately one, too—bordering on blooming womanhood. Her features were clearly cut and classic; she had an olive-coloured complexion that seemed to tell of another land than England, yet the type of her rare beauty was purely English. Her forehead was broad and low; her dark eyes, that seemed to haunt and follow me, were deeply set, with black brows well defined; her chin was rather massive, as if indicating resolution of character, yet the soft, ripe lips were full of sweetness;

while the gorgeous coils of her dark hair were crisp and wavy. Her attire was a green riding-habit, the skirt of which was gathered in her left hand, while the right grasped the bridle of her horse.

It was *not* a portrait of his wife, whom I remember to have been a fair-haired little woman; so *who* was this mysterious lady? I cannot describe the emotion this portrait excited within me; but I started and let fall the curtain with a distinct sensation of someone, or *something* I could not see, being close beside me; so I hurried from the shady library into the sunshine. Lovely though the face—I can see it yet in all its details—it haunted me with an unpleasant pertinacity, impossible either to analyse or portray. But I was a creature of fancies then.

"Herein," thought I, "lurks some mystery which may never be cleared up to me." But in this surmise I was wrong, for one night—the night of Sunday, the 10th of May, the *first anniversary* of the outbreak at Meerut, after we had discussed an excellent dinner, with a bottle or two of Moselle, and betaken us to iced brandy *pawnee* (for so we still loved to call it), and to the "soothing weed," on the sofas of the smoking-room, Warren became suddenly seized by one of those confidential fits which many men unaccountably have at such times, and, while he unsparingly and bitterly reproached himself for the part he had acted in it, I drew from him, little by little, the secret story of his life.

Some ten years before those days of which I write, when in the Guards, and deeply dipped in debt by extravagance, he had, unknown to his family, married secretly a beautiful girl, who was penniless, at the very time his friends were seeking to retrieve his fortune by a wealthy alliance. An exchange into the Line—"the sliding scale"—became necessary, thus he was gazetted to our regiment in India, at a period when his

young wife was in extremely delicate health; so much so that the idea of her voyaging round the Cape—there were no P. and O. Liners then—was not to be thought of, as it was expressly forbidden by the medical men; so they were to be separated for a time; and that time of parting, so dreaded by Constance, came inexorably.

The last fatal evening came—the last Sidney was to spend with her. His strapped overlands and bullock-trunks, his sword and cap, both cased, were already in the entrance hall; the morrow's morning would see him off by the train for Southampton, and his place would be vacant, and she should see his fond hazel eyes no more.

"Tears again!" said he, almost impatiently, while tenderly caressing the dark and glossy hair of his girl-wife; "why on earth are you so sad, Conny, about this temporary separation?"

"Would that I could be certain it is only such!" she exclaimed. "Sad! oh,

can you ask me, Sidney, darling? The presentiment of a great sorrow to come is hanging over me."

"A presentiment, Constance! Do not indulge in this folly."

"If I did not love you dearly, Sidney, would such a painful emotion rack my heart?"

"It is the merest superstition, darling, and you will get over it when I am fairly away."

Her tender eyes regarded him wistfully for a moment, and then her tears fell faster at the contemplation of the coming loneliness.

After a pause, she asked: "Are there many passengers going out with you?"

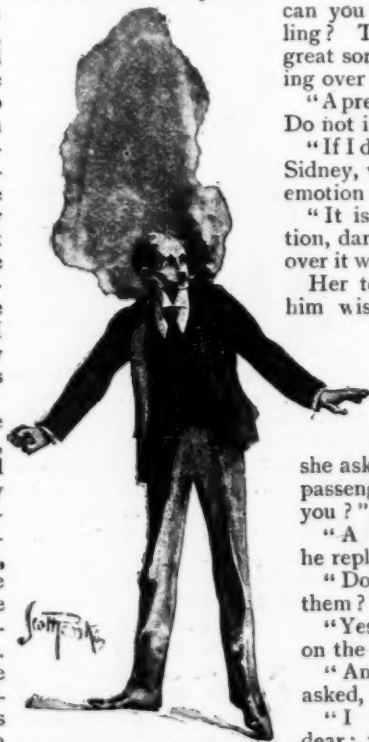
"A few—in the cuddy," he replied carelessly.

"Do you know any of them?"

"Yes; one or two fellows on the staff."

"And the ladies?" she asked, after another pause.

"I don't know, Conny dear; what do they matter to me?"



I STARTED AND LET FALL THE CURTAIN.

"I heard incidentally that—that Miss Dashwood was going out in your vessel."

"Indeed; I believe she will."

Constance shivered, for with the name of this finished flirt that of her husband had been more than once linked, and his change of colour was unseen by her as he turned to manipulate a cigar. So for four, perhaps six months, these two would be together upon the sea.

Constance knew too well the irritable nature of her husband's temper to say more on the subject of her secret thoughts; and deeply loth was she that such ideas should embitter the few brief hours they were to be together now; so a silence ensued, which, after a time she broke, while taking between her slender fingers a hand of Sidney, who was leaning, half moodily, half listlessly against the mantelpiece, twisting his moustache with a somewhat mingled expression of face.

"Sidney, darling," said she entreatingly, "do forgive me if I am dull and sad—so *triste*—this evening."

"I do forgive you, little one."

"You know, Sidney, that I would die for you!"

"Yes; but don't, Conny—for I hate scenes," said he, playfully kissing her sweetly sad, upturned face; and the poor girl was forced to be contented with this matter-of-fact kind of tenderness.

So the dreaded morrow came with its sad moment of parting.

To muffle the sound of the departing wheels, she buried her head, with all its wealth of dark, dishevelled hair, among the pillows of her bed, and some weeks—weeks of the most utter loneliness—elapsed, ere she left it, with the keen and ardent desire to recover health and strength, to the end that she might follow her husband over the world of waters and rejoin him; but the strength and health, so necessary for the journey, were long in coming back to her.

She had hoped he would write to her before sailing from Southampton—a single line would have satisfied the hungry cravings of her heart; but, as he did not do so, she supposed there was not time; yet the transport lay three days in the docks after the troops were on board. He would write by some passing ship, he had said, and one letter, dated from Ascension, reached her; but its cold and careless tone struck a mortal chill to the

sensitive heart of Constance, and one or two terms of endearment it contained were manifestly forced and ill-expressed.

"He writes to me thus," she muttered, with her hand pressed upon her heaving bosom; "thus—and with that woman, perhaps, by his side."

She consulted the map, and saw how far, far away on the lonely ocean was that island speck. Months had elapsed since *he* had been there; so she knew that he must be in India now, and she had the regular mails to look to with confidence—a confidence, alas! that soon faded away. Long, tender and passionate was the letter she wrote in reply; she fondly fixed the time when she proposed to leave England and rejoin him, if he sent her the necessary remittances; but



"WHY ARE YOU SO SAD, CONNY?"

mail after mail came in without any tidings from Sidney, and she felt all the unspeakable misery of watching the postman for letters that never, never came.

Yet she never ceased to write, entreating him for answers and assuring him of unswerving affection.

Slowly, heavily and imperceptibly a year passed away—a whole year—to her now a black eternity of time.

"Could Sidney be dead?" she asked herself with terror; but she knew that his family (who were all unaware of *her* existence) had never been in mourning, as they must infallibly have been in the event of such a calamity; and in her simplicity she never thought of applying to the Horse Guards for information concerning him—more information than she might quite have cared to learn.

Her old thoughts concerning Miss Dashwood took a strange hold of her imagination now; a hundred "trifles light as air" came back most gallingly to memory and took coherent and tangible shapes; but a stray number of the *Indian Mail* informed her of the marriage of Miss Dashwood—her *bête-noire*—to a Major Milton; and also that the regiment to which Sidney belonged "was moving up country," a phrase to her perplexing and vague.

Her funds were gone—her friends were few and poor. Her jewels—his treasured presents—were first turned into cash; then the furniture of her pretty villa, and next the villa itself, with its sweet rose-garden, had to be exchanged for humbler apartments in a meaner street; and, ere long, Constance Warren found, that if she was to live, it must be by her own unaided efforts; and for five years she maintained a desperate struggle for existence—five years!

A lady going to India "wanted a young person as a governess and companion."

To India—to India! On her knees Constance prayed that her application might prove successful; and her prayer was heard, for out of some hundred letters—from a few which were selected, the tenor of hers suited best the taste of the lady in question. She said nothing of her marriage or of her apparent desertion; but as her wedding ring, which, with a fond superstition of the heart, she never drew from her finger, told a tale, she had to pass for a widow.

So in the fulness of time she found herself far away from England, and duly installed with an Anglo-Indian family in one of the stately villas of the European quarter of Calcutta—a veritable palace in the city of palaces, overlooking the esplanade before Fort William—in charge of one sickly, but gentle little pale-faced girl.

She had been a month there when her employer's family proposed to visit some relatives at Meerut, where she heard that Sidney's regiment was cantoned. To her it

seemed as if the hand of Fate was in all this. Oh the joy of such tidings! Some one there must be able to unravel the horrible mystery involving his fate; for by this time she had ascertained that his name was out of the corps; but her heart suggested that he might have exchanged into another.

"If alive, is he worth caring for?" She often asked this of herself, but thrust aside the idea, and pursued with joy the long journey up country by river steamers, dawk-boats and otherwise, on the Ganges to Jehangereabad, from whence they were to travel by carriages to the place of their destination, some fifty miles distant.

On the way Constance had an addition to her charge in the person of a little boy who, with his *ayah*, was going to join his parents at Meerut. This little boy was more than usually beautiful, with round and dimpled cheeks, dark hazel eyes, curly golden hair, and a sweet and winning smile. Something in the child's face or its expression attracted deeply the attention of Constance, and seemed to stir some memory in her heart. Where had she seen those eyes before?



HUMBLER APARTMENTS.



"WHO GAVE YOU THIS, MY CHILD?"

She drew the boy caressingly towards her, and when kissing his fair and open forehead, her eyes fell involuntarily on a ring that secured his necktie, a mere blue ribband. It was of gold, and on it were graven the initials C. and S. with a lover's knot between. These were those of herself and her husband, and the ring was one she had seen him wear daily. Constance trembled in every limb; she felt a deadly paleness overspread her face, and the room in which she sat swam round her; but on recovering her self-possession, she said:

"Child, let me look at this ring."

The wondering boy placed in her hand the trinket, which she had not the slightest doubt of having seen years before in London.

"Who gave you this, my child?" she asked.

"My papa."

"Your papa!—what is your name?"

"Sidney."

"What else?" she asked impetuously.

"Sidney Warren Milton."

"Thank God! But how came you to be named so? There is some mystery in this—a mystery that must soon be solved now. Where were you born, dear little Sidney?"

"In Calcutta."

"What is your age, child?"

"Next year, I shall be seven years old."

"Seven—how strange it is that you have the name you bear."

"It is my papa's," said the boy, with a little proud irritability of manner.

"Where did your papa live before he came to Calcutta?"

"I don't know—in many places—soldiers always do."

"He is a soldier?"

"My papa is Major Milton, and lives in the cantonments at Meerut."

"A little time, and I shall know all," replied poor Constance, caressing the boy with great tenderness.

On arriving at Meerut, however, she found herself ill—faint and feverish, so that for days she was confined to her bed, where she lay wakeful by night, watching the red fire-flies flashing about the green jealousies, and full of strange, wild dreams by day. She had but one keen and burning desire—to see Major Milton, and to learn from

his lips the fate of her husband. On the evening of the fifth day—the evening of the 10th of May—she was lying on her pillow, watching the red sunshine fading on the ruined mosques and Abu's stately tomb, when just as the sunset gun pealed over the cantonments, the *ayah* brought her a card, inscribed "Major Milton, Staff Corps."

"Desire the Major to come to me," said Constance in a broken voice, and terribly convulsed by emotion; for now she was on the eve of knowing all.

"Here, to the *mehm sahib's* bedside?" asked the astonished *ayah*.

"Here instantly—go—go!"

Endued with new strength, as the woman withdrew, she sprang from her bed, put on her slippers, threw round her an ample cashmere dressing robe, and seated herself in a bamboo chair, trembling in every fibre. In a mirror opposite she could see that her face was as white as snow. The door was opened.

"Major Milton," said a voice that made her tremble, and attired in undress uniform, pith-helmet in hand, her husband, looking scarcely a day older, stood gazing at her in utter bewilderment. He gave one convulsive start, and then stood rooted to the spot; but no expression or glance of tenderness escaped him. His whole aspect bore the impress of terror.

Years had elapsed as a dream, and they were again face to face, those two, whom no man might put asunder. Softness,

sorrow and reproach faded from the face of Constance. Her broad, low forehead became stern; her deep-set, dark eyes sparkled perilously, her full lips became set, and her chin seemed to express more than ever, resolution.

"Oh, Constance—Constance," he faltered, "I know not what to say!"

"It may well be so, Sidney" (and at the utterance of his name her lips quivered). "So *you* are Major Milton, and the supposed husband of Miss Dashwood?"

There was a long pause, after which she said:

"I ask not the cause of your most cruel desertion; but whence this name of Milton?"

"A property was left me—and—but of course, you have long since ceased to love me, Constance?"

"*You* actually dare to take an upbraiding tone to me!" she exclaimed, her dark eyes flashing fire. Then looking upward appealingly, she wailed, "Oh, my God! my God! and *this* is the man for whom, during these bitter years, I have been eating my own heart!"

"Pardon me, Constance; you may now learn that there is no gauge to measure the treachery of which the human heart in its weakness is capable. Yet there has been a worm in mine that has never died."

She wrung her hands, and then said, with something of her old softness of manner:

"You surely loved me once, Sidney?"

"I did." He drew nearer, but she recoiled from him.

"Then whence this cruel change?"

"Does not some one write, that we love, and think we love truly, and yet find another to whom one will cling as if it required these two hearts to make a perfect whole?"

"Most accursed sophistry! But if you have no pity, have you not fear?"

"I have great fear," said he in a broken voice; "thus, Constance, by the love you once bore me, I beseech you to have

pity, not on me, but on my little boy, and his poor mother—preserve their happiness —"

"And sacrifice my own?" said she in a hollow voice.

"Spare, and do not expose me—my commission—my position here —"

"Neither shall be lost through me," she replied, in a voice that grew more and more weak; "but leave me—leave me—the air is suffocating—the light has left my eyes. Farewell, Sidney—kiss your child, for my sake."

He drew near to take her hand, but she repulsed him with a wild gesture of despair, and throwing up her arms, fell back, with a gurgle in her throat, her head on one side, and her jaw fallen.

"Dead—quite dead!" was his first exclamation, and with his terror was blended a certain selfish emotion of satisfaction and relief at his escape. The blood again flowed freely in his veins, and he was roused by the cantonment *ghurries* clanging the hour of *nine*.

"Help—help!" cried he; but no help came, and as he hurried away, the sudden din of musket-shots, of shrieks and yells, announced that the great revolt had begun at Meerut, and that the expected massacre of the Europeans had commenced. In that butchery, those he loved most on earth perished, and midnight saw him wifeless and childless, lurking in misery and alone in a mango tope, on the road to Kurnaul.

* * * * *

While listening to the narrative of my friend Sidney, whom I had always known as Warren, rather than Milton, the clock on the mantelpiece struck *nine*, and he said in a broken voice:

"It was at this very hour, twelve months ago, that



"DEAD—QUITE DEAD!"

my boy and his mother were murdered by the 3rd Cavalry, at the moment that Constance was dying!"

As he spoke, a strange white light suddenly filled one end of the smoking-room, and amid it there came gradually, but distinctly to view, two figures, one was a little boy with golden hair, the other a woman whose left arm was around him—a beautiful woman, with clearly-cut features, masses of dark hair curling over a low, broad forehead, lips full and handsome, with a massive chin and classic throat—the woman of the veiled picture, line for line, but to all appearance living and breathing, with a beautiful smile in her eyes, and wearing, not the riding-habit, but a floating, crape-like white garment, impossible to describe. There was a strange weird brightness in her face—the transfigured brightness of great joy and greater love.

"Constance—Constance and my child!" cried Sidney, in a voice that rose to a shriek; and, like a dissolving view, the

light and all we looked on with eyes transfixed faded away.

I was aware of an excess of sensitiveness and that my heart was beating with painful rapidity. I did not become insensible, but some time elapsed before I became aware that lights were in the room, and that several servants, whom my friend's cry had summoned in haste and alarm, were endeavouring to rouse him to consciousness from a fit that had seized him; but from that fit he never recovered. His heavy, stertorous breathing gradually grew less and less, and, ere a doctor came, he had ceased to respire.

His death—sudden as hers on that eventful night, but a retributive one—was declared to be apoplexy, but I knew otherwise. Since then, though the effect of the grape-shot wound on my nervous system has quite passed away, I feel myself compelled to agree with the hackneyed remark of Hamlet, that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy."



"CONSTANCE—CONSTANCE AND MY CHILD!" CRIED SIDNEY.

Albert Chevalier and his Songs :

A Chat with his Publisher.

By ERNEST ALFIERI.

CHEVALIER is now in the meridian of his fame, and is probably earning an income equal to that of a cabinet-minister. He bestrides the music-hall world like a Colossus; for having "done" most of the London variety theatres in triplets, he has bidden us a temporary farewell, to fulfil a cycle of Provincial engagements. But, if he has been called away by particular business, he, like the man in "The School for Scandal," leaves his character behind him: his brief absence will doubtless only make his London friends' admiration grow fonder.

It was Seneca who said that "fame follows merit as surely as the body casts a shadow; sometimes falling in front, and sometimes behind."

Chevalier would seem to have become famous at a bound: but this is not quite true. Impelled by, I hope, a not very reprehensible desire to learn something concerning the cockneys' laureate and his songs, from one who is so closely associated with him and them, I visited 13, Berners Street, and had half-an-hour's chat with Chevalier's publisher, the gentleman whose portrait we give here. Mr. R. W. Reynolds was born in the North of London, in 1859, and entered the music publishing business

in 1877. His manners, like those of an illustrious namesake's, are "gentle, complying and bland," and as he is not less enthusiastic about Chevalier and his songs than habitués of "the halls," he was easily incited to talk. His office walls are liberally adorned with framed and unframed photographs of Chevalier in stage attire, some of which he has kindly lent for reproduction in *THE LUDGATE MONTHLY*; cartoons from the comic papers and originals of frontispieces; and on his desk lay some clever and appropriate designs which had been submitted for his first "Annual."

"Well, Mr. Reynolds," I ventured, having completed my survey, "Chevalier's success at the music-halls, I should say, must have greatly stimulated the sale of his songs?"

"Oh, yes!" he answered; "the demand for them has increased enormously. You'll scarcely believe me when I tell you that we have sold as many as four thousand copies of one song within a week, and that Mr. Chevalier has stamped his autograph—if the process may be so described—on fourteen thousand copies of his songs in ten days."

"It was, then, a fortunate day for you when Chevalier came to you to publish his songs?"



From a Photo.] MR. R. W. REYNOLDS.

[by Bassano.

"Well, it is fortunate for me that I am his publisher; but Mahomet went to the mountain—in other words, it was I who sought Chevalier. Shall I relate the circumstances?"

"By all means do, please."

"Chevalier, you know, prior to making a name as a comedian in London, used, in conjunction with a fellow Thespian, to give variety entertainments in the Provinces. He had written one or two songs in the cockney vernacular and sometimes performed them on these tours. When he became an established favourite in London, Chevalier

sang two of these early productions—'Our Armonic Club' and 'The Coster's Courtship'—in club-land. They went down with tremendous éclat, and Chevalier naturally wished to publish the songs. He submitted them to most of the leading publishers, who looked askance at them and only smiled when he expressed a belief that they would one day 'catch on.' Chevalier, in despair, sought his friend, Mr. Charles Fox, the wig-maker, whose recent death under most saddening circumstances caused so much consternation in professional circles. Mr. Fox agreed to print a couple of hundred of the songs and display them in his window. By-and-by the songs attracted the notice of singers at 'smokers,' and it was at one of these concerts that I first heard 'Our Armonic Club.' Though indifferently rendered, the song struck me as being ludicrously funny and daringly original. The vulgarity which chiefly characterises Londoners of the lower order is largely redeemed by their rich and racy humour. Chevalier perceived this, and handled his subject with such consummate skill as to make the cockney working-man a presentable and most amusing creature.

"Has he not as gently scanned his



MR ALBERT CHEVALIER.
(Copyright Photo. by Bertram Chevalier.)

brother man, the coster, and conceded to 'Arry and 'Arriett—Phyllis and Strephon of the London streets—the primary emotions, though they be not the porcelain clay of human kind? The inability of the publishers to appreciate Chevalier's genius is inconceivable to me. I am reminded of Lichtenberg's naive inquiry: 'When a head and a book come into collision, and one sounds hollow, is it always the book?'

"'Our Armonic Club,'" continued Mr. Reynolds, "made a strong impression on me, and I still think it one of the cleverest and funniest songs of the series. The

programme gave Chevalier's name as the author, but when I came to make inquiries I could ascertain nothing about the song—the music trade had never heard of it. One day, however, our head representative happened to pass the costumier's



ALBERT CHEVALIER AND HIS BROTHER.

window in Covent Garden, and there saw copies of the song exposed for sale. I immediately called on Mr. Fox with a view to acquiring the copyrights of this song and 'The Coster's Courtship.' Mr. Fox had, of course, no facilities for making the songs known, and the demand for them was very limited. He knew little of trade custom, and though the songs were only printed in what is known as 'single sheet' form, the full price was charged for them, even to the trade 'collecting' houses. A wire was despatched to Chevalier, who came here to see me. I told him what I thought of the songs, and pointed out to him that they would not stand the ghost of a chance of becoming popular unless they were properly worked.

"Chevalier had by no means lost faith in his songs, and when he at last found a publisher who so firmly believed in their potentiality that he was willing to at once pay him royalty on a thousand copies of each of the songs, and to make them the leading feature of his business, he was soon induced to part with them."

"Well, and after the assignment of the copyrights, how did you go to work to popularise the cockney songs?"

"The first thing we did was to issue them in the usual size—engraved on six or seven plates, you know—with a modern title-page, and introduce them to the music-sellers in the Provinces.

"It is customary in the trade to supply 'novelties,' that is, new publications, at much lower than ordinary trade terms, providing the music-seller makes up a fair-sized parcel of these unknown compositions. Well, I offered Chevalier's songs at 'first journey' prices, and tried my hardest to get dealers to stock them.

"It was no use; I could not infuse into them the enthusiasm I felt for the songs. I pointed out that they were in quite a new style, and would one day create a sensation. They would not be convinced, however, 'the songs might be clever,' they said, 'but their humour was peculiarly a London humour, and would not be apparent to provincials.' I had faith

in the songs, firm enough, I thought, to remove mountains, and yet I found myself powerless to overcome the prejudice or apathy of my friends. Chevalier, as I have said, had by this time obtained a firm footing as a comedian in London. After two very successful seasons at the Avenue Theatre in 'The Prima Donna' and 'The Field of the Cloth of Gold'—in which latter piece, by-the-way, he first sang 'Funny without being Vulgar'—he was engaged for the character of Abanazar in the burlesque of 'Aladdin' at the Strand Theatre. This was the tide in his affairs.

He sang 'Our 'Armonic Club': it was the hit of the piece, and the music-hall agents made a simultaneous rush to secure him for the variety shows. Chevalier didn't at all relish the notion of abandoning the stage for 'the halls,' and at first 'stalked off' reluctant, like an ill-used ghost, notwithstanding the terms offered him were very tempting. I remember his coming to me—I think it was just before Christmas, 1889—and asking me what I thought of the proposal. I told him I thought he would be a madman to refuse the offer. The wholesale importation of theatrical and vocal celebrities into the music-halls had greatly enhanced the attractions of the variety

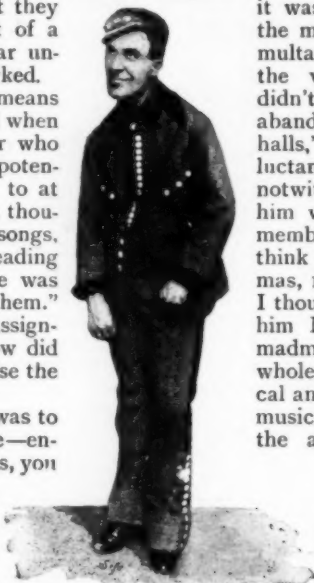
shows, which now amply justified their name. The coster songs exactly appealed to the class of audience at these places. Chevalier's friends all strongly urged him to accept the offer for the halls. You know what

was the result: he immediately became the bright particular star of the music-hall firmament—the people's idol."

"For which of the songs has there been the greatest demand, Mr. Reynolds?"

"Before 'The Future Mrs. 'Awkins' came out, 'Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road' had had the largest sale, closely followed by 'The Coster's Serenade'; but 'My Old Dutch,' which is not a coster song—it belongs to the genus cockney, of which the purely coster song is only a species—bids fair to outlive them all."

"I suppose, since Chevalier's fame has penetrated into the Provinces you have



"THE COSTER'S SERENADE."
(Copyright Photo. by Bertram Chevalier.)

received many orders from the music-sellers?"

"Oh, yes; and the songs have now a wide Colonial sale: they are specially popular in Australia and India. See, here is an order by telegraphic code from Messrs. Paling and Co., the largest musical merchandise house in Sydney—" Beck Wot, Nipper, 'Awkins"—it means two hundred and fifty copies of each of the songs specified. The other day, too, we received an order for 'The Future Mrs. 'Awkins' from Fu-tcheu. Chevalier, on being told of this, immediately suggested we should issue a Celestial edition, under the title of 'The Fu-tcheu Mrs. 'Awkins. This song, as you know, has been a

great favourite; it was composed by Chevalier. We were staying at Brighton together and I well recollect him, after supper one night, sitting down to the piano and playing the air over to me. I was charmed with it and asked him to let me publish it at once as a little intermezzo. But he had other intentions regarding it; the next morning, at the breakfast-table, he handed me the music to which he had adapted the now familiar words of 'The Future Mrs. 'Awkins.'

I brought the song back to town with me, and within a week it was printed and put on the market. A funny incident in connection with the recent high jinks at the Temple was related by *Truth*. Sir Henry Hawkins is a greater favourite with the lawyers than with other sections of the predatory class, and when the Prince of Wales recalled the fact that the evening was the jubilee of his call to the bar, there was a great outburst of enthusiasm. Lieutenant Dan Godfrey was equal to the occasion. Without regard to the

programme, his band struck up 'Ow dy'e

fancy 'Awkins for your other name?' and the whole junior bar and students sang

the chorus with an energy which delighted the object of the demonstration, and quite overthrew the dignity of the benchers, royal and judicial."

"How many coster, or rather cockney, songs have you published up to, now, Mr. Reynolds?"

"About thirty. The latest are 'The Candid Man,' 'Appy 'Ampstead' and 'Our Bazaar,' which have not yet become sufficiently well-known to enable me to judge of their selling qualities."

"And Chevalier has written and composed most of these?"

"Written them all, but not composed the music of more than six or seven. His brother, under

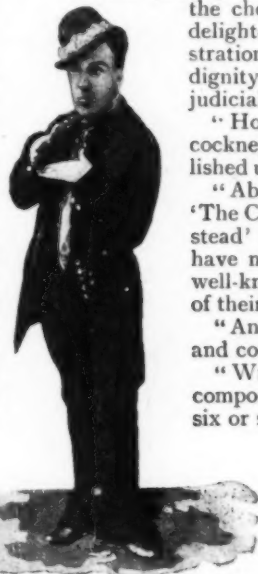
the *nom de plume* of Charles Ingle, has set most of them, and Mr. Crook, musical director at Drury Lane Theatre, and Mr. Edward Jones, of the Royal Court Theatre, are responsible for others."

"And how do the songs go down in the drawing-room, Mr. Reynolds?" I asked; "are they considered correct?"

"Oh, yes; and even Royalty condescends to be amused by them. Three were sung only the other day at Osborne, on the occasion of a birthday celebration, before Her Majesty and the Royal Household; and we were having a volume of the songs bound for the late Duke of Clarence when his sudden death cast a gloom over the nation."

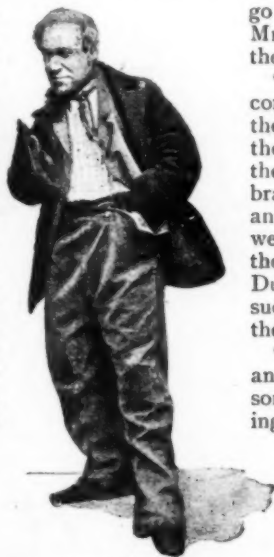
"You doubtless anticipate an increased demand for the songs while Chevalier is touring the Provinces? I suppose he is not apprehensive about his reception anywhere now, though he was at first rather afraid of venturing into the country in his cockney rôles?"

"Unquestionably his later songs, with which the provincials are not so well acquainted as Londoners, will be in great request. I



"SUCH A NICE MAN."

(Copyright Photo. by Bertram Chevalier.)



"MY OLD DUTCH."

(Copyright Photo. by Bertram Chevalier.)

accompanied him, in a double sense — played for him, I mean—on his last visit to Birmingham, and if his audiences at other places—”

“Excuse me interrupting you; but I hope Chevalier did not fare so badly in the town of bedsteads and cheap jewellery as Edmund Kean, whose benefit was such a total failure that in the last scene of the play ‘A New Way to Pay Old Debts,’ where an allusion is made to the marriage of a lady, he suddenly exclaimed, ‘Take her, sir—and the Birmingham audience into the bargain.’”

“No; on the contrary, instead of singing three songs each night, he was obliged to sing eight. ‘Let’s ave ‘Dahn ‘Endon Way,’ Shivally!’ sang out one admirer of ‘The Coster’s Serenade.’ ‘No! shut up, mon; give uz “Wot cher!’ Chiv!’ called out another member of the audience; and Chevalier was compelled to sing song after song until everybody was satisfied. One evening, when, in response to an enthusiastic recall, Chevalier returned to the stage to bow his acknowledgments, an enraptured gentleman stood upon his seat, and, waving in his hand a piece of paper, attempted to make himself heard amid the sustained plaudits of the audience. ‘Sit down!’ yelled the house, but the gentleman continued brandishing the piece of paper. It was a trying moment for the singer. When at last the chairman had succeeded in restoring order the cause of the disturbance was ascertained. The gentleman merely wished to testify his appreciation of Mr. Chevalier by bestowing on him a cheque for five pounds. It was a still more trying moment for the singer. He feared his audience would suspect this was some pre-arranged advertising dodge, a ‘plant;’ and the chagrin he felt for a few seconds deprived him of the power of speech. The audience, however, imagined nothing of the kind—the offer was so transparently spontaneous and well intended. Chevalier thanked the gentleman



"CHARLES INGLE."

(Copyright Photo. by Bertram Chevalier.)

for his beneficent offer, but suggested that, as he himself was in no immediate want, the money should be applied to some eleemosynary purpose. If the gentleman would come round to the stage door, he would be pleased to accept the cheque on behalf of the Children's Hospital. To this the gentleman agreed, and after the performance, met Chevalier and handed him a cheque for double the amount. As well as appearing at the Gaiety music-hall, Chevalier gave matinees at the Masonic Hall to the élite of the town, and was entertained as a guest at all

the leading clubs, where, of course, he had to sing. It was a terribly fatiguing week altogether."

"Did it never occur to you," I laughingly asked, "to issue a little glossary to explain to provincials the solecisms which abound in the cockney songs?"

"No," returned Mr. Reynolds; "people who are interested in the author's artistic rendering of the songs soon ascertain what such words mean. If Waugh and Brierley had written their Lancashire songs with a view to their receiving musical treatment, they would not have lacked appreciation in the Metropolis, if interpreted by a comedian like Chevalier."

"We are told that 'Monarchs ill can rivals brook, even in a word, or smile, or look;' is that the reason why Chevalier does not grant permission to the ordinary music-hall artist to sing his songs?"

"No, I don't think he is afraid of being supplanted: you see, he is the creator of this class of song, and naturally wishes to profit by his invention. What he is anxious to do is to prevent them from being vulgarised. I will illustrate what I mean. A self-styled comic-singer came here one day and asked for a 'professional' (gratuitous) copy of 'The Coster's Courtship,' to sing at a smoking concert. Of course he was given one; but before he departed, he told

me how he proposed to heighten the effect in a certain place—"Lor lum me, You should just 'a' 'eard my Sally answer—" (expectorating), 'Yuss!'

"I told him 'local colour' was all very well when judiciously introduced, but I should prefer him not to sing 'The Coster's Courtship.' Mr. Chevalier might not like it.

"We don't give away complimentary copies of the songs now, and singers of a certain class often amuse us by protesting they will not sing them in consequence.

"A considerable proportion of the orders we receive through the post come from the clergy in the Provinces; the humorous character of the songs and total absence of vulgarity rendering them prime favourites at village concerts. I once heard a gentleman with a long black beard and somewhat sinister countenance—the man referred to by the local paper as 'the possessor of a powerful baritone voice, which he knows how to use'—sing 'Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road' exactly as he would have sung 'The Warrior Bold.' He got encored, too.

"Quite recently a telegram came from a customer in the north of England asking terms for a number of copies of 'Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road,' which had been selected as one of the test songs for a school prize competition.

"We have many curious applications from private individuals in the country. Only this week we received a letter from a bucolic gentleman who wished to possess six of the songs. He plaintively added that owing to agricultural depression, he was unable to send money; but if we would accept an exchange in kind, he would be happy

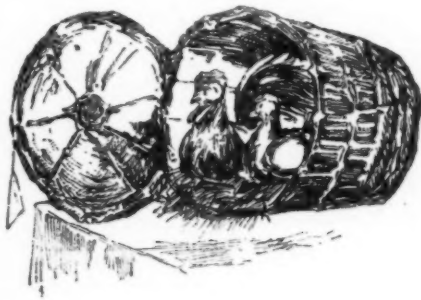
to send us either a couple of live prize Orpington fowls or a basket of eating apples. The offer was so unique and so obviously genuine that we immediately sent off the songs, and yesterday, sure enough, the birds arrived."

Perhaps this honest man has since had an opportunity of hearing Chevalier render the songs in his inimitable style: his present itinerary takes in Aylesbury—but stay, that is where ducks, not fowls, come from.

The tour commenced at Northampton on May 22nd, and will finish at Yarmouth on July 31st, in time for Che-

valier to resume his London engagements. He has not yet appeared at the Oxford Music Hall, but is "billed" there for August Bank-holiday. At the present time he is somewhere in Lancashire, and will proceed thence to the land of Burns and Tannahill, where the inhabitants have long been prepared to give him a hearty welcome.

Perhaps on revisiting the scenes of his early struggles and triumphs Chevalier will encounter old friends who remember him in "Sock and Buskin" and "Readings from Dickens." His "Sairey Gamp," "Sam Weller" and "The Peep-show Man" were



A QUEER EXCHANGE.



ALBERT CHEVALIER AND JOHN BEAUCHAMP.

Copyright Photo. by]

[Bertram Chevalier.

went to set the benches in a roar, and his drolleries as a yokel may still be unforget. Those were hard times, but Chevalier looks back on them with more pleasure than pain. He recalls an incident of a journey homewards at the termination of a discouraging tour. He had placed in the rack of a third-class carriage the whole of his belongings—two brown paper parcels and a hat box—and he sat revolving plans for the future.

"Young man," said his only fellow traveller, "I'm thinking you're an actor."

"And pray why?" asked Chevalier.

"Because," said the other, "of your luggage and your woe-begone countenance."

Chevalier was originally destined for the Catholic priesthood, but he seems to have realised at a very early age that principles can be engraved in men's minds in other than a sacerdotal capacity. Actors, like poets, are born, not made, and Chevalier, when only six years old, was quite a young Roscius. He assisted at all the Penny Readings and miscellaneous entertainments given in the neighbourhood of Notting Hill, where he was born, and the name of "Master Chevalier" was one to conjure with. Chevalier was for some time in the office of a French newspaper published in London, and next tried the avocation of schoolmaster, but his love for the stage was too strong and deep-seated to suffer him to settle down contentedly to either of these employments. He led a nomadic existence for several years, but hard work and talent



IN "THE PEEP-SHOW MAN."



Copyright Photo. by)

AS SAM WELLES.

[Bestram Chevalier.

at length told, and ripe experience qualified him for the wide range of parts he was afterwards called upon to play. He was associated for some time with the Kendals and the Bancrofts, and subsequently sustained important parts in Robertsonian comedy and in plays by Mr. Pinero—notably "Lords and Commons" and "The Magistrate." Reference has been made already to his success in burlesque at the Strand and Avenue Theatres, and the events which led to his embracing the variety stage.

He is booked for London and Provincial engagements up to the end of 1897, but whether he will continue at the music-halls or return to the stage after this, he cannot say.

He has received many tempting offers to visit America, and it is as likely as not that he will introduce to Brother Jonathan his wonderful delineations of lower London life and character. The Yankees have been afforded a glimpse into "society" by Mr. Grossmith, and have laughed heartily over the follies and foibles of Belgravia and Mayfair.

They would surely as cordially welcome one who depicts the other class, whose drawing-rooms are the public thoroughfares and parks.

New scenes often mean new ideas; but Chevalier derives his inspiration from



AS SAIREY GAMP

Copy'g't Photo. by]

[Bertram Chevalier.

daily observation of the cockney. It is not, therefore, very likely that much will be presented to his mind, while absent from the capital, which he can turn to account for his present métier. Chevalier loves the cockney, and has studied his every phase. He was once asked what was the veritable coster's attitude towards him—did he mistrust him, or was he disposed to esteem him as a man and a brother? Chevalier laughingly replied he couldn't tell, but when he was singing at the Paragon in Whitechapel he one night heard a member of the fraternity say to another:

"'Ere, Bill, wot yer fink of 'im?"

"Oh, I fink 'e's *all* right. Wot was 'e afore 'e took on this job?"

"Don't yer know?"

"No."

"Woy, 'e 'ed a barrer in Farrin'dun Road, an' bloomin' lucky fer 'im."

Chevalier has an abhorrence of private engagements, and rarely responds to such invitations. He used at one time to sing his coster songs at these functions clad in conventional evening garb; but now, if people want to hear him, they may go, he says, to the Tivoli or the Pavilion. It is

such a cold-blooded thing, he thinks, to stand in the centre of an assemblage of ladies and gentlemen in one's stage dress and make-up and sing to the accompaniment of a pianoforte. Certainly, to give due effect to "My Old Dutch," the singer needs the accessories of set-scene and limelight. The old London labouring man, his day's work apparently done, enters his homely, cleanly living-room. On the wall a picture hangs—it may be, probably is, one of those atrocious "enlargements," crudely coloured—representing his wife as she used to be. "I sees yer, Sal," he sings; "yer pretty ribbons sportin'; many years now, old gal, since them young days o' courtin'," and expresses a hope that when they must needs part, Death will come and take him first to wait his "pal." Chevalier sings the song with intense feeling; he is deeply affected himself, and he never fails to move a section of his audience to tears.

At the Tivoli, where Chevalier's was one of the last "turns," the audience used seldom to wait for what followed "My



AS THE YOKEL.

Old Dutch"—they had no relish for the man with the red nose and patched continuations, who sang of the pawnshop, the pub and the mother-in-law; and were content to miss the man who played the violin and shuffled a pack of cards with his feet. Chevalier had touched their hearts. Though he does not care to sing his songs in society, Chevalier seldom refuses to give his services for entertainments on behalf of charities. Just before he left town, he sang at a West-end concert hall. A well-known lady of title, who had actively interested herself in the affair and got together most of the artistes, wished to see Chevalier before his performance, and personally thank him for coming. She was on her way towards the artistes' room when she suddenly met Chevalier on the stairs, "made up" for "My Old Dutch." She nearly fainted. A splendid flood of sunlight poured in upon the pair as they stood face to face; and Chevalier, like Bottom, was "translated." He appeared a horrible Frankenstein. Those who have never seen a face made up like Chevalier's for "My Old Dutch," under similar conditions, cannot imagine how ghastly and hideous it looks.

That lady, it is safe to say, will not forget the shock she received for many a long day.

It would somewhat disappoint readers to conclude this brief history of a popular favourite and his works without a word concerning his private life and pursuits. I am indebted to Mr. Reynolds for many interesting particulars respecting Chevalier and his songs, and for the artistic portraits taken by Mr. Bertram Chevalier, which are here reproduced: other details were narrated to me by Mr.

Chevalier himself. The clever author and singer of cockney songs is thirty-two years of age and a bachelor. His chief recreation is fishing, a taste for which, as everyone knows, is indicative of a contemplative mind. He has a natural aptitude for music, and his violin is to him a never-failing source of delight. His principal hobby is the collecting of pictures—especially engravings—and rare books. The house at Ravenscourt Park, in which he and his brother, "Mr. Ingle," live, is full of literary and pictorial curiosities, but he will shortly transfer them to his new residence at Isleworth. Mr. Chevalier is passionately fond of animals; he has a monkey, a cat, a kitten and goodness knows what besides. The monkey has a suit of coster clothes, but, strangely enough, is never happy when got up "dossy." He was caught the other day trying to strangle the cat, and the cook gave notice because he rifled her bonnet-box and was guilty of other misdemeanours.

Mr. Chevalier is not only a collector, but a reader of books. He can talk delightfully on most subjects, and, as a companion, is an abridgment of all that is pleasant in man!



Copyright Photo. by]

MR CHEVALIER'S HAPPY FAMILY.

[Bertram Chevalier.

THE CANDID MAN.

Written by ALBERT CHEVALIER.

Composed by EDWARD JONES.

Allegro moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO. *f*

Now ma - ny peo - ple say That us Cock-neys 'as a way Of

p

say - ing just ex - act - ly what we "finks," We

don't make not no fuss, For, to tell the truth to us Is

nat - 'ral, just like— well— like shift - ing drinks. Some

colla voce.

THE CANDID MAN.

301

Of
likes a hon - est man Who not on - ly will but can Say

We
wot 'e means, and say it plain and plump, Put

Is
I've a pal that bluff, Why ter talk to 'im's e - nough To.

ome
make a bloom - in' an - gel git the 'ump.

CHORUS

It's ve - ry nice to find A pal as speaks 'is mind, I

don't like a cove wot's un - der - 'an - did, But Brown don't care a jot If it

sounds per - lite or not, I do wish 'e would-n't be so can - did!

f *D.C.*

The Candid Man.

Now many people say
That us Cockneys 'as a way
Of saying just exactly what we finks.
We don't make not no fuss
For, to tell the truth to us
Is nat'ral, just like—well—like shifting drinks.
Some likes a 'onest man
Who not only will, but can
Say what 'e means and say it plain an' plump,
But I've a pal that bluff,
Why ter talk to 'im's enough
To make a bloomin' angel get the 'ump.

CHORUS.

It's very nice to find
A pal as speaks 'is mind,
I don't like a cove wot's under-'andid,
But Brown don't care a jot
If it sounds perlit, or not,
I do wish 'e wouldn't be so candid!

I now an' then 'ave 'ad
Indigestion very bad,
I ain't a glutton, so it only shows
That fortune can be crool,
Cos I còps it eating grool,
Then scarlet ain't the word for my poor nose.
I owes Bill Brown a grudge,
Cos I'm sober as a judge,
There ain't a cove as ever seed me screwed.
But Bill don't stop to fink,
'E just sez as 'ow it's drink,
An' makes remarks I fink are very rude.

CHORUS.

It's very nice to find
A pal as speaks 'is mind,
I don't like a cove wot's under-'andid,
But when 'e sez your nose,
Is like the red, red rose,
I did wish 'e wouldn't be so candid!

I'm seldom over-flush
Cos I ain't a cove to rush;
I never makes a promise I can't keep,
Last June, or there about,
I just took my doner out,
An' 'ad, of course, to do it on the cheap.
Well, she's a decent sort,
An' a knowing I was short,
She didn't mind me cuttin' ex's down;
I blewed the blessed lot,
Every stiver as I'd got,
An' then, as luck would 'ave it, we met Brown.

CHORUS.

It's very nice to find
A pal as speaks 'is mind,
I don't like a cove wot's under-'andid,
But when 'e sez, "Old pal,
I ain't seen you treat the gal."
I did wish 'e wouldn't be so candid!

I loves to sing a song,
Tho' I ain't took to it long,
I 'ave thought as I'd like to be a "pro."
To our 'Armonic Club,
Wot is 'eld inside a pub,
When I've a hour to spare I often go.
One night I 'ears from Bill
As the chair 'e'd like to fill,
'E takes it, and is welcomed wiv a cheer;
I sends 'im word to say
As I'd like to trill a lay,
'E calls me up an' whispers in my ear.

CHORUS.

It's very nice to find
A pal as speaks 'is mind,
I don't like a cove wot's under-'andid,
But when 'e sez "I've 'eard
As you allus còps the bird,"
I did wish 'e wouldn't be so candid!

Young England at School.

WELLINGTON COLLEGE.



FRONT VIEW OF COLLEGE.

THIS month we have to deal with a school of more modern type, for whereas Winchester is this year keeping its quinqucentenary, Wellington is about to celebrate the arrival of its third headmaster. It is one of the youngest of public schools. When the Duke of Wellington died, in 1852, a large sum of money was collected to raise a memorial to him. At first it was suggested that a bronze statue of him should be erected in every market town in England, but the Crimean War, which later on broke out, led people to incline to something more useful, and it was finally determined to raise "a monument more lasting than brass," by building an asylum at which the sons of deceased officers should be educated gratis, while those of living officers should be educated for as little as the funds of the institution allowed.

When this had been decided, the next thing was to choose a site, and the governors were attracted by the breezy uplands some two miles from Sandhurst, about

half-way between Aldershot and Reading. This country seemed to offer everything necessary; the position was a healthy one, it was near the railway, and the owner of the land offered a certain amount of acreage, on condition that the governors bought the rest at £10 per acre, a modest sum; and of late years Wellington has had cause to regret that she did not buy the whole four hundred and twenty-three acres, which she now possesses, at that time. In the midst of this howling wilderness rose the original building of the College, designed by John Shaw, his plan, which now hangs in the masters' common room, being accepted without competition. Those who have been brought up on the back numbers of the *Illustrated London News* will doubtless remember the pictures of the laying of the foundation stone by the Queen in 1856, and of her opening the building in 1858, though no boys came till the next year. Everything as yet had gone smoothly; now came a difficulty—How



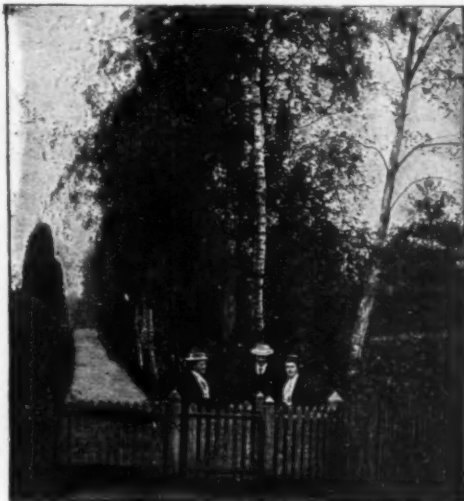
A VIEW OF THE ROAD BY THE STATION

were they to get a Headmaster? Many applications were sent in to the governors, but none of the candidates seemed to fulfil the requirements exactly, and the matter was referred for settlement to the Prince Consort, who, until his death, took the keenest interest in the College. He, through the instrumentality of Dr. Temple, unearthed a young Rugby master of the name of Benson, who even thus early had gained a reputation for energy which his subsequent life at Wellington and Truro, and as Archbishop has justified to the full. It was to his master-hand that the conversion of Wellington from a simple charitable asylum for the sons of officers into a public school was due. He saw at once that the endowment was not sufficient to give a first-class education, nor, supposing this were possible, did he think it was wise that one class should be educated entirely by themselves. He therefore encouraged civilians to come, at a price, however, which contributed largely to the general support of the place, the result being that, apart from about ninety foundationers who receive their education gratis, a number of officers' sons could be received at a reduced rate. Dr. Benson had been trained in the best traditions of Rugby, as conceived by Arnold, and he soon welded the mass of boys entrusted to his care into a school which early began to take a place among the big public schools of England.

VOL. V.—JULY, 1893.

Very different must Wellington have looked in 1859, to what it did when I emerged, somewhat crumpled and very much shaken from a journey of some two hours and a half on the South-Eastern—the so-called direct route from London. As I made my way from the station to the College, I passed several acres of well-kept kitchen-garden, and then drove up an avenue of cedars and Wellingtonians, till I got opposite to the front of the College, and thence a broad drive, ablaze on either side with rhododendrons, took me to the great gate. To my left I saw boarding-

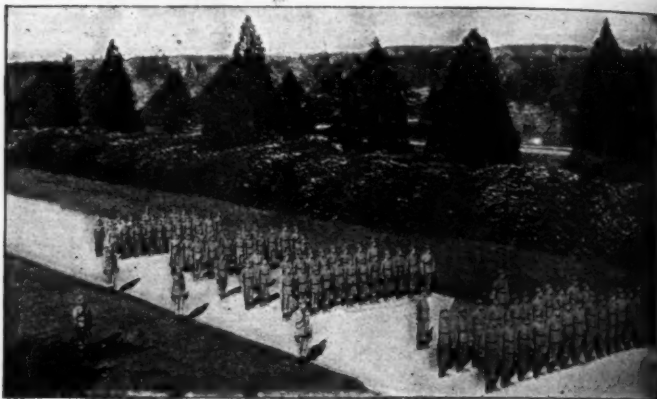
houses, and beyond, some quarter of a mile off, a fair-sized village. All this had grown in the last thirty years; originally, there was nothing but the College, plumped down upon the barren heath, and the first occupation of the "Sons of Heroes" (as an inscription over the great gate informs one that those who inhabit the royal and religious foundation are called) was to clear away the heather. One gets a glimpse of this early view in Kingsley's "Winter Garden," when he is describing a run with the hounds over the Flats. "Far to our right," he says,



FOOTPATH TO THE SCHOOL.

"is the New Wellington College, looking stately enough here all alone in the wilderness, in spite of its ugly towers and pinched waist." I am not sure he is right about the ugly towers, that is a point the reader may decide for himself by looking at the illustrations; but the original building, before the other quadrangles, new dormitories and science-school were added, must have looked singularly long and thin. I have mentioned Kingsley's name, his little vicarage of Eversley lies over in Hampshire, some three miles off. He took great interest in the early generations of Wellingtonians, and I saw in one of the boy's rooms a challenge cup for a steeplechase, of which he was the founder.

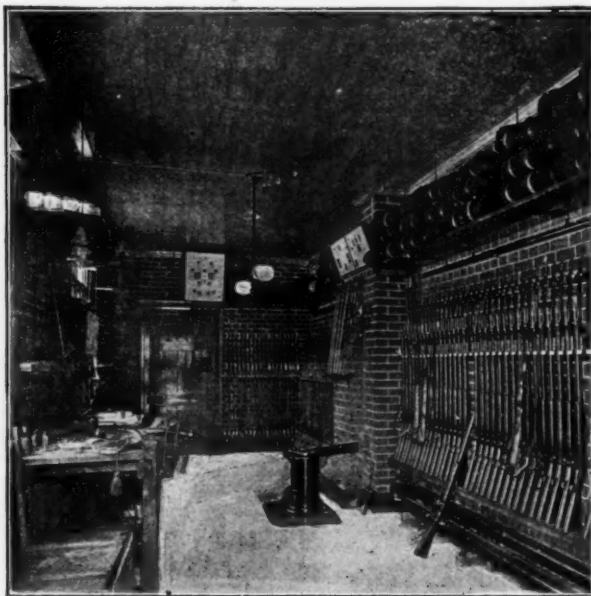
It so happened that I arrived at nearly



THE RIFLE CORPS DRILLING ON THE FRONT DRIVE.

half-past three on a half-holiday, and, on getting out of my fly at the great gate, found a picturesque scene before me. Calling-over, which was nearly at an end, was being held under the big arch opposite, and the majority of the school were streaming down in flannels on to the turf. I thought I could not do better than follow the current, and sat down to watch the first eleven playing the masters. One thing I noticed at once, the ground was a baddish one for the aged; there are no boundaries, and if you hit a tenner you have to run it out. For some time, as I was told, Wellington prided itself chiefly on its football, and, though this has in no way fallen off (for of six matches against Marlborough, Wellington has won five), the cricket, of late years, has decidedly come on. The Sandhurst and Woolwich elevens always contain the names of sundry Old Wellingtonians, and they have often had representatives at both the 'Varsities; and the last year's captain, G. C. Mordaunt, seems likely to get his colours in the Oxford team this year.

After I had watched the cricket for a short time, I laid hold of a small boy.



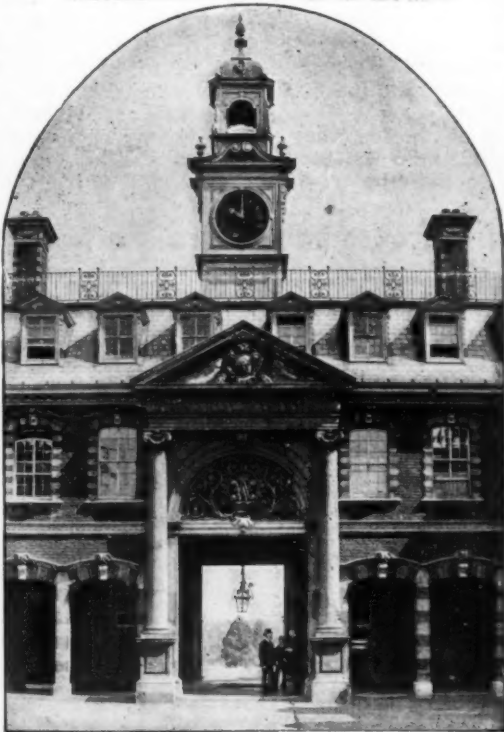
THE ARMOURY.

If you want information always select a small boy; he is sure to be keen, and to be up to the latest news; moreover, there is a naïveté about him, and you will always get a genuine view of the life around him. Mine was no exception. I represented to him that I was a stranger, and should be glad to be shown anything worth seeing. He thereupon took me across the ground to a place where a low building, with a verandah in front, stood. This, he told me, was Grubby's—my companion was too young for philological discussion, nor was this the time or the place for it, but I rather gathered from subsequent remarks of his that Wellington boys had a language of their own differing from that of the Harrovian, in that the words end in y instead of er; for he spoke of Pavvy (Pavilion) Sanny (Sanatorium), and used other names with the same termination, which, as Herodotus says, I am not allowed to mention. Having been brought so straight to the grub shop, I took the hint, and while my

guide was refreshing himself, learned that the school managed the shop themselves, and with the proceeds laid down new turf, built racquet courts, bought instruments for the Rifle Corps Band, etc.; grand idea for boys where patriotism may, in fact, be measured by one's power of consuming sweet food. After his desire for eating had been removed, my small guide took me to a flourishing carpenter's shop in the same belt of trees, where I found many hard at work making bookshelves and boats and bails,

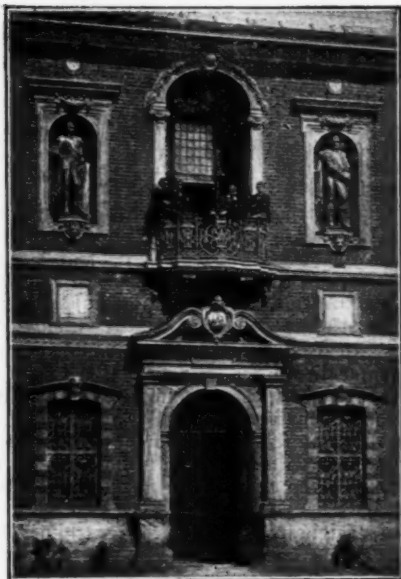
and anything else beginning with B. Thence we adjoined to the Racquet Courts, which are presided over by G. W. Smale, late champion of the open courts. He was very pleased to show me the group in the dressing-room, and particularly fond of a photo of the Racquet pair of 1891—J. G. Mordaunt and R. H. Raphael, who won the Public School Racquet Cup at Queen's. He was telling me of many old racquet players in the army, but my guide became impatient and hurried me off to see Big Side and two new football grounds adjoining; after which he took me to the outside of the Sanatorium. It distinctly is an imposing building, intended to meet the requirements of mumps, measles and chicken-pox all at once; but one is never safe in a public school, and once an epidemic like measles has got a firm footing, the numbers that fall to it are likely to be very big. My cicerone told me he had never been inside the Sanny, though he had had mumps, but then he had been put up in a dormi-

tory in College, which, for the nonce, had been converted into a hospital. This, he assured me, "was much better sport." He was evidently in a hurry to get on, and led me back towards the College, passing the headmaster's lodge, a very comfortable house, in the building of which the late Prince Consort took much interest. To my young friend it did not seem to suggest much as a whole, but he pointed out to me a door on the left of the main entrance, which was, he went on to inform me, the Head master's



A PEEP THROUGH THE GREAT GATE.

study, a place evidently hedged round with solemn associations in his mind, but of what exact kind I did not gather. We then reached the south side of the College, of which an illustration is given. It struck me as decidedly fine, the flatness of surface in the hall being relieved by the two wings, the College library and the museum. Here my guide informed me he must retire, for he had to attend an orchestra practice, but if I liked, he would first take me to the gymnasium. This is a new building, not very remarkable on the outside, but within quite the prettiest school gymnasium that I have seen. It is managed by the Rev. C. R. Carter, and the decorations of old armour and pennoned lances are due to him. Over the door runs a broad gallery, which is used for fencing and boxing at ordinary times, but on state occasions, such as the assault-at-arms or the concert which is held there, accommo-



THE BALCONY.



THE END OF "CALLING OVER."

dates most of the School, leaving the arena for visitors. My trusty companion told me it was a pity I had not come down for the concert, for the band — "the orchestra, I mean, not the Rifle Corps band; for, although that is awfully good, it is only brass and a big drum" — was well worth hearing. He further informed me that the best part, in his mind, was the singing of the "Carmen" at the end. The "Carmen" is the school song, written by the Rev. W. Goodchild, and set to music by Dr. Alan Gray, the organist of Trinity College, Cambridge, and for some years the conductor of music at

the School. I may here mention that I have since heard the "Sons of Heroes" sing their anthem, and the swing of the whole song approaches nearer to "Dumum," at Winchester, than anything I have heard. On the threshold of the gymnasium I parted with my young friend, who, as I afterwards learnt, expressed an opinion that I was "an awfully decent sort of a chap," a remark due, I imagine, to my treatment of him at Grubby's. Left to myself, I explored a hideous building opposite, which looked like a portion of Noah's Ark stranded in the heather. This building, though hideous, is useful: it is the drill hall, where, in wet weather, the Rifle Corps drill, and where recruits practise with the Morice Tube. As is only natural in a quasi military school, Wellington has an efficient Rifle Corps, well managed, so I gathered, by Captain Upcott, who has thoroughly grasped



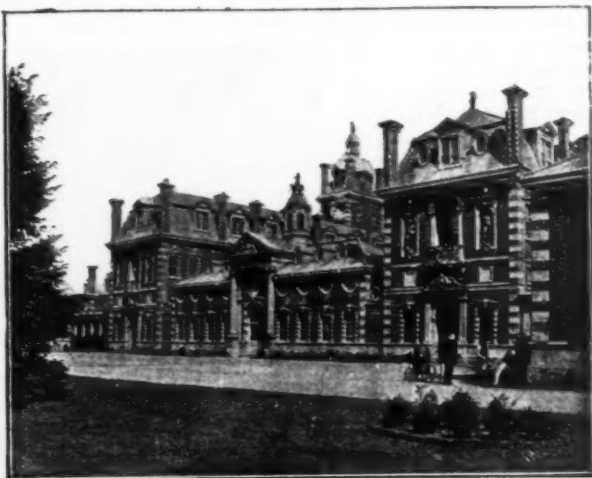
IN THE DRAWING SCHOOL.

the idea of what such a corps should be—a school institution in which the leading fellows take a prominent part.

I was then attracted by the shimmer of water at a distance, and on making for it, found three large lakes, in the upper of which boys were fishing. The lower lake is divided into two parts, one of which is railed off. This is the out-door bathing place, consisting of a large cemented square of water of graduated depth. Beyond, I found a large covered swimming bath, which the boys frequented during the colder seasons of the year.

By this time I had done enough with the exterior, and therefore returned towards the main building. I there came across something I had never seen in a public school before. A Fire Brigade, with helmets, duly be-hatcheted and belted, was hard at work extinguishing an imaginary fire at Mr. Allcock's house. On enquiry, I found that the Brigade was not without employment. The neighbourhood has been unlucky in fires,

notably the Rev. Mr. Kempthorne's house, which contains thirty boys, and the School doctor's house have been burnt down in the last few years. After watching them for a short time, I entered the College itself. I found it a confusing building to a stranger, its two main quadrangles are so much alike, and the passages leading out of them so confusing, that I could only guide myself by the names of the busts of Wellington's generals which repose in niches round them. The whole of the ground floor is devoted to class rooms, with the exception of the Prefects' room, a comfortable-looking abode, the common room of the Prefects, in which also the chief school magnates have breakfast and tea. For dinner all assemble in the Hall, the Prefects at a raised dais, the rest of the



THE SOUTH FRONT OF THE COLLEGE.

School at tables below according to their Dormitories. The word dormitory is at first misleading to a stranger. The two upper storeys are devoted to them. They represent in college what one understands by a House outside. They contain about thirty boys, and have their distinctive caps and badges, and play matches against each other. A wide passage goes down the middle from the door to the balcony at the end, ensuring



EXTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL.

perfect ventilation. On either side are cubicles, some ten feet high, with doors to them, so that each boy has practically a room to himself, though the whole construction allows of easy government by Prefects. The adornment of the rooms vary: some are very much decorated with trophies, pictures, Japanese umbrellas and the like; others trust to the symmetry of four square walls. I visited many of them, and found the inhabitants all equally cordial.

I had not as yet seen the chapel, and for the purpose secured a Prefect to conduct me thither. After leaving the dining hall, we went down a long corridor, passing the masters' common room and the school library, and then arrived at the chapel, which interested me as much as anything that I saw. It was originally planned by the late Sir Gilbert Scott, and, roughly speaking, represented the upper part of the Sainte Chapelle in Paris, though the window space is much less. The harmony of idea in the decoration is due to

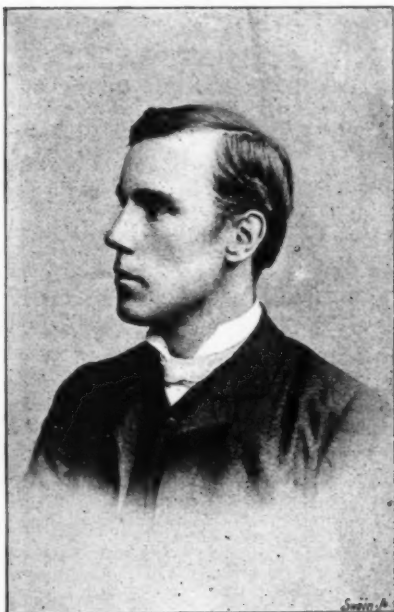
the Archbishop of Canterbury, who devoted much time and thought to the mosaics and the windows. As time went on, it proved too small for the number of the school, and in 1883 it was enlarged by Sir Arthur Bloomfield, by throwing out a side aisle. Although, for the moment, this gives the building rather a one-sided appearance, there is a feeling of greater space, and when the other aisle is added it will look very well. In the meantime, the present master, the Rev. E. C. Wickham, has not neglected the

adornment of the building. Through his instrumentality, and largely owing to his munificence, the Sacarium has been beautifully decorated, as may, in part,



INSIDE THE CHAPEL.

be gathered from the illustration that we give. I lingered for a while in the ante-chapel, and, from the numerous brasses there affixed to the walls, I gathered that the school had not entirely failed in its function, for I noticed many tablets to Old Wellingtonians who had fallen in battle. I began with an allusion to the change of Headmaster and will end with it. Mr. Wickham, so well known to many Oxonians as a leading tutor of New College, to the world at large as the scholarly editor of Horace,



THE REV. BERTRAM POLLOCK (MASTER-ELECT).

is about to retire, after twenty years of mastership. During his time the school has increased in number, and, apart from University distinction, I noticed in a late number of the *Broad Arrow* that for the last seven years Wellington had the highest average of boys passing direct from school to Woolwich and Sandhurst. He is to be succeeded by the Rev. Bertram Pollock, an assistant master of Marlborough, who is coming with a reputation, from which one may augur a great future for the school.

WELLINGTON FIRST ELEVEN v. MASTERS.



1. H. W. Boys.
2. O. T. Perkins, Esq.
3. Rev. E. Davenport.
4. R. Moore, Esq.
5. E. R. M. English.
6. R. O. H. Livesay.

7. B. Beard.
8. J. W. Cave, Esq.
9. P. Christopherson, Esq.
10. L. G. Monev.
11. Rev. H. Wood.
12. C. W. Parry, Esq.

13. F. E. Forbes.
14. T. H. K. De-hwood.
15. Rev. A. R. Allcock.
16. H. W. Brougham, Esq.
17. A. E. Broonfield, Esq.
18. E. H. V. Weigall.

19. F. R. Benson.
20. H. Awdry, Esq.
21. H. C. Armstrong.
22. E. A. Upcott, Esq.
23. K. D. Thornburn.

COLLEGE CHAT.

It has been suggested that a page or so of THE LUDGATE, devoted to the doings and current topics of our Public Schools would form a popular addition to our Illustrated School Article each month. Space, therefore, will be set apart at the end of the School of the month for this object, and we invite those interested to forward contributions, which should be as condensed as possible.—(Ed.)

ETON.—The Musical Society, under the conductorship of Dr. Lloyd, gave a most successful Concert on 27th May, a crowded house rewarding the efforts of those engaged. A Violin Solo by Quilter *mi*, and Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in C, by Wilson, deserve especial mention. Egerton *ma* gave the song "Love me, sweet, with all thou art," with much feeling, and Herz rendered Thomas's "Je suis Titania" (Mignon), with marvellous clearness of voice. The programme consisted of thirteen selections, concluding with Parry's Ode, "Eton," charmingly rendered.

Lord Roberts, who has been visiting our Headmaster, reviewed the Eton College Volunteer Corps on the 5th June.

Our Rifle Team visited Wellington College on 18th May, where, on the Wokingham range, we compiled the aggregate of 392 points to our opponents 356—Eton thus winning by 36.

On 23rd May, against the 2nd Coldstream Guards, we totalled 390 to the Coldstreams 428. The Victorias sent a very strong team to meet us on 27th May, when they ran up 455 points to our 382. The School shot very badly, particularly at the 200 yards.

The Fourth of June was observed this year on Saturday, June 3rd, and favoured by fine weather, the festivities were carried through without a hitch, and a goodly company witnessed the proceedings. After the speeches, recitations, etc., lunch was taken; then followed a general promenade through the playing fields, enlivened by the band of the Scots Guards. Later on, the usual procession of boats to Surly and back took place, after which the display of fireworks brought to a conclusion a brilliant and successful day, just as the storm-clouds above burst into a tremendous downpour of rain.

Cricket.—Eton played Magdalen College, Oxford, on 8th June. Magdalen, winning the toss, went in first and compiled 171, of which C. S. M. Teesdale contributed 32, F. H. Stewart 24, and B. N. Bosworth-Smith, 21. Pilkington, for Eton, took 4 wickets for 31 runs. Mitchell and Meeking opened the Eton innings, making 24 for the first wicket; Kettewell added 75, not out, in dashing style, and when time was called Eton had knocked

up 155 with 4 wickets to fall, thus having by no means the worst of the game. A. J. Boger, for Magdalen, securing 5 wickets for 37 runs.

HARROW.—Our present term ends 1st of August. The College register shows 623 boys at Harrow, which is the largest number on record.

At an influential meeting held at Mr. C. G. O. Bridgman's Chambers, in Lincoln's Inn, on 2nd May, it was decided to invite subscriptions to a Memorial to the late Rev. William Law. A Sub-Committee was appointed, consisting of the following gentlemen, Messrs. W. H. Heale, T. Greatorex, I. D. Walker, H. O. D. Davidson, A. J. Webbe, G. Macan and A. R. Pennefather. It was decided to place a Memorial Tablet in the Mission Chapel, erect a Pavilion on the Nicholson Ground at Harrow, and erect a Hostel for the use of those engaged in the work of the Mission. Cheques should be sent to the Hon Sec., the Rev. T. Greatorex, the Cloisters, Westminster Abbey, or to the London and County Bank, Harrow, and made payable to The "Law" Memorial Fund. The approximate sum required will be about £1,800.

The Eton v. Harrow Cricket Match will be played at Lord's on 14th and 15th July.

RUGBY.—Speech-day is fixed for June 24th, and the term will end August 2nd. This may appear at first sight to pertain to Old Moore's Almanac, but I fancy it would be a good idea if the other schools would (with the permission of the Editor of THE LUDGATE) head their notes in somewhat similar style, as owing to irregular terms it would be very convenient to know where to find such facts. A contingent of the Rugby School Volunteer Corps will go into camp at Aldershot on August 1st.

The Rugby v. Marlborough Cricket Match is set down for 2nd and 3rd August.

ST. PAUL'S.—The Oxford Classical Moderation List contains the names of three Paulines in the First Class—H. L. Braidwood, I. C. Fergusson and P. W. Sergeant.

A most excellent portrait of our High-Master, by J. C. Rooke (Gold and Silver Medallist of the

Royal Academy), has been presented by Dr. Collison Morley to our gallery.

The windows in the large hall are rapidly being filled with stained glass. In the Parents' window have been lately added shields with coats of arms of the following Old Paulines: Sir Francis Vere, Admiral Sir Thomas Trowbridge, Ralph Warcop (Ambassador for James I.), Sir Frederick Thesiger, Bishop Howson, of Durham, Bishop Hooper, of

Bath and Wells, Philip Ayscough (High-Master), and the arms of St. Mary Hall, Oxford, for William Wyatt, Principal and Public Orator.

Cricket.—On 3rd June we played Bedford Grammar School and received a beating, although we put together 192 runs, of which Ogilvy made 47 and Sutton 36. Bedford then put together 226 for the loss of 2 wickets (C. A. Harris, 101; C. L. Beasley, 51; and H. M. Beasley, 51).

CRICKET PRIZES.

The Proprietors of "THE LUDGATE" will present a Leather Cricket Bag, a Bat, a Pair of Pads, and a Pair of Batting Gloves, all of best quality, and manufactured by F. H. Ayres, 111, Aldersgate Street, London, for the Three Highest Individual Batting Scores made each month of the present season (June, July and August) in matches played between any of the recognised Public Schools.

Applications are invited by post-card, giving the following details—NAME AND ADDRESS OF BATSMAN; NAME OF SCHOOL; NUMBER OF RUNS MADE; NAME OF OPPOSING SCHOOL; WHERE PLAYED AND DATE OF MATCH.

The post-cards must be received on or before the 5th of month following that in which the match was played, and should be addressed "CRICKET," THE LUDGATE MONTHLY, 53, Fleet Street, London. Entries for June will close 5th July.





"**O**LD NAILS," the clerks called him: not to his face however. Of course not. They were not blessed with a superabundance of intelligence, these city youths, but they had sense enough to know that that would never do. Certainly he had not a pleasant face, for his heavy overhanging eyebrows and compressed lips hardly looked as if he was good tempered. Then his face was pitted with small-pox, and his eyes were like small beads. That he was not to be trifled with his subordinates well knew, and as he was manager of the bank, the clerks had to mind their Ps and Qs, for he was down on them at once if he found them out in the slightest dereliction of duty.

He was a most methodical man himself, and somehow always thought others should be the same.

"Silly old geezer," said Gregory Nithsdale. "He can't understand anyone not being as withered up as himself. I wonder what he was like when he was young?"

"He can't be very old now; certainly not more than fifty," replied Charles A. Whitely.

"Well, at any rate he looks as old as Methuselah," retorted Nithsdale.

The others laughed. They always laughed at Nithsdale's remarks when they had the least suspicion that they were meant to be funny, because Nithsdale was a "bit of a swell," and his colleagues looked up to him with respect, as was only natural, considering he had "private means," which counts for a good deal, and was related to a peer, which counts for a good deal more.

When he first came to the bank, the clerks had ridiculed his pretensions, but when they privately looked up a peerage and found that his second cousin, or half-uncle, or something of the kind, really possessed a title, they accepted him as their mentor at once.

Consequently they always laughed at his wit, however thin it was, and, truth to say, it was generally so remarkably attenuated that it took a disposition of a very humorous turn, or perhaps not humorous at all, to see his jokes.

But all this hasn't much to do with "Old Nails." It need hardly be said that this was not the manager's real name.

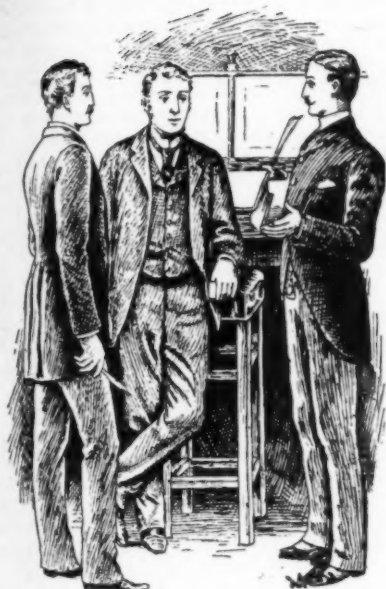
It came about in this way. Soon after Nithsdale condescended to accept an appointment in the bank, he took to being late in the mornings, feeling himself too important to keep time like clockwork. He laughed when it was suggested that the manager would "go for him," and freely declared that if he did, he would give him a piece of his mind. The manager one morning did "go for him," but whether Nithsdale gave a *quid pro quo* will never be known. The young man came from the interview looking rather crestfallen, and simply remarked:

"Surly brute, he's as hard as nails. By Jingo, that's a good name for him, 'Old Nails.' I'll call him that from this day forward."

Whitely ventured a protest, but the wit of the office remarked:

"Charley always has a soft feeling for anything ugly. A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind."

The others laughed, Whitely was silent.



THE MANAGER WAS KNOWN AS "OLD NAILS."

up, and Nithsdale's admirers as usual took the cue from him; so henceforth the manager was known as "Old Nails."

Not a bad name either, for if anything is annoying to the average bank clerk, it is a strict task-master who compels them to keep at work when they wish to be idle.

No one could deny that "Old Nails" was a most solemn individual. He never smiled or joked, nor for that matter even conversed with his juniors. First thing in the morning, he went to his own room and set to work without delay. He was, as has been said, a most methodical man, and seemed to revel in accounts, records and statistics of all kinds.

The clerks knew nothing about his private affairs; but Nithsdale said he was sure he was a bachelor, because no woman would be fool enough to marry such a surly creature: otherwise, he added "I should think he was hen-pecked at home, so wanted to retaliate on us here."

One day, Nithsdale saw "Old Nails" escorting a blind woman across the road at the Mansion House. This was a source of great amusement to him; and, of course, he told his fellow-clerks.

"Depend upon it he was trying to mash her, having found out that ladies who can see don't seem to appreciate his charms."

"Look here," said Whitely; "why should you be so down on the manager? Surely he was doing a kind action."

"Hee, hee," laughed Nithsdale; "fancy 'Old Nails' doing the gallant."

"You certainly are uncharitable," retorted Whitely. "I suppose you consider it clever to make fun of your elders; but I think it——"

"Oh, shut up, Charley. Don't start preaching; keep that for your Sunday school ragamuffins!"

Whitely collapsed. He was very sensitive. It had got known in the bank that he gave up his spare time to religious work; and above all things, he detested sneering references to it.

A few mornings later, as Nithsdale was walking to the bank, he met with a little adventure. His costume, as usual, was immaculate. His silk hat shone with all the lustre that characterises this form of head-gear when in good condition. His black coat and vest served to show off the snowy whiteness of his shirt-front, relieved by a single diamond stud. Not a spot of mud marked his light trousers, which was something extraordinary, considering that it had been raining all night and the roads were frightfully slushy. He had passed unspotted through the streets, despite the

rush of vehicles to and fro, and as the portals of the bank came in sight he was congratulating himself on his good luck. His satisfaction, however, was a little premature, for just at that moment a small street arab threw his peg-top from its string. The top happened to alight in the gutter. A shower of dirty water deluged the fastidious clerk's nether garments, and the top itself



ESCORTING A BLIND WOMAN.

ran up his leg, leaving a trail of mud behind it. Nithsdale acted promptly: he seized the urchin by his collar and soundly boxed his ears. Then, as a further punishment, he picked up the offending toy and carried it into the bank with him. For a moment the boy stood astounded, although he had commenced to snigger directly he felt the young man's hand upon him. Hard knocks he was quite used to, and held them of little account, but as he saw his top, which represented the greater part of his worldly possessions, disappearing from sight, he set up a hideous and ear-piercing wail of anguish. "Old Nails" happened to be approaching at the time, and had been a spectator of the comedy, or, from the lad's point of view, tragedy.

He grasped the urchin's arm, who looked up with surprise and uttered a louder yell as he saw the forbidding countenance above him. Visions of further blows and yet more awful punishment flitted through his infantile brain, and he tried hard to wriggle out of his captor's clutch, but in vain. Then he began to whimper, "I 'ain't done nothing, I 'ain't." "Old Nails" made some reply that appeared to somewhat mollify the boy, but he was still suspicious.

The strange couple spent a minute or two in conversation, and then something passed from the man's hand to the boy's. It might have been a half-penny, or it might have been a shilling; but, whatever it was, it filled the urchin's soul with joy, and proved an effectual salve to his wounded feelings.

The delay had given Nithsdale time enough to tell his colleagues of his heroic deed, and he was just about to try his hand at spinning the confiscated top on the office floor when the manager entered.

His brows contracted, and as he crossed to his room, he said sharply, "Mr. Nithsdale, if top-spinning is an amusement of yours, I must request that you will not indulge in the pastime during office hours."

"Good gracious," muttered the young man, somewhat taken aback. "I'm hanged if Old Nails isn't getting funny. I wonder what next?"

"Old Nails" had been married. Perhaps in his younger days he had been agreeable, both in looks and ways, sufficiently to account for a woman being

willing to link her life with his. Be that as it may, he had no one now to criticise his appearance, for, of all his family, only one was left to him. This was his granddaughter, a fair-haired child of five years. Strange as it would have seemed to the clerks, the man loved the girl with all the intensity—however much that might be—of his solemn nature. How Nithsdale and the others would have laughed could they have seen hard-hearted "Old Nails" caressing and playing with the child. Somehow, his frowning brows and ugly face did not awe her. But then possibly she was not old enough to appreciate the sternness of his disposition, for even the household servants looked on him with fear and avoided his austere glances.

That "Old Nails" should be fond of the little one was only an illustration of the well-known fact, that stern men are often more attached to their grand-children than they ever were to their own immediate offspring. Perhaps they recognise in advanced age the beauties of childhood more fully than they could in the days of their prime, when they possessed the full strength and vigour of health.

The manager usually spent the hour after his return home, with the child. But about a fortnight after the top episode, on reaching his house, he was "informed that the child had not seemed well, and had been put to bed." "Send for a doctor," he said curtly.

The medical man was sent for, and pronounced the complaint scarlet fever.

"Old Nails" did not go to the bank after this. Very likely he feared that he might carry infection to his clerks; although, considering the small affection he had for them, he would probably not have regarded that as a great calamity.

However, he stayed at home and insisted on taking a share of the nursing. This, of course, upset everyone. He had no idea what to do, and continually grumbled at the others. He frowned at the nurse and scowled at the medical man, until the former wished she had never undertaken the case and the latter made his visits as short as possible.

One evening, after the child had fallen asleep, "Old Nails" sat reading a periodical in his library, when he came across some verses. He read them through, although, being a very matter-of-fact man, as a rule he did not like poetry. They evidently took his fancy, however, for he

read them again, and then cut them out and placed them in his pocketbook. Whatever would Nithsdale and Co. have thought if they could have read the simple little rhyme? Probably that he was "going off his dot," as they would have put it. The verses were commonplace enough; in fact the merest doggerel; but for some reason or another they appealed to the man. Most likely he couldn't have told you why they did so, even if he had been willing to discuss the matter at all. Well, here they are: the reader can judge them for himself, and will doubtless fail to find any peculiar merit in them:—



HE CAME ACROSS SOME VERSES.

"MY GIRL."

A little corner with its crib,
A little mug, a spoon, a bib,
A little tooth so pearly white,
A little rubber-ring to bite.
A little plate all lettered round,
A little rattle to resound;
A little creeping—see! she stands!
A little step 'twixt outstretched hands.
A little doll with flaxen hair,
A little willow rocking-chair,
A little dress of richest hue,
A little pair of gaiters blue.
A little school, day after day,
A little "school-ma'am" to obey,
A little study—soon 'tis past,
A little graduate at last.
A little muff for wintry weather,
A little jockey-hat and feather,
A little sac with funny pockets,
A little chain, a ring, and lockets.
A little while to dance and bow,
A little escort homeward now,
A little party somewhat late,
A little lingering at the gate.
A little walk in leafy June,
A little talk while shines the moon,
A little reference to papa,
A little planning with mamma.
A little ceremony grave,
A little struggle to be brave,
A little cottage on a lawn,
A little kiss—my girl was gone.

The next night "Old Nails" was summoned in haste to the child's bedside. She was much worse. The doctor shook his head gravely, and deigned to prolong his stay. The nurse moved backwards and forwards, and after a time, when the manager would have retired, gently said he had better stay. Strangely enough, he complied. He stood beside the little bed, and now and again bent down and spoke to the child, but she was unconscious. He evidently did not know what to do. Towards eleven o'clock, a change came over the pale face of the little sufferer. He recognized it at once. He turned to the nurse

and asked, "Is she dead?" The woman inclined her head. "Old Nails" frowned and looked defiantly around. Then he went to his library again. He got out a bottle of brandy and drank three strong glasses of it. He lighted his pipe and smoked violently, almost savagely. He read the silly little verses again and again, until the servant tapped at the door, and asked whether her master would come down to supper or have it sent up to him. He said sharply, "I will come down as usual." The woman said nothing, but thought, "Well, he is a hard 'un." She didn't know he was called "Old Nails," but would at once have recognized the appropriateness of the name.

He went into the dining-room, and cut a large plateful of cold beef, and helped himself liberally to vegetables. Then he actually read the paltry verses again. His dog, Ponto, came and pushed his cold nose into his hand; "Old Nails" started, laid the paper down, and proceeded to feed the animal on the beef and vegetables. Ponto enjoyed the repast, and eagerly

took the food. After that, "Old Nails" went upstairs again, and drank more brandy. When the servant came to clear away the supper things, she couldn't help saying to herself, "Well, he 'as got a appetite. It takes somethin' to affect it, that it do."

This went on for some days, in fact until after the child had been buried. "Old Nails" was just as disagreeable and particular as ever. He insisted upon having his meals served punctually, and always spent a good time at the table; but, curiously enough, he seemed to be getting paler and thinner. Perhaps staying indoors so much wasn't good for his health. Very likely too he was anxious to get back to his work at the bank, but for some reason or another he didn't go. Ponto, on the other hand, was getting absurdly fat.

"Old Nails" spent most of his time in the library. What he did there the domestics didn't exactly know. It was evident that he smoked, for the fumes escaped and tainted the whole house. Could they have seen him they would have been shocked, for he very frequently applied himself to the brandy bottle. No one suspected this, however, for it never affected him: he was always as hard as nails, as Nithsdale said.

One morning when the young men took their places in the bank, the senior clerk announced, in what he imagined was a sad and grieved voice, "Gentlemen, I am sorry to have to tell you that our manager has died suddenly. I have no par-

ticulars of the sad event, having only just received a telegram stating the bare fact. I shall of course remain in charge until another appointment is made." Then he left them.

"Poor old fellow," said Whitely, "after all, he was not a bad sort."

"Poor 'Old Nails,'" mimicked Nithsdale, "I don't know where we'd find a worse."

"I wonder what he died of?" said another.

"Apoplexy, I expect," said Nithsdale. "He always looked as though he could take care of No. 1 and appreciated the pleasures of the table."

"Drink, perhaps," said another clerk with a smile.

"Wouldn't it be better to wait until we hear something definite?" said Whitely. "At any rate, this is hardly the time to cast reflections on the man's character."

"Oh, if Charley's on the preach I've done," replied Nithsdale.

How had "Old Nails" died then? He had gone into his library as usual one

evening, just a week after the child died. The servants had not seen him again that night, but in the morning found his bed undisturbed. Wondering, they knocked at the library door, but received no answer. Then they entered the room and found "Old Nails" lying dead on the floor. Quite a dramatic way for him to die, only the effect was rather spoilt by the half-empty bottle of brandy on the table and a broken wine-glass beside him. Will it be believed that he



SHE WAS MUCH WORSE.

still grasped those ridiculous verses in his hand? But when they straightened out the paper, they found that the last five verses had been crossed out and the following bit of doggerel written on the margin :—

"A little head and limbs that ache,
A little medicine to take,
A little tossing on her bed,
A little gasp—my girl was dead."

Fancy "Old Nails" turning poet at the last; really it gave quite a humorous aspect to the affair.

The medical men who examined the body stated that death was due to failure of the heart's action, accelerated by want

of proper nourishment. Of course the latter part of the report was ridiculed. Imagine a man in his position not having had enough to eat. It was too absurd. Besides, the servants were willing to swear that he had taken his meals as usual, and appeared to have quite a hearty appetite. Ponto couldn't speak, or he might have given important evidence. In a romance, "failure of the heart's action," might very likely be described as a "broken heart." Only this is not a romance. Then again, if anyone ever did die of a broken heart, surely the last person to do so would be disagreeable, cantankerous, hard "Old Nails."



LYING DEAD ON THE FLOOR

MUSINGS ON CATS



A. J. Gough

I HAVE always been of a most trusting and believing disposition. It hurts me to have old theories and beliefs rudely overturned. Yet, walking the streets of London, a short while ago, I suffered the pangs of having a very old belief ruthlessly disturbed.

It was, perhaps, a belief without foundation, still it had its origin in a book!

In a gutter I perceived, a miserable, bedraggled, starved, dying cat—no very uncommon sight! But in a flash these words occurred to me: "The cat is a household favourite!" Mark the "is," not "sometimes is" or "generally is," but "is" pure and simple!

All I can say is the cat in the gutter did not convey that impression; so either the words or "it" were a sham.

I remember the very look of the page on which those words appeared, also the sleek cat facing them.

After this, I mused awhile on cats, as to the possibility of the book and my old belief being true.

Is the cat a household favourite?

Possibly a household favourite, but I

take the liberty of doubting its being a *householder's* (male householder's) favourite.

Certain remarks occurred to me: "That precious cat of yours has been rolling in my aster bed." "There's that cat of yours under my feet again; I wish you would drown it!" "Confound that cat, I nearly sat on it!"

The remembrance of these (quite mild) remarks was followed by the shadowy vision of a rapid and dangerous journey through the air of a cushion, book, or boot! Of course an entirely justifiable

proceeding, under the circumstances. It is unpleasant to find a cat crawling around one's feet; still more unpleasant to find oneself crawling on hands and knees, brought to that lowly position by the first crawler, the cat. It is most annoying to

have one's new flower-beds spoilt. It is indescribably annoying to find a cat in one's chair, *after* one has sat down. I remember this happening once to a very irascible large man. The remembrance is still harrowing! I will not unfold that tale.

True it is "When the cat's away, the mice will play." I firmly believe many people keep cats on this principle alone. They put up with them, as a rather



THE VISION THROUGH THE AIR OF A CUSHION.

troublesome but effective mouse-trap. Yet, even setting aside the question of mice, puss has good points. It is cheerful and homely to come down of a morning, to a bright fire, and a contented purring cat—always supposing you too, are in a contented purring mood.

Again, a tabby Persian, a white Angola, or a blue (chinchilla) tabby is a thing of beauty. Black cats I do not so much admire, though in truth I have found them affectionate.

In spite of the general judgment of condemnation, I maintain the cat is affectionate; and I have had many, very many. They have all come to a bad end—evil communications, etc., with the surrounding woods, you understand.

One cat, an inveterate poacher, had had, at separate times, both front legs broken in traps. I was known to the keepers, so was my cat, so its life was spared. Home it came in misery, refusing assistance in a marked manner, and was condemned to death, when its owner appeared. No teeth and claws were offered to me. I carried it triumphantly to my room, bound up the broken limb in a cabbage stump, and after long and careful nursing, cured it. That cat loved me,



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A WHITE ANGOLA.

and its affection was returned.

'Twas in the days of my youth.

The same animal, after its second accident, when it walked with two stiff front legs—due, I fear, to my amateur surgery—used to

bring home occasionally as many as three rabbits a day; also, occasionally, some-

thing heavier and of more value than a rabbit.

Away with reminiscences! It is of the cat of the present I would speak; more particularly of a race of cats, known in



THE LEAN, THIEVING CAT.

towns, whose lives are a misery to themselves and human beings—a minor consideration we will take first.

Is there anyone who does not know the race of lean, miserable, cowering, thieving creatures who apparently belong to no one, and exist only to make night hideous, to steal, and to rend the tender hearts of children and pitying humanity? If any know not this species, let him visit London during the month of August, or any very poor district in a big town, in winter time in preference, for the deserted fashion-

able cat soon degenerates into a slum cat.

Once, doubtless, these poor wretches had homes and belongings. But who cares to travel with a cat, or would establish a caretaker especially to look after a cat, when there are neighbours all round? And who cares for the charge of one's neighbour's cat? In this case distinctly charity begins at home; and as few bear in mind that most admirable institution, the Home for Cats and Dogs, or would bestow the trouble or money to place the household favourite there, the deserted cat obtains small share of mercy, and a smaller share of provisions, and becomes nothing short of a nuisance.

As to the cats of the poor. Well, in the country they do fairly well—near preserves, they live in a state of warfare with the keepers, and generally end—"Shot for stealing." A merited fate, when one considers the death of two-hundred rabbits a-year are laid down as due to cats, on one estate of one thousand acres. Now, according to some, rabbits are good food for human beings, putting aside the question of sport, therefore this is distinctly wicked of the cats.

But the cat of the poor in town, has a still more lively life. Hourly in danger of men, dogs, boys, tins and string, wheels and feet; ill fed, little loved. Poor cat!

Now cats are useful, cats are pleasant, in moderation—and in their proper place, which is neither in our neighbour's larder or woods, nor in a house where the children themselves cry for bread!

And as regards use, mouse-traps are plentiful and cheap, far cheaper than a cat, more especially if there is a poultry yard next door. And a mouse-trap will keep mice away, if not as well as a cat, at least as well as is likely to be necessary in a house where a cat grows thin. Yet cats are the best mouse-traps, and we would preserve, not exterminate Pussy; do we not believe "the cat is a household favourite!" But cats in moderation please. It is a well

known fact that cats increase very fast, and that there are too many cats!

Let us tax the cat! Splendid idea. "Tax the Poor Man's remaining comfort?" Well we would not be very hard on the poor man who finds puss a comfort. Say one shilling, or even two shillings a year, for the privilege of cat keeping!

The tax on dogs is seven and six, bringing in a return of £343,135, a year. Probably there are twice as many cats as dogs; at two shillings each, this would bring a return of about £180,000.

View the question however from the Cat's point of view. A taxed commodity, no matter how small the tax may be, becomes doubly valuable in its owner's eyes. We should then keep a cat—one cat—because we really feel a pleasure in the sight of a contented purring puss, and because we object to mice. When we leave home we shall provide for our cat—for, the tax being paid, we will have our money's worth of cat, being English. In short, we take better care of our cat altogether. No longer allowed to rove at night, for chance it should be lost or killed; for this our neighbours are grateful. The keepers and maiden ladies of a village live on better terms. The haunting, harried, distressing slum cat disappears, thereby lessening the dangers of hydrophobia.

One has only to compare the free dog of a foreign country with the taxed dog of England. The one is a trusty, valued friend, the other is a miserable outcast.

If the cat is really a domesticated animal, let us treat it as such, either as a household favourite, or as an ornamental mouse-trap of set value. Night would become more peaceful, neighbours more neighbourly. Government would be richer by £180,000, and cats of all ranks and stations would mew in grateful chorus to



HYDROPHOBIA.

A MUSER ON CATS.

Whispers from the Woman's World.

By FLORENCE MARY GARDINER.

PERSONAL BEAUTY.

FROM the time when Jezebel "tired her hair, painted her face and sat at a window," with the sole object of attracting the admiration of the lords of creation in general and of Jehu in particular, women have used every means in their power to increase their natural charms.

In Nineveh the practice of enamelling was quite common. The skin was made smooth with pumice stone, and then covered with a layer of white chemical preparations; and a toilet case found in the ruins at Thebes was well supplied with bottles of perfume and complexion medicines. The matrons and maids of Athens painted themselves with white lead and vermilion; while the fair ladies of Rome bathed in asses' milk, and Ino, the favourite wife of Nero, took herds of asses with her whenever she set forth on a journey, so as not to be denied her accustomed luxury. Ovid refers to the curious methods they had for beautifying their eyes, and the philosopher Pliny speaks of a concoction of flour of peas and barley, eggs, hartshorn, etc., which fashionable Italian women wore on their faces during the night, to purify the skin. The custom of tinting the face was brought to Gaul, Germany and Britain by the Romans, though from a still earlier period woad and other vegetable dyes had been used there for staining the skin and hair; and the latter, in many Anglo-Saxon MSS., is painted blue, and even in rare cases green and orange. Strutt of this custom, says: "I have no doubt in my own mind that arts of some kind were practised at this period to adorn the hair, but whether it was done by dyeing it with liquids prepared for that purpose according to the ancient Eastern custom, or by powders of different hues cast into it, agreeable to the modern practice, I shall not presume to determine."

To pass on to the time of the Stuarts, we read of the rich belle, that:—

" . . . she buys perfumes at any price—
storax and spikenard she burns in her bower, and
daubs herself with civet, musk and amber."

" Waters she hath to make her face to shine,
Confections eke to clarify her skin;
Lip salves, and clothes of a rich scarlet dye
She hath, which to her cheeks she doth apply;
Ointment, wherewith she pargets o'er her face
And lustrifies her beauty's dying grace."

An unfortunate husband writes to the *Spectator* in 1711 for advice on this subject.

"Not to keep you in suspense," he says, "as for my dear, never was man more enamoured than I was of her fair forehead, neck and arms, as well as the bright jet of her hair; but, to my great astonishment, I find they were all the effects of art. Her skin is so tarnished by this practice that when she wakes in the morning she scarce seems young enough to be the mother of her who went to bed the night before. I shall take the liberty to part with her at the first opportunity, unless her father will make her a portion suitable to her *real* not her assumed appearance." He further enquires if the law is likely to assist him in the event of his father-in-law refusing to accede to his reasonable demands. That this unhappy husband was not a solitary exception is amply proved, as in 1779 the following Act of Parliament was passed in England:—

"All women, without distinction as to age, position and condition, be they maids or widows, who beguile into matrimony any male subjects of Her Majesty by painting their cheeks or lips, or using toilette creams, artificial teeth or hair, Spanish wool, corsets, crinolines, high-heeled shoes or padded hips will be amenable to punishment under the paragraph of the law which deals with witchcraft; and such a marriage shall be declared null and void if the woman

in question is proven guilty of such an offence."*

Now to be strong and healthy and to preserve such beauty as kindly Mother Nature has endowed us with, is a question of vital importance to every woman; and these attributes, it should always be remembered, are largely dependent on personal cleanliness, regularity of exercise, equality and purity of atmosphere, moderation in eating and drinking, and at least eight hours' sleep in the twenty-four. A sufficiency of work without undue fatigue, and congenial surroundings and avocations, which to most of us spell "Happiness," are also very important factors in personal beauty. Happiness has a distinct æsthetic and hygienic value. The proverb which formed the heading of our copy-books in days of yore said, "Be virtuous and you will be happy." But the old order changeth and giveth place to the new, and the modern gospel preaches happiness and material prosperity as the basis of morality.

To insure beauty, which is mainly dependent on a clear and healthy skin, regular and constant ablution is absolutely necessary, and, fortunately, both sexes in Britain have an hereditary predisposition towards soap and water. Piecemeal washing of the human cuticle, although the surface looks fairly clean, is not what is required, but complete immersion at least once in the twenty-four hours in water of a higher temperature than the human body, followed by a vigorous application of a mild and super-fatted soap, friction with an Egyptian loophah, and a final sponge with tepid or cold water. Under this regimen the muscles develop, the flesh becomes firm, the appetite good, the digestive organs strong, the sleep more sound and healthy, and the complexion fresh and pure. The cold bath as a tonic may be beneficial under some circumstances, and the same remark applies to sea bathing; but in the vast majority of

cases the severe shock to the system does more harm than good, and is a frequent forerunner of internal inflammation, arising from chills to the most vital organs of the body. They should never be used by delicate women or children, for whom the warm or tepid bath is in all respects more suited.

I trust the time may yet come when rich and poor alike will be able to indulge, *ad libitum*, in the pleasures of bathing, and that it will be considered as necessary to supply even the smallest cottage with a bath and hot and cold water as it is to provide a kitchen, a weather-tight roof and a chimney.

Another important preservative of beauty is regular and systematic exercise in the



A MODERN BATH-ROOM.

open air. I do not mean a slow and short stroll through a crowded thoroughfare for the purpose of gazing at the shop windows, but a rapid walk, which can be gradually extended from two to six miles a day, and which will stimulate the circulation and reduce the tendency to accumulating superfluous adipose tissue.

I have so often dwelt on the necessity of proper ventilation—the lowering of the top window sash in bed and sitting-rooms, and other means of ingress for pure air—that it is unnecessary to refer to the matter here further than to urge those who do me the honour to peruse these pages to live in rooms that are in direct and free communication with the outer atmosphere, and to avoid inhaling dust and other organic impurities.

* In the interests of readers of the fair sex, I feel bound to state that I have been unable to find that this Act has ever been repealed.

With reference to diet, I feel it will be readily granted that most of us take more food than is necessary to sustain health, and do not pay sufficient attention to the quality and cookery of such food. Surely there is something repugnant about absorbing into our systems various products which are not absolutely pure in themselves, and we might with advantage follow the example of our Jewish countrymen, whose hygienic and religious laws make them more careful than Christians in the selection of their diet.

I consider a Kosher butcher in a neighbourhood a perfect godsend, as one can be always sure that the seal of the Rabbi would not be placed on anything which was sullied by spot or blemish. Milk and bread, in London at least, can generally be depended upon, though even here the qualities vary to a considerable degree; and a little care will insure fresh ripe fruit and vegetables, and owing to rapid railway communication in most places, various kinds of fish and dairy produce can be obtained at a reasonable price. These are, after all, the necessities if they are not the luxuries of life, the moderate use of which will tend to maintain a healthy and, indirectly, a beautiful body. I hardly care to touch upon the subject of stimulants, as such different opinions exist on their advantages or otherwise. From personal experience, which is, after all, the only experience one can depend upon, I think the majority would benefit by dispensing with them. Abundance of milk, where it suits the constitution, the free use of lemons, various medicinal and aerated

waters, and a moderate supply of quickly infused tea, coffee and cocoa of a superior quality, seem to me to meet all the requirements of life, and so far as I can judge, those who adhere to them appear to have better complexions, and consequently more personal beauty, than those who imbibe "not wisely but too well." On this point, however, I am open to conviction.

Finally, Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep, a happy disposition, and enough congenial work to drive away that terrible demon, *ennui*, are three very important components in the production of Beauty with a capital "B," and without them all our other efforts are in vain: for they are the three brave friends who ever round us vigil keep and drive away temptation.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Just as carefully chosen and becoming clothing improves the physical form, so do pretty and artistic surroundings shed a soothing and refining influence upon the mind; and though I am aware that many of the readers of *THE LUDGATE MONTHLY* are not able to indulge their aspirations regardless of cost, that does not deter my putting the best models I can procure before them, feeling sure that they will appreciate what is really good, and take a hint here and an idea there till they have evolved something perhaps very different from the original design, but suited in all respects to their own requirements. The bathroom, of which a sketch is given, is a perfect example of its kind. Both ceiling and walls are covered with encaustic tiles, while the floor is of tessellated pavement. This form of decoration is of a rather costly character, but, on the other hand, it never requires renewing, is always fresh and clean, and impervious to moisture. The bath is of Doulton ware, which is preferable to any other substance for such a purpose, and the various fittings of mahogany form a pleasing contrast to the cool walls.

The decorations of this dainty little room, which forms the second illustration, would be suitable for the drawing-room of a



DECORATION FOR A BOUDOIR OR SMALL DRAWING-ROOM IN THE ADAMS' STYLE.

small house. The predominating shades are deep yellow and white, relieved here and there by touches of moss green, the latter tint being introduced in the upholstery. It is a charming interior, which cannot fail to appeal to anyone with refined tastes, and yet it has a homeliness about it, often wanting in more elaborate schemes of decoration.

How out of place, I hear my readers saying, to have a smoking-room in an article devoted to the interests of the fair sex. But one moment, my friends; when alterations and purchases are made in the household, whose taste is generally consulted? Is it Paterfamilias, who is in the city half his time and asleep the other half, and who, owing to the circumstances of the case, is unable to spend more than three or four hours of the day in the bosom of his family? No, he is perfectly content to leave the ordering of his household to his faithful spouse and daughters on the one condition that the lumber in his own particular den is left untouched by sacrilegious fingers. He can offer no possible objection to the smoking-room being supplied with comfortable divans, convenient coffee tables or quaint Moorish screens of fretted wood. Neither can he have a rooted dislike (once he has resigned himself to the expense) to soft Persian rugs, antique lamps of hammered iron or brass, and windows partially filled with stained glass. In these *fin de siècle* times it is not an unheard-of thing for the ladies to join their husbands, fathers, brothers and "nearer and dearer ones still" for an hour or two after the evening meal, especially if (as they often are in houses of moderate size) the smoking and billiard rooms are combined; in which case there can



A MOORISH SMOKING-ROOM.

be no reason for its remaining, as it so often does, so nearly akin to the apartments used for this purpose in second and third rate hotels and utterly devoid of those feminine touches which are difficult to define but which we know make all the difference between the home and a place of public entertainment.

I recently came across a very neat arrangement for the fireplace for summer use which, while concealing the grate, by no means interfered with ventilation. It consisted of a double-folding screen of Moorish lattice work made exactly to fit the aperture, and behind it a fire could be laid ready for lighting, a great advantage in a climate like our own, when one can never tell from one hour to the next when such a luxury will be required. The flower-box of brass, iron or tiles which can be adjusted to the bars, and of which I gave an illustration in this magazine some time ago, also has its advantages. Another good plan is to have a low deal box, lined with tin, made the size of the hearthstone, and, after painting, to edge it on three sides with virgin cork. It can then be filled with soft peat. Sink into this (in



A SUMMER FIREPLACE.

the pots) first a row of palms, which should be tall enough to conceal the grate, next, four or five pots of spirea, or marguerites, then some ribbon ferns, which are very hardy, so do not require frequently renewing, and, finally, a row of white lobelia. By graduating the sizes of the plants you have a bank-like mass of bloom, which forms an attractive feature in the room and which will not quarrel with the prevailing shades in the paper and carpet. Of course where there is

love for the beautiful, and an intense desire for a settled home in which they can satisfy their very natural cravings. This sentiment expresses itself in a thousand different ways, but more particularly by a lavish display of Nature's ornaments, the flowers of the garden and the field, by subtle drappings of rich fabrics, by alternations of light, shade and colour and by the juxtaposition of various articles of furniture which have a distinct decorative value. Some, of course, possess this gift to a greater degree than others, but I believe *all* women have the germ hidden in their natures, but whether the opportunities arise for its due cultivation is another matter altogether.

FASHIONS AND FRIPPERIES.

Now let us briefly consider the outward adorning of the body and the putting on of apparel, for even beauty cannot afford to be behind the fashion and must keep an eye on the weather-cock of the highest pinnacle of its temple.

Most of us are now thinking of suitable travelling costumes, for this bright and prosperous season of 1893 is nearly over, and we are anxious to escape from the glare and heat of London to the

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood";

or to idly muse by the sad sea waves in *dolce far niente*. For such a purpose nothing could be more suitable than neat, tailor-made serge or tweed gowns, of which the three sketches are excellent examples.

The fancy silk blouse, with folded front and ends fastened under a rosette at the back, is another useful possession and much cooler than the ordinary bodice, as it gives with every movement of the wearer and is so light in texture that its weight is infinitesimal. The double-puffed sleeves are a pretty addition and



TAILOR-MADE GOWNS.

a fixed curb fender and tiled hearth, the box can be dispensed with; but when this is so I would advise the use of art pots of the same shade, and that the grate should be enveloped in greased paper to prevent it rusting.

An old Turkish proverb tells us that "a house without a woman is a house without a soul." The majority of women certainly possess an innate

a change from those in gigot form, which have long been fashionable. Children's dresses are more picturesque than ever, and are made in all the pretty cotton materials which are to be met with in such endless variety this summer. Indeed, the manufacture of cotton goods has been brought to such a high state of perfection that it is almost impossible to distinguish them from fabrics made from pure silk. Printed French satteens are particularly charming, as they are woven with shot, shaded and ribbed effects, and in a variety of tints which harmonise perfectly. Crepons of the palest and most delicate hues are made in many cases with light stripes, spots and points, and irregular plaids are also to the fore, especially in black on pale green and heliotrope grounds. Figured muslins, barèges and striped grenadines, with insertions of lace, are frequently made with coloured silk linings, which are also invariably used for brocatelles, cachemires, lustres and similar materials. The bell-shaped skirt is still in vogue, but sleeves are gradually assuming more modest proportions. Neither is it now considered good form to be half as broad as one is long. Gowns are often ornamented at the skirt seams by cordings, rows of sequins or passementerie, a fashion which prevailed some twenty years ago; and evening dresses are embellished with jewelled lace in many cases, while others are furnished with simple folds of satin or velvet at the neck and sleeves.

The summer sales offer ample opportunities for acquiring various accessories of the toilette, at prices which compare favourably with those asked earlier in the season. For example, a smart jacket, or mantle, which has been used as a pattern, can often be met with for the proverbial old song, and will prove a useful garment when the days begin to shorten, and an additional wrap is necessary for the after dinner stroll on the pier, or for a visit to one or other of the numerous friends or acquaintances whom we are sure to meet, however far from home we may be. To



A CROSSOVER BLOUSE.

use a rather vulgar nautical expression, it is also well to keep one's weather eye open for a pretty tea-gown, for never is a loose dress so acceptable as when that irresistible drowsiness attacks one between luncheon and five o'clock, and for which sunshine, sea air and the absence of our ordinary daily avocations are mainly responsible. White and pale-tinted délaïnes, with floral designs, are very appropriate for such a purpose, as they do not get tumbled with packing like many other materials, and have a very dressy

appearance, especially if they are lavishly trimmed with Irish guipure, or some similar lace which does not easily get out of condition. Delicate lingerie is another good investment. The objection drapers have to accumulations of stock, and the very natural desire to have as large a balance as possible available for the purchase of next season's goods, make the alarming sacrifices (of which some are inclined to be dubious) matters of fact. Hosiery, gloves, handkerchiefs, boots, etc.,



CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

are none the worse for keeping, and are not likely to go out of fashion, so they may be bought with a clear conscience, and without any of those qualms which beset us when we have been beguiled into extravagances which the state of our finances hardly justify.

ENTERTAINING UP TO DATE.

Nothing forms such a delightful contrast to the heat and turmoil of London life as a day spent on the river, and those who wish to entertain in a moderate way, during July and August, have within their power the means of affording those from whom they have received similar benefits, an amount of pleasure infinitely in excess of the pecuniary cost thereof.

Water parties, of course, can be organised in many different ways. First, there are the luxurious occupants of house-boats, who receive in semi-royal state, and on regatta days especially, vie with each other in providing for their guests every dainty in and out of season. Less ostentatious hostesses engage a saloon carriage and take their party down by train to Henley, Maidenhead, or some other favourite river resort, where boats or a steam launch await them, and in which the guests dispose themselves according to their own sweet will, landing at some convenient spot, previously agreed upon, in true picnic fashion. In such cases servants are taken to attend to the catering arrangements, so neither hosts nor guests have any trouble; and the only responsibility incurred by the givers of the entertainment is in the proper amalgamation of the party, and the avoidance of uncongenial spirits, who would act as a wet blanket to the more adventurous and amiable guests. In the cool of the evening they assemble for high tea at a popular riverside hotel, and afterwards return to London by train. Then there is the family party, consisting of a man and his wife, one or two children, and two or three intimate friends, who quietly row up the stream, provided with a picnic basket containing a light, but appetising repast, which they partake of when and where they please, lying under the shade



STYLISH TEA GOWNS.

of the trees by the side of the bank. How lovely are the woods, and the scent of flowers and new-mown hay as the boats proceed on their way, and how refreshed one feels after a day of perfect rest in the fresh, pure air, "far from the madding crowd."

Again, who would despise a well-arranged coaching party? Most of the four-in-hands running daily from the Metropolis to the neighbouring towns, are available for such a purpose, and can be reserved for a party of a dozen for fees varying from eight to twelve guineas, according to distance. Of course the longer journeys, as to Oxford or Brighton, require the greater part of the day, and necessitate returning by train. But there is a delightful run from London to Dorking and back, which can be accomplished between 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m., allowing an hour and fifteen minutes for luncheon in the middle of the day. By this route one passes through Kingston, the quaint old town of Leatherhead, between which and Box-hill there is some of the most picturesque scenery to be found in England. Those who prefer the county of



A PRETTY JACKET.

Kent will be delighted with the drive to and from Tunbridge Wells, in which one has an opportunity of obtaining a passing glance at Bromley, Farnborough and Seven Oaks. The "Old Times" runs to Virginia Water, leaving the Hotel Victoria at 10.45, and returning from the Wheatsheaf Hotel, Virginia Water, at 3.30.

Another pleasant way for Londoners to entertain is to invite their friends to a little dinner which may be taken at the table d'hôte, or in a private room, as desired, in a first-class restaurant, or one of the leading hotels, and followed by an evening at some popular theatre, for which seats have been previously reserved.

The Métropole, Hotel Victoria, the Grand and Savoy are convenient for such a purpose, and can be depended upon, in all respects, while the Holborn, Criterion and Frascati's Restaurants are, as regards *cuisine*, all that the most fastidious can require. This form of entertainment finds special favour with country friends to whom the novelty appeals; but such invitations are rarely refused under any circumstances.

I am indebted to Messrs. Hampton, Pall Mall, for their charming designs for the decoration of a Bathroom, a Boudoir, a Smoking-room, and a Draped Corner, and to Messrs. Godfrey Giles, Old Cavendish Street, W., for the Summer Fireplace.



A DRAPED CORNER

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The past month has been very prolific in productions and withdrawals. The chief event in the theatrical world has been the appearance of Miss Eleanora Duse at the Lyric Theatre. This eminent Italian actress has given us samples of her ability, both in tragedy and comedy. Though the prices have been doubled, yet the Lyric Theatre has been full throughout. The Independent Theatre has blossomed forth once more and has given us "Leida" and a one-act play entitled "At a Health Resort;" both were very much below the mark and were but indifferently acted. Since the production of "The Gold Fish" the Independentites have given us nothing worth seeing.

"Charley's Aunt" is going, if anything, stronger than ever at the Globe, and it looks as if Mr. Penley has secured a second "Private Secretary" in this very amusing play of Mr. Brandon Thomas's.

Jack Chesney, Charles Wykeham and Lord Fancourt Babberley are three undergraduates at St. Olde's College, Oxford. Charles Wykeham is an orphan, and has an aunt whom he has never seen—who has brought him up, having sent him first to Eton and then to Oxford. This aunt is expected home and has wired to Charley that she will be in Oxford on a certain day to lunch with him. This affords a good opportunity for Charley and his friend, Jack Chesney, to ask the objects of their affections to lunch, the excuse being "to meet Charley's aunt." As there will be an odd party in the person of the aunt, Lord Fancourt Babberley, commonly called "Babs," is also invited to lunch. He is about to take part in some private theatricals, and is to enact the part of an elderly lady, so he avails himself of the opportunity to try on his costume in Chesney's rooms. The young ladies arrive to lunch, and so does a wire from



MR. PENLEY.

the aunt putting off her arrival. "Here's a how d'ye do?" If there is no aunt to act as hostess the girls won't stay. Happy thought! Babs has his make-up on, and makes an excellent old lady; trot him out to impersonate the aunt. No sooner has the idea been born than it is put into execution, and Babs is forthwith introduced as Donna Lucia d'Alvadorez, Charley's aunt from the Brazils, where the nuts come from, don't cher know. To complicate matters, Jack Chesney's father, Colonel Sir Francis Chesney, arrives on the scene and determines to marry this millionairess for the sake of her shekels. Stephen Spettigue, an Oxford solicitor, and uncle and guardian



MISS ADA BRANSON.

Photo. by]

[Bassano.

respectively of the two objects of affection aforesaid, also turns up. He also is smitten with the charms of the dollars.

The love scenes that take place between this fraud of an aunt, and the Colonel and the solicitor, are screamingly funny.

Later on the real aunt arrives, accompanied by her friend and adopted niece, Miss Delahay. She, finding someone is masquerading under her name, adopts that of a friend, and introduces herself as Mrs. Beverley Smythe. She somewhat staggers Charley's aunt (pro tem.) by telling her, or him, I should say, she knew her late husband, Don Pedro. Eventually, the young couples having paired off, they confess the fraud they have perpetrated, and while Spettigue is vowing vengeance on his deceiver, Babs reappears, clothed and in his right mind. Sir Francis Chesney discovers an old sweetheart in Donna Lucia, Babs ditto in Miss Delahay. Charley and Jack succeed in obtaining the consent of Amy and Kitty, and everything ends happily.

Mr. Penley as "Babs" and Charley's aunt (pro tem.) is inimitable and keeps the house in one continual ripple of laughter. It would be useless to describe his performance, for it beggars description; it must be seen to be appreciated.

Mr. Walter Everard makes a handsome and pleasing Sir Francis Chesney; Mr. Reeves Smith, as Jack Chesney, makes the most of his opportunities, his love scene with and proposal to Kitty Verdun in the College quad being ex-



MISS EMILY CUDMORE.

cellent; Miss Ada Branson is the stately and real Donna Lucia d'Alvadorez; and Miss Emily Cudmore, as the gentle and timid Ela Delahay, contributes to the success of the piece. It is so dangerous to prophesy, yet I feel tempted to say that this day twelve months will still see "Charley's Aunt" in the bills, for the public have got what they want; two hours of hilarity and amusement, and they are showing their appreciation by the fact that the house is packed nightly and money turned away from the doors.



WALTER EVERARD.

Another piece which is drawing is "Morocco Bound," at the Shaftesbury. Now, this is a piece of a very different kidney. It has no pretensions to be anything else than a hotch-potch of tuneful music, quips, and old chestnuts strung together. It, however, succeeds in its object, it pleases the public and draws the shekels to the treasury; that being so, it is out of my province to analyse the piece. The idea is simplicity itself: an English, or rather an Irish, adventurer and his sister having failed to, or rather having succeeded so well in, their endeavours to bleed the British public, find the game played out and seek new pastures. They arrive at Morocco, where the adventurer gets into a good position, and is known by the cognomen of Spooifah Bey. In the first act he and his precious sister have returned to England entrusted with five thousand pounds by the Grand Vizier of Morocco to obtain musical and dramatic talent for his palace. The money having been used for every purpose but the legitimate one, Spooifah Bey has



H. REEVES SMITH.

(Photo. by Window and Grove.)

to cudgel his brains to discover some means to fulfil his master's behests. Every means having failed, he invites Squire Higgins and other friends he meets at Mokeleigh Hall out to Morocco, to his palace, as he describes it. Act two shows how they all arrive. Spoofah Bey then explains to each one individually that the Grand Vizier is to be his guest, and he purposes giving a sing-song, and would be obliged if his guests would favour his company with some of the latest English songs, etc. He per-



MISS VIOLET CAMERON.

suades the Grand Vizier to confer the order of "the Red Morocco Boot" on the Squire, and he makes the Squire pay five thousand pounds for the privilege of obtaining the order. This is the whole plot; but much opportunity is afforded and licence given to each actor and actress to introduce his or her special business: thus Miss Letty Lind gives some of her up-to-date skirt dancing; Charles Danby and J. L. Shine have frequent chances of showing off any number of comical wheezes,

TEMPLAR SAXE.
(Photo. by Stereoscopic Company.)

excruciating puns and jokes, while Miss Violet Cameron and Mr. Templar Saxe delight and enchant the audience with their vocal contributions, Mr. Saxe's "Come, my Love" being excellently rendered. Dear me, how many years ago is it now since I saw Miss Cameron with poor Fred Leslie in "Rip Van Winkle?" One line in the piece deserves recording. Lady Walkover, talking about skirt dancing, is saying how popular it is becoming in society, and how some young ladies have

earned considerable kudos for themselves and funds for charity by it. "Yes," says the squire, "so I have heard; charity uncovereth a multitude of shins." Johnny Shine, as Spoofah Bey, is excellent—indeed, I think I have never seen him to better advantage, and the piece never flags while he is on the boards. Mr. Charles Danby, as the squire, and erstwhile costermonger, has a part that suits him, and of which he is not slow to take advantage. Mr. Herbert Sparling, as the squire's brother, has not much to

do save bring on his bull-dog in nautical costume. The ladies have but little to say, with the exception of Miss Violet Cameron, who has several ditties, and Miss Letty Lind, who has a dance or two. Miss Agnes Hewitt and Miss Jenny McNulty look well; they have little else to do.

The production of the last month has been Mr. Pinero's play, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." I hope to tell my readers more about it next month.

Madame Adelina Patti succeeded in filling the Albert Hall the first Saturday in June, in spite of the weather and other counter attractions. Madame Patti, among other items, sang a new Ave Maria, specially composed for her by Mr. Angelo Mascheroni. It was both effective and original, and had for accompaniment parts violin, harp and organ. Madame Patti was supported by Madame de Pachmann, Madame Alice Gomez, Mr. Santley and Mr. Ben Davies.

Last Whit Monday I took a trip down to the Crystal Palace; and what a bill of fare had been provided for the public. The same public mustered in their thousands—some 55,000. The gates were thrown open at ten a.m., and from that hour till half-past ten at night there was some constant attraction—and these attractions were varied enough to suit all tastes.

CHARLES DANBY.
(Photo. by Stereoscopic Company.)

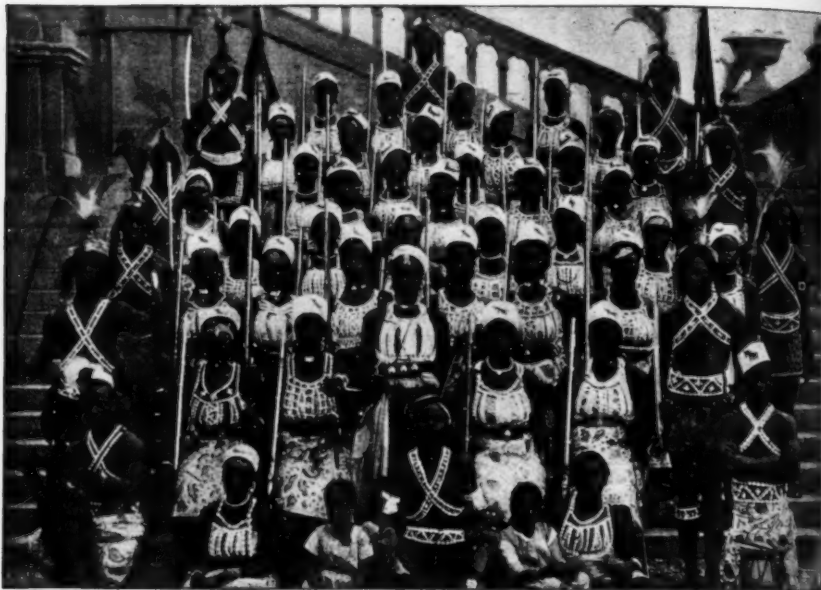


Photo. by]

FEMALE WARRIORS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

[Negretti and Zambra.

Dancing, racing, games, balloon ascents, boating, skating rink, aerial railways, organ shows, nigger minstrels, marionnettes, promenade concerts, wound up by a grand display of fireworks, constituted the chief items on the programme.

To my mind, one of the most interesting side shows was the troupe of Dahomian Amazons. This troupe numbers some fifty odd, mostly women—well-made, strong, muscular women. They go through a programme which consists of warlike exercises, military march, sword dance, sham fight and grand march past, and they go through all their movements with much alacrity and smartness. These lady-warriors might not be of much service against the bullet of the European rifle, but if they

got to close quarters, they would, I think, be most formidable and disagreeable opponents.



THE CHIEF GUMMA.

(Photo. by Negretti and Zambra.)

It was during the last campaign of the French in Africa that these interesting people were taken prisoners, but they were afterwards released. They are curious specimens of a tribe which intends henceforth to abandon its traditions of fighting, pillaging, and massacring, and to devote itself to peaceful labour.

The army of King Behanzin, of which this troupe formed a very small part, was almost unique in the world, inasmuch as its strength rested on the corps of Amazons, or the regiment of women. These were chosen by the king himself from amongst the girls of Dahomey. These extraordinary women have great muscular strength, and are

extremely agile, as will be seen from their performances.

Their food consists principally of fish, rice and tea. It is well worth a journey to the palace to see these warriors.

* * *
The anniversary of the opening of the Crystal Palace, in 1854, was celebrated on 10th June last, and, as a memento, we give a reproduction of an old photograph of the Emperor Napoleon, the Empress Eugénie, Her Majesty the Queen, and the Prince Consort, taken shortly after the opening of the Palace in 1854.

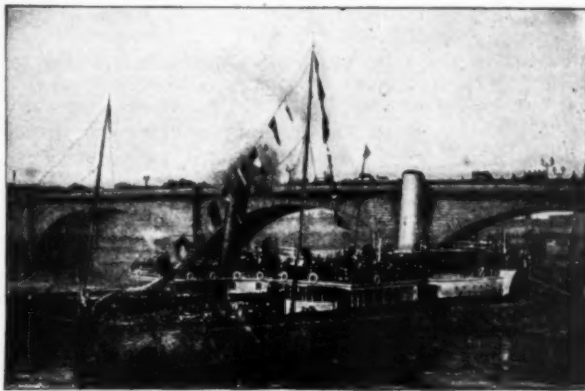
* * *
One of the most pleasant trips out of London is afforded by the line of steamers running from London Bridge to Clacton-on-Sea. The public appreciation of this trip on the "briny" has necessitated the addition of yet another boat on the route named; the new steamer, *The London Belle*, of which we give a photo., is a magnificent specimen of modern shipbuilding: she is just under one hundred yards in length, with a breadth of thirty feet. Her builders, Denny and Brothers, of Dumbarton, are celebrated for the sumptuous passenger steamers they turn out, and the whole fittings and furnishing of *The London Belle* are carried out with great taste and regardless of expense. The Lord Mayor and a select company of friends were entertained by the owners on the maiden voyage to Clacton.

* * *
The following is the official position as-



EMPEROR NAPOLEON. QUEEN VICTORIA. EMPRESS EUGENIE. PRINCE CONSORT.
(From a Photo. taken in 1854 by Negretti and Zambra.)

in their correct position. There were 4,793 competitors, and the watch has been won



From a Photo. by]

"THE LONDON BELLE."

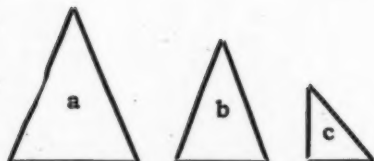
[R. W. Thomas.

by G. Harston, 251, Edge Lane, Liverpool, a copy of whose post-card is given below:

OFFICIAL RECORD.		WINNER'S LIST.	
1	Sunderland.	1	Sunderland.
2	Preston North End.	2	Preston North End.
3	Everton.	3	Everton.
4	Aston Villa.	4	Aston Villa.
5	Bolton Wanderers.	5	Notts Forest.
6	Burnley.	6	Sheffield Wednesday.
7	Stoke.	7	Stoke.
8	Blackburn Rovers.	8	Blackburn Rovers.
9	West Bromwich.	9	Notts County.
10	Notts Forest.	10	W'hamp. Wanderers.
11	W'hamp. Wanderers.	11	Accrington.
12	Sheffield Wednesday.	12	Derby County.
13	Derby County.	13	Bolton Wanderers.
14	Notts.	14	West Bromwich.
15	Accrington.	15	Burnley.
16	Newton Heath.	16	Newton Heath.

❖ Puzzledom ❖

43.



With eight pieces of card or paper of the shape of fig. a, four of fig. b, and four of fig. c, and of proportionate sizes, form a perfect square.



44. What is that which although black in itself, yet enlightens the whole world?

45. Why are washerwomen most inconsistent?

46. What is the difference between a baby and a pair of boots?

47. Why should a spider be a good correspondent?

48. Why are some widows like good gardeners?

49. Seven people agree to dine together daily so long as they could be differently arranged when they sat down to table. How many days would they dine together?



Five Prizes of Three-Volume Novels, cloth bound, will be awarded to the First Five Competitors sending in correct or most correct answers by 20th July. Competitions should be addressed "July Puzzles," THE LUDGATE MONTHLY, 53, Fleet Street, London. Postcards only, please.

ANSWERS TO JUNE PUZZLES.

36. *Bluebottle.*

37. (1) *Liverpool.*

(2) *Baltimore.*

(3) *Dresden.*

38. *Short—Shorter.*

(4) *Marseilles.*

(5) *Athens.*

(6) *Algiers.*

39. *He has a head and comes to a point.*

40. *Both reflect well.*

41. *Because however frank, she cannot be plain.*

42. *In hash.*

The following are the names and addresses of the five winners in *Puzzledom* in our May Number, to whom the Three-Volume Novels have been sent:—Mrs. A. Gittos, Yelverton Road, Bournemouth; E. G. Henderson, Fordoun House, Waltham Abbey; Miss Newsam, Oswald House, Ilkley; Miss Reid, Galloquhine, Fordoun, N.B.; James Thain, 35, Noel Street, Islington, London.

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cannot be

uzzledom
-Mrs. A.
Waltham
Fordom,



THE LION-KING'S ROMANCE.
HE HELD THE FIERCEST BEASTS IN CHECK.

The Lion-King's Romance



By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

Author of "Barbara's History," "Lord Brackenbury," "A Thousand Miles up the Nile," "Pharaohs, Fellahs and Explorers," etc.

PART I.

YES—I have seen some strange sights and come across some strange characters in my time. A man can scarcely lead such a wandering life as I have led for these last fifteen years without acquiring a more extended view of human nature than if he had all the time been sitting by his own fireside and cultivating his paternal acres. The ups and downs of fortune, the ins and outs of character are brought more forcibly before him. He sees life in extremes. Its dark side shows more darkly, its bright side more brightly, than to those who survey it from the dead-level of every-day experience. He is brought face to face with want, with crime, with temptation; he learns how hard it is to be honest; he becomes familiar with many kinds of peril; he sees his fellow men, in short, as the pedestrian sees the country through which he travels—from the ruggedest path, but the most picturesque point of view.

I come of a respectable West of England family, and my name is Matthew Skey. At the time of which I am about to tell you, I was holding a somewhat anomalous

employment in the service of one Charles Davila, the proprietor of a well-known travelling circus and menagerie. I can scarcely say what office I filled in the Davila establishment, or rather what office I did not fill, for my duties were as various as the resources of the company. I organised the travelling arrangements; drew up the programmes; attended to the advertising department; designed the costumes; wrote comic interludes for the circus; was equally ready to take a part in the performance or a violin in the orchestra; and could even do a little scene-painting upon occasion. For what profession I was originally destined, and what were the circumstances of my connection with Davila's company, are matters altogether apart from the present narrative. I am not about to discuss the faults and follies of my youth; but to relate, as nearly as I can remember them, certain events which took place towards the close of my engagement, just eleven years ago.

Charles Davila—or, as he called himself in the bills, Signor Carlo Davila—was of foreign extraction. I believe that Davila

was his real name. His parents, at all events, were Corsican; but he was born at Dover, and was as thoroughly English in speech, habits and bringing up as any one of his *troupe*. At the time of which I speak, he was about fifty-four or five years of age—a short, powerfully-built, sallow, dark-haired, dark-eyed man, surly and domineering towards all over whom his authority extended, and, though a liberal paymaster, by no means popular among the members of his company. A solvent exchequer, however, covers a multitude of offences, and Davila's insolence was, fortunately for us, the insolence of prosperity. He possessed what has been happily defined as the genius of success; and, to support it, that rarest of all qualifications in a strolling manager—some few thousands of capital. These he had obtained with his second wife, a poor, meek, frightened creature, whom he ruled like a despot, and who trembled at the sound of his footfall. The one only thing that he loved was his child by the first marriage. To her, even when in his roughest moods, he could deny nothing. To her, he never spoke an angry word. All that she said, all that she wished, was right. And she loved him back again as well as she could love anything, but in a heavy, passive way; for her mind was clouded, and at eight years of age she spoke and acted with less intelligence than a child of four.

The Davila company, in my time, was the largest company upon the road. We travelled with seven van-loads of beasts, twenty trained horses, a performing elephant, a portable stage and circus, and a train of riders, athletes, musicians and supernumeraries, numbering, to the best of my recollection, over forty persons. Sometimes, as for instance at country fairs, we broke up into three divisions, and by presenting three separate entertainments, a circus, a theatre, and a wild-beast show, swept off all the business of the place. But we frequented large towns for the most part, where we occasionally settled down for a month at a time. On coming to any fresh place, we made our entry in grand procession, mounted and costumed, the vans dressed with streamers, the elephant caparisoned, the band playing before us. On these occasions, the Davila family used to appear in Greek dresses, as Mars, Venus and Cupid, grouped in a fancy chariot drawn by four

cream-coloured horses. This always produced a great effect.

Davila acted as our circus-master. He had been a famous rider in his younger days, but having broken his leg by falling through a stage-trap, had now for several years been obliged to give up all but the quietest riding. A better trainer, however, never lived, nor a better manager. He worked hard, too—harder in his way, perhaps, than any of us. He kept the keys of the stables, of the wardrobe, of the vans; he saw the horses fed three times a day; he had them led out before him, one by one, every morning before breakfast; he went round the stables, looked to the menagerie and examined the padlocks on the cages, once, if not twice, in the course of each night; he fed the wild beasts with his own hands; he kept the accounts; he paid the salaries; he superintended the rehearsals; in short, he was a man of indomitable industry—successful, because he neglected none of the conditions of success, and thoroughly upright in all his dealings.

I had been connected with the company close upon two years when we received, what was called in the bills, "an important accession of strength," in the person of Herr Jungla, the Lion King, with his five magnificent beasts. We were staying, I remember, at Chichester, and preparing to move on to Brighton. We had seen Jungla's posters everywhere along the road for weeks past. He had preceded us at Southampton, at Gosport and at Portsmouth. We had overtaken him at Chichester, and he, like ourselves, was bound for Brighton. Our own strength was such that, in the ordinary way, a coincidence of this kind would have made no impression upon us. But the Lion King was really an attraction, and by the time we overtook him in Chichester we had begun to find that he was rivalling us in a way that already told upon the treasury.

But Davila was, as I have already said, a first-rate man of business. He knew when to be cautious, and he also knew when to be bold. This time it was his policy to be bold. Without hinting at his intention, he went straight to Herr Jungla's quarters, and offered him a staring engagement for six months. Whatever were the terms—and they must have been considerable—the Lion King accepted them, and both he and his

beasts appeared next day in our programme.

He was a superb man—nearly six feet two in height, muscular as a pugilist, lithe as a tiger, bronzed as a Zouave, and so strong that he could bend a horseshoe by the pressure of his thumb and forefinger. As for his eyes, I never saw any so black, so bright, so penetrating. They seemed to strike fire when he frowned. In these eyes lay the secret of his power. With one intense, unwavering glance, he held the fiercest beasts in check. They obeyed it. They trembled at it. They crouched before it. Trusting to this power alone, and armed only with a tiny dog-whip, he would venture into a cage full of lions; lie down in the midst of them; caress them; rebuke them; grasp their mighty jaws with both hands, and show their teeth to the audience; take her pups from the lioness, and carry them about the theatre in his arms—do everything, in short, that Van Amburgh himself had done, except put his head in the lion's mouth. Upon that feat he would never venture. When tired of life, he said in his reckless way, he should prefer to blow his brains out, rather than serve them up as sauce to be eaten with his own head. "Besides," he would add, "a lion has no delicate discrimination in these matters. Any fool's brains would seem to him to have as fine a flavour—why, then, should I throw mine away upon a fellow who would not even do justice to the dish."

Who he was, whence he came, what was his real name, were questions that he would not have answered had any amongst us been bold enough to ask him. That he was a gentleman we never doubted for an instant. He spoke five European languages with the facility of a native, and was familiar with Arabic and Hindostanee. He could toss a half-crown in the air and pierce it with a pistol-bullet as it came down. He would ride at anything we pleased to put before him and took the leaping-bar at a higher level

than Davila himself. From the way in which he sat his horse, swung himself in and out of the saddle, handled a sabre and drilled our riders on one occasion in a cavalry charge, we made certain that he had at some time or other seen military service. But this was conjecture only, for of his early life he never spoke, and those who at first were rash enough to seek to know more than he chose to tell, took good care never to repeat the liberty. As for travelling, he seemed to have been everywhere and seen everything. All kinds of sports were familiar to him. He had shot bears in Russia,



APPEARED NEXT DAY IN OUR PROGRAMME.

lions at the Cape, gorillas on the Gaboon, tigers in Bengal, wolves in Canada, buffaloes in the far West, jaguars on the Amazon, tapirs in Brazil and kangaroos in Australia. The lions which he exhibited were of his own capture and training. He had taken them as pups, and sometimes, when it was his humour to talk, would tell of the difficulties and dangers he had to encounter before he could secure and keep alive as many as were necessary for the carrying out of his project. He had now five full-grown beasts, three lionesses and two lions, besides a couple of pups about three months old, and he ruled them absolutely.

They both loved and feared him. With a word he could bring them fawning to his feet, or send them cowering to the farthest corner of the cage. I well remember the first time I saw him go in amongst them—the light step with which he entered; the snap of the spring when the door closed behind him; the resolute look in his face; the careless confidence with which he called them about him, giving each brute his name, passing his hand caressingly over their heads, dealing a smart lash to one that presumed to growl because the master waked him, and then lying down in the midst of them, with his head on the shoulder of one and his arm round the huge neck of another.

It was a grand sight, and though I saw it daily after that, and sometimes twice a day, I never learned to look upon it with indifference.

Haughty and exclusive as he was, holding himself as much aloof from the manager as from the rest of the *troupe*, there were still two persons for whom the Lion King came by-and-bye to lay aside somewhat of his reserve, and those two were Davila's little girl and myself. I was not particularly flattered by the preference, for I did not believe that he liked me any better than he liked Davila, or St. Aubyn, or Montanari, or any others of the men. He simply found that I was better educated, and was glad to have someone at hand with whom he could now and then converse on equal terms. Of poor little Lotta (the child's name was Carlotta, but everyone called her Lotta) he became, however, curiously fond. He took a strange, compassionate interest in the workings of that torpid brain. He would talk down to her level, try to rouse her curiosity, watch the slow changes of expression in her pale little face and listen to her imperfect utterances with a gentleness that seemed quite touching in a man of his impatient temper. He used to take her into the fields and teach her the names of trees and flowers; and into the menagerie, where he amused her with stories of bears, wolves and monkeys. These walks and stories were, in fact, lessons—the only lessons her mind was capable of receiving—and by-and-bye the child began to brighten.

Men like Jungla are apt to deny their better selves and to be ashamed of the softer side of their humanity; so, when

the child was named, he used to speak of her as of a curious psychological problem and put his interest in her to the account of scientific curiosity. But this was mere sham. He was a lonely, reckless man, without, apparently, a single near or natural tie in the wide world, and his heart warmed to the poor little half-dumb, melancholy child. The truth was, he loved her dearly—the more dearly the more she owed to him—and was ashamed of his weakness.

In the meanwhile the Lion King was an immense success. As I have already said, we were a prosperous company, but he more than doubled our prosperity. At Brighton, at Ramsgate, at Margate, we drew overwhelming audiences. We turned away money night after night; we raised the prices of our stalls from three shillings to five, and had them filled with all the best people of each place at which we stayed. It was, in short, the Golden Age come back.

At length, when Jungla's engagement had run to about half its term, Davila called a meeting of five or six of the leading members of the company and announced that he had made arrangements for a provincial tour on an extended scale, in the course of which we were to put up only at important places—such as Oxford, Bath, Bristol, Exeter, and so forth. We were staying at Rochester at the time, and the meeting was held in the manager's lodgings.

"It is my intention," he said, standing with his back to the empty fireplace and speaking in his short, decisive way, "to place this company on a higher footing. The menagerie will in future form a separate exhibition, and be shown only by day, whilst our evening performances will assume a more dramatic character than any we have yet been in the habit of attempting. Mr. Skey will write us a new romantic equestrian drama, which shall include all our principal attractions. Upon the getting up of this piece I mean to spare no expense. I have already seen a design for a new portable stage and proscenium on a large scale, and I am negotiating for the services of a professed scene-painter. A liberal stock of new dresses and appointments of every description will also be provided. I intend to raise the price of admission throughout the house, keeping the stalls at five shillings; and if our success equals my

expectations, I shall raise the salaries of the entire establishment. I hope, gentlemen, you like my programme?"

"It sounds well enough," said Jungla, sitting carelessly on the corner of the table and twisting a paper cigarette, "but what about the new and original romantic drama? Do you propose to bring in your obedient servant and the lions?"

"Of course. Mr. Skey will construct his piece expressly for your performance. That is understood, Mr. Skey?"

I nodded gloomily.

"And my feats on the bare-backed Arab?" said St. Aubyn, who was our principal rider. "It's of no use to give me a mere stage part: my strong point's the circus. If I haven't some acts of horsemanship, I'd rather be left out of the piece altogether."

"You needn't begin to make difficulties," replied Davila sharply. "Mr. Skey understands that our scenes of the circus must form a prominent feature in the piece."

"Mine, of course, will be comic business," said Montanari, the Grimaldi of the company. "I have only one stipulation to make, and that is that I shall sing 'Hot Codlins.'"

"Mr. Montanari!" I exclaimed, "do you suppose I am going to write a pantomime? Who ever heard of 'Hot Codlins' in a romantic drama?"

"Pantomime or no pantomime, it brings me a double encore every time I sing it," said Montanari, sullenly, "and you know the value of that as well as I do."

"Mr. Montanari is right," interposed Davila. "We could not spare the double encore. You must put it in somehow, Mr. Skey."

"And then there's the elephant, you know," suggested De Clifford, another member of the company.

"Oh, the elephant appears, of course. You will be sure to bring in the elephant, Mr. Skey."

I snatched up my hat in desperation.

"You must give me an hour to think it over," I said; "I will take a turn in the fields, and meet you by-and-bye at rehearsal."

With this, I ran downstairs, along the principal street, over the bridge, and into some meadows on the opposite side of the river. This field-path, with the hop-grounds on one hand and the river and town on the other, had been my favourite walk ever since our coming to Rochester, and here I now strolled backwards and forwards, considering the difficulties of my task. The more I thought of them, however, the more hopeless they seemed.

I was required to construct a new, original and romantic drama. That meant the orthodox thing—hero, heroine, heavy father, unscrupulous rival, terrific

single combat and triumph of virtue, according to immemorial precedent; but—and here my troubles began—into this drama I must contrive to bring Herr Jungla and his cageful of lions. They must even be necessary to the plot—actively instrumental in the defeat of the unscrupulous rival, and the ultimate triumph of virtue; and I must provide equestrian feats for the riders, and comic business (to say nothing of those objectionable "Hot Codlins") for the clown, and employment for the elephant. Was ever task so hopeless?

I sat down on a stile, buried my face in my hands, and tried to think. I



"IT IS MY INTENTION," HE SAID.

called up all the stories I had read of lions, lion-hunts and elephants. I conjured up distressed princesses and Oriental despots by the score. Crusades and tournaments, Hannibal with his elephants crossing the Alps, Saladin and Cœur de Lion, Charlemagne, Tamerlane, The Cid, and a host of equally incongruous persons and events flitted before my mind's eye, but in vain. Puzzle over it as I might, I could hit on nothing practicable.

While I was yet brooding over my difficulties, a child and dog came running towards me from the farther end of the meadow, followed by a man in a slouched hat, who was sauntering along with a cigar in his mouth and his hands in his pockets. This trio proved to be Herr Jungla, his dog Schnapps, and the manager's little daughter, Lotta.

"Eccolo!" he said, laughing "I guessed we should find you here. What, still incubating heroes? Take a cigar: the Muses love tobacco."

"Drop the Muses!" I replied savagely. "I have been racking my brains here for the last hour and cannot pump up an idea."

"Why not dip into your neighbour's well? There are the perennial springs of the Hippodrome and the Porte Saint Martin, to say nothing of the Cirque."

"No good. Where should I find anything into which I could foist lions, horses, 'Hot Codlins' and an elephant? The thing is hopeless."

He laughed again, flung himself at full length on the grass, and, taking the cigar from his lips, said:

"Look here, Skey. What would you say if I had an idea at your service?"

"You?"

"A magnificent idea—classical, scenic, al, historical, moral, instructive."

"I will immortalize you in my epic—when I write it!"

"Listen, then. And you, little Lotta, sit by me and listen too. Down, Schnapps! Down, old boy."

The child slipped her little hand in his and sat by, with large, listening eyes; the dog lay with his nose upon his paws; and Jungla, leaning on his elbow, began:

"Suppose, then, Skey, that we lay our scene in Rome, Anno something or another, reign of Septimus Severus. Principal characters, Septimus and his wife, the Empress Julia; the Emperor's two sons by the first wife, Caracalla and Geta; and his infant daughter by the second marriage. Whether he had an infant daughter or not is of no consequence. We invent her, and call her Livia. Also a celebrated Roman general, with a high sounding name and a lovely daughter. We will call the lovely daughter, Irene. Lastly, we have the Prince of Cy-

prus, who is a Christian captive and our hero. I shall play the Prince of Cyprus; so please to give me plenty of noble sentiments to bring down the gallery."

"But the plot——"

"Patience. Now for the plot. Open with Roman Forum. Flourish of trumpets—scene opens and discloses cage of lions—Prince of Cyprus brought in chained—is offered his life if he will sacrifice to gods—refuses in blank verse—Emperor gives signal—guards advance—quick as thought, Prince of Cyprus breaks away—springs over barrier and up steps of throne—snatches infant Livia from her mother's arms, leaps with her into the



A CHILD AND A DOG CAME RUNNING TOWARDS ME.

arena, and stands with her at the door of lions' cage. 'Advance but a step,' he cries, 'and I fling the princess to the lions!' Universal consternation—agony of Empress Julia—tableau."

"Glorious! it will bring the house down."

"Ay, but the best is to come, What say you to his then and there suspending a cross round the neck of the royal infant, calling upon all present to witness the power of the holy symbol, walking straight into the cage with her in his arms, and standing unharmed in the midst of the lions?"

"The infant Livia being represented by a doll, I suppose?"

"Nothing of the kind: the infant Livia being played by my little Lotta here, who is not a bit afraid of the lions, and will be as safe in my arms as in her own little bed."

The child looked up and smiled. She was ready to go with him at that very moment, if he so pleased. I wondered what Davila would say to this proposal, and a faint shadow of apprehension passed over me like a breath of cold wind.

Jungla went on.

"The rest is soon sketched. Prince of Cyprus restores child, and goes through lion programme amid acclamations of multitude—Emperor grants his pardon and bids him ask a boon—demands hand of lovely Irene—Caracalla interposes—challenges him to single combat—grand sword-fight—Prince of Cyprus victorious—spares Caracalla's life when down, and gives him back his sword—Prince of Cyprus then flings himself at feet of lovely Irene—General joins their hands—flourish of trumpets—tableau—curtain falls amid tempest of applause. Now, what of my plot? Will it do?"

"Do? It is invaluable. How am I ever to thank you enough?"

"By making a success with it, and writing me a capital part. By the way we've not provided for 'Hot Codlins.'"

"We cannot: it would ruin the play."

"No, no. Montanari must have his double encore. The Emperor's jester can sing it, and we'll put a foot-note to the bills, stating that the song is of Thracian origin, and was introduced into Rome with the Dionysiac festival. That will give it an air of classic respectability. And now Lotta and I will continue our

walk. Hie on, old Schnapps! Fare thee well, son of the Muses!"

And with this, the Lion King sprang to his feet, lit a fresh cigar, and left me to jot down the heads of that highly-successful new and original romantic equestrian drama, which shortly afterwards came out under the imposing title of "Ariobarzanes, Prince of Cyprus, and the fair Irene; or, the Last Days of the Empire of the West, and the Royal Lion Tamer of the Flavian Amphitheatre."

PART II.

THE new piece took immensely. We brought it out, first of all, at Reading, where we ran it for thirty nights without change of programme, and thence carried it through all the principal towns of the western and midland counties. Crowded audiences and a well-stocked exchequer accompanied each step of our progress. Jungla's engagement was renewed for another six months. The salaries of the entire establishment were raised, according to the manager's promise; whilst I, as author of the piece, received a gratification over and above my increase of weekly pay, in the shape of a cheque for ten guineas. In short, we were enjoying a run of unexampled success, and Davila was at the height of his prosperity.

Yet, strangely enough, he seemed none the happier for it. His temper, on the contrary, became gloomier as his prospects brightened. Month after month went by, the tide of success flowed on unchecked, and still he who profited most grew daily more solitary and morose. He looked like a man weighed down with secret care. The lines about his mouth grew fixed and rigid, his eyes restless, his gait slouching. He had never been a sociable man, but till now he had never been a misanthrope. That he should turn back in the streets at the sight of an acquaintance, answer at random when spoken to, now suffer the merest trifle to provoke him to storms of rage, now permit acts of the grossest negligence to pass unrebuked, were traits of character which showed themselves for the first time. Knowing him to be a sullen-tempered man, we scarcely observed the change till it had become habitual. Once awake, however, to the fact, we talked of nothing else.

What was it? Why was it? Had he

lost money in private speculations? Had he done anything in which he feared to be discovered? Was his mind giving way, and were these the first symptoms of insanity? We might well be anxious—we might well discuss the subject; for on Davila's sagacity and energy the fortunes of the whole company depended.

I have already said that my duties were of the most heterogeneous kind, and included all those which are understood to devolve upon an acting-manager. As acting-manager, therefore, I was brought



HERR JUNGLA MAY GO.

into almost daily contact with Davila and his family. Let him shun others as he would, he was obliged to see me. Had he not done so, we must ere long have come to a stand-still; for I could do nothing without his sanction. If, therefore, he avoided the theatre, unwelcome as I knew myself to be, I was forced to seek him at his lodgings. At these times he would sit with his face turned from me, scarcely listening to what I had to say; replying in monosyllables; often not replying at all; and sometimes, for no apparent cause, breaking into sudden fits of savage

impatience. His wife seemed more afraid of him than ever. Even the child's presence irritated him. There were times when he seemed as if he could not bear the sight of her; when a stranger might almost have believed that he hated her. Knowing how the man used to idolise his little Lotta, this change struck me as the most ominous of all.

"It would be a satisfaction to know what is the matter with Davila," said Jungla, meeting me one morning on my way to the manager's lodgings. "He looks at me as if he would like to grind my bones to make his bread."

"He looks at every one in the same way," I replied.

"I think not. I believe he honours me with a special and peculiar aversion. You should have seen the expression of his face last Saturday, when I went up to the treasury."

"General ill-will, believe me. I am going to him now with yesterday's accounts, and he will treat me as if I were his worst enemy. There is little Lotta—you would fancy he abhorred her."

The Lion King pulled vaguely at his moustache, and looked thoughtful.

"If anything goes wrong with Davila," he said, presently, "I mean, if he goes mad, or, more likely still, commits suicide, what will become of that child? Mrs Davila's not her mother, and, so far as I can see, cares little enough about her."

"He has money," I suggested.

"Who knows? It may be all muddled away in some limited or unlimited swindle. Then there is the wife to provide for; and the money, after all, was hers. By Jove! I think I should have to take little Lotta myself."

Then seeing me repress a smile, he added, quickly:—

"Not but what that would be an intolerable bore, you know. Altogether out of my line. More in my way to adopt lions than children."

With this, he nodded and left me. In another moment I was at the door of Davila's lodgings. We were staying at Leeds at the time, and the manager was in occupation of a first and second floor over a shop in the market-place. I ran upstairs, and found him at the window, with his back towards the door by which I entered.

"Well," he said, without looking round, "what is it?"

"Yesterday's accounts, Mr. Davila," I replied, "if you have leisure to go through them."

He muttered something inaudible, but neither turned nor stirred.

"Mr. Flack, of Nottingham, has written," I said, arranging my papers on the table. "He wants to know when we are likely to be in that neighbourhood. Their great annual cattle fair comes off in about six weeks, and he thinks, if you could arrange to be there about that time —"

"I won't pledge myself," interrupted Davila impatiently.

"Shall I say that we will write again in a week or two?"

"I don't know. I can't tell."

"By-the-way, Herr Jungla's engagement will expire in a little more than a fortnight."

He made a sudden movement, but said nothing. Having paused a moment for his reply, I went on.

"Do you wish me to say anything about it?"

"About what?"

"About the renewal of his engagement."

He turned at last, his face ablaze with anger.

"No," he said savagely; "not a word."

"Oh, very well," I replied; "I had far rather you did it yourself. I was only afraid you did not know how time was going."

"I am not going to do it myself," he said with an oath. "I don't choose to renew the engagement. Herr Jungla may go."

"Herr Jungla may go?" I repeated. "Impossible!"

"Why impossible?"

"Because he is our greatest attraction; because we could not carry on the piece without him. Why, it's not many weeks since you entirely renewed all the dresses and decorations."

"For all that," he said, dropping into a chair, and drumming angrily upon the table with his knuckles, "Herr Jungla may go, and you may tell him so."

"I should be sorry to give that message," I said, "till you have thought it over."

He laughed discordantly.

Just at that moment I heard the child's voice on the stairs, not prattling joyously, as happy children prattle, but timidly, as fearing rebuke or question. Then, as she came nearer, it sank to a whisper, and the little feet went stealing softly across the landing. I glanced from the door to the manager's face. I could not have told why I looked at him. The impulse was involuntary. But what a face it was! The angry flush had gone, and a dead, dull pallor had come there in its place. His eyes were fixed upon the carpet, his lips pressed hard together, his brows knitted. He said nothing. He listened; and as the child crept by, I saw one large vein rise and throb upon his temple like an angry pulse. There was no passion in the face to make it terrible; nothing but an ominous, intense suppression of emotion. What was the nature of that emotion? A dim, half-intelligible suspicion flashed upon me. I remembered what Jungla had been saying as we came through the town. I could not have helped speaking, had it been to save my life.

"Your little girl has improved very much of late," I said. "I was quite surprised yesterday to find her reading one of the stories in 'Sandford and Merton.' She scarcely knew her letters six months ago."

He looked up confusedly, as hearing, but not taking in the sense of my words.

"Were it only on her account," I continued, "you would scarcely wish, I should think, to lose Herr Jungla. It would break her little heart to be parted from him."

He sprang to his feet like a madman; broke into a storm of incoherent curses; swore that Jungla should go, though it were to ruin him ten times over; then,



SOBBED LIKE A CHILD.

exhausted by the force of his own fury, dropped back into his chair, laid his head down upon the table and sobbed like a child.

"I'd give all I have," he cried, "never to have seen his face! We were happy enough once. I didn't want her to be clever; she was clever enough for me. I only wanted her to love me. And she did love me—I was all the world to her!"

I was deeply affected. I saw it all now, and I pitied him from the bottom of my heart. The man's whole being was rooted in the child, and he was enduring torments of jealousy. I tried to comfort him, but he would not be comforted.

"No, no!" he said; "it is of no use. I know better. He has robbed me of my child. Oh, curse him! I hate him! I hate him!"

I went from the house that morning more troubled than I would have cared to confess. What should I say to Jungla? That Davila did actually hate him I could no longer doubt. I felt that it was no mere figure of speech. He hated him with a Corsican's hatred—with a hatred that was eating away his own heart—that might end in madness—that must lead to ruin. I made no further effort to get Jungla's engagement renewed. I had an instinctive feeling that the sooner all business relations were over between them the better for both. I knew, of course, that we could ill afford to lose the Lion King and his lions or to withdraw "The Prince of Cyprus" from our bills. But I also knew that the present state of things could not long go on except at the cost of absolute destruction, and that to bring Davila back to his former self was, at this moment, the one object of paramount importance. Acting, therefore, upon this unwelcome conviction, I gave Jungla to understand that he would be free at the expiration of his term to make whatever arrangements or engagements he pleased.

To say that he was not taken by surprise would be untrue. He knew his own value, and could pretty well estimate what Davila's loss would be on "The Prince of Cyprus" alone. He smiled, however, shrugged his shoulders, and took it coolly enough.

"As Mr. Davila pleases," he said. "I told you that he honoured me with a special aversion, and here is proof positive of the same. Well, *chacun à son goût*. I

rejoice to find that our friend can afford to indulge his little prejudices after so expensive a fashion."

This was all the comment he made. He expressed no regret, betrayed no annoyance, said not one word of little Lotta. But I observed after this that he seemed as if he could scarcely let her out of his sight for ten minutes together.

At length, some three or four days having gone by, he announced his intention of running over to Glasgow to make arrangements for the hire of the theatre in Dunlop Street, where he proposed giving a series of performances on his own responsibility. Now the journey from Leeds to Glasgow occupies rather more than eight hours each way, and we were playing the "Prince of Cyprus" every night, except on Saturdays, when we gave a morning performance instead. Moreover, as all who have sojourned in North Britain know but too well, there is no midday travelling on Scottish lines on Sundays. So Jungla's only course was to start from Leeds immediately after the morning performance on Saturday, arriving in Glasgow between eleven and twelve at night, spending his Sunday in Glasgow, leaving again for Leeds at about a quarter to eleven on Monday morning, and just getting back in time to fling himself into a fly, drive at once to the theatre and dress for the rising of the curtain at half-past seven.

"Look here, Skey," he said, half whimsically, half pathetically, "you'll have an eye to my young family, now and then, while I'm away?"

"What—to the lions?"

"Yes, to the lions. Pratt is, of course, a thoroughly careful and trustworthy fellow; but I am a tender parent, you see, and it goes to my heart to leave the pretty dears to the care of a keeper."

I professed my readiness to do what I could, but reminded him that my acquaintance with the manners and customs of lions was of the most limited description.

"Tell me what you wish done," I said, "and I will do it. Am I to see them fed?"

"Oh, no. Pratt knows all about that. Five o'clock is their hour, and he knows just what they ought to have. You might, perhaps, see that he is punctual. I like them to be fed punctually—it spoils their tempers to be kept waiting over time. He will be punctual to day, for it is just

four now, and he is not likely to forget them an hour hence; however, I really don't want you to do anything in particular, my dear fellow. All I ask is that you will just let Pratt feel that somebody is looking after him. If you would kindly saunter in, you know, once or twice in the course of each day, and say something, if it's only about the weather. You understand what I mean."

"Perfectly. I will do my best, depend on it."

"A thousand thanks. I wouldn't trouble you, only that it's a long time to be away—over fifty hours, you see. I never have left them for quite so long before. Good-bye—so much obliged—will do the same for you another day."

This conversation took place on the Saturday afternoon, at the door of Jungla's dressing-room, as he was preparing to be gone by the 4.15 express immediately after the performance. The stage was not yet cleared. The lights were not yet all extinguished. The last fiddler was still putting up his music in the orchestra.

"Good-bye," I said, as he snatched up his bag and ran towards the door. "*Bon voyage*."

At that moment a wail of childish sorrow rang through the house, and little Lotta, still in her stage finery, darted after him, calling piteously upon his name.

"Oh, take me with you!" she cried. "Don't—don't—don't go away! Oh, please take me with you!"

"My pet, don't cry," said Jungla. He had turned back at the first sound of her voice, and had now taken her in his arms and was kissing her tenderly. "Don't cry my little mädchen. I am coming back the day after to-morrow."

"No—no—no! You are never coming back! They told me you were never coming back. Oh, why do you go away?"



"OH! TAKE ME WITH YOU," SHE CRIED.

What shall I do? Why don't you take me, too?"

"My darling—my little pet," said Jungla. "I am coming back—ask Mr. Skey. Say something to comfort her, Skey, when I'm gone. God bless you, my pretty one. I wish I could take you—I wish it with all my heart."

Saying this, he kissed her again, put her gently down and ran away at full speed.

I tried to say something. I told her he was certainly coming

back on Monday, and would play with her as usual in "The Prince of Cyprus" on Monday night; for Lotta did perform the infant Livia, and was rescued from the lions by Jungla every evening to thunders of applause.

"Is it quite certain?" she asked, looking up doubtfully.

I assured her that it was quite certain.

"And then he will never go away any more?"

At this question I hesitated.

"Do you love him so dearly that you would like him to stay with you always?" I asked evasively.

The child's face glowed through her tears.

"I love him better than all the world besides," she replied eagerly.

What was it that I heard as she said this? It sounded like a groan. Was it one of the scene-shifters at work in the flies?

"Lotta! Lotta!" cried Mrs. Davila from her dressing-room at the other side of the stage. "Aren't you coming to be undressed to-night?"

I took the child's hand and led her back whence she had come. As I did so, I saw a man leaning up against the wall in a dark corner close behind where we had been standing. His face was buried in his hands; but I recognised him at a glance. It was Davila.

The next morning, before I had breakfasted, I went round, as I had promised, to see the lions. There were three cages of them—the lioness and cubs in one, and a lion and lioness in each of the others. They were kept in the same enclosure with Davila's menagerie, but divided from the other beasts by a slight partition. I found Jungla's keeper, Mr. Pratt, smoking his matutinal pipe outside in the sun, and the lions lying and walking about, as usual, in their cages. Having looked in, there was nothing for me to do but to exchange a civil word with Mr. Pratt and retire; which I did. It was Sunday. I had my day before me; no rehearsal to attend, no accounts to make up, no managerial interview to go through. I went home to breakfast; after breakfast I went to church; after church I put some biscuits in my pocket, and went for a long walk into the country. When I came back it was just four o'clock, and I dropped in again at the menagerie on my way home. This time I found Mr. Pratt asleep on a bench close against the door. He sat up at the sound of my footsteps and was wide awake directly.

"Lions all right, Pratt?" said I, peeping in and seeing them walking about as before.

"Yes, sir; of course they're all right, sir," he replied, somewhat sulkily.

"Getting hungry, I suppose, Pratt. Near dinner-time, isn't it? You feed them at five, don't you?"

Mr. Pratt, evidently displeased by my interference, nodded, and stared up at the ceiling. At that moment one of the lions set up a tremendous roar, and I retreated precipitately, feeling that I had done my duty by Jungla's little family for that day.

The next morning, not without some misgivings as to my reception, I went round again. Mr. Pratt, cleaning a row of Jungla's boots in the passage outside, looked more hostile than ever. I wished him good-morning as I passed, but the

beasts inside were roaring so furiously that I could not hear my own voice. I went in. The lioness and cubs were comfortably asleep; but the others were lashing their tails, pacing to and fro in their cages, rearing themselves up on their hind legs, tearing at the bars with their tremendous paws as if they would wrench them down, and breaking out every two or three moments into such prolonged and deafening roars that the floor vibrated again beneath my feet. Nor was this all. The beasts in Davila's menagerie, divided off by only a slight partition, seemed as if lashed to frenzy by the noise their neighbours were making. The monkeys were chattering,



"ONE WOULD THINK THE BEASTS WERE MAD," I EXCLAIMED.

the bears growling, the cockatoos shrieking, the hyenas yelling. The hubbub, in short, was so appalling that I remained scarcely a moment inside the doors, but, beckoning to Mr. Pratt to follow me, went out into the little yard beyond.

I should observe, by the way, that we were in occupation of a temporary building which had been erected a few months before for the accommodation of botanic fêtes, agricultural shows and so forth; and which, enclosing as it did a spacious area, platform and out-buildings, had been easily converted into a first-rate theatre and circus. The menagerie, which now formed a separate exhibition, occupied one of the out-buildings at the back, and was ap

proached by a separate entrance. This out-building, however, communicated with the circus by means of a covered passage, along which Jungla's cages were wheeled every night into the arena.

"One would think the beasts were mad!" I exclaimed. "Do they often make such a terrific row, Pratt?"

The keeper shook his head.

"I can't think what's come to them," he said, "unless it is that they miss the master. I never knew 'em so noisy before."

"If they go on like this to-night," said I, "the audience will not hear a word of the play."

Mr. Pratt scratched his ear, but made no reply.

"It's enough to make the horses quite unmanageable," I added, with a glance towards the stables. "Well, good-morning Pratt. I'll look in again, by-and-bye."

"Beg pardon, sir," said the keeper surlily; "but there's one thing I should wish to say before you go. I don't like the way I'm being treated, sir. Mr. Jungla knows me. He knows whether he can trust me, or whether he can't trust me. He knows whether I'm used to beasts, or whether I'm not used to beasts. I don't like being overlooked, sir. I don't like seeing my work taken out of my hands. I should be glad to know whether Mr. Jungla holds me responsible for these beasts or not?"

"If you mean that my dropping in now and then has annoyed you, my good fellow," I replied, "I can only say that to my certain knowledge Mr. Jungla places the highest confidence —"

"No, sir," he interrupted, "I don't mean you; I mean Mr. Davila."

"Mr. Davila?" I repeated.

"Yes, sir. What call has he, or any one, to interfere with my duties? If Mr. Jungla couldn't trust the feeding of the beasts or the keeping of the keys to me, I think he might have told me so before he left."

"The feeding of the beasts and the keeping of the keys?" I echoed again.

"Do you mean to say that Mr. Davila —"

"Mr. Davila came to feed and see after his own beasts, sir, on Saturday afternoon, and again yesterday afternoon, after you had been round for the second time; he claimed the keys of my cages. He said

he was answerable for the safety of those lions while Mr. Jungla was away, and that nobody should feed them but himself. He as good as ordered me out of the place. You may be sure I didn't wait to be ordered a second time."

"You left him here? You gave up the keys?"

"Mr. Davila said he was master here, sir, and that I could not deny. He said he was my master's master, and I couldn't deny that either. Same time, begging your pardon again, sir, it's treatment I've not been used to; and I wished to say that the next time Mr. Davila, or anyone else, comes here interfering with my duties, I shall walk out of that door and go home. If Mr. Jungla wants me back again he can fetch me."

I knew not what to say. I could hardly tell what I feared; but I had a sort of vague suspicion that the manager might be capable of doing Jungla an ill turn if the opportunity came in his way. What if he were to poison the lions? Acting upon this thought, I went back and had another look at them. They were roaring and pacing about as before.

"There's nothing the matter with them, I suppose, Pratt?" I said anxiously. "They wouldn't be so lively if—they were not well?"

"Well? Bless you, sir, they're well enough. They'd be drooping and neglecting their food, if they were ill. I don't know what quantity they got either Saturday or yesterday; but they'd eaten it every bit when I came back—except a dry bone or two. They're only excited by the howling of the hyenas. There's nothing the matter with them."

Satisfied that Pratt was right, but utterly puzzled by this sudden outbreak of activity on the part of the manager, I then went round to the theatrical department to attend to the thousand and one daily duties of my office. Here, to my surprise, I found Davila bustling to and fro, as prompt, as authoritative, as business-like as of old. He had just called a rehearsal of the riders—had ordered the stalls and orchestra to be swept out—was presently about to inspect the wardrobe—and, when I first went in, was reprimanding the carpenters about the state of a practicable bridge in one of the set scenes. I could scarcely believe the evidence of my ears and eyes. He had suddenly thrown off all that apathy which was so

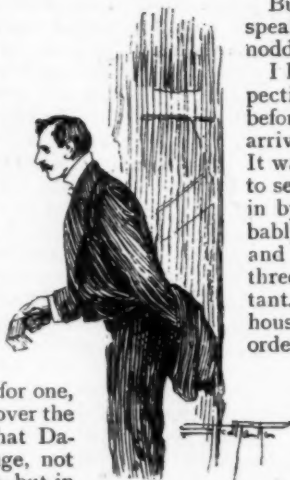
alarming in him of late. There was even a feverish activity about him which made the contrast still more striking. His senses seemed over-alert, as it were. His eyes glittered with excitement; he talked fast and loudly; he went everywhere; he saw everything; he was never still or silent for a moment; it was like a resurrection from the dead.

At two o'clock, the morning's work being done, we dispersed, actors, musicians, scene shifters, ostlers, dressers, supernumeraries of all kinds, and went our several ways. I, for one, went home to dinner, thinking over the incidents of the morning. That Davila's conduct was very strange, not only in the matter of the lions, but in the manner of his return to business, was undeniable. I could not keep from pondering over it, more or less, all that afternoon. Look upon it from what side I might, there still was something odd, and not altogether pleasant, about it.

Towards six I went round, as usual, to his lodgings. I always went to him about an hour before the doors opened to know whether he had any special instructions respecting the evening's performance. This afternoon, for almost the first time in my remembrance, he was not at home. As I came back, however, about halfway between the market-place and the theatre, I came upon him, face to face. He looked flushed, and I saw at a glance that he had been drinking.

"You are looking for me, Mr. Skey," he said hurriedly. "I have nothing fresh to say to you. I am going home. I don't feel well; the day's work has been too much for me. Programme, of course, remains unaltered: the scenes of the circus first; then Herr Jungla's performance with the lions; then the comic ballet to end Part First. For Part Second, 'The Prince of Cyprus,' as usual. There is no fear, I suppose, of his missing the train?"

"None whatever, I should think," I replied. "He told me he should leave Glasgow by the 10.30 train, which reaches Leeds at 6.15. It is a tolerably punctual train, too, I believe; generally in to time, and never later than the half-hour."



I WENT BEFORE THE CURTAIN.

But before I had finished speaking, the manager had nodded and passed on.

I hurried to the theatre, expecting to find Jungla there before me. He had not yet arrived. I looked at my watch. It wanted only twenty minutes to seven. The train was surely in by now; but he was probably walking from the station, and the station was a good three-quarters of a mile distant. I then went round the house to see that all was in order—the check-taker at his post; the musicians in their places; the horses and riders ready for their entry. When I came back to the green-room the clock was just on the stroke of seven, and Herr Jungla had not yet come.

I became seriously uneasy. I delayed the opening of the doors till nearly five minutes past seven. We were then obliged to admit the audience. Ten minutes past seven—a quarter past—twenty minutes past—and still he did not come. At half-past we were bound to begin. I could no longer doubt that he had missed the train. I sent for a Bradshaw, and found there was no other train in from Glasgow before ten minutes past eleven.

I asked myself despairingly what was to be done? In an emergency of this kind everything devolved upon me; but how to meet the present difficulty I knew not. For the first part of the programme it was not of so much importance; we could substitute some circus-business for Jungla's first appearance. He simply entered the cage, called the beasts up, one by one, according to their names; held their jaws open; lay down amongst them, and so forth. It lasted but five minutes at any time, and, to my thinking, somewhat impaired the effect of the lion scene in "The Prince of Cyprus." But what could I substitute for the second part of the programme? No one could play Ariobarzanes—no one could deal with the lions—save Jungla himself. In the midst of my distress, just as the overture was winding up to the last crash and the riders were ranging themselves for

their grand entry, a telegram was put into my hand, containing words to this effect :

"Railway bridge fallen in between Bradford and Apperley. Trains all obliged to stop at Bradford. Thirteen miles by fly. Will be with you in time for drama."

This message put an end to my anxieties. I went before the curtain with the telegram in my hand, explained the case to the audience, begged permission to substitute Signor Montanari's unrivalled feats of strength for Herr Jungla's first performance, and retired with two rounds of applause.

All went off well. The Lion King arrived at the stage-door just as the curtain fell at the close of Part the First, and was dressed and chatting with me at the wings long before it was time for him to go on as chief captive in the Triumph.

"Had a successful journey?" I asked.

"Thoroughly successful. I have taken the Glasgow house for a fortnight certain, with liberty to hold it for a month on the same terms; and I have made arrangements with a really good troupe of Christy's Minstrels to eke out the entertainment. My lions and I, you see, are hardly enough by ourselves. How is my little family, by the way? All right?"

"All right, and distressingly lively when I saw them last—roaring like volcanoes."

"Pretty dears! and that best of men, Pratt?"

"The best of men is by no means in the best of tempers," I replied, laughing.

"But stay—you are called. I will tell you more about it by-and-bye."

From this moment, however, Jungla was incessantly before the audience, and I had no opportunity of speaking to him again. During the five minutes', or less than five minutes' interval between the acts, he ran down to see the cage wheeled up from the menagerie, and was only back in time for the prison scene at the rising of the drop. Coming off from this scene, however, he passed me at the wings.

"Look here, Skey," he said hurriedly, "I wish you'd get me a glass of wine. I'm confoundedly tired, and—and, somehow, I don't altogether like the look of the lions."

"Not like the look of the lions!" I exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

"I scarcely know myself. I can't think what the devil is the matter with them. I miss the recognition in their eyes, and—and, after all, I don't believe, with beasts of that sort, that the personal influence should be relaxed for even a single day."

"But so tame as yours are——" I began. He interrupted me impatiently.

"No wild beast is ever really tamed," he said. "But for heaven's sake let us waste no words. Get me a glass of wine—or, better still, a glass of brandy."

I ran round myself to the refreshment-room, and brought him some brandy in a tumbler. The amphitheatre scene was already on when I came back; the gladiators were combating in the arena; Mr. and Mrs. O'Leary, as the Emperor and Empress, were seated on a throne to the right of the stage, while little Lotta, dressed in pink and silver as the infant Livia, was standing at the Empress's knee. Jungla was just about to go on when I put the tumbler into his hand. He emptied it to the last drop. At that moment the trumpets were sounded; the back of the scene was thrown open; the cage, propelled from behind was pushed into the middle of the stage, and Jungla, as the Prince of Cyprus, was led to the foot of the throne.

At sight of the lions the house broke into three rounds of vociferous applause. I expected to hear the beasts return the compliment with one of their terrific choruses, but they contented themselves with a kind of long, low, continuous growl, which sounded, somehow, still more deadly, and came in with extraordinary effect.

And now began the great scene of the play. It would scarcely become me to praise the dialogue; but I think no one who has seen the piece as we performed it that season, and had heard the interruptions of applause which were certain to break out each night at particular points of the speeches, could have pronounced it other than a thoroughly legitimate success.

The captive prince being led in, the Emperor rose and bade him choose his fate. He must either sacrifice to the gods or be given to the lions. Ariobarzanes, in sixteen lines of rhymed verse, rejects the alternative with scorn and declares himself ready to die for the true faith. The Emperor expostulates; but

in vain. He then gives the fatal signal, addressing the prince in these lines :—

"Die, then, rash scion of a royal line!
I mourn thy choice. 'Tis thy decree—not mine."

The guards then advance—Ariobarzanes springs upon the steps of the throne, seizes the imperial infant in his arms, leaps into the arena, and stands at the door of the lion's cage, with his hand upon the bolt. The nobles in waiting draw their swords; the Empress swoons; the guards are about to rush to the rescue.

"Hold!" cries Jungla, in a voice of thunder :—

"Hurl but one jav'lin, let one arrow fly,
And by the God I worship, she shall die."

Then taking from his own neck a large cross suspended to a chain, he passes it over the child's head, and adds :—

"Yet stay, idolators! see
where I place
This sacred symbol of
eternal grace.
Thus arm'd, thus safe,
thus shielded, now be-
hold
I draw the bolt. . . ."

He was interrupted by an awful cry—a cry of such intense, quivering agony as perhaps no ear in all that theatre had ever heard before—a cry like nothing human. At the same instant a man rushed past me where I was standing at the wings, and fell as he reached the stage.

"Stop!" he shrieked. "For God's sake, stop! My child—the lions! the lions!"

To place little Lotta in the arms of a bystander—to seize the fallen man by the collar and drag him up by main force, like a dog, was for Jungla the work of a moment.

"What of the lions?" he shouted.
"What of the lions?"

"Is she safe?" cried Davila wildly.
"Oh, mercy! is she safe? *They've not been fed for three days!*"

A deadly look came into Jungla's face. He took his enemy by the throat, lifted him fairly off his feet, and made as if he would have hurled him over into the

circus below. For one moment he held him so—for one moment I thought we should have seen murder done before our eyes. Then the dangerous light went out of his face. He smiled bitterly; dropped the manager, a dead weight, at his feet; and, spurning him contemptuously with his foot, said:

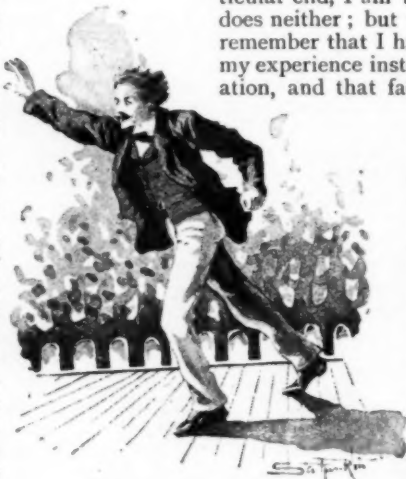
"So, my friend, you calculated that I should have walked into that cage alone, an hour ago. I give you credit for your ingenuity. 'Sdeath! I half suspected foul play of some sort."

* * * * *

My story, in so far as it may be called a story, is told. If you object that it points no particular moral, and comes to no particular end, I am bound to admit that it does neither; but then you will please to remember that I have been drawing upon my experience instead of upon my imagination, and that facts do not often round

themselves off so neatly and conclusively as fictions. Poetic justice probably requires that Davila's infernal plot should either have recoiled upon his own head, or have been followed by some signal retribution; but, when last I heard of the man, he was conducting a monster circus through the American states, and, if report spoke truly, prospering beyond all precedent. These incidents, however, which

I have just related, were, indirectly, the cause of the breaking up of the old Davila company. Herr Jungla, it is true, forbore to prosecute; but the story was all over the country in less than a week, and articles headed: "Murderous Attempt on the part of a Provincial Manager," "A Modern Corsican Vendetta," and the like, figured conspicuously in every local newspaper throughout the kingdom. As for the company, it fell apart like an unbound sheaf. Montanari and St. Aubyn gave notice to quit in the course of the following week. The O'Learys left in about a fortnight. All who could obtain engagements elsewhere shook the dust of the Davila circus from their feet and made



"STOP!" HE SHRIEKED.

haste to be gone. For myself, I stood not upon the order of going, but gave in my accounts the very next day and went immediately.

Even in this there may, however, have been some flavour of retribution; for Davila held his head high, and valued his reputation. It must have been bitter work for him to find himself shunned as if he were plague-stricken.

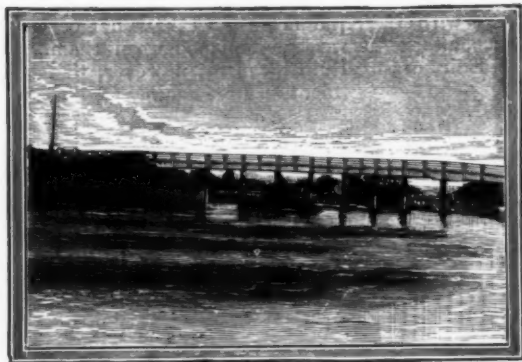
From Leeds I went with Herr Jungla to Glasgow, and thence, after a few weeks, accompanied him to Edinburgh. I liked the man, and, having no engagement,

found it pleasant to travel with him. In Edinburgh we parted, and from that day to this I have never seen him or his lions again. I would give much to know who he was, whence he came and what has become of him. Vague rumours that he had been seen with Garibaldi in Sicily, and in Secessia with Stonewall Jackson, have now and then reached my ears; but they came in such a questionable form that I have not ventured to place much reliance upon them. I have a presentiment, however, that we shall some day meet again.



The River Thames.

FROM OXFORD TO KINGSTON.

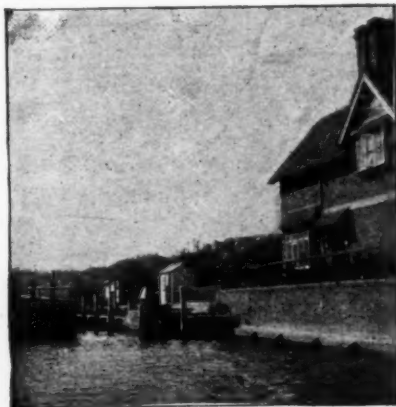


GORING BRIDGE.

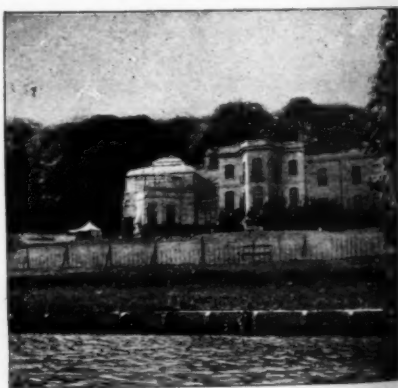
PART II.—GORING TO MAIDENHEAD.

THE scenery about Goring is considered by many to be the most picturesque on the Thames. Last month we described the course of the river from Oxford to Goring; continuing our voyage, we pass through Goring Lock and under the pretty wooden bridge which connects that village with its twin sister, Streatley. The wooded hills on the Berks side, sloping down to the river's banks, give a series of charming views: a

large private house, "Bechecombe," backed by masses of foliage, adds feature to the landscape. Half-a-mile lower, the railway from Goring crosses the river;

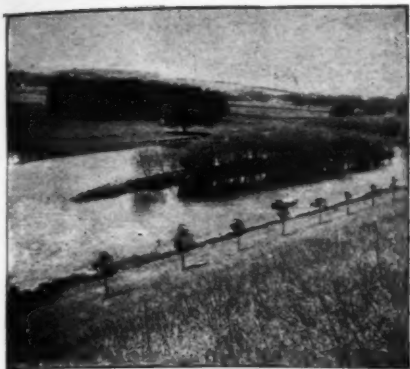


GORING LOCK, FROM ABOVE.



BECHECOMBE.

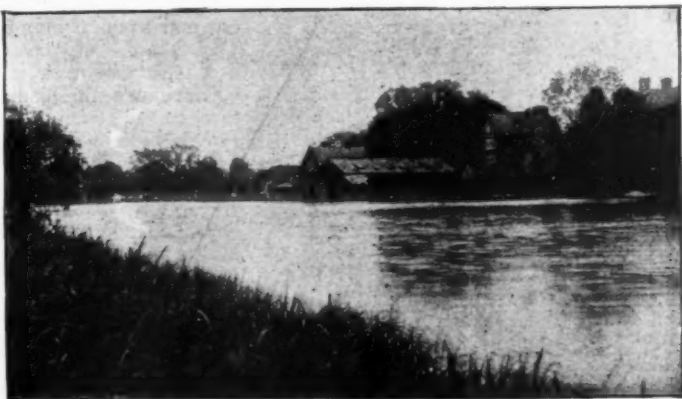
then we come to the ferry at Gatehampton, on the Oxon bank, where the refreshing beer of ginger or a cup of bohea can be obtained, if required, from the pleasant ferryman or his good lady. Just below the ferry, the famous Hartslock Woods commence; the proprietor, J. Foster, Esq., Coombe Lodge, Whitchurch, freely grants



VIEW OF THE THAMES FROM HARTSLOCK WOOD.

permission to camp or picnic on the bank. This spot is a famous rendezvous with campers, and well it justifies its reputation, for it is one of the most beautiful stretches on the Thames: the varied tints of foliage, the dark elm, shimmering oak and copper beech intermingling with the black firs, mass the hill from the banks of the stream and tower upwards into the golden haze above. At the lower end of the wood the trees thin out and leave the hill bare, and here a glorious view can be had of the sparkling water below, with its

several islets lying like emeralds set in a ribbon of silvery light. At the shank of this hill lies the keeper's house, where light refreshments may be obtained. A short pull farther down, and we pass Coombe Lodge, the residence before mentioned of the proprietor of Hartslock Woods. The house stands back from the river, surrounded by well timbered grounds. About a mile lower, Whitchurch Lock (thirty-one and a quarter miles from Oxford) comes into sight, and the renowned village of Pangbourne and its backwater. The stretch of river above the lock is one of the famous bits of the Thames—dear to the artist and equally beloved by the followers of Isaak Walton. The Swan Hotel, near the river, and the Elephant, in the village, are both comfortable havens of rest,



PANGBOURNE.

whilst apartments can be obtained at several houses in the village. The Great Western Station is close to the river. The village of Whitchurch, lying on the opposite bank, is most charmingly situated on the slope of a hill, and the ancient church of the Norman period makes a pretty picture viewed from the lock island.

Care should be taken in approaching Whitchurch Lock, as when the river is full a strong stream runs both sides. Below Pangbourne the river flows through typical English scenery; and a mile-and-a-half lower, we pass Hardwick House, on the Oxon bank, said to have been one of the hiding-places of Charles I. About a mile lower we reach Mapledurham Lock (thirty-three and a

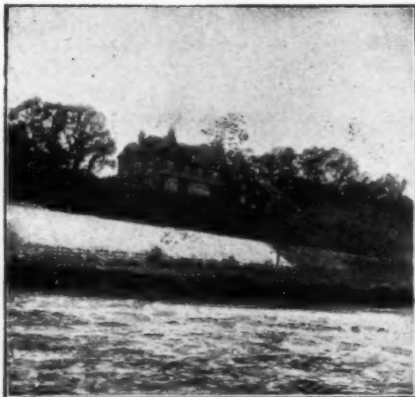


WHITCHURCH FROM THE LOCK.

half miles from Oxford), approached on the Berks side. The village of Mapledurham is built on the Oxon bank, the landing place being just above the weir above the lock. The view here of the tumbling weir, with the mill and church embowered in its nest of trees, forms a lovely scene, and is a favourite subject with artists. The fishing hereabouts is very good, perch and chub being very plentiful. There is, however, very little accommodation for strangers until the Roebuck Inn, a mile lower on the Berks shore, is reached. The nearest station is Tilehurst, about a mile distant.



MAPLEDURHAM LOCK.



ROEBUCK INN, TILEHURST.

The view from the Roebuck, both up and down stream, is very charming, and



SONNING LOCK AND THAMES PARADE.

well repays the climb up. After passing the several islets, which are encountered for a mile below the inn, the river becomes flat and uninteresting until the heights of Caversham, on the Oxfordshire bank, break the monotony. The bridge joining Caversham with Reading is an ugly structure, on the Reading side of which stands Bona's Hotel—a very comfortable house and much frequented by river parties.

A large island, just below the bridge, is said to have been the place of tournament between Robert de Montfort and the Earl of Essex, when these two fought a duel before Henry II., the latter being worsted in the combat, and afterwards retiring to Reading Abbey, where he donned the habit of a monk.

Half a mile or so below the bridge, we come to Caversham Lock (thirty-eight miles from Oxford). The river here runs very shallow, and is a frequent trap for the unwary steam launch.

On nearing Sonning Lock (forty-one miles from Oxford) the scenery rapidly changes.

The towing-path near the lock, overhung with fine trees, is called "Thames Parade," and the lock garden

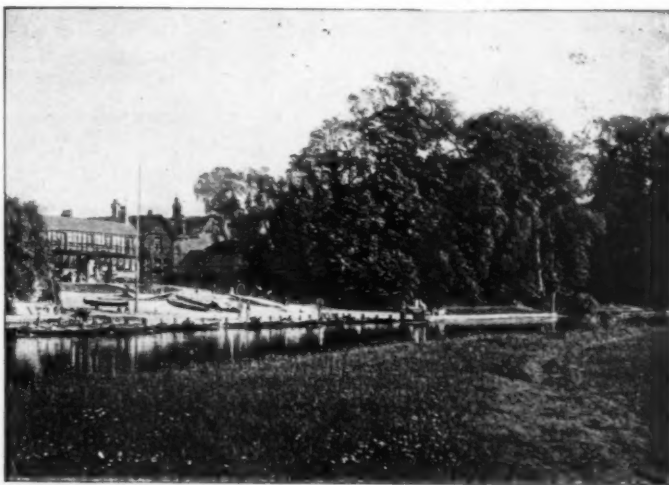


SHIPLAKE MILL.

in summer time, is a perfect little paradise—with its multitude of flowers, amongst which fine blooms of roses are conspicuous. Just below is Sonning bridge, close to which is the White Hart Hotel—a charming water-side hostelry. Sonning Church dating from the fourteenth century, is within a minute's walk of the river, and is well worth a visit.

The fishing below Sonning is celebrated amongst lovers of the craft—pike, perch, chub and roach being found in abund-

ance. A branch of the river London enters the Thames about a mile below Sonning; this stream is also full of fish, but permission has to be obtained, as it is strictly preserved. The river banks hereabouts are somewhat flat, but the course of the river is studded with islets, which break this tameness. Nearing Shiplake Lock, the scenery rapidly improves. This lock is forty-three and a half miles from Oxford, and care should be taken on entering, as the stream to the mill runs strongly at times. The lock island is a favourite camping ground, and tea and light refreshments can be obtained at the lock-house. The late Lord Tennyson was married in



WARGRAVE.



WARGRAVE CHURCH.

Shiplake Church, the stained glass windows of which are very fine. Just below the lock the Henley railway crosses the river, Shiplake Station lying close to the river, half a mile below Wargrave.

The picturesque village of Wargrave is rapidly growing in favour with boating men. Shiplake Station is easily reached by the ferry, and there are several good hotels, of which the George and Dragon, Bull, and White Hart are the chief. The church, which is very old, is charmingly situated near a backwater above the village. There is a large island just below Wargrave, inside

which one of the longest and prettiest backwaters on the Thames commences running for over a mile, and re-enters the river half a mile above Marsh Lock.

Park Place, just above the lock, was once the residence of George IV., and its lovely grounds and woods form a charming spot in the landscape. An ivy-framed archway through the cliffs affords a pretty peep at the park beyond.

Marsh Lock (forty-six miles from Oxford) also requires care on entering, as there is a millstream on either side.

We are now nearing the Mecca of rowing men: Henley, famed far and wide for its Regatta carnival, lies on the Oxford bank under a mile from Marsh Lock. The bridge is a handsome structure of stone, over a century old, and commands a full view of the Regatta Course.

We make this our resting-place for the third night, and put up at the Angel, which is prettily situated close to the bridge; other hotels are the Red Lion, Royal, White Hart, etc. Henley is said to be the most ancient town in Oxfordshire, but there is little trace of its antiquity. Nowadays, it is famous to the outside world only for its Regatta week, when the town



PEEP THROUGH PARK PLACE.

dington renders it easily accessible to London.

The regatta course is below the bridge, and is undoubtedly the finest on the

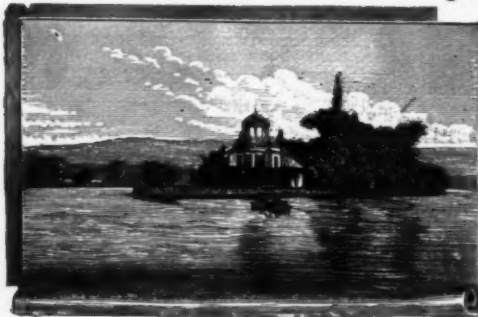
is full to overflowing of visitors and friends of the rival crews. Houses in good positions are let for the week at fabulous rentals, and accommodation at the hotels is not to be had for love or money.

The country round Henley is exceedingly charming, and the service of trains to Pad-



HENLEY BRIDGE AND ANGEL HOTEL.

Thames; and, during the week, the whole reach of over a mile is literally packed with craft of all descriptions from the gondola to the tiniest of canoes; the crush frequently being so dense that independent movement is out of the question, the whole having to move *en masse*. The County of Bucks now replaces Oxfordshire, the dividing line being at Fawley Court, half-way down the racing course. The starting point for the races is a mile or so below the bridge, off Regatta Island, on which is built a Grecian temple. The river below the island takes a sharp bend to the south; and here, on the Bucks bank, lies Greenlands, the beautiful house of the late Right Hon. W. H. Smith.



REGATTA ISLAND.



GREENLANDS.

The house, peeping forth from its bower of trees, with the lovely lawns running down to the river bank, makes a pretty picture. Historically, Greenlands is of interest, as it was besieged by the Cromwellian forces under Essex, and held out under the Royalist troops for over five months before capitulating.



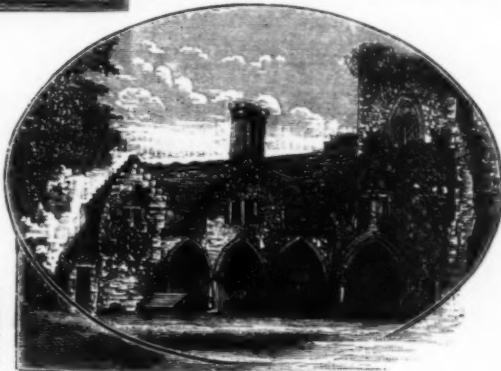
EELBUCKS.

Half a mile farther brings us to Hambleton Lock (forty nine miles from Oxford), and below the lock lie several islets, around which the weir stream runs strongly. A little lower is Magpie Island,



CUTTING TO HURLEY LOCK.

which can only be passed on the Bucks side, as eelbucks render the other side impassable. Our boat now enters a broad stretch of the river; the banks, lined with wild flowers of varied hue, make a fitting approach to one of the most picturesque spots on the Thames. Medmenham Abbey, the modern ruins of which (for there is very little of the ancient structure left), mantled in ivy and bosomed in foliage, form an exquisite picture. The abbey was at one time an appanage to Woburn Monastery, and



MEDMENHAM ABBEY.

later was the scene of the wild orgies of the infamous "Hell Fire Club," which under the auspices of Lord de Despencer and his gang of reprobates, became a scandal to the whole country round. Their motto, *Fay ce que voudras* (Each to his liking), still stands over one of the doors.

The Ferry Hotel, close by, is a favourite resort for boating and pleasure parties.

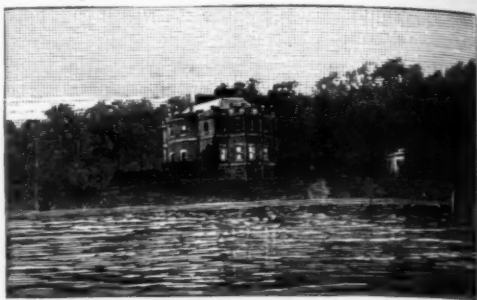
Below the abbey the Bucks shore is bordered by a bold ridge of well-timbered chalk cliffs, at the foot of which the river flows for some distance, forming a strong and pleasing contrast to the opposite bank. Just above the weir at Hurley stand two picturesque thatched cot-

tages ; here a footpath ascends the cliff, whence a most lovely view of the river and the surrounding country can be obtained. Tea and other light refreshments can be had at these cottages, and lodgings also if not already occupied.

Hurley Lock (fifty-three miles from Oxford) is approached by a cutting, the lock being bordered by a mill on the Berks shore, with the weir on the Bucks shore. When through the lock, a pull up

the backwater, past Hurleyford House, the seat of Sir W. R. Clayton, will be time well spent, as the islands and weir form a pretty bit of river scenery. Half a mile lower we reach Temple Lock, with Temple House, the lovely riverside residence of General Owen

Williams, on the Berks side, situated on the backwater above the weir. The view of the mill and weir from below the lock is very beautiful. Pulling lazily along, we slowly glide past Bisham Abbey on the Berks bank. Very little of the original Abbey now remains, however. Elizabeth, before she was queen, resided here for several years under the guardianship of Sir Thomas Hoby, the then owner, and many notabilities found their last resting-place in the Abbey churchyard, amongst them Warwick the King-



HURLEYFORD HOUSE.



TEMPLE HOUSE.



TEMPLE WEIR.



MARLOW BRIDGE AND CHURCH.

maker. The Abbey is also said to have its ghost in the spirit of one of the ladies of the Hoby family. The next bend on the river brings to our view the graceful suspension bridge joining Marlow and Bisham. Marlow is a very favourite resort for boat-

ing and fishing. The station lies half a mile from the bridge, and there is a good service of trains from Paddington during the season. The chief hotels are the Complete Angler, near the weir, and the Anglers, Crown and George and Dragon in Marlow. Hughenden, the residence of the late Earl of Beaconsfield, is distant about

seven miles, the road to which passes through some lovely wooded country. Care should be taken in approaching the lock, as the weir is unguarded and dangerous if much stream is running. Below Marlow Lock (fifty-five miles from Oxford) are several islands, past which the river flows strongly, soon carrying us to the famous Quarry Woods, which border the Berks bank for quite a mile. This is a well-frequented picnic resort, the paths through the woods forming charming rambles.

A mile or so below Quarry Woods the Cookham Railway crosses the river—Bourne End Station being about half a mile inland on the Bucks side—and just past the bridge we see Abney House. Bourne End is a rising riparian village, with several comfortable hotels and an ample supply of boats. Cookham Bridge crosses the river about a mile farther down, the view from the bridge towards the lock being indescribably lovely. The river branches off into four separate streams, the whole backed by the beautiful woods of Clieveden. The main stream, with its weir, flows by the Bucks shore; the next stream is the cutting to the lock, whilst the two other streams form Formosa Island, said to be the largest island on the Thames, and are impassable. Be-

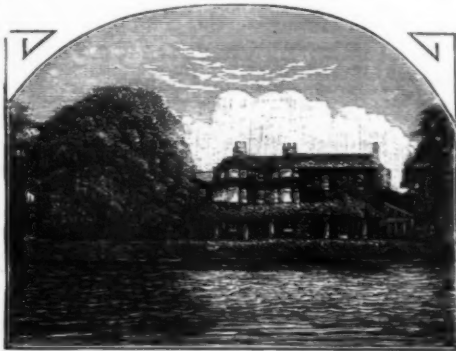


MARLOW LOCK.

low Cookham Lock (fifty-nine-and-a-half miles from Oxford) these streams rejoin and carry us for a couple of miles past Clieveden Woods. Clieveden, recently purchased by Mr. Astor from the Duke of Westminster, is a princely residence, built

on the summit of the hill, the gardens and conservatories being most magnificent, the view from the terrace forming a scene of exquisite beauty. The gardens and grounds are shown to the public when the family is away—at least, this has been the custom during the Duke's proprietorship, and we hope still continues. At the ferry

cottage tea, etc., can be obtained, and permission is granted for picnics. About a mile farther the river divides into four streams, the Bucks side leading to the backwater, which can be explored for half a mile before the weir is reached. Taplow Court, the residence of W. H. Grenfell, Esq., is charmingly situated on this backwater. The cutting to Boulter's Lock (sixty-one-and-a-half miles from Oxford) is along the Berks bank, and during the height of the boating season this lock is the centre of attraction for visitors and residents at Maidenhead, who congregate here on Saturday and Sunday evenings to watch the return of the numberless pleasure craft of all descriptions as they pass through



ADNEY HOUSE, BOURNE END.

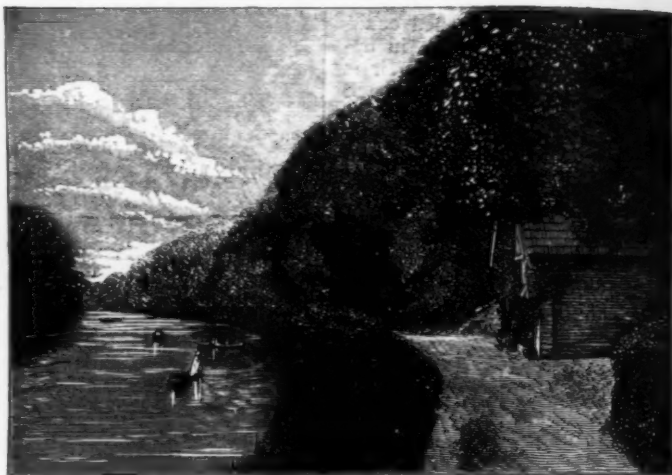


COOKHAM BRIDGE.

the lock. The river just below the lock is anything but attractive, but as we approach Maidenhead Bridge it improves greatly. Maidenhead town and station is over a mile from the river, but there are several fine hotels along the Berks bank between Boulter's Lock and the bridge, whilst Skindle's Hotel, on the Bucks shore, near the bridge,

is known to all boating men. A good service of trains to Paddington has helped

to make Maidenhead a favourite and fashionable resort.



CLIEVEDEN WOODS.

MR MABBOT'S FRIGHT.

By
Mrs J. H. Riddell.

ON a fine summer afternoon, more than sixty years ago, Mr. Mabbot walked out of the manager's room in one of the Belfast banks, and mechanically closed the door after him.

What his business there had been has nothing to do with this story, and is moreover lost in the mists of time, but presumably it was of a pecuniary nature.

Then, as now, people resorted to banks for the purpose of paying in or receiving current coin of the realm; and further, it may be safely said, at that precise period almost everyone in Ireland possessed of any property whatsoever had spent his available cash and was busily engaged in sowing debts which have since produced such abundant crops that, though the harvest began well nigh half a century ago under the auspices of the Encumbered Estates Court, it has not yet been fully garnered.

Therefore, it is more than probable that Mr. Mabbot's view in seeking an interview with the manager was to obtain a "further advance." Also it may be concluded, he had not succeeded in his purpose, because, as he crossed the bank on his way out, he looked less jovial than usual, and did not walk as briskly as was his wont.

He had almost reached the swing door when a spare, short, active man came hurrying after, and, touching him lightly on the shoulder, said:

"Mr. Mabbot, I am almost ashamed to ask, but may we trouble you once more?"

Mr. Mabbot turned and the fashion of his face changed.

The sub-manager had always been more than courteous, and he knew very well the gentleman before him was in the habit of recommending that which his chief—over-cautious, perhaps, as chiefs sometimes are—called difficult transactions, but which might, without injury to anyone, be re-

garded as quite in the ordinary course of business.

"Certainly," he answered, pleased to be able to return much kindness by any service, however slight. "For our branch, I suppose," he added, taking a brown-paper parcel, wrapped up much less neatly than any stationer would now think of packing, say, five quires of note paper and a hundred envelopes, value two and sixpence.

In Ireland they did things carelessly during the "thirties," and yet results came out better than anyone might have expected, save always that aforementioned matter of debt, which has hung heavily round the necks of children and children's children ever since. While that sowing period lasted, however, the fathers and the



"FOR OUR BRANCH, I SUPPOSE."

grandfathers and the great-grandfathers of those who have since been under the harrow had rather a good time. They lived on the best; they had their horses and carriages, or at worst, their cars; they kept well nigh open house; they hired men-servants and maid-servants, to whom they paid very poor wages, and the coming "Deluge" meant no more to them than it did to those, who watched Noah building his ark, and, unbelieving, ate and drank, married and gave in marriage till the flood came.

"For our branch, I suppose," Mr. Mabbot said, meaning the branch in his town.

"Yes," replied the sub-manager easily; "they want five thousand, and no one has been in we cared to send it by."

"I will leave it as I go home," returned Mr. Mabbot, with his hand on the door.

"Thank you," said the sub-manager, and, though it may seem incredible, that was all.

The one gave and the other took five thousand pounds with no more admission or instruction than I have stated. Such things were of frequent occurrence in the sister island once upon a time, when men were more honest or less suspicious than they have since become.

Then, as now, bank notes were in Ireland as valuable as, and more easily negotiable than sovereigns.

It would have been quite as futile to try and trace them as their golden relatives. Yet spite of this drawback, men in a fair position were entrusted with the care of thousands of pounds, and men of standing who were often in want of a few hundreds accepted the custody of thousands of pounds with as little ceremony as I have described.

No docket was given, no receipt taken; nevertheless, the messenger always justified the trust reposed in him, and never had cause to repent not checking the amount given into his hand.

Five thousand pounds in one pound and thirty-shilling bank-notes was not a heavy or cumbersome package for Mr. Mabbot to carry, as he

passed through the few good streets Belfast then boasted, giving such orders and transacting such business as seemed well to him. Neither did he feel the parcel at all a hindrance, as he climbed to his seat on the Larne Coach which passed through Carrickfergus on the way to its destination.

Anything more calmly lovely than the drive to Carrickfergus on a pleasant afternoon in summer it would be hard to imagine; but custom stales most landscapes, and though keenly susceptible to the beauties of his native land, it may be questioned whether Mr. Mabbot bestowed even a passing thought on Devis or the Cave Hill, while the grey, stern "Knockagh" and the lough, calm as a glassy lake, and even the low green uplands of the County Down did not appeal to the outside passenger as the cheery talk which kept time to the sound of sixteen iron-shod feet, and the laughter which rang out occasionally at some dry retort of the coachman or caustic witticism shouted by the guard to a passing friend.

Though half-an-hour after it was over, Mr. Mabbot could not have told why it was so pleasant; he knew the journey had proved more agreeable than usual, and when the time came to bid his companions adieu, he recollected nothing save that the political discussion rendered piquant by some interpolations from their

Jehu, had been delightful, and wiled away eight long Irish miles in the most charming manner possible.

In this agreeable frame of mind, he walked down the High Street, past the Court House, and along the Parade as far as Joymount Court.

There the coach—horsed by four fresh nags—overtook him; the guard tooting lustily, and such passengers as were acquainted with Mr. Mabbot raising their hats and gesticulating in a friendly manner.

All these greetings Mr. Mabbot answered, even to the extent of hitching up his shoulder and crooking his elbow, in acknowledgment of the driver's professional salute, and it was not till coach, passengers and horses had passed out of sight



HE RECOLLECTED SOMETHING SO TERRIBLE.

like the shadow of a dream that he recollected something—something so terrible that he was compelled to stand still while he tried to realise if it were true.

One brief second sufficed, however, to assure him the trouble was more than true—if such a thing were possible.

His hands were empty; the coach was gone, and he had left his parcel on the seat immediately behind the coachman.

He recollected the whole thing—it returned to him in one swift flash of memory. He remembered placing, the parcel by his side, and forgetting it.

Good Heavens! And the coach was gone, and five thousand pounds entrusted to him—to Archibald Patrick Mabbot—was at the mercy of Dick, Tom or Harry, or anybody in fact, while he, the trusted custodian, stood looking at the old castle and the beautiful lough, bathed in a very glory of sunlight.

How he got back to the hotel where the coach changed horses, Mr. Mabbot never subsequently could tell.

At that hour the streets were empty, and he met no man he knew as he retraced his steps past the Court House and so to the place whence he had come.

It seemed to him that he flew there, and to everyone else that he had but just left the posting-house, ere he was in the passage again, shouting:

"Chaise and four for Larne, instantly! Chaise and four for Larne!"

Whatever Ireland lacked in the "good old days" of plenty and pauperism, she never wanted, till famine and pestilence reduced her population, for idle and willing hands ready to undertake any job that had no connection with a regular day's work, and consequently, as about every inn yard, there were at least twenty hangers-on, the moment Mr. Mabbot's order passed from bar to stable, a dozen helpers sprang forward to pull out a chaise and put in the horses, to find Tim's whip and Peter's jacket, and to form an excited escort round the corner where Mr. Mabbot awaited their advent.

The postillions were in their saddles, the town beggars well represented, a select crowd of tag, rag and bobtail collected on

the wide pavement in as short a time as it has taken to describe the "sensation," which, though puzzling everyone, was felt to be quite as good, in a small way, as the judges' entry in a large.

Boots and ostler rushed to open the chaise-door; Boots winning by half a length; and Mr. Mabbot was about to jump in when a thought struck him.

"A guinea a-piece, boys, if you overtake the coach before it crosses Larne Bridge," he said, with his foot on the step; then the door banged, the four horses were off, and those who were left behind looked at each other.

"A guinea a-piece! Why it's a for-



"A GUINEA A-PIECE IF YOU OVERTAKE THE COACH."

tune, no less." "A guinea a-piece. Save and preserve us, who ever heard the like?" "What can he want with the coach, and him just left her?"

"They'll never do it! 'A guinea a-piece!' Money is cheap it's my notion; a guinea a-piece—a broken neck a-piece is more the time of day." For public opinion was waxing wrath at the idea of forty-two shillings being distributed so unequally.

"It's the poor dumb beasts that'll have to pay the piper."

"You have no call to be fretting yourself about them, Mrs. Dempsey," retorted the ostler, touched on his most sensitive point. "They were just mad for a dance,

and they'll get it—such a dance as they don't have every day. Four of them, no less, and only one chaise and one passenger."

"They all took it as the height of diversion," he went on, warming with his theme: "Bonny Lesley was fit to jump out of her skin with delight, when she heard 'Chaise and four' shouted, and while I was clapping the saddle on her she showed every tooth in her head, laughin' at me like a Christian and as good as sayin': 'Tim Beatty's the lad could take a coach loaden with passengers up the Castle wall, and down it, too, for the matter of that.'"

"While ye're about it, Larry, ye might as well tell a better one nor yon, and say he'd think nothing of driving a tandem across Carrickrade!"

"He'd drive a four-in-hand across Carrickrade with a light heart," returned Larry, and then as a perfect yell of derision woke every echo in the quiet street, he added: "Get along with you before the master comes out. We can't have the road blocked like this, because two decent boys are earning a trifle. There's no call for you to be stopping here; you'll get none of it, you may take your 'davy.'"

"Though the Lord knows we have need of it, worse luck." "But it's yourself has the heart of flint, Larry Dillon, like his father before him." "Never mind, it'll come back yet to him, never fear."

"You'll be wanting a mouthful of bread, and not getting it one day, plase God," cried the chorus with such unanimity of consent that the ostler was glad to make a feint of having to get to his work; "if you've none," he said as a parting shot, ere he retreated in good order, if not with flying colours.

Meanwhile the four good horses vaunted by him—half blood, lean as greyhounds, active as cats—had swept through the town in a long, swinging trot, which covered the ground quicker than any canter.

Tim, who was in front, would have held them in if he could, for he realised that to run down a child might cause more delay than a slight decrease of speed; but the cheer which accompanied their start had raised Bonny Lesley's spirits to such a height, that he might as well have tried to stop the sea coming in as check the mare's pace.

As they flew through "The Green," therefore, where from early morning to dewy eve the juvenile population disported, both postillions yelled at the top of their voices:

"Hi! hi! hi! hi! Get out o' the way." "Hi! hi! hi!—be off," and many phrases of a similar nature, which happily caused a dispersion of dirty, curly-haired, rosy-cheeked urchins, who ran to one side or were snatched from destruction by irate mothers.

Bonny Lesley evidently regarded it all as the greatest fun imaginable, pricking her pointed ears, shaking her pretty head, and trying to tear herself free from the bit which Larry held in an iron grip.

Up the slight incline, just outside the town, the team went like the wind.

Through Eden they passed, their feet keeping time as though the four horses had been but one. Then, leaving the lough and Kilroot behind, they swept inland, Tim sternly repressing any attempt to gallop, for he knew the next six miles would be the worst part of their journey.

Why our ancestors always climbed a hill instead



"HI! HI! GET OUT O' THE WAY."

of skirting it no man now seems to know. They never tried to make a detour, even when the road they planned led up a height as steep as the side of a house. The only concession they ever could be induced to grant was—perhaps after years and years—slicing a piece off the top of some acclivity they themselves had elected to surmount—a most contemptible endeavour to remedy the wrong committed, which has rightly incurred the censure of an age which manages its road-making differently.

Sixty years ago the King's highway to Larne was, indeed, a fearful and wonderful

some men were brave enough to repeat, though few cared to recall.

It was an awful road, and Tim knew every inch of it, and that he ought not to let his team spend their strength on the comparatively easy stretches they were just then traversing, but reserve it for the very bad bit of country which lay beyond.

Thus Tim, confident in the power of his own wisdom, proposed, but it chanced that a pig disposed! A pig happily proceeding along the grass at the side of the road towards its own home.

Why so familiar an animal should have caused such wild alarm in the heart of Bonny Lesley as to make her shy violently and then bolt, it is impossible to say. All Tim ever knew was that she nearly threw him in her fright, and that when he recovered his balance the four animals, evidently possessed by the idea of some great pursuit, were tearing past the old towers of Bellahill as if ten thousand demons were after them.

On they flew, answering no more to their bits than if they had been shreds of ribbon.

"Preserve us! Is it Larne or the next world we're bound for?" gasped Peter; but Tim spoke no word: he was wondering what would bring them up. In all his experiences nothing like this had ever occurred previously. To be run away with by four devils—that was what in the depths of his heart he called his beauties—seemed something as new as unpleasant.

On they went like the wind; the picturesque water mill was left far in the rear; they thundered across the old stone bridge, underneath which a swift river ran only to disappear immediately from mortal ken. Peter caught but one glimpse of Red Hall, his last, he believed, for ever; the sea of waving green boughs over which the road lay disappeared from his sight, and still the horses never slackened speed, but tore along at a mad gallop, the chaise rocking and reeling—now with two wheels on the grass, again almost upset by being dragged over a heap of broken granite—a wild, wild chase, during the course of which they met nothing, passed nothing, in the shape of a conveyance.

"By God's mercy we had a clear road," said Peter afterwards, "or nothing could have saved us. We went down Ballycarry Hill as if old Nick had got inside the beasts."



BUT IT CHANCED A PIG DISPOSED!

ordeal to face with any save the stoutest and quietest of cattle. Up hill and down dale, not at any moderate inclination, but often sheer like some terrible precipice, the passengers half the time walking, while the horses pursued a zigzag course, straining every muscle against the collar, or with harness hanging loose upon them, only kept from utter destruction by a clumsy skid.

Those were rough times for man and beast alike. To cross such passes on a winter's night, when hands were too cold to feel the reins, and icicles hung from hair and eyelashes, was an experience

The summit of Ballycarry Hill had been the point where Tim thought he would be able to regain the mastery over his rebellious cattle, but in this hope he was disappointed.

The thundering gallop had not spent, only maddened his team, and when they found themselves at the top of the ascent, and saw the long and steep decline lying seductively before them, they plunged forward at even greater speed and dashed through the village without injuring child or adult, hen or duck, or anything whatsoever.

Men ran after them, but soon had to relinquish the hunt. With the postillions it had become a mere matter of how long they could keep their saddles. Inside the chaise Mr. Mabbot was holding on for dear life: when they began to go down the hill, involuntarily he shut his eyes; when, after a series of jerks and jolts, he opened them again they were still safe—the horses drawn across the road, panting and trembling in every limb.

Tim held the leaders' heads, while Peter came forward to open the door.

"Maybe ye'd better 'light and walk to the foot of The Maiden, sir," he said.

"I did not dare throw them, yer honour," supplemented Tim, with modest pride, "because that would have done us altogether, but I made the near ones stick to the bank till they'd enough of it. We'll lead them down The Pass, and you needn't be a hair afeerd but we'll come up with the coach before she's into Larne."

It may seem strange, but it is utterly true, that during that break-neck race down hill, Mr. Mabbot had utterly forgotten the five thousand pounds; now it all came back to him, and he said:

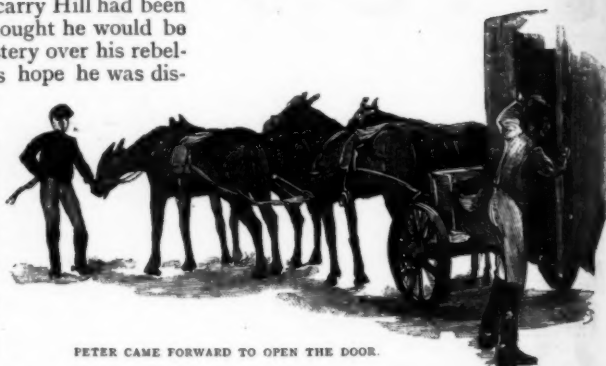
"We couldn't go down The Maiden as we came down Ballycarry Hill?"

"God forbid!" interrupted Peter piously.

"So I'll just walk on slowly."

"Deed and ye may walk on quick, sir; we'll be there as soon as you. We've time and to spare, but I was forced to stop them, when I saw the chance, or we'd all have been dead men before now."

"I quite understand," answered Mr. Mabbot; but he did not quite comprehend, then or thereafter, the cool courage, the



PETER CAME FORWARD TO OPEN THE DOOR.

swift comprehension which had enabled Tim at a most critical moment to turn a threatened defeat into a possible victory.

Larry had scarcely exaggerated his talents, yet probably no man save Peter ever clearly grasped how cleverly he contrived to make Bonny Lesley, who had caused the whole mischief, repair it.

Island Magee stretched away golden in the sun, but Mr. Mabbot, as he walked briskly on, scarcely saw it; just for a few minutes the shadow of sudden death—the imminence of an awful catastrophe had blotted out the vision of that swiftly-vanishing coach; but now the whole trouble returned. He saw, in imagination, the vehicle proceed to its destination, the passengers alight, the precious packet annexed. Nothing to be heard of it; the end of the world at hand!

The more impatient he became, the quicker he walked, so that when he reached the trysting-spot appointed by Tim he saw far behind him the chaise and horses, pioneered by the postillions, slowly descending what really looked like the face of a precipice.

"Good Heavens!" he thought, "if we had come on at the same awful rate to this point what would have happened?"

"We did that steeple-chase gran, yer honour," said Tim, when he at last stood on tolerably level ground.

"Yes, but how are we to get over the rest of the journey?" asked Mr. Mabbot, anxiously contemplating the jaded and crest-fallen horses.

"Leave that to me, sir; they come a good bit of the way to please themselves, and they'll go the rest of it to please me." A promise that was amply fulfilled, for Tim felt in no mood to spare his cattle.

For no single moment did he forget those guineas, or allow the team to forget them either.

After all, a guinea each seemed as much to those men as a surplus does to a Chancellor of the Exchequer. A guinea! Why it appeared limitless wealth, for it contained boundless possibilities.

"Did ye meet the coach?" Tim shouted to a wayfarer.

"Ay! She's just beyond," was the answer.

"How far is the coach ahead?" he asked a man breaking stones.

"She'll be a bit beyond Glynn."

Then ply whip and spur; Tim spared neither, and Peter had no pity for the weary creatures straining every nerve. Wildly they sprang forward; worn out, they flagged again and again, for the spirit had died out of them, and it was only when Magheramorne—destined to give his title to a lord then unborn—was passed that something, perhaps a whiff from the salt marsh at the Point or some equine memory of rest and refreshment, induced all four horses to put on a spurt and break into a swinging gallop which carried them under the wooded slopes of Glynn, and on—on beyond, till at last the coach was seen, a slowly travelling speck in the distance.

Then there ensued a very bad few minutes, when the men were racked with fear, and Bonny Lesley received such usage as she had never previously dreamed of, though her life could not, under any circumstances, have been accounted a peculiarly easy one.

On lumbered the heavily-laden coach, and flying madly after, followed the post-chaise, a light freight, drawn by four horses, goaded almost to desperation, and wild with terror and excitement.

The clatter, the shouting, the hubbub at length attracted attention, and the guard, glancing curiously back, saw two postillions standing in their saddles, making signals that he could not make head or tail of.

"What's in the wind, Bill; do you suppose?" he asked the coachman.

Thus appealed to, Bill took a survey astern, and replied:

"Only a chaise and four from Carrick, and they want us to stop—so here goes," and he pulled up about halfway across Larne Bridge. The guineas were won!

The horses were pulled up all in a heap, fit to drop from pain and exhaustion, covered with foam and blood—a gruesome sight, and the postillions slipped off their saddles, fagged but triumphant.

Before the chaise came to a standstill, Mr. Mabbot had jumped out.

It did not take him a minute to say what he wanted; it did not require a couple of seconds for guard and coachman to understand his meaning.

Then and there on Larne Bridge, every



BILL TOOK A SURVEY ASTERN.

passenger, inside and out, was required to alight, and an exhaustive search ensued.

"A brown-paper parcel about a foot long and six inches wide, tied up with white string; quite a small parcel and light."

"Yes, sir, if it's here you'll soon have it."

But it was not there. They examined the coach more minutely than it had ever before been examined since it was built. "Short of breaking the stage up for firewood, I don't see what more we can do," said the guard at last.

"Wherever else it may be, the parcel's not here," declared the coachman, "and I'm all behind."

"I'm sorry, yer honour, we can't find what you've lost, but ye see there's no such thing here. It rolled off the coach most like, and may be we'll hear news of it on the road in the morning," supplemented the guard; and the coach carrying such passengers as chose to re-occupy their seats, departed.

Those who remained expressed their sympathy—hoped Mr. Mabbot would recover his parcel ere long—said good-evening and went their several ways, leaving chaise, horses, postillions and fare the centre of a curious crowd that had collected on the bridge.

Mr. Mabbot looked very grave; Tim and Peter very anxious.

They had done their part, but by experience they were aware it is one thing to earn money and another to be paid. Their guineas hung trembling in the balance; nay, to their fancy, had almost disappeared from view.

It was a crucial moment; in a way, their expected loss seemed to those men more even than the five thousand to Mr. Mabbot.

Nothing however, was farther from that gentleman's thought than to visit his disappointment on the men, who stood mopping the perspiration which was streaming down their faces.

Beckoning Tim to follow, he walked a few paces away from the crowd, when he said a little unsteadily, because the blow had been almost too much for him:

"You did all you could. Here's what I promised you; and now you had better give your horses a feed and a bit of a rest and get something yourselves. Pay for it all out of this and keep the difference. Let the horses have a good rest. I'll walk back. I would rather walk home than not."

"Indeed, and ye'll not walk back one step, yer honour," said Tim profoundly touched. "We'll just rub the poor bastes down, and put a sup of whisky in their pail, and they'll be as fresh as daisies before half an hour's gone and past. I am sure me and Peter's for ever obliged, and we're only sorry what you wanted wasn't in the coach."



MOPPING THE PERSPIRATION.

"So am I," almost groaned Mr. Mabbot.

"Was it of much consequence, sir?"

"It was to me."

"All's not lost that's in danger," returned Tim cheerily (he could afford to be cheerful). "If it rowled off the coach somebody's got the parcel, and ye'll get word of it before long."

There was truth in what the man said, though to Mr. Mabbot his words seemed idle folly. Still, even in folly comfort sometimes lies, and, as he strolled first about Larne and then back to Glynn, Mr. Mabbot tried to persuade himself that by giving notice of his loss at every public-house on the road between Larne and Belfast the news would spread through the country side, and the missing parcel be restored.

For they were an honest people, poor, yet content; a people who could starve, but not steal.

At Magheramorne the chaise overtook him. Bonny Lesley and her mates, if not so fresh as Tim had prophesied, were nevertheless fit for work.

"They took their liquor like Christians," said Peter, who had evidently borne them company.

"An' as good as asked for more," added Tim proudly.

What a weary journey that seemed to Mr. Mabbot, with all the excitement over and nothing but disappointment left.

Not even the horses were so tired as he. Five thousand pounds entrusted to him! five thousand pounds gone! He repeated the sentences over and over again, till at last it seemed as though a hundred hammers were echoing those words on his brain. He felt in utter despair, and every yard which brought him nearer to the point he had left increased his misery.

How could he go home and tell his wife? How could he pass the long hours till the morning? He felt he must do something then, that minute. Return to Belfast and tell the manager? No, what would be the use of that? There was no course the manager could adopt that he

(Mabbot) might not just as well, or better, take himself.

In imagination he heard public opinion commenting, with its many tongues, on what had happened.

"Have you heard?" This was the first voice. "Yes, how Mabbot"—"What a terrible business," and so on, in every accent of pitying sympathy. Then, "How very careless! Fancy any man leaving five thousand pounds on the top of a coach!" "Why, when I bring down money I never let it out of my hand till I give it into the bank." "Neither do I." "Neither would



"YER HONOUR," BEGAN BOOTS.

anyone." "Still, you see, Mr. Mabbot did." Then a little later, not much later:

"It is certainly very odd." "Such an accident—if it can be called an accident."

"What do you mean? You don't suppose, surely —"

"Oh, I suppose nothing—only when a man is hard up —"

"That's true enough, and I have heard on good authority Mabbot tried to effect another mortgage a short time ago and failed."

"Looks bad."

"Still, what he says may be all right."

Meanwhile, in the inn-yard, tongues had been wagging freely.

"Where did ye catch up to the coach, Tim?" asked the ostler.

"Larne Bridge. It was a near touch."

"It was that; and did ye get your guinea a-piece?"

"We did, troth."

"An' what was it all about?"

"A parcel."

"An' he got it?"

"Faith, and he didn't, and it's sorry I am for him, this night."

"What was in it?"

"I don't know; law papers, most like, for it was only a bit of a parcel, though he said it was of value to him."

At this point, Boots, who had been a silent, though attentive auditor, disappeared into the hotel and passed through the hall, appearing on the step just when Mr. Mabbot had decided suicide was the only way in which to settle his difficulty.

"Yer honour," began Boots; but Mr. Mabbot was far absent in mind, and did not hear.

"They were saying in the yard, yer honour," tried Boots again, "that it was a parcel ye were after losin', and I thought maybe this might be the wan."

Miles lay between the hotel-door and that quiet spot where Mr. Mabbot had thought to end his troubles, yet it seemed but a stride from death and despair back to joy, life and safety.

The journey occupied only a second, for, as he turned his head, he saw the missing parcel, safe in the hands of that ministering angel, Boots.

"Where did you find it?" he asked.

"Just among a lot of things that were pitched off the coach. It has been knockin' about here ever since, for we didn't know who owned it, and I wouldn't know now but for hearin' Tim say you wanted the like."

"Knocking about" the passage, among all sorts of people while he had been racing and chasing over those awful hills in mad pursuit of a vanishing coach! Safe and sound while he was miserable, and thinking of self-destruction.

Mr. Mabbot walked to the bank and got rid of his burden in a very delirium of gratitude, and at the very same time Boots was, after his own fashion, returning thanks to heaven for a blessing in silver, while Bonny Lesley and her companions had their muzzles in a warm mash, which was subsequently well charged for in the long bill furnished to Mr. Mabbot.

Young England at School.

THE MERCHANT TAYLORS' SCHOOL.

ANY series of publications on our great public schools would omit one of our oldest English schools were they to exclude the Merchant Taylors' School, founded as far back as the third year of Queen Elizabeth's reign by the Master, Wardens and Court of Assistants of the Merchant Taylors' Company, one of the chief of the ancient "guilds or mysteries" of the city of London. Many of us have heard of the Merchant Taylors before; some, perhaps, because of their association with the locality in which the school is now situated, while others are perhaps acquainted with the name, from the high position the old boys, under the name of "The Old Merchant Taylors," have attained in the Rugby Football world; but I am sure many of these know little of the associations that have been fostered in the breasts of thousands during the past four centuries who have been proud to bear that name.

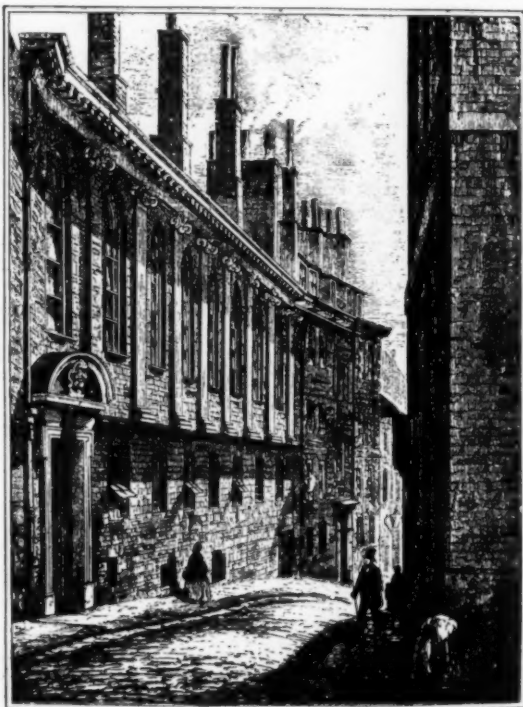
Although one of our oldest schools, the Merchant Taylors resemble a few of our other schools, inasmuch as they have

parted with their old associations, and Suffolk Lane and Duck's-foot Lane, in Cannon Street, are only relics and magnets for reflection for the "Merchant Taylor" who can go back forty summers.

It may seem, however, strange, but old boys cannot rally round a new home, however new and elegant, or however ancient. No, when years pass over their heads, and they have tasted the trials and troubles of fortune's ladder, it is one of their greatest pleasures to linger round their old haunts, and relate to their friends incidents of their youth that have taken deep root in their memories.

True enough they are boyish memories and it may even have been a slight squabble with

a form colleague that ended in a little fiasco in the cloisters, and perhaps a black eye, and afterwards fast friendship through life: these are all in a boy's school time and make up sweet reminiscences of his youth to each man. To the Carthusians of the past they have no such recollections for Charterhouse at Godalming; but many are seen visiting the old spot, where now



OLD MERCHANT TAYLORS' SCHOOL.

stands the Merchant Taylors' School, and the old portions that still remain give them great pleasure to gaze upon, while the old Merchant Taylors look for their old school in vain, and the present school that is so dear to Carthusians lacks charm to them.

On the 21st of March, 1560-1, the design seems to have been first entertained by the Merchant Taylors to found a grammar school, for the better education and bringing up of children in good manners and literature. About this period a leading member of the fraternity, Mr. Richard Hills, generously offered five hundred pounds, a sum then equal to ten times the amount at the present day, towards the purchase of a part of the "Manor of the Rose," in the parish of St. Lawrence Poultny.

The "Rose" was originally a spacious mansion, built by Sir John Pultney, Knight, five times Lord Mayor of London, in the reign of Edward III. The locality of the manor of the Rose (sometimes called Pultney's Inn), is described by Shakespeare (Henry VIII., Act I, Scene 2):

"Not long before your Highness sped to France,
The Duke, being at the Rose,
within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultny, did of
me demand,
What was the speech among the
Londoners
Concerning the French journey?"

The mansion appears to have passed through quite a variety of fortunes. It passed successively through the hands of Sir John's widow; of John Holland, Duke of Exeter; and of various members of the De la Pole, or Suffolk, family. It was forfeited for treason on the part of the last bearer of that



PLAY-GROUND, SHOWING CHAPEL.

name, and granted by the Crown, in 1506, to Edward,* Duke of Buckingham, by whom it was retained until he was attainted in the 13th of Henry VIII. The names of the street, Suffolk Lane, from which the old School was entered, and of the parish,

St. Lawrence Poultny, or Pountney, in which it was situated, still bear witness to its former proprietors, and Duck's-foot Lane, in the neighbourhood, was the "Duke's Foot" Lane, or private passage from his garden, which lay to the east of the mansion, to the river; while the upper part of St. Lawrence Poultny Hill was, until about thirty years ago, called Green Lettuce Lane, a corruption of "Green Lattice" Lane, so named from the lattice gate which opened into what is now named Cannon Street.

The unfortunate Henry Courtney was the next possessor. On his execution, it was granted to the Radcliffe or Sussex family, who afterwards obtained licence from the Crown to dispose of it. Eventually it was divided



DR. W. BAKER, D.D., HEAD-MASTER.

* The duke mentioned in the passage of Shakespeare just quoted.

into two parts, and the Merchant Taylors became the purchasers of one of them, and on the 24th September, 1561, a Headmaster was chosen, and the work of the School began forthwith, this date having been generally fixed ever since as the "Foundation Day."

The part of the mansion bought by the Company comprised, "the West Gatehouse, a long court or yard, the winding stairs at the south end of the said court on the east side thereof (leading as well from the court unto the leads over the chapel, as also to two galleries over the south end of the court), the said two galleries and part of the chapel." The part sold to the other purchaser included "the remainder of the mansion, and the whole of the garden which lay to the east of it." This also was, in 1859, bought at a cost of £20,000 by the Merchant Taylors' Company, with a view to increasing the accommodation of the School, and of providing as large a playground as its limits would allow; the improvements to be made as soon as the tenements fell in. This plan was, however, put an end to, for it was not long before Dr. Haig-Brown commenced to agitate for the removal of his school to the country, and the opportunity which presented itself to the Merchant Taylors' Company of purchasing the Old Charterhouse School premises, including a capital playground in the heart of the City was soon seized, in 1867. The amount paid, £90,000, might seem large, but is comparatively trivial, when we consider that a small portion was resold for £70,000, thus

leaving the present school standing at the nominal cost of £20,000.

The statutes adopted for the government of the Merchant Taylors' School are, with a few trifling exceptions, the same as those drawn up by the illustrious Dean Colet for the regulation of St. Paul's School. The number of scholars was limited to two hundred and fifty, and these, with a noble liberality, were ordained to be "of all nations and countries indifferently." In this, as in other provisions for the regulation of the school, the Company followed the large-hearted example set them by Dr. Colet. As both schools were for day scholars only, this clause was understood to mean that children of parents of any nation resident in London, were eligible for admission. In the early part of the eighteenth century the Company, however, passed a resolution excluding the children of Jews from the benefit of the school.

As in the case of St. Paul's School, the original building of the Merchant Taylors' School was demolished by the Great Fire of London; the old building, of which we give an illustration, was erected in its stead in 1675.

The first Headmaster appointed for the school was Richard Mulcaster, M.A., of Christ Church, Oxford, and, entering upon his duties with a wonderful reputation for proficiency in Greek, Latin and Oriental literature, pupils poured in from all quarters to profit by his instruction.

1566 is a red-letter year in the annals of the Merchant Taylors' School, for an event occurred which, at



THE LIBRARY.



NEW SCHOOL BUILDINGS.

a bound, placed the school on a level with the foremost of public educational establishments in the kingdom. This was the princely benefaction of Sir Thomas White, a member of the Company and co-founder of the school, who, having recently founded St. John's College, Oxford, now came forward and munificently appropriated forty-three fellowships at that college to the scholars of Merchant Taylors', which, it is needless to say, gave the school a wonderful impetus, for, with such lucrative prizes at command, the school rapidly increased in popularity.

In 1571, trouble occurred respecting the election of scholars to St. John's College, and the Company were involved in an angry dispute, which, however, ended in the Merchant Taylors' School receiving the full benefits provided for that institution by the noble founder.

With several ups and downs, the Company managed to keep their school amongst the highest in rank, until we now find it occupying the old spot where the

Carthusians have been educated for centuries, in the Charterhouse Square, Goswell Road.

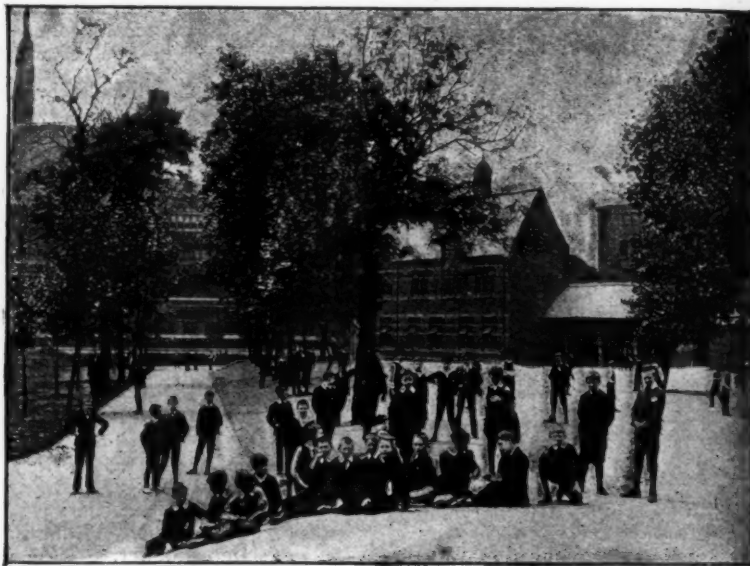
The list of distinguished scholars that have emanated from the Merchant Taylors' School is, indeed, a proud one. Of ecclesiastical dignitaries of the highest rank she can boast, among others, of the celebrated William Juxon, who was in attendance on Charles I. when the King was beheaded, and who at the Restoration was translated from the See of London to that of Canterbury; William

Dawes and John Gilbert, Archbishops of York, and Hugh Boulter.

Perhaps the most conspicuous of her bishops was Lancelot Andrewes, Bishop of Winchester, an illustrious prelate, the most eminent divine and scholar of his own, and, perhaps, of any nation. He was born in London, 1566, and by his extraordinary ability as a preacher, he attracted the attention of Queen Elizabeth, who appointed him her chaplain. Upon the death of the Queen, Andrewes became the especial favourite of King James. Of Bishop Andrewes it was said, as of Claudius Drusus, "He possessed as many and as great virtues as human nature could receive or industry perfect."



SCHOOL STEPS.



PLAY-GROUND, FROM CROWN.

Thomas Dove, Bishop of Peterborough, chaplain to Queen Elizabeth, who, from his flowing white locks, called him "The Dove with white wings;" Matthew Wren, the learned Bishop of Ely; John Buckenridge, also of Ely; Giles Thompson, Bishop of Gloucester, and Peter Mews, Bishop of Winchester.

In law, in letters, in medicine and in other departments of intelligence, the school is proudly represented by such men as Sir James Whitelock, Justice of the Common Pleas and of the King's Bench; Bulstrode Whitelock, his son; Sir Edward Sandys, the traveller, and author of the "*Europæ Speculum*;" James Shirley, the dramatist; William Sherard, founder of the Oxford Professorship of Botany, which still bears his name, and quite a host of others equally distinguished that I am obliged to omit for want of space, but I think the few I have mentioned will suffice to satisfy my readers that those at the Merchant Taylors' School can with pleasure reflect upon its history, and take good pattern from scores who, having rejoiced under the banner of the Old School, have trod their paths of life a credit to the institution at which they were educated. With such monuments constantly before their eyes, each boy should make strenuous efforts

to emulate their fame; and hard enough they try, I am sure. The enclosure on the old Charterhouse site presents an animated sight, especially to anyone interested in public school life. Gaining admittance from the north-east corner of the square, the main school buildings rise on the left of the fine play-ground you have immediately entered, while directly opposite you, to the north, stands the new school building, fives-courts and gymnasium.

The Merchant Taylors' School being an educational establishment for day scholars (although there are some few boarders cared for in the houses of one or two of the masters situated at the gates), it cannot be expected that the school buildings should rival such fine old structures as Eton or Winchester; but it is sufficient to cope with the educational accommodation of some five hundred and forty boys; and right merry they all appear. While walking round the square to the school building, you pass, in the south-west corner, the cloisters of the Ancient Friary, dull with the age of many centuries, and of which a tale could be told sufficient to fill any ordinary sized volume. There the boys of the school are allowed to shelter, and although probably trespassing, the authorities of Charterhouse are good

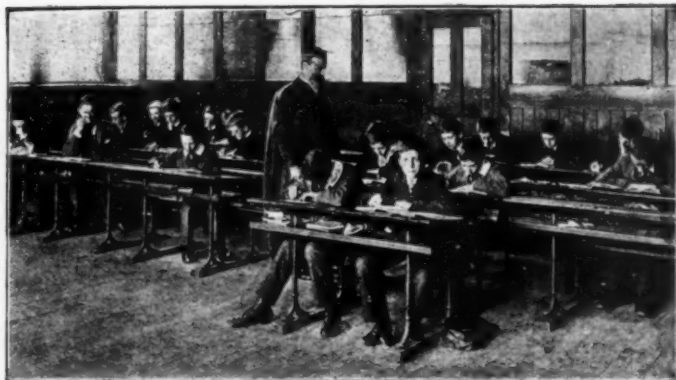
enough not to interfere. The main school buildings are a fine pile (as will be seen from the illustration), entered by a number of large steps and a fine hall, out of which are a series of class rooms. On the ground floor is the school library, well stocked with a fine collection of literature, to which the upper form boys

have access by permission from their masters, in addition to their own library in connection with their forms. The most imposing portion of the school is the great hall, which occupies the whole length of the first floor of the building. It is here where the whole school meet every morning, shortly after nine o'clock, for prayers, by the Head-master; and on the occasion of important ceremonies at the school, such as Speech Day, the hall presents quite a gay appearance.

I have dwelt somewhat lengthily upon the history of the School, but I must again refer to old times; for it is here, in the great hall, that a few of the old relics

have been deposited from the old building, and are cared for as worth their weight in gold. By the door as you enter, the colossal statue of Sir Thomas White, co-founder of the School and founder of St. John's College, Oxford, meets your eye almost immediately, and over his head, there is placed in the wall, a fine brass tablet to the memory of the first founder and donor of five hundred pounds, Mr. Richard Hills.

Having viewed these, your attention would next be directed to the pretty little organ over the doorway, by Willis, presented to the school by Sir James Tyler, a member of the company; and the grand fire-place, bearing the coats-of-arms of various members of the company, could not escape the notice of the most casual visitor. Three great curiosities have to be mentioned, for without a guide, they would be quite overlooked; but as they are the pride of all, from the smallest boy in the school to the Head-master, I was soon shown them: firstly, the "monitors' table," secondly, the two



REV. R. F. HOSKEN'S CLASS ROOM.



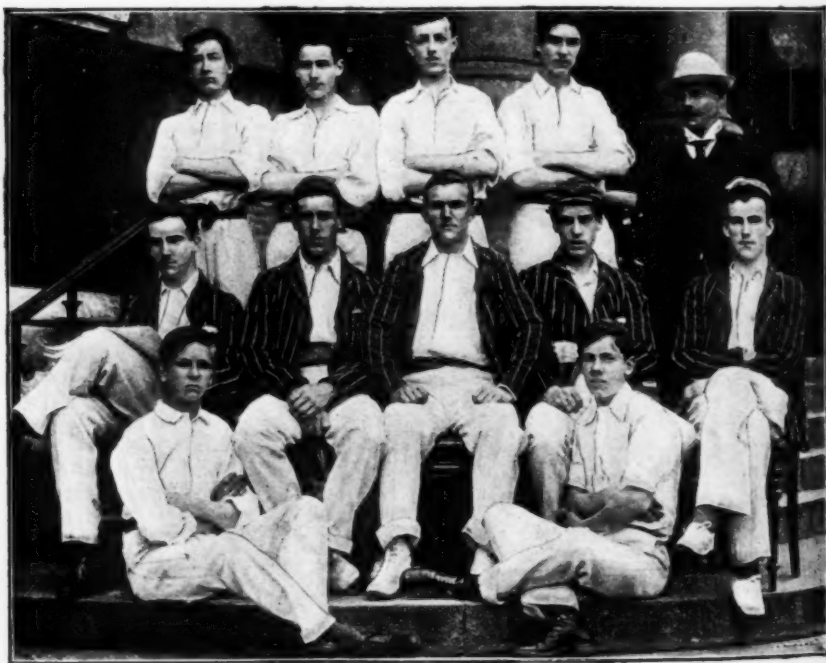
THE LABORATORY.

prompters' desks, and thirdly, the five old chairs. Of the latter I will simply say they are fine specimens of good old English carving, bearing the crests of the Company, very neatly executed; but the monitors' table seemed to be spoken of in reverence; and when I looked upon it I could soon see the reason why my guide had, with softened voice, called me over to decipher a quantity of carvings on the top. Of course, I have gone through this before at other schools, and my readers will remember my reference to the names at Eton and the famous door. At the Merchant Taylors' School, however, I think there is even more importance attached to the carving of the old boys' names than at any I have before visited, although it must be said only a chosen few gain this proud distinction. As each monitor leaves for the University, he is permitted to carve his name on the table, which has been over and over again embellished with the names of boys who have gained distinction, until, now, the leaving

students have to resort to cutting out the older names and placing their own in their places, which I could not help remarking was a great pity. "There is a name of which every Merchant Taylor is proud!" said my informant, pointing to a deep carving more modernly cut, and reading, "G. G. A. Murray;" and Dr. Baker, the Head-master, apparently has need to be proud of his scholar, for without the slightest cramming, he took ail before him at school, and leaving for St. John's College, Oxford, he swept the board there, and has gained the high distinction of Professor of Greek at Glasgow University. Amongst a host of others, I soon deciphered R. S. Copleston, the present bishop of Colombo, and H. W. Ratty, better known on the dramatic stage as Mr. Herbert Waring.

The prompters' desks are hacked about with well-known names (one I noticed—Mr. C. L. Lockton, of House of Commons fame). A departing prompter is alone allowed to place his knife in that treasured

THE SCHOOL CRICKET ELEVEN.



A. F. INGRAM. A. H. HAIKEE. J. F. HOSKEN. H. TANNER. HELPS (Groundman).
S. M. RANKIN. A. T. MARSHALL. A. G. KENT (Capt.) C. NORWOOD. C. A. INNES.
E. S. ODELL. G. L. CRIMP.

wood; and those who now gain that distinction endeavour to defy obliteration by cutting, in some cases, almost an inch deep.

The new building provides a number of good science classrooms, and the chemical laboratory, under the care of the Rev. George Gates, which forms one of our illustrations.

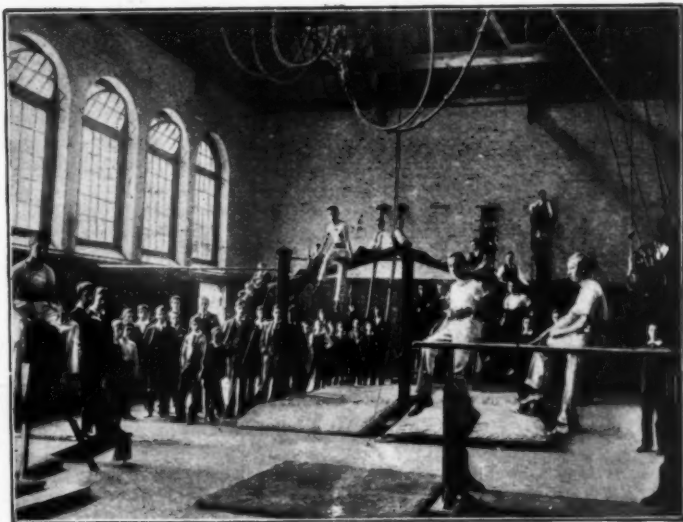
The Gymnasium, as will be seen from the illustration, is an excellent one and is well patronised.

Dr. William Baker, M.A., Prebendary of St. Paul's, is also an old Merchant Taylor. He succeeded, upwards of twenty years ago, the famous Dr. Hessey, afterwards Archdeacon of Middlesex, to the Head-mastership, and has, throughout the whole of his mastership, been respected by the Court of the Merchant Taylors' Company, and enjoyed the greatest harmony with his assistant masters and his scholars.

The Rev. R. F. Hosken, M.A., one of the heads, is very popular with the boys; he takes a keen interest in all their sports, and occupies the post of President to the School Cricket Club. Mr. Hosken, having been at the Old School in Suffolk Lane, is a great authority on the School's history, and is only too pleased to impart any information to an inquirer.

Mr. F. G. Bampfylde takes a lively interest in the boys' games; as also does Mr. C. H. Gibson, who holds the purse of the School Club.

The Cricket Club, with a capital fixture



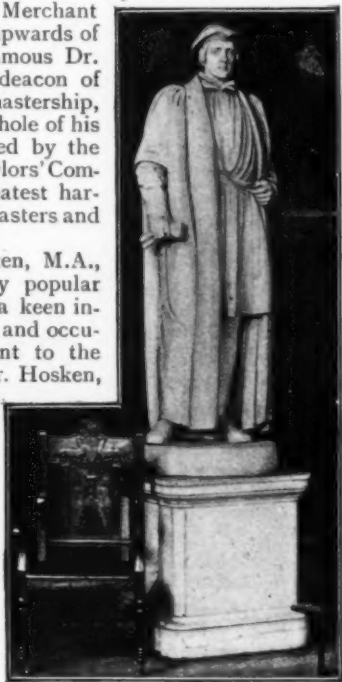
THE GYMNASIUM.

card, have, up to time of writing, played thirteen matches, of which they have won

five, lost six, and drawn two: they boast of a host of promising cricketers, and the School eleven is composed of exponents of the game of no mean order. Besides the green, at the school, the club have a good ground at Willesden Green.

July 7th was quite a red-letter day, as will be seen from the illustration, the school eleven playing their annual match with the Merchant Taylors' Company. So important is this event that the Master of the Company generally attends himself.

At Football the Merchant Taylors have a high reputation; they play the Old Rugby game, and as they leave school they are drafted into the higher club, the Old Merchant Taylors, which has during the past few years worked



STATUE OF SIR THOMAS WHITE, CO-FOUNDER OF THE SCHOOL.

its way, principally through the unceasing energies of Mr. L. H. Gunnery, to the front rank of Rugby organisations, and has, during the past two years, played the strongest combinations in the country with marked success. The present captain, Mr. E. Prescott, was selected last season to represent Middlesex v. Yorkshire, and it may be remembered by many of my readers that the team formed one of our series of football groups during the past winter.

I take this opportunity of thanking Dr.

Baker for his valuable assistance, which he so kindly accorded both myself and our photographer, Mr. Thomas (who, by the way, is now a great favourite with Young England, and especially with the amateur photographer, to whom he imparts wrinkles in a few minutes that would otherwise cost him considerable time and expense to acquire).

W. CHAS. SARGENT.

[Our illustrations are from a splendid series of photographs taken specially for this magazine, by Mr. H. W. THOMAS, 41, Cheapside (late of 121, Cheapside), from whom copies of original negatives can be obtained.]

SCHOOL V. MERCHANT TAYLORS' COMPANY.



REV. DR. BAKER. J. W. NOAKES. MR J. PURNELL. S. W. NOAKES. S. B. N. NOAKES. REV. A. SIMMONDS. REV. E. F. FORBES.
W. T. GRANT. W. F. NOAKES. O. MARKS. W. F. UMNEY.

COLLEGE CHAT.

It has been suggested that a page or so of THE LUDGATE, devoted to the doings and current topics of our Public Schools would form a popular addition to our Illustrated School Article each month. Space, therefore, will be set apart at the end of the School of the month for this object, and we invite those interested to forward contributions, which should be as condensed as possible.—(Ed.)

SHREWSBURY.—Term ends 1st and 2nd August. Our annual boat race with Cheltenham College took place on 1st of July, and although our visitors made a plucky fight we won easily, this making our tenth successive win. The following were the crews:—

Shrewsbury.	st. lb.	Cheltenham.	st. lb.
R. Kershaw (bow) . . .	10 4	Lewin (bow) . . .	9 10
R. C. Oakley () . . .	10 3	Whitall () . . .	11 3
F. E. T. Briscoe () . . .	11 11	Johnstone () . . .	9 11
H. Whitworth (str.) . . .	10 0	Lanyon (str.) . . .	9 3
T. McIntock (cox.) . . .	4 12	Dixon (cox.) . . .	7 7

The School Cricket season has so far been fairly successful. We have won two matches, drawn two, and lost one.

Our match against Rossall School has been arranged for July 12th and 13th, which is too late for report in this month's issue of THE LUDGATE.

In our match against the Derbyshire Friars, 27th and 28th of June, we compiled 238, thanks to Alexander, who made 138, not out, in grand style. The Friars' total being 184.

RADLEY.—Owing to the continually increasing number of boys, it has been decided to build a new dining-hall and a new chapel, as the present accommodation is insufficient for further increase.

Owing to illness of several of the cricket eleven, we started the season badly, but lately we have shown much better form, and are now quite up to the average.

We won our school match against Bradfield without much difficulty, scoring 217 to 49 on our opponents' ground.

Our eight commenced training on the river, June 7th, and soon got well together, doing such good work that our hopes ran high for the Ladies' Plate at Henley. Our first heat was against Bedford Grammar School, which we won by 2½ lengths in 7 min. 24 sec. Our second heat was against Trinity College, Oxford, and we were again successful by a length and a quarter in 7 min. 28 sec. In the final we encountered Eton, who had vanquished First Trinity, Cambridge, and they were altogether too good for us, as although we got away well and obtained a short head, our lighter weight told against us as soon as we encountered the head wind, and Eton, pulling in grand form, gradually went ahead, winning by three lengths in 7 min. 32 sec.

The following are the names and weights of our crew: R. J. V. Foster (bow), 10 st. 2 lb.; M. S. Power, 9 st. 11 lb.; M. H. Harrison, 10 st. 1 lb.; P. A. M. Nash, 11 st. 11 lb.; J. M. Steward, 11 st.;

H. R. M. Bourne, 11 st. 3 lb.; T. A. E. Stretch, 11 st. 13 lb.; R. J. H. Rudge (stroke), 9 st. 9 lb.; J. F. Malcolmson (cox.), 7 st. 7 lb.

WINCHESTER.—All minor news is overshadowed by the coming celebration of our Quinquenary and the preparations in hand tend to show that the event will be a big affair. A glance at the following condensed programme will best explain the events to be got through.

July 24th.—Assault at Arms by Rifle Corps at 4 p.m.; Concert at 8.30 p.m.

July 25th.—Church Services, with Holy Communion, at 7, 8, 9 and 11 a.m.; Service in Cathedral at 11.45 a.m., with Sermon by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Ad portas, 1 p.m.

H.K.H. the Prince of Wales will inspect Rifle Corps after *ad portas*; Medal Speaking, 3 p.m.; Dinner in the County Hall, 4.30 p.m.

July 26th.—Cricket Match, Old Etonians v. Old Wykehamists.
Mrs. Fearon's Garden Party; Domino Ball.

The Eton v. Winchester Cricket Match was played on the 23rd and 24th of June, and for the first time since 1887 we have had to lower our colours. Our opponents won the toss, and going in first put together 212, of which Pilkington made 85. We replied with 130 (Mason 43, Stephens 26, and Leese 26), the rest doing next to nothing. With 82 to the bad we had to follow on, when we only succeeded in bettering our first try by five runs, thus being all out for 135, and leaving Eton only 54 to win. This, however, they did not manage to do until they had lost five wickets.

ETON.—The principal events for noting this month, are our doings on the cricket field and on the river.

At Henley, we had the good luck to secure the Ladies' Plate, and the captain and crew of the Eton boat received hearty and deserved congratulations on their success from all assembled. The following are the names and weights of our crew:

	st. lb.		st. lb.
H. Gold (stroke) . . .	10 3	C. K. Phillips () . . .	10 6
W. E. Crum () . . .	11 9	P. C. Thornton () . . .	11 0
Hon. R. Guinness () . . .	12 11	P. Chapman (bow) . . .	9 8
G. M. T. Hill () and () . . .	11 2	C. P. Setcold (cox.) . . .	7 8
H. M. Bland () . . .	11 2		

In the first heat we drew a bye; our second heat was against First Trinity Cambridge, a powerful crew, containing three Blues. Eton led from the start, and at the half distance were over a length ahead, and although the Cambridge men did their level best to reduce the distance, we finally won by a length and a quarter, in the fast time of 7 min. 2 sec.

In the final heat, July 7th, we met Radley College, who had won their two heats, *versus* Bedford Grammar School, and Trinity College, Oxford, in first-class style. Radley started off at a very fast stroke, leading us some little way, but at the top of Regatta Island, we caught them and began to leave them fast—our weight told when we met the wind, which was blowing strongly down the course—and although they stuck to it pluckily, we gradually increased our lead and won by three lengths in 7 min. 32 sec.

CRICKET. *VERSUS* WINCHESTER.—It is always pleasant to chronicle successes, and this season we seem to be well in dame fortune's good graces. As this match will be nearly a month old by the time these notes appear, it is unnecessary to do more than summarize the results of the match. Winning the toss, Eton went in first and compiled 212 (Pilkington, 85; Bromley Martin, 24). Winchester's first innings resulted in a total of 130 (Mason 43, Stephens 26, and Leese 26) the rest doing nothing—being 82 behind they followed on but were not much more successful in their second venture, which realised 135 (Mason again heading the score with 36). This left us 54 to win, which, however, we did not accomplish until five wickets were down.

***VERSUS* HARROW.**—Our eleven were again victorious at Lord's against Harrow, on July 14th and 15th, when, on a soft wicket and in wretched weather, Harrow made 125 at their first attempt; we replied with 199, most of our men scoring double figures. Harrow being thus 74 behind, only managed to put together 105 for their second venture, leaving us 32 to win, which we knocked off for the loss of one wicket.

BRADFELD.—There are various important events to be noticed here.

Though our cricket records against Radley and Sherborne are the reverse of satisfactory, we are well content with having secured the "Ashburton Shield" at Bizley, having beaten Charterhouse by some eleven points

The new organ in chapel is now completed, much to the advantage of the school services.

The instrument in question is by Messrs. Bishop and Sons, and was opened with a recital given by our veteran precentor, Rev. J. Powley, who for thirty years has tended the progress of music here.

Commemoration is now fixed for August 3rd.

MARLBOROUGH.—The celebration of the fiftieth anniversary passed off with great success. A great field day for the Public Schools Rifle Corps took place on 29th June, when Malvern, Winchester, Wellington, Clifton and Bradfield sent contingents, which, combined with our corps, totalled 800 strong. Lord Methuen was to have come down to umpire, but was prevented at the last moment, and Colonel Collingwood took his place. The force was divided—one part representing the enemy and the remainder the defenders, the latter consisting of the Marlborough and Malvern Corps, which were entrenched to defend their hearths and homes. A very interesting and instructive field day was brought to a close by a march past, when the Commanding Officer expressed himself in very favourable terms of the efficiency of the various corps, signalling out the Marlborough Corps for its superiority.

July 12th will see the commencement of the festival of the O. M.'s, when a cricket match between the School eleven and Past Captains will be begun, and the O. M.'s dinner, at which covers for five hundred will be laid, will be given in the evening.

H.R.H. The Duke of Cambridge is expected to be present on Prize Day, and His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury and many other illustrious personages have promised to attend.

HARROW.—Our wedding present to H.R.H. the Duke of York, consisting of a pair of massive modern silver vases and a silver salver, was presented at Marlborough House on June 30th by the Head-master to Prince George, who, in reply to Mr. Welldon's good wishes, requested that his most sincere thanks be conveyed to the school, adding that the present was one that had given him much pleasure. The least said about the Eton and Harrow cricket match, played at Lord's, July 14 and 15, the better. Let us congratulate the conquerors on their deserved victory, and more power to our elbows next time.

CRICKET PRIZES.

The Proprietors of THE LUDGATE will present a Leather Cricket Bag, a Bat, a Pair of Pads, and a Pair of Batting Gloves, all of best quality, and manufactured by F. H. Ayres, 111, Aldersgate Street, London, for the Three Highest Individual Batting Scores made each month of the present season (July and August) in matches played between any of the recognised Public Schools.

Applications are invited by post-card, giving the following details—NAME AND ADDRESS OF BATTSMAN; NAME OF SCHOOL; NUMBER OF RUNS MADE; NAME OF OPPOSING SCHOOL; WHERE PLAYED AND DATE OF MATCH.

The post-cards must be received on or before the 5th of month following that in which the match was played, and should be addressed "CRICKET," THE LUDGATE MONTHLY, 53, Fleet Street, London. Entries for July will close 5th August.

THE THREE WINNERS FOR JUNE.

1. C. E. M. WILSON, Uppingham, on June 28th and 29th, scored 183, not out, *v.* Repton School.
2. H. C. PRETTY, Epsom College, on June 3rd, scored 117, not out, *v.* Surrey County School.
3. R. O. H. LIVESAY, Wellington, on June 14th, scored 107, *v.* Hailebury College.

REVELATIONS of a London PAWNBROKER

No. 1.—The Case of Sir Walter Somerville, Bart.

BY PAUL SETON.

FOR many years past I have conducted a large pawnbroking establishment in the West-end of London and, in my confidential avuncular position, I have frequently been called upon to assist in the development and *dénouement* of some remarkable romances in real life. Truth, we are told, is stranger than fiction, and my experience fully tends to corroborate the assertion. No business in the world demands more unceasing vigilance, sagacity and care than a high-class pawnbroker's, while the opportunities which it affords for acquiring a deep and lasting insight into human nature are almost unrivalled. The pawnbroker has been described as the poor man's banker. He is more. He is the trusted custodian of family secrets, the disclosure of which would spread the direct consternation amongst the highest circles in the land. Perhaps few members of the trade can boast of such a large and varied experience as mine. Some of the cases which have come under my observation are really so unique that they deserve to be saved from mere oblivion; and, to my mind, none more so than the one of Sir Walter Somerville, Bart.

It was a terribly stormy evening in December when I first made Sir Walter's acquaintance. Snow was falling heavily, and the wind, which at times attained almost hurricane force, drove the white

flakes before it with such fury as to render locomotion difficult, if not almost impossible. It was close upon seven, and we were preparing to conclude the day's business, when out of the storm there entered a stranger, bringing with him a blast of icy air and a perfect whirlwind of snow. Shaking himself free of some of the latter, he enquired if he could have a few words in private with the proprietor. I accordingly conducted him to my private office, and as he unbuttoned his coat and removed his silk muffler, I had an opportunity of observing what my visitor was like. He was tall, with curly hair of an auburn tint and an oval, aristocratic face, ornamented with a light moustache. He was quietly but expensively attired, and his whole appearance bespoke the gentleman. When he commenced to speak his deliciously mellow voice immediately predisposed me in his favour. Taking a card and handing it to me, he said:

"I am glad, Mr. Stephens, that I have been fortunate enough to find you here to-night, as the matter in which I require your assistance admits of no delay. You will learn from that card who I am, and my object in calling upon you is to ask you to let me have £5,000 to-morrow at one o'clock. The security, of course," he added, with a smile, "will be ample."

As I have said before, my business was one of the most extensive in the West-end, and I was quite accustomed to advance large sums, but the shortness of

the notice, together with the magnitude of the amount, and the calm way in which the request was made, considerably astonished me. Whilst not wishing to lose a possibly good customer, and yet, at the same time, not feeling quite justified in acceding to such a sudden demand without further consideration, I began to temporize.

"I am afraid," I said, "that having regard to the largeness of the sum and the shortness of the notice, unless the security and references —"

"Both," said he, interrupting, "are quite unimpeachable, I can assure you. The security consists of valuable jewels, and Count D'Arville, of the Peruvian Embassy, will willingly inform you as to my position. I think the best plan will be for you to call at my house to-morrow morning and look at the jewels, and I will see that the Count is there to meet you."

The calm assumption of my visitor that I should lend him the money without raising further obstacles was certainly remarkable. However, I did not feel inclined to part with such a sum in too great a hurry, and I expressed myself to that effect.

"Mr. Stephens," came the reply, in the same confident tone, "I really must have that amount by one to-morrow. I know of no better man than yourself to advance it. Please to be at my place at ten in the morning, and the jewels shall be ready for your inspection. I am quite sure that one glance will be more than sufficient to convince you of their great value. Any extra expense you may be put to I shall have much pleasure in paying."

I began to reflect that I had a good deal more money lying idle at the bank than I quite cared for, and that certainly Sir Walter Somerville was a man of position in society. The security, too, was of a good character, and—well, finally I decided to go. Sir Walter thanked me graciously, buttoned up his coat and resumed his muffler, and with an affable "good night," vanished into the storm and darkness without.

The morning brought no improvement in the weather; nevertheless, at ten punctually I rang the bell at Sir Walter's house in Chesham Place. I was ushered into a sort of study, luxuriously fitted up, and dotted here and there with fine specimens of old china. Sir Walter entered almost immediately, accompanied by a



THERE ENTERED A STRANGER.

gentleman whom I rightly judged to be the Count.

"Mr. Stephens," said Sir Walter in his rich, mellow voice, "I have to thank you for your punctuality. This gentleman is my friend, Count D'Arville, of the Peruvian Embassy. He has very kindly offered to explain my position to you, and, after you have heard what he has to say, I think any lingering doubt you may have in your mind as to this advance will be effectually dispelled."

The Count was a sallow complexioned man, with a fierce black moustache and keen, penetrating, restless eyes. I conceived an immediate aversion to him, which was by no means lessened when he addressed me in a harsh, grating voice with a very perceptible foreign accent—a voice the very antithesis of his friend Sir Walter's.

"Mr. Stephens," he began, "the matter is very simple though important. Sir Walter Somerville, a gentleman of undoubted position, has been suddenly and most unexpectedly called upon to find no less a sum than £10,000, in order

to avert a serious family scandal. Of this sum he has already provided half, and he proposes to obtain the remainder from you in the ordinary way of business. I have much pleasure in guaranteeing the *bond fides* of Sir Walter. You, as a man of sense, will see that it is unnecessary for me to say more, and, as a man of business, you cannot fail to be satisfied with the security offered."

And so saying, he motioned with his hand to Sir Walter, who, stepping to a beautiful Chippendale bureau in one of the recesses in the wall, pressed a small knob and opened a drawer, which displayed to my astonished gaze a collection of magnificent old diamond bijouterie, the value of which could not have been less than £25,000 at the very least.

All my doubts vanished instantaneously. Here, indeed, was a splendid pledge. I agreed at once to advance the money, and proposed an immediate adjournment to my place of business in order to carry out the transaction. In less than an hour's time Sir Walter had my cheque for £5,000, and I became the temporary janitor of his superb assemblage of jewels.

A week later, a plainly attired man, who appeared to be a superior kind of servant, drove up in a hansom, and handed me a letter from Sir Walter Somerville, requesting the property to be delivered to the bearer, who would produce the voucher and pay the necessary amount. This was duly done, and the man placed the valuables in the cab and drove off.

I thought no more of the subject, having a great many weighty and important matters on my mind just then. I was therefore somewhat surprised to receive a visit a few days after from Sir Walter in a state of obvious agitation.

"Mr. Stephens," he said hurriedly, as soon as we were



I BEGAN TO TEMPORIZE.

in my private office, "I have had the misfortune to mislay the voucher for the jewels—where or how I cannot imagine. Be careful, therefore, please, that they are on no account delivered to anyone but myself."

For a moment or two I could not speak. At length I managed to ejaculate:

"Surely, Sir Walter, there is some terrible mistake here. The diamonds were delivered to your order more than a week ago."

Sir Walter turned a ghastly white, and stammered out:

"Impossible! Oh, Mr. Stephens, you must be joking! For heaven's sake say that you are not serious."

"Sir Walter," I replied, seriously enough, "it would ill become me to joke on such a subject. I will show you the note you wrote to me, authorising their redemption by the bearer of the voucher." And I handed him the letter I had received.

He perused it slowly and then laid it down upon the table with a trembling hand.



THE COURT.

"That letter," he said, and his voice was strangely altered, "is a forgery. If the jewels are really gone, I am a ruined man."

"I trust, Sir Walter," I said, and I noticed that my voice shook somewhat too, "that things are not so bad as you imagine."

"Listen," said he, after a painful effort to control his emotion, "and then judge for yourself. Those jewels, until this morning, I believed to be the property of my wife, and as such I had no hesitation in dealing with them, as I knew very well that had she been in town, she would have warmly applauded the use to which the money I obtained on them was to be applied. Unfortunately, she was away at the time, on a visit to some relatives in Yorkshire, and only returned to town last evening. On my informing her, this morning, of what I had done, she suddenly went into hysterics, and, on recovering sufficiently to speak connectedly, she informed me, to my astonishment and dismay, that the jewels were really not her own at all—that they were, in fact, family heirlooms of the Chasemore family. You must know that my wife, to whom I have been married only a few months, and her sister, who is now Lady Chasemore, were, as the Misses Livingstone, reigning belles of London society. When my wife's sister married Lord Chasemore, some two years ago, she was in a somewhat delicate state, and Lord Chasemore, soon after the marriage, decided to take her abroad for a lengthened period, in order, if possible, to re-establish her health. Before leaving England, however, Lady Chasemore offered to lend my wife the family diamonds during her absence, as they could be of no possible use to her while travelling. My wife accepted the offer, and foolishly never told me anything about the matter until this morning, when I spoke to her about them. Then, of course, the story came out. But for the fact that Lord Chasemore entertains a singularly bitter feeling towards me, the matter would not have been so serious. As it is, I scarcely dare to think what the upshot of it all will be."

As may well be imagined, I listened to this narrative with unmitigated surprise. When I had recovered from the shock it first caused me, I saw immediately that there was but one thing to be done. I strongly suspected Count D'Arville to be

at the bottom of it all, but as I had only my personal antipathy to the man to go upon, I resolved to keep my suspicion to myself, at any rate for the present.

"I am deeply grieved, Sir Walter," I said, after a pause, "to learn that you are in so unpleasant a predicament. But we must take the best steps we can to discover the forger and recover the jewels. Do you find yourself able to think at all who could have perpetrated such a dastardly action?"

"No," he replied, with a melancholy shake of the head. "I have not the slightest idea. In fact, I can hardly realise the situation as yet; it all seems so strange."



WENT INTO HYSTERICS.

"Well, then, there is only one course for us to adopt," I said. "We must, without a moment's delay, place the matter in the hands of the police."

"No, no!" he exclaimed, shrinking visibly; "anything but that. It would be terrible."

"But consider," I urged, "how much more serious matters are likely to become if you do not. Besides, I know the very man who, of all others, is best fitted to deal with such a case as this. Believe me, you may depend absolutely on his silence and discretion, and if any one on earth can unravel this mystery, rest assured he will do it."

Sir Walter made a few more objections, but at length reluctantly consented to

accompany me to Scotland Yard, and we were soon closeted with Inspector Bennett, the cleverest detective of the day, who listened to our recital with the imperturbable face which is one of his chief characteristics. When we had finished, he put a few questions to us.

"You say, Sir Walter, that, so far as you know, you have not an enemy in the world, barring Lord Chasemore?"

"That is so."

"Hum. Then Count D'Arville—how long have you known him?"

"About eight months. I made his acquaintance in Paris whilst on my honeymoon. He was staying at the same hotel and made himself exceedingly agreeable. He was particularly attentive to Lady Somerville, and frequently inconvenienced himself to obtain bouquets and theatre tickets for her."

"Ah! then he admired Lady Somerville very much, did he?"

"Most people do that, I believe."

"Exactly. And now, Sir Walter, when did you see the Count last?"

"I don't think I have seen him since the morning when Mr. Stephens came to my house. He called once since, but I was out."

"Did he wait for you, or leave any message?"

"He waited for about half an hour, I believe, and left a message to the effect that he would return later."

"Which he never did?"

"Which he never did."

"Now, touching the voucher, where did you put it?"

"In an old Chippendale bureau in my study."

"Is the study on the ground floor, or where?"

"On the ground floor."

"Usually locked?"

"Oh, no. Hardly ever."

"Thank you. Mr. Stephens, would you be able to recognise the man who redeemed the jewellery?"

"I have no doubt but that I should readily do so."



HE PUT A FEW QUESTIONS.

"His appearance was such as to excite no suspicion in your mind?"

"None whatever. I imagined him to be a sort of confidential servant of Sir Walter's."

"Very well, gentlemen," said Mr. Bennett, rising, "I think I am now in possession of the salient points of the case. I will do the best I can for you."

"And when shall we be likely to hear from you?" enquired Sir Walter, with ill-concealed anxiety.

"As soon as I have anything definite to communicate," replied Mr. Bennett, as he conducted us to the door.

Nothing further occurred that week, but early on the Monday following I received an urgent note from Sir Walter, asking me to call on him without delay. He was too ill, he said, to come and see me himself. I went at once and found him sitting by the fire in the study. I was appalled at the alteration the last few days had wrought in his appearance. His face was thin and drawn together, as if with physical pain, and his blood-shot eyes told only too well of restless days and sleepless nights. He seemed at least twenty years older than when I first saw him, less than a month ago. I was shocked at the change, and was about to express my sympathy, when he abruptly exclaimed:

"Now, Stephens, don't, for goodness sake, begin that sort of thing. It upsets me completely, and my nerves are not very strong just now. Read this." And he pushed towards me a foreign-looking letter.

It was from Lady Chasemore to her sister, and was dated from Paris. After some reference to her travels and improved state of health, the writer went on to say that she had a great desire to spend Christmas in England, and Lord Chasemore had telegraphed to the housekeeper at Chasemore Towers, his lordship's North Country seat, to have everything in readiness for their arrival in the course of a few days. The letter concluded by saying that they proposed

crossing on the Tuesday, and would stop one night in London, en route for Yorkshire. Things were evidently getting very serious.

"Have you heard anything from Bennett?" Sir Walter enquired at last, after a long pause.

"Not a syllable. Had I not the utmost confidence in the man, I must confess I should not like such absolute silence, but I know he never cares to open his mouth until he has well finished with the work in hand."

"This torture is slowly killing me," groaned Sir Walter; "and I see no way of avoiding the everlasting shame and disgrace which must be mine when Chasemore learns the truth. I need expect no mercy from him, for he hates me with a bitter hatred. Before his marriage he was an unsuccessful suitor for my wife's hand, and he is not the sort of man to forego punishing a successful rival whenever chance affords him an opportunity. I am told that when he first saw the notice of my wedding in the *Times*, he very nearly had a fit, and raved and swore like a madman for a couple of hours afterwards, imprecating all manner of vengeance upon me and mine. He will experience a savage delight in proclaiming me a common thief from the housetops, and I shall be hounded out of all decent society like a dog. My God! it is hard — very hard!" And the unhappy man fairly broke down and sobbed aloud.

I would fain have thought of something reassuring to say, but I could not. The outlook was undeniably ominous, and the way of escape not apparent. I therefore remained silent, and when he had in some degree recovered his composure, he continued:

"I never told you, did I; what I wanted that money for? I thought not. Well, it was to pay the gambling debts of my

only sister. She had been speculating heavily on the Stock Exchange for some time, and at last the crisis came. She could operate no more, had lost all her money, and was in debt to the extent of £10,000 in addition. She put off her creditors as long as she could, though she must have known she was but delaying and not averting the evil day. At length a further request for time was met by a stern negative, and a formal legal letter followed, stating that if the whole of the money was not paid by a certain day and a certain hour, proceedings would at once be commenced. In her extremity she came to me and implored my assistance. I could not refuse, for I knew the serious consequences that would otherwise inevitably ensue. Her husband, an austere man of the worst Puritanical type, so far from coming to her rescue, would have rejoiced over her distress, for their married life, unfortunately, had resulted most unhappily, as most married lives do when girls wed, in rash moments, men old enough to be their fathers, and whose tastes, ideas and sympathies are in direct opposition to each other. You know the rest. To save her from exposure, I agreed to let her have the money. I had only £5,000 that I could put my hand upon at

the moment. I thought of D'Arville, and called upon him to see if he could lend me the remainder for a few days. He was very sorry, he said, but he really had not got it by him. Then he suggested obtaining the cash on my wife's jewels, observing that it was the easiest thing in the world to do, and so I came to you. Thus my well-meant endeavour to do good has been the means of bringing down utter and irretrievable ruin upon my own head."

At this moment there was a knock at the door, and a footman entered with a card upon a tray. Sir Walter glanced at it and his face brightened.



LIKE A MADMAN.

"Show him in," he said. And in walked Inspector Bennett, as cool and undisturbed as if no such things as misery and trouble existed in the world.

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Bennett," said Sir Walter. "You have come at an opportune moment. I trust you are the bearer of good news."

"I am afraid, Sir Walter," replied Mr. Bennett, "that I am scarcely in a position to say anything just now, either one way or the other, but I hope to be able to do so very shortly—in the course of a few hours or so, in fact. I may say, however, that I have not been idle in the interim. My object in calling this morning is to ask you if you did not, before

"One moment, please, before you go, Mr. Bennett," said Sir Walter, hastily. "Tell me, have you no hypothesis to offer—no reasonable explanation of this mystery?"

"There are only two explanations possible, Sir Walter," answered Mr. Bennett slowly. "One is the desire of gain, for, of course, to the possessor of the jewels the transaction means a profit of £20,000. The other is the wish to ruin you in order to effect the attainment of some desired object. Both of these explanations supply the necessary motive. Which is the correct one, I trust we shall presently see."

"I know of no one who could wish to do me such a diabolical mischief," said Sir Walter earnestly; "unless it should be Lord Chasemore, and I cannot believe it possible even of him. And, Mr. Bennett, let me remind you that unless something is discovered during the next few hours, it will be too late, as Lady Chasemore will be here to-morrow, and the matter can then no longer remain a secret."

"By to-morrow, at the latest, Sir Walter, I shall have completed my investigations. Until then, I must ask you to leave matters in my hands. Mr. Stephens,

I am going down to the Yard. May I have the pleasure of your company on the way?"

I replied in the affirmative, of course, as I readily divined that Bennett had something of importance to say to me, and we left the house together. We walked for some distance in silence, Bennett being the first to speak.

"Mr. Stephens," he said at length, "what is your opinion of this Count D'Arville?"

"That he is a villain," I replied, promptly and hotly, for my dislike to the Count seemed to unaccountably increase day by day. "I believe, somehow, that he is at the bottom of all this trouble. I don't exactly know why, but I hated the man from the first moment I saw him."



"ONE MOMENT BEFORE
YOU GO"

your marriage, have in your service as valet a man named Gregory?"

"Certainly I did, and a very superior man he was, too. I know I was sorry to lose him, but he didn't care to enter a house where there was a mistress, so when I married of course we had to part."

"He was with you some time, I believe, Sir Walter, was he not?"

"About four years, to the best of my recollection."

"Might I ask what your friend, Count D'Arville, thinks of all this?"

"Unfortunately I have not been able to see him since this trouble began. He has left town and has not yet returned."

"Thank you, Sir Walter. That is all this —"

Bennett laughed softly, a short, internal chuckle peculiar to himself.

"You have good cause to dislike him, Mr. Stephens, for he once robbed you of nearly £1,000."

"Robbed—me—of a—nonsense, man, why, I never saw him until a few days ago."

"Do you mean to say you have so soon forgotten his Highness the Prince di Ristori?"

"Great heavens, no! But surely you don't mean to say—no, of course—why, it's too absurd," I exclaimed, disconnectedly enough, for my mind refused to grasp all at once the startling possibility thus suggested by Mr. Bennett. He laughed softly again, and said:

"I thought you would be surprised, Mr. Stephens. Nevertheless I can assure you that the Prince di Ristori and the Count D'Arville are one and the same person."

"But how can that be?" I asked at length, when I had somewhat recovered from the shock of this, to me, astounding announcement. "The Prince was such a totally different man from the Count. The Prince was fair, the Count is dark; the Prince had a beautiful blonde beard, the Count has a frightful black moustache; the Prince had a pleasant voice, the Count speaks through a nutmeg grater. It seems impossible that the two should be identical."

"They are, though," replied the imperturbable Mr. Bennett. "The Prince was fair: so is the Count, only his skin has been cunningly treated by various juices until it presents the sallow appearance of the present time. The beautiful blonde beard has been simply shaven off and the moustache dyed an inky black. The alteration in the voice is accounted for by the fact that since you last saw the Prince the roof of his mouth has been removed by an eminent Parisian doctor, and replaced by an artificial one of gold: hence the nutmeg-grater organ of the Count. See?"

See! Yes, the light was breaking fast upon me now. Now I could understand my strange dislike of the Count the moment my eyes rested upon him for the first time. Now I could explain to myself the sympathetic chords which Sir Walter's troubles had set vibrating in my own breast. Yes, it was getting clear now. That scoundrel of a foreigner!

Forget him! Impossible. Had I not only too much cause to remember how the villain obtained that emerald necklace, and how—but that is another story, as Mr. Rudyard Kipling would observe, and entereth not into this narration.

I listened like one in a dream while Bennett proceeded to explain by what means he had managed to establish, beyond doubt, the identity of the Prince and the Count as one and the same person. Well acquainted as I was with the immense resources of Scotland Yard, I could not refrain from expressing my admiration at the marvellous way in which "information wanted" was obtained by that great institution and stored up carefully for future use. And then I began mentally comparing our own detective force with those of Continental cities, greatly to the advantage of the former; and it was with pardonable pride I reflected that, notwithstanding gibes and sneers to the contrary, our private police was unquestionably the smartest body of its kind in the world.

A touch from my companion aroused me from the train of thought into which I had unconsciously fallen. His face wore its usual impassive appearance as he said:

"Mr. Stephens, I shall be glad of your assistance at a little interview to-night between your royal and noble friend and Lady Somerville. May I, therefore, request you to be in attendance in the vestibule of the Hotel Metropole at six o'clock sharp? Please let me impress upon you the necessity of being very punctual."

I was past feeling any further surprise at anything just then, so I merely replied that I would be there at the time specified, whereat Mr. Bennett expressed his satisfaction, and, having indulged in a casual prophecy to the effect that he thought we should have snow before long, betook himself by a short cut to head-quarters, leaving me to pursue the remainder of my way home alone, which I did, chewing the cud of reflection very hard the while.

I found it quite impossible to attend to any business during the remainder of the day. I felt the climax was at hand, and became proportionately anxious as the hours wore on. As the darkness deepened snow began to fall heavily, and the streets were soon shrouded in white. In my anxiety to be punctual, I got to the

hotel nearly a quarter of an hour before the appointed time. Mr. Bennett, however, was exact to the minute, and after a self-congratulatory reference to the correctness of his morning's prognostication, led the way to the smoking-room, where he selected a couple of chairs in the least occupied corner and ordered refreshments for two.

"I thought we would have a little quiet talk together before the ball opens upstairs," said Mr. Bennett, after the waiter had withdrawn. "The meeting is arranged for seven o'clock, so we have the best part of an hour to ourselves."

"And pray, may I venture to inquire if you are acquainted with the probable character of this interview at which I am to assist?" I asked at length, seeing that my companion was apparently waiting to be interrogated.

"Well, I think I can forecast the course it will take pretty accurately, but my actual information only goes so far as this: Lady Somerville was, on Saturday last, the recipient of a communication from the Count D'Arville, *alias* the Prince di Ristori, requesting the favour of a private interview here this evening at seven o'clock, and containing a very positive intimation that a refusal would be attended with decidedly serious consequences, which she would do well to avert at any cost. Lady Somerville, although she certainly acted foolishly in not previously informing her husband as to the real ownership of the jewels, is a woman by no means lacking in sound common-sense. Being aware that I was engaged in the case, she, without mentioning anything to Sir Walter, took the resolution to ask my advice as to the line of conduct she should adopt, and it was at my suggestion that she decided to agree to the Count's request. But the Count is entirely mistaken in supposing that only two persons will be present at this interview. There will be four, and the other two, I need scarcely add, will be yourself and Inspector Bennett, of Scotland Yard."

"But surely the Count will object to our intrusion," I

said quickly; "and there is nothing to prevent him having us expelled by force, should he choose to risk the scene which would probably follow."

"My dear Mr. Stephens," replied Bennett, with another of his internal chuckles, "our friend, the Count, will remain in entire and blissful ignorance of our presence. It would be cruel, on our part, to disturb the gentleman by unexpectedly obtruding ourselves upon him at a time when he will require all the concentrated energies of his mind, in order to satisfactorily dispose of the momentous matter which he has in hand."

"Then, am I to understand that we are to play the part of eaves-droppers? The rôle is hardly one to my taste," I added, with just a possible shade of annoyance in my voice.

"I mean to say that we are going to assist at the unmasking of as great a villain as ever trod God's earth, and that in so doing we shall be instrumental in rescuing a most worthy man from undeserved disgrace and misery. That knowledge is quite sufficient justification for me."

We sat in silence for a few moments after this reply. At length I said:

"Then you think it was the Count who stole the voucher and caused the jewels to be redeemed?"

"I don't think at all about it. I am sure."

"Such, indeed, has been my opinion for some time. But one thing has always puzzled me. From whom did he obtain the necessary money for their redemption?"

"From you, principally."

Had a bombshell suddenly exploded at my feet, it could scarcely have occasioned me greater surprise than did this astonishing statement. In fact, in the case of the bombshell, I presume I should not have had time to be surprised at anything, whereas now leisure was afforded me to slowly digest this new and amazing piece of information. Seeing my bewildered look, Bennett eventually took compassion upon me and condescended to explain.



REFRESHMENTS FOR TWO.

"You must know, then," he began, "that the Count, whose real name is Eugene Spaletto, has, in addition to his other irons in the fire, for some time carried on an extensive business in the city as a bucket-shop keeper, under the style of Coburn and Co., his principal assistant being a former servant of Sir Walter's, a man by the name of Gregory. Deceived by their lying advertisements, Sir Walter's sister commenced a series of speculations, which ended in her not only losing all the money at her command, but remaining indebted to the firm to the large extent of £10,000. It was to get her out of this scrape that Sir Walter first had recourse to you, little dreaming that the Count, who so strongly advised his doing so, was to receive the money thus obtained."

"Good God!" I ejaculated. "What an awful scoundrel!"

"Quite so," cheerfully assented Mr. Bennett. "Well, the Count—I suppose we had better go on calling him the Count for the present—the Count having got the money, found it an easy matter to abstract the voucher relating to the jewels."

"How easy?" I enquired. "I should have thought it a very difficult achievement."

"Not at all," replied Mr. Bennett mildly. "Sir Walter had every confidence in the Count, who was free to come and go as he pleased, and of course had access to the study, where, as he very well knew, Sir Walter kept most of his valuable papers."

"And then I suppose he sat down and forged the letter which I received?"

"He didn't himself, but Gregory, who was familiar with every stroke of his late master's handwriting, did."

"Then it was this man, Gregory, who called and redeemed the property?"

"Precisely. And now, Mr. Stephens, as it wants but ten minutes to the hour, I think we had better be moving."

We proceeded in silence to the room in which the fateful interview was to take place. The waiter who showed us the way was evidently acting under previous instructions received from Mr. Bennett, for as soon as we entered the apartment, he said, pointing to a large Japanese screen which occupied one corner:

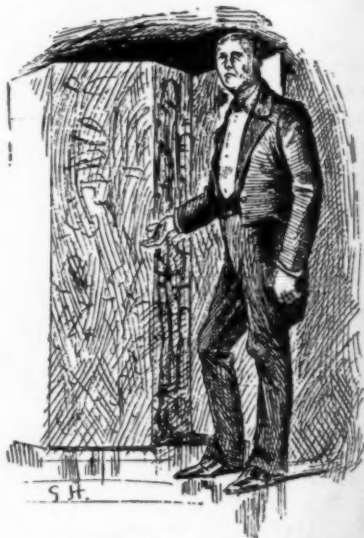
"I think you'll find this do all right, sir."

"Oh, capitally, Simmonds, thank you. You needn't trouble to wait any longer," was the answer; and the man immediately withdrew.

"Five minutes to," said my companion, looking at his watch. "He'll be punctual, I know. Let us get behind the screen."

This we forthwith did, and listened intently for the striking of the hour. The last stroke of seven had barely died away from St. Martin's Church when the door opened, and the Count entered the room.

There was a set look on his face, which told of the hard struggle he had had to nerve himself for this supreme effort. He began pacing up and down, with long,



"I THINK YOU'LL FIND THIS DO, SIR."

irregular strides, pausing every now and again to listen for some sign of his anticipated visitor. Still the silence remained unbroken, and his impatience betrayed itself in the increased fierceness of his walk, while the hard look on his face deepened in intensity as the minutes flew by, until it became absolutely diabolical. At last footsteps sounded in the corridor; once more the door opened, and Lady Somerville, pale and calm, stood before him.

For a moment or two they confronted each other in silence. The Count was the first to speak.

"Lady Somerville," he said, and he

slightly inclined his head as he spoke, "you have done me great honour to-night; believe me, I am not ungrateful."

"Count D'Arville," replied Lady Somerville coldly, "I have come here this evening, at great personal inconvenience and risk, to learn the meaning of your mysterious communication and its thinly-veiled threat."

"No, no," murmured the Count deprecatingly, "no threat."

"Call it by any name you please," continued Lady Somerville; "to me it conveyed the impression of an unmistakable menace. I have now to request you to explain yourself, and I must beg that you will make the explanation as brief as possible."

There was that in Lady Somerville's tone which boded ill for the Count. This, with his natural shrewdness, he was quick to perceive.

"Lady Somerville," he said deferentially, "I trust you will not do me the injustice to suppose that I would thus have ventured to address you except from the strongest motives. It was to prevent a dreadful evil, to save you from a terrible unhappiness, that I took the step I did."

"The explanation, if you please," said Lady Somerville icily.

"The explanation!" returned the Count slowly; "the explanation is this: Lady Chasemore is returning to England immediately and will require the jewels which, some two years ago, she confided to her sister's care. Unfortunately, since then, that sister married, and some time after, whilst she was on a country visit, her husband, taking advantage of her absence, stole those jewels and pawned them. Upon his wife's return he invents some silly story about their having been redeemed by means of a forged letter, which no one, of course, for a moment believes. In the meantime the jewels, which, I understand, are valued at over £25,000, have unquestionably disappeared."

Here the Count paused and regarded Lady Somerville keenly for an instant to note the effect of his words. But she might have been a marble statue for any sign of emotion she manifested. The Count continued:

"It may be asked, why should I trouble myself to say all this? what affair is it of mine? The answer is simple. I hold the key of the situation. I can

restore those missing jewels. I can prevent the dragging of an ancient name through the mire. I, and I only, can do all this, and will—for one consideration."

The wicked light in the Count's eyes shone out more fiercely as he proceeded, and Lady Somerville's lips slightly trembled as she enquired:

"And what, Count D'Arville, may this consideration be?"

"The consideration is," said the Count deliberately, "that you consent to—love me. Nay, listen," he continued, as Lady Somerville, with a look of ineffable disgust, moved towards the door, "consider well, I pray you, the consequences of refusal. One word from me, and your husband stands before the world branded as a liar and a thief. On the other hand, but consent to my proposal, and I have it within my power to immediately release him from his terrible position. Lady Somerville, I have loved you passionately, madly, from the moment I first saw you at the hotel in Paris—not with the cold, calculating love of the Englishman, but with the devoted, fiery, soul-absorbing adoration of the Italian. My eyes had no sooner lighted upon your lovely face than I vowed by all I held most dear that one day you should be mine. That day has come. You cannot, you dare not, say me nay."

His manner had now completely changed, and instead of the keen and crafty man of the world, there stood revealed the *roué* and the libertine. He took two or three steps forward, but with a superb gesture of contempt, Lady Somerville waved him back.

"Fool, worse than fool," she said, with unutterable scorn ringing in every tone of her voice; "madman, I should rather say, hear my answer—NO! Let me pass," she continued imperiously, as by a rapid movement he placed himself in front of the door; "let me pass, I say, or it will be the worse for you."

"Stay," he said fiercely. "You *shall* listen. I have sworn this thing and it shall be done. Nay, it is done —"

"Say rather that *you* are done, my friend," said Mr. Bennett calmly, stepping from his hiding-place and addressing the Count as if it were the most natural thing in the world. "Eugene Spalletto, *alias* Count D'Arville, *alias* the Prince di Ristori, I arrest you on a

charge of conspiracy. There are other and more serious charges which will afterwards be brought against you, but with those I have nothing at present to do. In the meantime here is my warrant, if you wish to see it."

"Ah!" foamed the *soi-disant* Count, "so I have been spied upon — betrayed! Very well, we shall see! Though you," he hissed, turning towards Lady Somerville, "have refused to hear me, Lord Chasemore will only be too glad to do so."

"Johnson," said Mr. Bennett, in his most business-like way, to a burly constable who had silently entered during this scene, "send a waiter for a cab. Mr. Stephens, be good enough to conduct Lady Somerville to her carriage. Lady Somerville, will you please inform Sir Walter that I will wait upon him in the morning with the jewels."

Thus ended one of the most memorable interviews at which it was ever my lot to assist.



PLACED HIMSELF IN FRONT OF THE DOOR.

The remainder of the story can be told in few words. Spaletto, when he discovered the hopelessness of his position, hung himself in his prison cell. Gregory, who for some time past had been acting under Bennett's orders, was allowed to go unpunished on surrendering up the jewels. Lady Chasemore duly received her own back again, and peace once more reigned in Chesham Place. One of my most valued posses-

sions, and which lies before me as I write, is an exceedingly handsome gold chronometer, bearing the following inscription on an inner case:

PRESENTED TO
MR. F. J. STEPHENS
BY
SIR WALTER
AND
LADY SOMERVILLE
IN
GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF
IMPORTANT SERVICES
RENDERED AT A TIME OF
GREAT TROUBLE.

Herr Sandow and Muscular Development.

"**M**ENS sana in corpore sano" has long been an acknowledged truism, and never more so than in the present day when we live and work at such high pressure speed. We witness around us the struggle for existence, the keen competition, the strong pushing aside, aye, trampling upon the weak in their endeavours to better themselves, socially and financially. Day by day we see men and women still in the prime of life, as to years, mentally and socially wrecked, and completely broken down. We attribute the collapse to overwork, nervous prostration or mental exhaustion, and though the terms used are numerous, we know that the complaint is one, and we realise the wisdom of the words with which this article opens.

In these latter years, we, as a nation, have fostered sport in its true sense more than we were wont to do. Now, cricket, football, swimming, cycling, tennis,

running, boating, golf, gymnastics—all have their votaries. Many schools make athletics compulsory, and contain various branches of these different sports in their curriculum. Young men and women, having left their school-days behind them, form clubs and societies to further this same cause. No doubt much of our energy is wasted; we have yet to learn how to economise our strength, how best to use our muscles that the result may be a minimum of friction and

exhaustion, with a maximum of recuperative power and muscular development.

In comparing the different methods of exercise as favoured by the Englishman, German or Frenchman much useful instruction may be obtained. We English go in greatly for outdoor sports, cricket, football, running, being until lately our chief, and in a broad sense, our only exercise, the result being that the muscles of the lower limbs are best



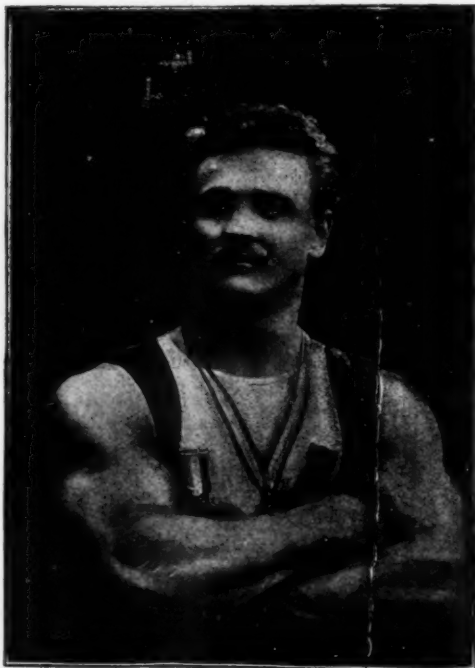
HERR SANDOW.

developed, to the detriment of the muscles of the chest and arms, etc. Looking at the German, we see that gymnastics, as understood by the parallel and horizontal bars, are their chief form of exercise, the result being the antithesis of the Englishman. Turning to the Frenchman, we find an entirely different physique, he excels in sword and rapier practice, rendering him agile and lithe-some, with no particular muscular development.

Gradually we are changing all this; we find our Continental friends going in for football, rowing, and such English sports. I remember being present at the quinquennial "turnfest," held at Munich a few years ago, when some thirty thousand gymnasts and athletes were assembled from all parts of the habitable globe, and I was greatly struck with the different physiques of the various nationalities represented.

When we English played football, well do I remember the astonishment depicted on the faces of our Teutonic friends, and how they fled whenever the football went anywhere near them. Indeed, in crossing the frontier into Germany, that same football was a source of bewilderment to the astonished custom-house officials. They did not know what to make of it; they shook it, they examined it; one suggested sticking a knife into it to explore the interior, and it was only our vehement protests that prevented its destruction; ultimately the ball was put into the scale, weighed, and we were assessed for so much leather.

Now, to my mind, the perfect man would be a combination of the three national types mentioned. Such a man



SHOWING GENERAL DEVELOPMENT OF ARMS.

is to be found in the person of Herr Sandow; the doyen of strong men before the British public. I have seen Samson, Hercules, St. Cyr, Milo, Victorina, Athleta, Dan Sullivan, all, more or less, good in their way, many relying more on show-tricks and displays for effects than genuine exhibition of strength and muscular power, but not one of them can for an instant be compared with Herr Sandow.

Thinking an interview with Sandow would be both instructive and amusing, I waited on him one morning, and joined

them at their breakfast, *i.e.*, Sandow and Juno, his Danish boar-hound. For a strong man, Sandow's breakfast was frugal in the extreme, some scrambled eggs on toast and a glass of good claret. Tea and coffee he never drinks, believing them to be most injurious.

Sandow was born twenty-six years ago at Koenigsberg; he first went to school there, afterwards to Hanover, and from thence to the University at Getting. He was not a particularly strong lad; if anything, he was rather delicate. To improve his physique, he started gymnastics, and seeing the marked improvement, he determined to develop his muscles, and, with this object in view, he proceeded to the University at Brussels to study anatomy. The muscular development of Sandow has been a frequent source of admiration and surprise to both medical and scientific men. At Glasgow University, Sandow once gave an exhibition of his muscles before the medical fraternity, and caused Sir William Turner to remark that the cast of the arm of Donald Denny, which they had at the University as an ideal arm, was not to be compared to

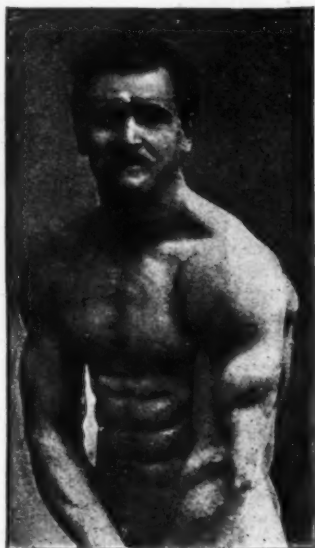
Sandow's. Sandow has developed muscles that are not even attempted to be shown in such master pieces of statuary as those of Michael Angelo or Canova. Such muscles, for instance, as the *serratus magnus*, the *latissimus dorsi* and the abdominal muscles are rarely, if ever, prominent on the human form; in Sandow, however, they are marvellously and fully developed.

Sandow is an all-round athlete; he is a good boxer, by no means an indifferent fencer, goes in greatly for swimming, is a good wrestler, has won over two hundred prizes, medals, etc., has never been defeated, and has carried off the amateur all-round championship of Italy.

Apocryph of these two last remarks, there are two tales connected therewith worthy of repetition. I have said Sandow has never been defeated; this statement is open to contradiction, yet I maintain that on the only one occasion when it was said he was beaten, he distinctly defeated his opponents.

Some time back such genuine sportsmen as the Marquis of Queensberry, Sir John Astley, etc., held a competition in the Royal Music Hall, Holborn, between the Brothers McCann and Sandow. The terms of the contest were that Sandow should do three feats, and that the Brothers McCann should do three feats, and that then they should do each other's feats. Sandow accomplished two of the three feats set him by the Brothers McCann, but failed at the third; on each of the two occasions the Marquis of Queensberry announced to the large audience assembled that Sandow had succeeded. The McCanns did not attempt any of Sandow's feats at all; and as Sandow had failed in the McCanns' third feat, he was declared to have lost the contest. This decision at the time was received with a storm of hisses and cries of "Shame!"—"Sandow has won."

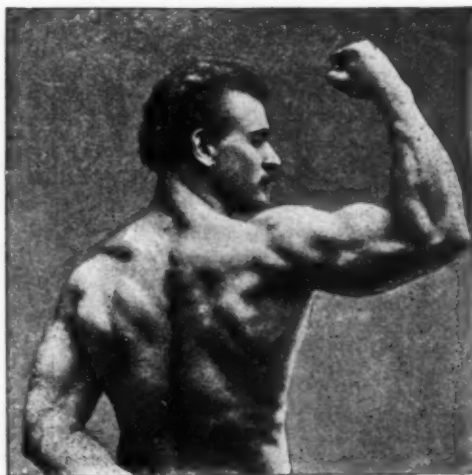
The second anecdote relates to the



SHOWING ABDOMINAL MUSCLES.

championship of Italy. Sandow won this against all comers, and received a very handsome and massive gold chain, and a medallion studded with precious stones. He left Italy and went to Nice; here he placed his prizes, cups and his jewellery in a box, and sent it off to London. While at the station seeing about the despatch of his box, which contained some £3,000 worth of valuables, two Americans came up to him and offered to act as interpreter for him. They spoke German fluently, but as Sandow spoke French, he declined their services. He arrived in due course at Paris, only to hear that the box had reached London, but was full of bricks only. Whereupon Sandow returned

to Nice, found the porter to whom he had entrusted his box, and demanded an explanation. The porter's was brief and satisfactory. Two gentlemen had approached the porter immediately Sandow had left, said they had returned from their friend, and would send the box off themselves. The porter had seen these two gentlemen talking to Sandow, and



GENERAL VIEW OF BACK MUSCLES.

presumed it was all in order. Sandow, on making enquiries at the police-station, heard that the two Americans had been seen about the place. He declined all assistance from the police, and started to look round for them himself; and spying them in the distance, ran after them, grabbed them by the nape of their necks, and, on their struggling, he knocked their two heads together till one man was absolutely knocked out; he then dragged them to the police-station, followed by a crowd of awe-struck people. Arriving at the police-station, he hurled the first man in, and in so doing knocked the inspector down. The men confessed, and gave up the pawn-tickets; they had got some 5,000 francs on the proceeds. Having recovered his property, he let the thieves go, and stood the inspector a supper to somewhat soothe him for the uncereemonious and novel assault he had committed on him, though by accident.

While Sandow was at Venice, the late Emperor Frederick, who was then at San Remo, sent for him to give an exhibition of his skill before him and the Empress. He had met the Emperor before, as he had given him lessons in weight-lifting and dumb-bells. The Emperor, who was himself a man of powerful physique, gave him a ring that had belonged to the Emperor William I. The Emperor, in presenting it and adding a few words of admiration, said he wished all his officers were as fine, powerful fellows as Sandow. For be it known that Sandow is an officer in the German army reserve. Sandow speaks in most eulogistic terms of the Empress Frederick, and related one or two anecdotes characteristic of her noble-heartedness. She was ever seeking to do good among the poor and alleviate their sufferings. On one occasion she saw a very delicate and ill-looking workman at work; she caused enquiries to be made,



THIEF CATCHING.

and found that not only was he ill himself, but that his wife and child were also ailing; she immediately assisted him and provided him with means, wherewith to take his wife and himself away for a change, and provide themselves good food and comforts such as their ailments most required. It was by such actions that the Empress and her imperial husband had so endeared themselves to all the inhabitants of the Fatherland, and Sandow assured me that the grief that was shown at the early and sad death of Unser Fritz was real and deep, for the poor had learned to love and honour their Fritz long ere he reached the throne.

Sandow's exhibitions before the public are interesting and varied. He, after a kind of preliminary canter with sundry fifty-six pound weights and dumb-bells, turns somersaults with two fifty-six pounders in his hands; this, he assured me, took

him a long time to accomplish. He lifts a large, very large dumb-bell over his head with one arm, the weight being somewhat over three hundred pounds; having done so and replaced the bell on the stage, the bells open, and out step two men, one out of each bell. This is convincing



THE SURPRISE DUMB-BELL.



DUMB-BELL OPENED.

proof that the weight must be considerable. Another feat is, to balance a platform on his arms and knees, and allow a guardsman on horseback to ride over. The weight of this is considerable; and add to this the fact that he has to balance his living freight as it passes over, and it will at once be seen that this adds considerably to the strain. The Roman Column is another very pleasing exercise he goes through. He places his feet on two rests on the column; from the top of the pole hang two chains, which are fixed to a leathern garter below the knee; in this position, he hangs down and picks up two living beings, and raises them up over his feet. The strain while doing this is not to be laughed at.

His great feat, and the one to which most danger is attached, is that of balancing three horses on a platform placed on his chest and knees, and allowing these horses to play see-saw while there. The weight of this is nearer a ton and a half than a ton and a quarter, and the great difficulty is getting the three horses to work exactly together and to maintain their equilibrium, and it is this which sometimes prevents the feat being successfully accomplished.

Sandow has often given an anatomical lecture, taking as his subject, muscles, and his object, himself; he for some time used to give a modified form of this at the New Palace Theatre, coloured lights the while being played on him from the wings; this made it a very artistic and picturesque display. Of course, some Pecksniffs were about, that class of people who are ever going about seeking to find something impure or immoral in any pleasure or sight no matter how innocent or artistic, and some such Peck-

sniff characterised this exhibition as indecent; in consequence of which Sandow refused to continue it.

Sandow has been to Chicago during the Exhibition, giving a display, and for this he has been drawing the modest salary of £300 a-week. Strange to say, Sandow did not come to this country with the object of earning his living by such means, but a tempting offer having been made him, he accepted it.

No doubt my readers would like to hear something of the dimensions of this modern Hercules, and as to what diet he takes. As to diet, he says: "Eat or drink anything you like, of course, in moderation," and the only exception he makes to this is abstinence from tea and coffee. Two meals a day satisfy him, a déjeuner about noon and a dinner about seven. When in training he takes twice a day the juice, warmed and seasoned, of about a pound and a half of raw lean beefsteak. He smokes and enjoys a good cigar, and has a sneaking regard for Scotland on account of its whisky. With regard to practice, light dumb-bells are to develop muscles, and once he used such, but now



SUPPORTING LIFE GUARDSMAN AND HORSE.

his muscles are developed he practises occasionally with a two hundred or two hundred and fifty pound bell.

His dimensions are somewhat astonishing, his weight is fourteen stone and a few pounds, his height five feet nine inches. His chest measures forty-seven inches in circumference, and this he can increase by inflation to fifty-nine inches, a truly wonderful accomplishment. His forearm is sixteen inches, his biceps nineteen and a half inches, his thigh is twenty-seven inches, his calf is eighteen inches, and he takes an eighteen and a half collar and an eight and a half glove and a nine in boots.

On his return to England, he purposes giving another exhibition of his strength and skill, and promises some new and startling feats.

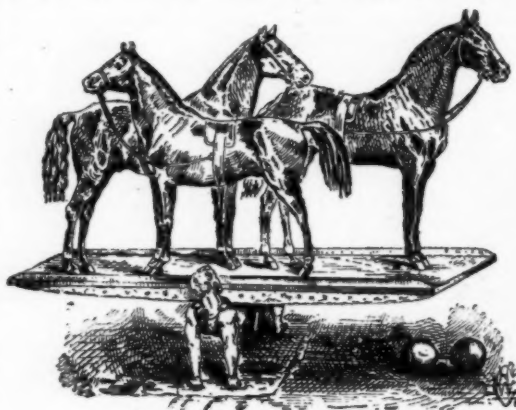
His intention is to form an academy where muscle development and systematic and scientific training will be the rule. He will from time to time give illustrations of his ideas, and he purposes attempting to get his system introduced into our public schools and military academies.

His system, which he declares to be infallible and bound to strengthen the veriest weakling, is a complete course of light dumb-bells, varying from three to six pounds, according to the person using them. This system, he says, he has carefully studied and proved. It consists of thirteen distinct sets of movements, which must be done in correct order, otherwise they fail in their object. By this means Sandow claims that all the principal muscles of the body are brought into action; and as the muscles are in many cases dependent on each other for accuracy and effectuality of movement, it is most desirable that the correct order should be observed. What that correct order is is still Sandow's secret, but no doubt in due course he will enlighten us on the matter.

Much has been written from time to time about different strong men and their feats of skill and daring, and I have managed to gather one or two anecdotes together of different strong men at different periods.

Sceptics there are who would have us believe that these feats are merely the tricks of a conjurer in disguise. One of these scoffers not long ago attempted to prove his disbelief in the genuineness of these performances, but he met with a humiliating rebuff. Armed with a steel chain, he attended the hall where Samson was performing, and, producing the chain when the strong man was about to begin his performance, he offered him a sovereign for every link that he succeeded in

breaking. Samson examined the chain, then holding it up in sight of the audience, he closed the fingers of his left hand over one of the links. A loud snap was heard—the link was broken! Samson went quietly on with his task, and a succession of snaps followed. He was smashing the steel links like matchwood



SUPPORTING THREE HORSES.

between his terrible fingers. When seven or eight of them had gone the astonished stranger cried, "Hold, enough!" and felt for his purse. He had only four sovereigns in it.

Maurice, Count of Saxony, afterwards Marshal of France, was no less celebrated for his herculean strength than for his military talent. One day, stopping at a blacksmith's shop to have his horse shod, he broke between his fingers all the shoes which the man offered to him, saying, "Your horseshoes are good for nothing, my friend—they are made of lead." He good-naturedly threw the blacksmith a crown-piece, and was leaving, when the latter, himself a man of extraordinary strength, stopped him by saying, "My lord, your crowns are worth no more than my shoes," and with these words present-

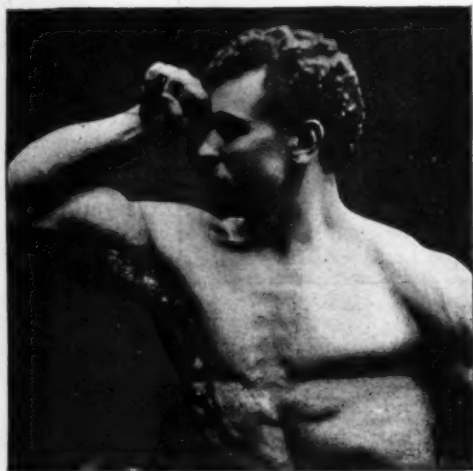
ing him with the halves of the crown-piece, which he had just broken in two with his fingers. The count, astonished to meet with a rival in strength, which he had never previously encountered, bountifully recompensed the blacksmith and took him into his service.

In the same century a certain Major Barnabas became renowned for the strength of his arms. One day, in a frolic, he took up an anvil of five hundred pounds weight and walked away with it under his cloak. Many times, to amuse his comrades, he went through the musketry drill with a piece of cannon in place of a musket. One day, passing by chance a public place where the people were amus-

fifteen pounds attached to his feet, and the same to each hand. With one hand he took hold of a ring fixed in a wall, and by that arm alone raised his whole body to a horizontal position stiffly stretched out at a right angle to the wall, and so kept it for a minute or more, by mere force of muscular contraction. Mounting on a chair, he bent backwards and raised a weight of five hundred pounds from the ground with his teeth; then stooping under a table loaded with a weight of one thousand eight hundred pounds, he raised it on his shoulders. These two brothers, who were of the same height and of about equal strength, had given no evidence of unusual power during their youth, but had qualified themselves for their public performances by continual and progressive gymnastic exercises, combined with the strictest temperance.

One of the most remarkable of the earlier Samsons was Thomas Topham, who, about the year 1740, kept the "Red Lion" public-house at the corner of the City Road. Although of average size and appearance, he soon attracted attention by his prodigious strength. Some of his feats are almost incredible. By striking an iron poker an inch thick on his bare arm, he could bend it to a right angle; and pewter measures were crushed between his fingers. Standing on a platform, he raised a weight of eight hundred pounds. He could break a two-inch rope as a shopman breaks twine.

Whilst at Derby his performance was patronised by Mr. Chambers, the Vicar of All Saints, a man of great weight in his parish—weighing, in fact, twenty-seven stone. We know not whether the performer adopted the modern fashion of asking gentlemen from the audience to step up and assist him, but presume this to have been the case, and that among the rush of small boys on receiving the invitation, the reverend gentleman was observed to gain the platform. Here he was induced to lie down, and Topham, placing one hand under his body, gently raised him from the floor. The delighted audience then beheld Topham prostrate on his back, with three men, each weighing fourteen stone, sitting upon him to keep him down, which they failed to achieve.



SHOWING SERRATUS MAGNUS MUSCLE.

ing themselves by looking at an enormous bear, which was dancing at the command of its leader, Barnabas pushed through the crowd and asked to be allowed to wrestle with the terrible animal, which was consented to with some hesitation for fear of an accident. The Major overthrew his adversary several times, and judging him unworthy of his prowess, stunned him with a blow of his fist, and then took him away on his shoulders amidst the acclamations of the wondering crowd.

Some years ago two brothers, named Rousselle, exhibited in London and elsewhere some extraordinary displays of strength and agility. The elder of them jumped some feet high with a weight of

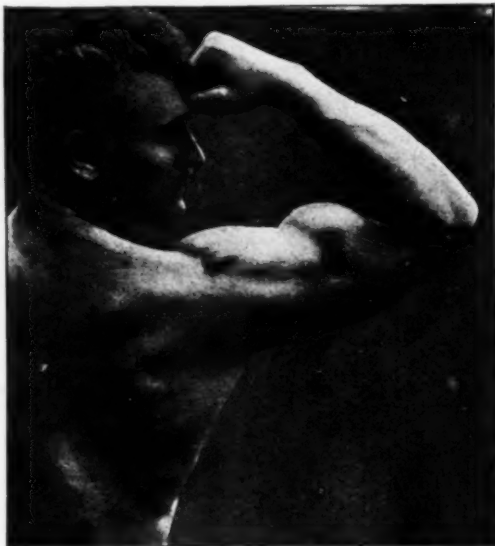
In addition to his strength of body, he possessed a powerful pair of lungs, and a voice of great compass, of which he was intensely proud—so much so that he sang a solo to the organ in St. Werburg's Church, completely drowning that instrument and emptying the sacred edifice of its terrified congregation. Many of his feats were of a humorous character. An ostler having had the temerity to insult him, he tied an iron kitchen spit round his neck, leaving the ends protruding under his chin.

On another occasion a butcher, struggling along under the weight of nearly half an ox, which he carried on his back, happened to pass an open window at which Topham was seated in calm meditation, with his mug of beer before him, and was surprised to find himself suddenly relieved of the weight; and as, on looking up, he failed to see any indications of his beef floating in the air, he fled in great terror, fully per-

suaded that his meat had gone to supply the table of the Evil One.

A man who for many years was employed in carrying and delivering to subscribers the weighty opinions of the *Hereford Journal* undertook for a wager a difficult task. Nine hundred and seventy pounds of wheat were packed into three bags, specially constructed, and carried by him three times round the Hereford Town Hall. One of the bags was placed on each shoulder, the other placed across and securely fastened to them.

In conclusion, it may be said that, with care and judicious training, it is within the power of everyone to so develop his or her physical powers that the bodily strength thereby accruing adds not only to the enjoyment of out-door exercises, but reflects itself on the mental capacities, verifying the Latin proverb—"A sound mind in a sound body."



SHOWING BICEPS AND DELTOID MUSCLE.



By J. F. WALLER SHEPHERD.

CHAPTER IV. (continued).

"I MUST go across to the Towers," Burgo said.

"Yes," Cecil nodded; "to-day?"

"I think not. I'm going to the Court before dinner. They're all off to Hom-bourg to-morrow."

"To-morrow? I didn't know they were going so soon. I suppose Mrs. Brune goes with them?"

"Yes. And I want to see her before she goes, so I told Lady Losely yesterday I'd come."

"Oh!" Miss Maltravers wished almost that the speaker had said nothing about his visit to her. Then she saw the un-reasonableness of that. It was perfectly natural he should wish to say good-bye to Mrs. Brune; why shouldn't he say he was going?

"Annie's in trouble about —" Burgo was beginning to explain.

"Who is 'Annie'?" Cecil inquired.

"Mrs. Brune; don't you know? I always call her 'Annie,' just as she calls me 'Burgo.' We're awfully old friends."

"I know that. Well? Mrs. Brune is in trouble about —"

"About that husband of hers. He's always bothering her, one way or another. By Jove! Cecil, you can't think what a time of it she's had with him."

"She's managed to support life, though, pretty well, I should say."

"Yes! because she's plucky and doesn't give in, as other women would. And then she has a superb constitution, and can

stand wear and tear and not show it very much; so the *béguenues* out there used to swear she'd nothing to complain of. But I know better, you see."

"I dare say. And you are her present help in time of trouble, Burgo?"

"Don't chaff, darling. Help her? By Jove! I'd do anything for her. So would any of us."

"No doubt. Well—then you're going over there, and not to the Towers, this afternoon?"

"Yes; I must, you see. I'll go and rejoice the dear old man's heart to-morrow. He'll be on our side, Cecil. He's been wanting this for ever so long. I know. He'll bury the hatchet and make peace for ever with my lady, for our sakes. I do believe that will make it all right, darling."

"I hope so," Cecil said, with a sigh—rather a big sigh, too.

Burgo had to sit down on the window-sill and do his best to make her confident that all would be right. He didn't succeed as well as he ought to have done. Why had he said anything about Annie Brune at all? Or, why hadn't he told Cecil everything? Miss Maltravers could hardly understand why he should leave her to go over to the Court, from what he had said. Presently he got up and went. He let himself drop from the balustrade of the terrace lightly on to the grass beneath. His brave, frank blue eyes were raised for a long minute to Cecil's face as she leaned over to watch him.

"Addio!—for an hour," he said. And then he was gone. She remembered that farewell afterwards.

"You saw that, René?" Lady Mildred had stopped to ask. He had just been telling her about the tableau under the ree. "You saw that? And you did not tell me last night? And she saw it? That explains all I noticed in her yesterday. You should have told me."

The time was past now for him to confess why he had not told her.

"You think, then——?" he said hypocritically.

"It is not what I think; it is what *she* thinks. You are singularly dull of perception this afternoon, René. *Il est donc vrai?—l'amour annule l'homme.*"

She was hard on him, no doubt. But I, for one, don't much wonder.

They came on the terrace by-and-by, and found Cecil there alone.

Where was Burgo? Gone to say good-bye at the Court? Ah! yes; my lady remembered they were to leave soon. To-morrow, was it? She thought she would drive over and say good-bye, too; the drive would do Cecil good; she wasn't looking well to-day, poor child!

Burgo strolled along, smoking. He walked because he wanted to think. He chose the high-road instead of the short-cut across the park, because he expected to meet the special messenger he had requested Bullion and Baggs to send from Norbury. He had calculated at what time this messenger would reach the Ellesmere station by the local time-bill. It was not above half-an-hour's walk from the station to the lodge-gates.

"If I meet the fellow, I shall save half-an-hour," he had thought, "and get back to Cecil half-an-hour sooner."

It fell out as he expected. About half-way to the station he met the bank messenger, a slim, youthful clerk, who knew Burgo well enough by sight. He stopped; and Burgo looked up from his meditations.

"All right," he said. "You've brought the money with you?"

The youthful clerk smiled. He had brought the money. The firm had been anxious to oblige Captain Maltravers; they supposed he wished for the money at once; but as he had not mentioned where it was to be sent to him, why——

"Gad!" Burgo ejaculated, "I suppose I forgot to say it was to be sent to me here; but I thought they'd understand by the address, you know."

The youthful clerk didn't know. He had seen no address. He had no doubt Captain Maltravers had given sufficient instructions; but the head-cashier was very particular. However, the firm had sent the money by special messenger to Ellesmere, in case Captain Maltravers should be there. Here it was. And the special messenger produced his little note-case, fastened to his small person with a chain.

"Very well, then, I'll take it," Burgo said, wanting to get on.

The youthful clerk unlocked his case. He had seen Captain Maltravers take money at the bank before, and had frequently admired his easy way of stuffing notes into his breast-pocket. He admired it once more now.

"Thanks," Burgo said, buttoning his coat again. "Tell Mr. Bullion I'm very much obliged to him, will you? Good-morning! By-the-way, hadn't you better go up to the house and get some luncheon, you know?"

The youth smiled and blushed, and was duly thankful. But—



"TELL MR. BULLION I'M VERY MUCH OBLIGED TO HIM"

but—if Captain Maltravers would excuse him—there was something else—a mere trifle—the receipt, in short. He (the speaker) must have that, for the benefit of the very particular cashier. And here it was, filled up for the amount, four hundred odd. Would Captain Maltravers kindly sign it—there?

"Must be in pencil, then," Captain Maltravers returned, bored by this formality, which he had quite naturally forgotten. "I can't go back now; I'm in a hurry."

But the bank emissary was prepared for this. He had a patent pencil—consolidated ink—very useful; there it was.

Burgo took it and scrawled his name across the bottom of the blue paper.

"That'll do, I suppose?"

And then he bade the admiring clerk good-morning finally, and left him, wishing he (the admiring clerk) could walk off with four hundred odd of his own like that.

Burgo reached the Court in due course, said his good-bye to Lady Losely, and then asked Mrs. Brune to walk down the drive with him; which Annie did, of course.

"Fred's money's all right, Annie," he said; "I've got it with me now in notes. You see, I told them to send it me that way from Norbury, so that there shouldn't be any bother about a cheque. If it's paid into Cox's to-morrow, it'll be in lots of time."

"My dear Burgo!" was all Annie could answer.

"My dear Annie, look here. I was going up to town myself with this, and to find out quietly, if I could, what was wrong with Fred. Well, as I've got a good deal to do down here just now, and as you will stay to-morrow in London, I want you to do this for me, or, rather, get Sir Lorrimer to do it, don't you see? You're simply to have it put to his account, and —"

"Of course I will," she said. "Why should you be troubled about it. I'll make Lorrimer take me there. Burgo, dear old friend, I can't thank you properly; I —"

"Leave it to Fred," he laughed; "or, at least, don't say anything more about it. And now I've got something to tell you, Annie."

And then Burgo told her what had happened on the mere. She could con-

gratulate him honestly; and she did. They passed through the open gate into the road, a private one here, and walked a good way along it, talking. It was to be a long time before they met again, and Annie had a good deal to say. Presently she found she must go back; but she wouldn't let Burgo go with her.

"Go back to Cecil, sir. And now, my dear old Burgo, good-bye."

She gave him both her hands, wrung his hand, and so left him and went homewards alone.

Just before the Ellesmere carriage overtook Burgo on its return journey, the eyes of the three occupants had been gladdened by the sight of Annie Brune, who, Lady Townley had said, had walked down the drive with Captain Maltravers, she believed.

CHAPTER V.

GLYN VIPONT'S
TRUMP-CARD.



SIR BURGO MALTRAVERS, K.C.B., and his nephew, Glyn Vipont, the wise youth, sat at tiffin in a certain sunny morning-room at the Towers affected to that refection. Sir Burgo retained some of the manners and customs of his old Indian life, amongst others, and most

tenaciously, his tiffin. His breakfast was a meal of Spartan frugality, served

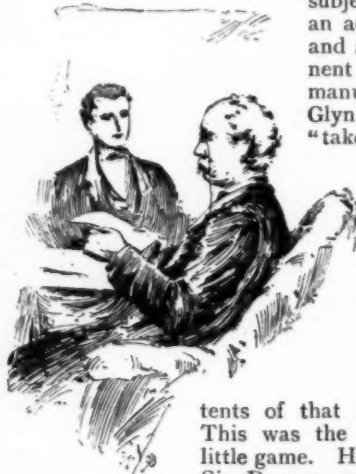
by his native servant, Nursoo, in his dressing-room. After breakfast, Sir Burgo got into the saddle; the big brown weight-carrier covered a good deal of ground before Sir Burgo got out of it again. But he got out of it with his liver in proper condition, and then he went to tiffin. Of course Glyn Vipont tiffined too. Glyn didn't exactly like the pungent meats his relative delighted in; some of them, indeed, used to inconvenience him considerably, but he ate them smilingly, under Sir Burgo's eye, while they talked bucolics and business. The old, as I think I have mentioned, was the old man's factotum—steward, secretary, overseer. Sir Burgo seldom

said much to him except in those capacities. Glyn would tiffin with him, a pile of letters and papers beside him and a pencil all ready, making his morning's report and getting his instructions. It was not a particularly lively repast for him; but then he was a wise youth—a wise youth who had a little game, and had been playing it for a long while. On this particular morning, too, the wise youth was inclined to believe he had played the trump-card of his little game; he was awaiting the result with secret anxiety.

The tiffin-room at the Towers was a very pleasant one. It looked across the lawn on to the park, and commanded the last half-mile of the carriage-drive from the park-gates. A good deal of Indian loot of one sort or another was collected in it, and gave a strong local colouring to the surroundings of the tiffin-table. Over the mantelpiece hung a portrait of the late Lady Maltravers—a mild, meek woman, whose childish face and sad blue eyes were full of sorrow, mild and meek also. She was to have brought an heir to the Towers, but this was denied to her. She got to think that, not having accomplished the object of her life, she had better not live any longer. So she died one morning quietly, troubling no one, reproaching no one, mild and meek to the last. Sir Burgo never married again. He had his late wife's portrait hung in his tiffin-room, and—turned his back upon it all the time he sat there. He unconsciously repressed his notion of matrimonial duties and pleasures in this way; but then you must remember he had married expressly to have a son and heir, and he had not had one. The game had not been worth the candle; he had been very much disappointed—aggrieved even. I never wondered at that look of helpless sorrow on the mild little lady's face. *She* couldn't help it, you know; and Sir Burgo, K.C.B., was never unkind to her, never reproached her; at all events, in words. But I am by no means sure that since she was un-

equal to the task of keeping the Towers entail in the direct line, she did not do better to die after all. At all events, she was dead and buried and forgotten, save of a few ancient poor, who missed her. Glyn Vipont sat in her place now; in her very chair, opposite her poor pretty face, which the skill of Fitz-Madder, the flatterer, had been unable to flatter out of its resigned melancholy, even upon canvas. Glyn Vipont sat over against her lord now; let us hope my lady was at last at peace elsewhere.

Glyn read aloud the letter of the *Cincinnati* of Tiptree Hall to the *Times* that morning on the recondite subject of top-dressing. This was usually a congenial subject. The K.C.B. was an admirer of *Cincinnati* and approved of that eminent authority's system of manuring generally. But Glyn saw the letter didn't "take somehow;" Sir Burgo appeared preoccupied. So he was; and the reader of the *Times* knew perfectly well why, for he had seen the letter and the Norbury post-mark, and, moreover, had recognised Bullion's handwriting. Glyn knew the con-



SOMETHING UNPLEASANT.

tents of that letter perfectly well. This was the turning-point of his little game. He finished top-dressing Sir Burgo; and as the latter still remained thoughtful and silent, Glyn then turned his attention to his egg, and thought, too, while he ate it.

Sir Burgo was wondering what the devil it meant. It was doosed queer—doosed queer, begged! Never happened before—never. Something unpleasant—what?

The letter beside him didn't tell him what. It merely said that his obedient servants Bullion and Baggs regretted to inform him that a most unpleasant and extraordinary—adjectives underlined—circumstance had just been discovered with regard to his account; so extraordinary and unpleasant that, before taking other steps, they felt it their duty to lay the matter personally before Sir Burgo; and that, accordingly, one of the partners would arrive at the Towers at

half-past twelve o'clock at noon precisely, for the purpose of having an interview with him, which they respectfully requested he would accord.

Sir Burgo rather thought he would, begad!

He finished his curry meditatively, then he drew his little cup of coffee from a clever little hissing *cafetière* at his elbow, and passed the letter over to Glyn.

"What does that mean?" he inquired of the latter this time.

Glyn read it through, mused, read it over again, shrugged his shoulders, and really couldn't say.

He certainly could not—for a good many reasons.

"The Bank don't write as if *they* were at fault," he said; "it doesn't seem to be any blunder or negligence of theirs from the tone of this, does it? And only 'just discovered.' No; I can't make it out. You've paid no money in now, since—stay! now I think of it, it may be that."

"May be what? May be what—hey?" the K.C.B. asked rather testily. *He* had not hit upon even a probable solution.

"That fellow who bought the young stock last week—what's his name—Culling; he gave me a cheque on a London Bank. Rather a big one, too. It's just possible Mr. Culling's cheque may have come back with an N.E. upon it; and that's what Bullion and Baggs would naturally call a most unpleasant circumstance. Hardly so extraordinary, perhaps, as they seem to think."

"Culling's a respectable man, sir," Sir Burgo objected.

"Just so; but then, you see, it's just the respectable fellows who do this sort of thing. It was *because* he was a respectable man that I took his cheque. I shouldn't wonder, do you know, if I'm right."

"I should, sir. John Culling's father was my orderly at Ferozeshah—saved my life, begad! I made him troop sergeant-major for it next day. There's nothing wrong with John Culling."

"Oh, very well," Glyn said; "merely a suggestion on my part. I beg John Cul-

ling's pardon. You see, sir, his father wasn't *my* orderly at Ferozeshah—ha, ha!"

And Glyn prolonged the last syllable of the famous word into a gentle cachinnation which was not *too* deferential. Sir Burgo grinned too; the wise youth's playfulness was never ill-timed, and it had the effect of preventing the old man feeling he was being vulgarly toadied.

"No," Sir Burgo returned; "wasn't your orderly, confound you!" but the anathema was an amiable one.

"What's to be done about this?" the anathematiser said presently, twisting the mysterious document in his thin, white fingers uncomfortably.

"Wait till one of these fellows comes, I suppose, hey? Very well."

And Sir Burgo lit a cigar, drew an easy-chair up to the open window, and dropped into it and the *Times* simultaneously. The wise youth used his toothpick, and looked out of the other window. He was watching for the coming of Bullion or of Baggs.

He was quite cool and calm, this wise youth—cool and unruffled on the outside of him as his smooth, fresh linen. But Glyn Vipont's equable pulse must have quickened a little as he waited for a black spot to appear in the winding, yellow ribbon yonder, running through the green park, which would be the banker's carriage.

Yes, at last. The thing he had been waiting for for years was going to happen at last. He had thought it hardly possible; but he had waited. Not in vain. Now, Burgo's hand was going to deal that old man yonder, who had forgiven the prodigal so much, a cruel, base, bitter blow. And that blow was to kill outright all the long-suffering love in that proud, generous old heart—to kill the old man, too, mayhap. But to give him, wise Glyn Vipont, the prodigal's inheritance—that was the stake the wise youth had been playing for. Burgo once out of the way, he stood next; he could trust to his own diplomacy, to the old man's passionate weakness under this terrible stab. He looked upon the game as won, then. But he had played his trump-card.



HE HAD PLAYED HIS TRUMP CARD.

If this failed, he failed altogether, he knew. One can understand even a cool hand like this feeling a little nervous.

He hid it as he could hide unpleasant or unprofitable emotions. A much more acute observer than Sir Burgo, K.C.B., deep in his *Times*, would never have detected that Glyn had any particular interest, or interest at all, in the matter, when he caught sight of the black spot down there on the drive, and observed aloud, with a glance at his watch:

"Bullion's punctual, or whichever of them it is, isn't he? Quarter past, and there's the bank 'conveniency' just coming round the bend. Shall you want me, sir? That man Bullion—if it is Bullion—grates on my nerves more than any man, except Baggs; so I was thinking I'd ride."

"Eh? No, don't go, Glyn, don't go; stop and see I'm right about John Culling. Besides, I may want you. Take some coffee to steady your nerves, and then tell Hayes to put the bank man into the dining-room, will you? I don't want him 'grating,' as you call it, here."

"Very well," Glyn said; "I am curious, after all, to see how this will turn out."

"You'll find I'm right about John Culling. Whoever's wrong, John is all right."

"I think I must have done him an injustice," Glyn said, with a queer smile, as he prepared to leave the room. But here's Bullion: and now for it."

In a few minutes more there was Bullion in person, with a face of grave importance, lowering himself slowly from his seat in the firm's gig on to the steps. Bullion and Baggs were humble country bankers; Sir Burgo Maltravers, Major-general, K.C.B., and owner of the Towers estate, was one of their most important and profitable clients. They bowed down and kow-towed before him as little country bankers will. But to-day Bullion, the senior partner, walked up the broad, stone steps, and through the glass doors, whereat Hayes stood at ease, into the hall, and thence into the great dining-room, with a recently-acquired assurance, as of unwonted sherry. His hand wandered to his breast-pocket as he walked.

"A pull," he was thinking, "a most tremendous pull over the old gentleman—if we like."

"Mr. Bullion, Sir Burgo, is waiting in the dining-room," Mr. Hayes observed

presently, at his leisure. Sir Burgo lays down his *Times* and his cigar.

"Very well. Come along Glyn," he said to his nephew, whom he met on his road; "let's see what Bullion's got to say, hey? Some cock-and-bull story, no doubt. But if it's about John Culling's cheque, I won't believe it; I can tell him that, hey? Come along."

Glyn followed, cool and calm.

"Good-morning, Bullion," Sir Burgo said. "How are you? There, sit down. And now, what's the matter, hey? what's the matter?"

And the old K.C.B. rubbed his white hands, and grinned through his white moustache, in anticipation of the cock-and-bull story Bullion was going to tell.

Bullion wagged his fat head over his neckcloth impressively.



"A BAD BUSINESS, I'M AFRAID, SIR BURGO."

"A bad business, I'm afraid, Sir Burgo—a ve-ry unpleasantly bad business."

"Well, what? Out with it, man, out with it!" Sir Burgo said impetuously. "What are you making such a confounded mystery of it for, hey? Bank been robbed, or what, hey?"

"Just that, Sir Burgo, I'm afraid—the bank *has* been robbed."

"Very sorry to hear it. But you haven't come here to tell me *I've* robbed it, have you, Bullion? That would be rather a joke, begad!" And Sir Burgo laughed—poor old man.

"Not *you*, Sir Burgo," Mr. Bullion said slowly. Then, with rather a nervous look round the room, he added, "I may, of course, speak before Mr. Glyn?"

Glyn was ready to withdraw on the instant.

"Sit down, Glyn," Sir Burgo commanded. "Of course" (to Bullion), "of course you may speak before my nephew, Mr. Glyn Vipont. And now let's have it, please."

Mr. Bullion looked nervously round the room again; then he slowly unbuttoned his coat and took a pocket-book from an inner breast-pocket. He opened this pocket-book slowly, too, and took from it two folded slips of paper, which he laid and smoothed across his knee. One of these folded slips was Glyn Vipont's trump-card, and Glyn recognised it. He smiled on Bullion a smile of polite and languid wonder. Bullion began:

"Can you give me, Sir Burgo, the number and the amount, severally, of the cheques drawn by you on us between the fifth and the seventeenth of last month?"

"My cheque-book can, of course. Why?"

"It is essential."

"Very well. Glyn will you get the book?"

Glyn rose, went and returned with it. Sir Burgo looked through the counterfoils.

"Fifth to seventeenth? Here they are. Shall I read them?"

"If you please, Sir Burgo."

And Sir Burgo read the evidence of the counterfoils. There were only four dated between the fifth and the seventeenth of that June. The first three cheques had been drawn in favour of Hayes, the major-domo, and of his Norbury tradesmen. The fourth had been drawn in favour of—

"Of Captain Burgo Maltravers, I think?" Bullion asked.

"Yes; I remember," Sir Burgo said; "for that new-fangled breech-loader. Well, what of that, hey?"

Glyn's smile of polite wonder grew less languid; he even shrugged his shoulders. What the deuce was Bullion driving at?

"What was the amount of that cheque, Sir Burgo, number fifty-one, dated Norbury, the sixteenth of June, drawn by you on us, and payable to Captain Burgo Maltravers, or order?"

Glyn laughed softly aloud, Bullion was so ultra-formal and solemn. Sir Burgo stared hard at the banker, who bore the old man's keen glance as well as he could, which was not very well.

"I don't know what the devil you mean by this, Mr. Bullion," Sir Burgo said sternly, angered, he couldn't have told

why, by the bringing of Burgo's name into this business, whatever it was. "Will you be kind enough to tell me what Captain Maltravers has to do with this?"

"You—you will see directly, Sir Burgo," the now nervous Bullion returned. "Will you tell me the amount of the cheque you sent to Captain Maltravers?"

Glyn Vipont remarked the form of expression the banker employed in speaking of the document, and understood it. The cheque Captain Maltravers had sent to Norbury for payment was a different thing altogether, of course. Sir Burgo noticed Mr. Bullion's form of expression not at all.

"The amount of that cheque was one hundred and five pounds," he said.

"And the number and date of it those I mention?" Bullion asked.

"Precisely."

"So that there can be no possible mistake on *your* side, Sir Burgo?"

"Mistake? Of course not. It was just as I say. You see, there's nothing wrong, after all."

"Excuse me, Sir Burgo," Bullion said, paling a good deal; "but I'm afraid there is something very wrong. The cheque in question was presented to us by Captain Maltravers two days ago, exactly as you have described it—with one exception, viz., that whereas the cheque you signed was one for one hundred and five pounds, the cheque we received—and paid, Sir Burgo—was for four hundred and five pounds. That was the difference."

"Eh? what? What do you mean?"

"That is the cheque we received, Sir Burgo, and duly honoured. There is Captain Maltravers's signature to our printed receipt for four hundred and five pounds. These may explain what I mean."

"Oh, damn, it!" the wise youth broke out, rising to his indignant feet at this. "I beg your pardon, sir," he added, in apologetic "aside" to Sir Burgo, whose lips quivered, but who seemed unable to speak just then. "Do you mean to say, Mr. Bullion, that you've come here to tell Sir Burgo that his nephew, almost his son, is a—forges?"

He brought the ugly word out gingerly; but he did bring it out. It put the *points sur les I* with a vengeance, though! "The situation" was intelligible at once. Yes; Mr. Bullion *had* come over to the Towers to tell Sir Burgo Maltravers, Major-General and K.C.B., that his nephew,

almost his son, was a forger—a felon. And there were the proofs in the K.C.B.'s shivering white hands—before the brave, stern eyes, that quailed as they had never quailed before, looking on death in many forms.

For this—ah, this was worse than death had ever been in his hot youth to that proud old man. This was crueller, this was bitterer. Ingratitude, shame, dishonour on the grand old name; a blot, a smirch for ever. Forgery! felony!

If Glyn Vipont had not risen with that oath of righteous wrath to those indignant feet of his, and so spoken that there could not remain the faintest doubt of what his cousin was, at all events, accused, it might have been some time before Sir Burgo understood that of himself. Bullion, the banker, was much obliged to Mr. Glyn for stating the case so neatly, and taking the ugly word out of his own apprehensive mouth. It put the business into proper form for proceeding with.

However, after that ugly word had been uttered, no one spoke again before Sir Burgo. The old man's stern, handsome face, bare-cheeked and bronzed, had set sterner, and pale. But Glyn, who had, so to speak, his fingers on Sir Burgo's pulse, felt that it had grown weak with sudden, deadly pain; saw that pain in the quailing eyes, in the quick-quivering lips under the bristling white moustache.

So, then, the old man believed it; believed his Burgo guilty, did he? Glyn had hardly hoped for as much as this at once. Even Mr. Bullion had been nervously anticipating a storm, unwontedly assured as he had been when he came. But Sir Burgo took it quietly; he had nothing to say. It would, indeed, have been hard to say much in the teeth of the paper he held in his hands. Sir Burgo asked one question: "How came you to pay this cheque if you had any suspicion about it?"

"We had none," Bullion said; "you will observe the for—the alteration is very neatly done. It is always an easy alteration to make. Our cashier saw nothing

wrong, and the money was sent to Captain Maltravers at Ellesmere. We knew he was at Ellesmere; and we have cashed cheques like this for him before, only never for so large an amount. The money was sent by special messenger, who delivered it into Captain Maltravers's own hands, and took his receipt for it, as

usual. The—the alteration might never have been discovered till the pass-book was made up at the end of the month, but that the cashier, in counting the cancelled cheques that afternoon, chanced to remark in this one a striking difference in the shades of ink in two places. That difference is even more perceptible now. The fact is, that the ink with which the—the alteration was made was of a different quality, and besides had, most likely, not time to dry before it was blotted. However,"

concluded Mr. Bullion, who felt that he had now made his chain of evidence complete—"however, there can be no doubt that the alteration was made, and that it could have been made by only one person. The question is, Sir Burgo, what is to be done?"

Sir Burgo stood there with the damning witness in his shaking hands, silent still.

"It hits him hard," Bullion thought; "we've a tremendous pull on him after this."

"Habet, I think," the more classical Glyn remarked to himself.

At last Sir Burgo spoke. He had made up his mind what to do. The honour of his name must be saved first, and then—there would be time for the rest afterwards.

"I shall take," he said to Bullion, "what steps in the matter I think fit. Meanwhile——" His right hand was twisting a *porte-allumette* that hung at his watch-chain. The wise youth broke in, virtuously indignant.

"But, sir," he said, "you cannot mean, surely, to take this for granted, to believe——"

"One must believe one's own eyes, Mr. Vipont," Bullion remarked sullenly; "and as for taking for granted, why, proofs like that, aye and less, have sent for——"



THE PROOFS WERE IN HIS HANDS.

"By G—, sir! will you hold your tongue?" Sir Burgo cried hoarsely.

"We have ourselves to look to, Sir Burgo," Bullion said, very pale; "we've paid the money. We can't afford to lose it. It's an awfully bad case. We must —"

"You will do nothing, sir," said Sir Burgo; and as he spoke, there shot a little flame out of the top of the *porte-allumette*, and in a moment the two papers in Sir Burgo's left hand were ashes.

"My dear uncle," Glyn cried, clasping that left hand with great enthusiasm, "well done!"

It didn't matter much to this wise youth what became of his trump-card, you see, when his little game was won; but it mattered to Mr. Bullion. Where was his tremendous pull now?

"You will do nothing," Sir Burgo repeated; "nothing."

"Oh," Bullion said, white and dangerous, and inclined to be insolent, as was only natural. "We'll see about that, Sir Burgo. I have Mr. Glyn as a witness to this."

"You have nothing of the kind, Mr. Bullion," Glyn said politely; "my uncle but anticipated me, I assure you."

"Then we are to be robbed, eh?"

"You are to sit where you are, sir, for a moment," Sir Burgo said. "Give me the ink, Glyn."

Glyn passed the inkstand in the centre of the table across it. Sir Burgo opened his cheque-book, wrote a cheque and signed it. It was payable to Captain Burgo Maltravers, or bearer, and it was drawn on the Norbury Bank for five hundred pounds. He gave this to the dumfounded Bullion.

"This discharges Captain Maltravers's liabilities to you, Mr. Bullion, with interest. If you wish to keep my account, you will consider this business ends here. You understand? Then, good-morning."

Mr. Bullion walked out of the dining-room presently, and through the hall and the glass-doors, where Mr. Hayes stood at ease and never seemed to see him; and

Mr. Bullion clambered into his gig, and drove away like a man from whose brain the effects of unwonted sherry have evaporated.

"I've managed this d—d badly," he said to himself; "however, the money's all right and the interest isn't bad; only I ought to have had a deal more than ninety-five pounds. I wish I'd gone to the Captain first, now; but *his* goose is cooked, if that look in the old man's eye meant anything."

Sir Burgo Maltravers, K.C.B., shut himself up in his own room for the space of about one hour after he was quit of the Norbury banker. It was the bitterest hour of his life; it did the work of years upon him. For what was he to do but believe this story? How could he help it? Who else but Burgo could have altered that cheque? Besides, there was Burgo's signature at the bottom of the receipt for four hundred pounds. It was only too clear; he could not choose but believe.

Ay, it half killed that proud old gentleman. The cool, deliberate, terrible wrong; the heartless, outrageous ingratitude; the burning shame brought upon his name. Burgo's doing, all of it. And why? Why had he done it? He knew he had only to ask and to have. Had he ever been refused? Was not all to be his, by-and-by? He must have done this to hide some other shame that might be even worse. Burgo, whom he had loved as his own son, whom he had defended when many had cried out against him, whom he had believed to be more sinned against than sinning; this prodigal, whom he had borne with and indulged, and forgiven a thousand times, to whom he had given all that he had to give—ah, he was, indeed, what they called him, after all! He had doubtless thought he might be forgiven even this, when the thing that he had done should be known; but that Sir Burgo swore solemnly should never be. The wrong he might have forgiven; the dishonour never. There was an end. He, soldier and gentleman, could meet this forger, this felon, could look upon his face, no more. So the old man swore, and so it should be.

He sent for Glyn Vipont presently. Even that wise youth, whose wisdom dispensed with the troublesome appendage of a conscience, felt a sort of moral



MR. BULLION RETREATS.

dyspepsia when he saw his relative's changed look. It was hardly the Sir Burgo whom he had dined with that morning, that sat in that chair before the writing-table. *Ca coûte*, you know, a little game like our friend Glyn's. But it didn't cost Glyn very much.

He took, however, advantage of his dyspepsia to express suitable sentiments. The other scarcely heard them; he was hardly in the humour to listen to this sort of thing. But Glyn had other things to say. The victory he had won must be secured. The judgment that was going forth against his cousin must never be reversed. So Glyn, with an admirable unwillingness, said what he had arranged to say about Burgo's request to him for the loan, or rather, Glyn managed to have all this forced from him. He admitted that Burgo had seemed anxious about this money, very anxious; that he had declared he must have it, at any cost; that there were reasons why he could not apply to Sir Burgo, imperative as was his necessity; and that he had parted from him, Glyn, in an unusually excited way. And so on. He would have let these disclosures be wrung out of him to any extent; but Sir Burgo did not care to penetrate to the worse shame he might come upon at the bottom of this business, and which, somehow, Glyn seemed cognisant of, and laudably desirous to keep hidden. The thing was bad enough as it was; he wanted to hear no more of it, or of the man who had wronged him so basely. He made up his mind, then and there, what to do, and he did it at once. Defence there could be none; it remained but to pass sentence.

It was Glyn Vipont who carried that sentence to the criminal at Ellesmere. And I think Glyn would rather not have had it to carry; but he couldn't help himself; and he had to accept the duty with *empressement*, as well as with real reluctance, like one who hoped eventually to bring about peace, even against hope.

His ride dissipated his dyspepsia, probably. At all events, he was his usually calm, wise self when he stood before Lady Mildred by-and-by on the terrace. Burgo was out somewhere, my lady said; what was the matter?—Glyn's expressive countenance betraying plainly that something was wrong.

The wise youth considered a moment, then he asked Lady Mildred to let him

speak with her in private. In the octagon chamber, when the door was close shut upon them, he told her what had happened.

"Is this true?" was her first question; for she didn't believe it.

He explained how it could scarcely be otherwise. At all events, he feared Sir Burgo was hopelessly convinced that it was.

"I see," she said. And she did see as women see—that is, she *felt* that this could not be as Glyn had said, as Sir Burgo was convinced it was. Burgo had not done this thing. But—Burgo was not to marry her daughter. So she didn't tell Glyn—she didn't tell herself—that she felt Burgo was innocent.

"Why have you told me this?" she asked next. Again she *felt* that this was a move in some game of Mr. Glyn's. That individual thought as much.

"I want your help—for Burgo, Lady Mildred," he said. A " *coquine, coquin à demi*, my lady!" he thought.

"Oh," my lady said, "I understand; but you had better tell him what you have got to tell him. I hear his voice outside, now."

"I wish to heaven I hadn't to do this!" Glyn cried honestly.

"I dare say, Glyn," Lady Mildred replied.

"I swear I do!" he reiterated with unwonted vehemence. But he went and did it.

"Burgo no more forged that cheque than I did," Lady Mildred said to herself when she was alone; "but for all that, I



"IS THIS TRUE?"

see that Glyn Vipont will have the Towers by-and-by. Well, it serves Sir Burgo right. And now I must talk to Cecil."

The wise youth put his arm through Burgo's, and they went out of earshot down the avenue. Glyn prefaced, hesitated skilfully, broke down admirably; finally, told Burgo the story. To Burgo it seemed so absurd that at first he laughed.

"What rot!" he said emphatically; "old Bullion's mad! Says I did him out of three hundred? Altered the cheque? Why, that's forgery, you know. I'll punch his head; by Jove, I will! Why, what does he mean? I wrote him a note, asking him to lend me the three hundred for a month or so, as I didn't want to bother the governor, and to send a fellow over with it to me here. The cheque I sent him to cash with the note was to make up the four hundred I wanted."

"He distinctly says the cheque came without anything else in the envelope—not even an address; and that the cheque purported to be for four hundred and five. Two days afterwards he discovered that the cheque had been tampered with. The difference of the ink had had time to show itself, or was then first noticed."

"Bah! you don't believe such bosh as that?"

"I don't. But how came the cheque as Bullion swears it was when he got it?"

"How should I know? It's all a riddle to me. What became of my note, too?"

"Burgo, he denies he ever received one. He paid you the money on the strength of that cheque alone. He kept insisting on that. And he produced your receipt for the four hundred odd."

Glyn's tone was very grave as he said this

"I know. I signed a receipt the fellow brought with him, who gave me the notes. I supposed it was only to show he'd handed the money over to me. And it was for four hundred odd, of course. But look here, Glyn: do you mean to say the governor actually—believes this?"

Glyn's face was very grave indeed now. "I—I'm afraid he does," he said. "But I hope——"

"Good God!" Burgo cried; "believes it? Believes I'd do a thing like this? And to him of all people in the world? Why, there must be awful evidence against me."

"There is, Burgo, or rather there was; for the evidence is destroyed now."

Then followed Glyn's description of what had passed in the dining-room. And then Burgo began to realise his position.

"I have not done this thing, of course," he said; "but it'll be rather hard to *prove* my innocence, if the governor refuses to take my word. I'll take your horse, Glyn, and ride over. He won't refuse to see me, I suppose? I'm not to be condemned without a hearing. What an infernal business!"

No one knew that better than Glyn, who said he hoped not, too.

"I can't advise you in such a case as this," he added; "if I could, I would ask you to wait till Sir Burgo is calmer."

"I sha'n't wait under a cloud like this a moment," Burgo returned. "Where's that horse of yours?"

They walked quietly back.

"Perhaps you're right," Glyn observed; "you know best. But you can understand how he takes such a thing as this."

"No," Burgo said, "that's just what I *can't* understand! I'd as soon expect myself to believe a story like this of *him*."

"Burgo, can you tell me what you wanted this money for?" Glyn asked, really curious to know; "I mean, is there any reason why you——"

"There's no reason at all why I shouldn't tell you. A man I know is in a hole, and asked me to help him out."

"O!" said Glyn. He didn't believe this.

"Yes; Brune has a talent for asking people to help him out of holes; and——"

"Brune! He's the man?"

"Yes; but I didn't mean to mention his name."

"Because you meant *Brune's wife*. That's it!" Glyn thought.

He could understand Burgo doing a thing like this easily enough.

"Ah," Burgo said, just then, "here's the horse! I'll bring him back for you, Glyn, when I've made this all square."

And he cantered away down the avenue hopefully. The truth must surely conquer the lie this time. But the wise youth knew better than that, and felt no uneasiness. Burgo was going to knock his foolish head against something harder than the stone-wall of the Towers. By all means let him.

Meantime, Glyn had a piece of news to

give my lady. She was in her own room with Cecil, René Pardaillan believed. She was there a long time. She came into the drawing-room alone presently.

"Where is Burgo?" she asked.

Glyn told her. She shook her head. Then he said, for her ear only: "Do you know for whom he wanted the money?"

"Do you?" she asked, looking at him. Did he tell you?"

"Yes."

"For whom?"

"You have guessed. For Mrs. Brune."

CHAPTER VI.

BURGO IS DISOWNED.

"O MAMMA! Mamma! It can't be true! He never did it!"

Cecil was walking feverishly up and down the octagon chamber, repeating this. My lady sat in her accustomed seat watching her, grave and silent, till such time as it should be safe to continue the operation.

She had not said that Burgo was a forger—exactly. She had merely told Cecil what she had been told herself, as though it had actually happened—that was all. She didn't believe it; but *la diplomatie n'a pas d'entrailles*. An opportunity was an opportunity. She thought she might wait long for a better. Burgo



AND HE CANTERED AWAY.

was not to marry her daughter; the ostensible reason why did not signify—to her. Assuming this business to be true, there was an end of the matter at once, without any further trouble. So Lady Mildred assumed it to be true, and spoke accordingly. Of course it was just possible that, being innocent, Burgo might succeed in establishing his innocence by-and-by.

"But," my lady thought, "Glyn didn't seem very apprehensive of that; and Glyn ought to know, it seems to me."

Besides, she settled that it should be too late then; all would be over. So much the worse for Burgo; but what would he have? He had to be got rid of somehow.

Having made up her mind that this was to be the way, Lady Mildred took her daughter upstairs, sat her down on the sofa beside her own chair, put her arm round her waist, and went to work immediately.

Cecil listened—startled, incredulous, amazed, indignant. But my lady's tone told; the girl *did* listen. Still, when my lady had finished, she cried that it could not be true; that he had never done this. You observe the ground that has been lost and gained already.

"He never did it, mamma!"

The policy and the wisdom of my lady's silence would now have been appreciable by any astute third person. Cecil's assertion was almost a question.

"It was *done*, dear, there is no doubt of that. There was the cheque, evidently altered. There was the receipt, signed by him for the exact amount. It is very dreadful; but what can one say? One knows what Burgo is."

And Lady Mildred shrugged her shoulders, as though one knew that he was a professional forger amongst other things.

"Mamma!"

"What, dear?"

"You must not speak of him like that. I know what Burgo is; and I know he never did that."

"I don't say he did. I am merely telling you the facts as they most undoubtedly are."

"Yes, as Glyn Vipont says they are. I declare, I would believe nothing he said against Burgo."

"My dear child, he has said nothing against Burgo; Glyn has behaved very

well. This may make a great difference to him; but he has behaved very well. At any rate, the facts are indisputable. The cheque was altered from one hundred pounds to four hundred; and—Burgo signed a receipt for that four hundred."

"But it was not Burgo who altered the cheque, mamma; you know it was not."

Lady Mildred shrugged her shoulders.

"I *hope* it was not, darling; but—who did, then?"

"He can explain. You have not seen him yet. If he has done this, would he go straight across to the Towers now? Besides *why* should he do it? Why, mamma?"

My lady's grave face became graver.

"He had only to ask to have what he wanted, you know," Cecil went on.

"I know he had asked too often and too much of late, Cecil."

"Of late? Why, he has been almost living here. Mamma, you know how differently he has lived of late."

"It is as I say, nevertheless. Sir Burgo at last refused, positively—very positively."

"Well?"

"Burgo asked Glyn Vipont three days ago to lend him a large sum."

"Glyn says so. Well?"

"Well, Glyn could not lend it him. Burgo declared he must have it, and seemed much disturbed. He evidently was greatly in want of the money; he could not wait, and he knew it was no use applying to Sir Burgo."

"So he went and forged this cheque? Is that what you mean, mamma?" Cecil asked, with a faint smile. "You mean me to understand that?"

"Cecil, I want you to understand nothing but what I say. There is, as it stands at present, a very strong case against Burgo. You may not believe—I may not believe—that he did this; but the case is reasonably very strong against him; it is impossible to deny that."

"But why," Cecil said, unable to say more—"why did he do it? And *now* mamma?"

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"One can only surmise, my poor child."
"My poor child" knew there was something more behind, after that.

"Can you surmise why Burgo should have done this? Can you, mamma?"

She ceased her feverish pacing to and fro, and stood still, white and almost stern, to face the model mother's answer. The model mother knew that this was the critical point in the operation. It required very delicate doing. The smallest mistake would be fatal. However, she was a model mother, and she could do this without the smallest mistake. She met her child's gaze with mournful, compassionate calmness. This made the poor child cry out,

"O mamma! Tell me."

"I will tell you what I know, darling. It is better; and you know something of this yourself, Cecil."

"I know?"

"Yes. The other day when you spoke to me about this now doubly unfortunate business between you and Burgo, there was something which you didn't tell me; something you had seen that afternoon that had made you unhappy. I knew you were unhappy; but I did not know the reason till afterwards. You understand me?"

"Go on, mamma," was all the patient could say.

"I know now," my lady went on; "and you remember our overtaking Burgo as we drove back from the Court

the day after? It was on that day that he got the money; it was on that day that he and Mrs. Brune must have walked nearly half-way here, along that private road, so deep in conversation that they scarcely heard us coming behind them."

"Mamma, mamma!"

"This is so, is it not? Cecil, I am merely telling you what you know as well as I do; and only repeating this because I have something more to add to it, something I *must* add now."

"Stop! Mamma, are you sure of what you are going to say? Think—quite sure?"

"I am sure of this," my lady said, rising emphatically to finish; "that whoever tampered with that cheque, it was Burgo



"IT CAN'T BE TRUE."

who had the money; and that he wanted this money to give to Mrs. Brune; and that he did give it to her, that day. I am sure of that—quite sure."

The patient did not groan, or cry, or faint. She sat still, quite white and quiet, in a way my lady hardly liked, for a good while, her eyes fixed on vacancy, and her hands clasped tightly together. Presently she spoke:

"You say you are sure; you may be right. You would hardly tell me this if you were not quite sure. But—he loves me; I am sure of that."

"Yes, he loves you."

"Well, then, if he loved me——"

"This could not have happened? That is a fair argument, I admit. Only remember what sort of life Burgo has lived."

"You always fall back on that, mamma," the girl said bitterly.

"I am bound to consider it, I think, when you are concerned. It was one of my objections to this affair between you from the first, and I am not suffered to forget it. I am forced to remember it now. You tell me that Burgo loves you, and that therefore he *could* not have done this. I admit his love for you, but I can admit nothing more; I must have proof. Yes, he loves you, Cecil; but he has not always loved you. He may have entanglements; he may be hampered—men are whose lives have given far less cause for suspecting it. I confess I feared it; that was why I insisted on your being allowed time when it was too late for me to do anything else. And was I not right?"

Cecil was silent. My lady's speech was very suggestive. She saw suddenly how it *might* all be as her parent put it. Burgo might love her, and yet be hampered, entangled. She remembered all she had seen. Misgivings that were vague then, came back to her no longer vague. What had he said to her that afternoon on the terrace? That he would do anything for this woman. What had he done?

My lady went on, after allowing time for her words to tell:

"Darling, I wish to do him no injustice; but I think of you. This is a terrible affair; it may be explained—Burgo may clear himself" (Cecil winced at the word, but silently). "But of all I have said to you about it, I am sure. When you bring your argument against me, that he loves you and *must* be innocent, I feel bound to point out to you that he may love you, and yet——"

"Yes, I understand," Cecil interrupted here.

"Just so," my lady said. "There may be nothing but what is quite simply explainable between him and Mrs. Brune. They are very old friends, you know; but, taken altogether, the affair has a very unpleasant look. I could hardly speak of it to you less seriously than I have done, Cecil. The facts are dreadfully against him, one can't deny, and there is the possible, the probable motive."

"You are more against him than the facts, mamma."

"It is not fair to either of us to say that. It is true I have been against your marrying him."

"Since when?"

"Since I had reason," my lady returned coolly. This meant since René Pardailan had told her what he wanted. Cecil understood this; but she misunderstood, and always had, my lady's motive for wanting her to take the Marquis.

"But," my lady continued, "that has very little to do with it; it has not influenced my judgment in this matter. In fact, I have not judged him at all; I have simply stated what has happened. Of course, Burgo must clear himself. If not, why, of course——"

Cecil finished the sentence for herself. There was a long pause. My lady felt her work was done; the rest was all plain sailing. If Burgo cleared himself, it would be a miracle; and Lady Mildred didn't believe in miracles.

"Mamma," Cecil said, "how do you know what he did with this money?"



"YOU ARE MORE AGAINST HIM THAN FACTS."

"Through himself—indirectly."

"Ah! Glyn Vipont. Glyn has been very busy in all this. I must see Burgo myself, mamma, when he comes back."

"That depends, of course, on —"

"On what? He's not to be condemned unheard, is he? I tell you I love him, I love him."

"No, he is not to be condemned unheard, dear. But can you question him? When he comes back, I shall see him alone, and then I shall know whether you can see him afterwards or not."

"I must see him, whatever he may tell you. Mamma, if Burgo had done this, he would tell you. If he told you he had not, I would believe him. And—and what is this Mrs. Brune to him that he should—Oh, he did not, he could not!"

And an hour passed wearily, and still Burgo had not come. My lady sat with her daughter in the octagon chamber, listening for the ring of his horse's hoofs upon the gravel.

René Pardaillan, left alone with Glyn Vipont in the drawing-room, had eyed that youth for a minute or two with melancholy hate, and then had risen, saluted Glyn gravely, and gone without a word. Glyn was antipathetic to him; he simply could not stay in his company. He had lit a cigarette and strolled away and hidden himself, and the battle that was being fought in him, from human ken in a quiet corner of the pleasance. He knew nothing of what had happened. It was only the old eternal fight in him whether, knowing what he knew, he should take Cecil for his wife—if he could or not.

Glyn smoked on the terrace. He felt quite calm and comfortable; and he enjoyed his golden-brown cabana every bit as much as usual. The game was won, or as good as won; and he felt no remorse whatever, and no undue exultation. Was he not a wise youth? To him life was all a little game, where you won if you could, and as you could; where you "did" your neighbour, or were "done" by him, as the simplest matter of business. And what people called "remorse" was aggravated dyspepsia, preventable by prophylactic blue-pill. Glyn's digestion was usually perfect.

He strolled about smoking on the terrace in the sun, thinking of the last time he had strolled there up and down with Burgo, and of that lucky request for the

loan of the three hundred that had been made him. Yes, he had had a chance, and he had availed himself of it. He stood to win now. Burgo was out of the way for ever; his own road to the Towers lay quite clear before him. The old man would never go back from his oath—never. He would see *his heir*—Glyn smiled as he remembered a certain bumper of Romanée '48 he had swallowed to a certain toast once—no more. Burgo's day was done, there was an end of him; and so there might be, for all Glyn cared. He had had quite enough of his cousin all his life.

"D—n him!" Glyn said to himself with the smile on his lips yet, and quite calmly; "he may go to the devil as soon as he likes, you know."

Meanwhile Burgo had galloped across to the Towers as fast as Glyn's horse would carry him, revolving many things in his mind as he went.

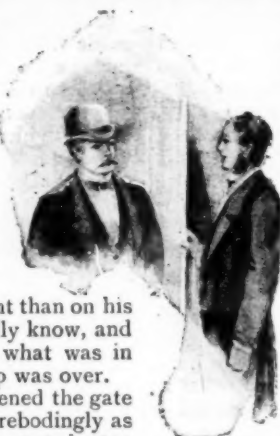
What on earth could be the meaning of what he had heard? It had seemed simply laughable at first. Did they mean to say that he had gone and altered the cheque? What confounded nonsense! But the thing assumed a different aspect as he rode and thought it over again. The cheque *had* been altered; Glyn had seen it; Sir Burgo had seen it; and yet this was the same cheque, beyond doubt, which he had put into the envelope that night at Ellesmere, with his written request to Bullion and Baggs to let him draw three hundred for a couple of months. Now, how could that be? He began to see the case against him. There was the cheque; there was the receipt for the amount of it which he had signed. He had signed it, of course, believing that he was merely acknowledging the safe delivery into his hands of the total the bank-clerk had brought him; and concluding that, as they had let him overdraw this way before, Bullion and Baggs had made no difficulty about doing so in the present instance, though it had been for a larger sum. But his note to the firm had vanished; it had never been seen, never been received by anyone. The money had been sent him simply on the strength of the forged cheque. By-and-by the forgery had been discovered; and then naturally the Bank had got savage, and gone straight over to the Towers, cheque in hand; and then had followed all this row.

The more Burgo looked at the business, the less he liked it; it looked uglier

and uglier; and it was at present perfectly inexplicable. All he could do was to give Sir Burgo his word of honour that he personally knew no more about it than Sir Burgo's self; and then they must try and unravel the mystery.

He reached the Towers at last, never doubting but that it would eventually come all right, and much more annoyed on the K.C.B.'s account than on his own. But he didn't naturally know, and could never have suspected, what was in store for him when his gallop was over.

The keeper's wife, who opened the gate for him, shook her head forebodingly as the Captain went off again, not in too great a hurry to nod her wonted good-morning. *She* knew pretty well what was waiting for him. The lodge was a couple of miles nearly from the house. Mr. Hayes, the sole person who could have heard anything of what had passed in the dining-room after tiffin, was a model of discretion: and yet this keeper's wife who kept the gate knew quite well that something unpleasant had happened, and that this something concerned Captain Burgo, whom she greatly loved. She was perfectly well aware that Sir Burgo had shut himself up in his own room, and was in one of his "red rages," only the rage was "redder" than anybody ever remembered it before, because it was about the Captain. She knew all this: who had told her? Who can tell? No one, most likely; but she knew all this, all the same. So, one can more easily understand, did the servants' hall generally, and the stables. Burgo was highly popular amongst both communities. They wondered what the matter really was now. The Captain had been a-overrunning the constable again, had he? But the Captain had done that pretty often before, and Sir Burgo had taken it quite as a matter of course. And what harm if he had, either? Wasn't the place as good as his own already? To be sure it was. Sir Burgo wouldn't have took on this way if it had been only that, they agreed. Then what was it? Mr. Hayes's expressive countenance was consulted. It looked very grave; the model of discretion said nothing, but his subordinates thought the more in consequence.



"SIR BURGO CAN
SEE NO ONE AT
PRESENT."

A sharp beat of hoofs, and a scattering of the trim gravel where the wheel-marks of the Norbury Bank's gig were visible, and then Burgo had left the told-out chestnut to the man who came hurrying round from the stable, eager to see what the Captain wanted, and what was going to happen; and had run up the slope, and been received on the hall door-mat by the discreet Hayes, graver and discreeter than ever.

"Hayes," Burgo said, "I want to see the governor at once. Where is he?"

"Sir Burgo is in his own room, sir," Hayes answered.

"All right; I'll go up."

But Hayes didn't make way for him; Hayes kept his position on the door-mat as if he had been manning a breach.

"I beg your pardon, sir," Hayes said. He, too, liked the Captain; but he was Sir Burgo's before all, and he had had his orders. It distressed him to have to carry them out, but he would have done it if he had died for it; so he held his ground.

"I beg your pardon, sir, Sir Burgo can see no one at present."

"See no one—why, what's wrong? Is he ill?"

"Sir Burgo is—not well, sir; he has given orders not to be disturbed by anyone."

"But he'll see me, I suppose?"

"His orders were very precise, sir."

"You mean to say he won't see me, Hayes?"

Hayes remained gravely silent for a minute; then he said:

"Might I respectfully ask you to step into the dining-room, sir? I can hardly say what I would wish to say here."

He might have said anything he chose; there was no one to hear. But he was a model of discretion. Burgo saw it was a deal more serious than he had anticipated.

"All right," he assented.

Mr. Hayes let him in through the breach, preceded him solemnly to the dining-room door, opened it for him, and then closed it behind them both.

"And now what is it?" Burgo turned on him at once to ask.

"First, sir, might I offer you any luncheon?" Hayes said. He would have offered you luncheon, this man, if you had come to the Towers to be hung. Burgo couldn't help laughing at him.

"No," he said; "I've no appetite just now, Hayes, thank you."

Hayes bowed gravely. He had satisfied his major-domo's conscience by going through the form. He hung fire a little before he answered Burgo's question. From what he knew, this was a serious, very serious business. Sir Burgo had seemed quite determined; his instructions had been most peremptory. He would not see Captain Maltravers, if Captain Maltravers came over that afternoon, or any other afternoon, or at any time whatever. He would not see his nephew under any circumstances. Did Hayes quite understand? Then let Hayes look to it.

This was very serious. But Hayes had a regard for one he had been accustomed to consider as his future liege lord; besides, things might come all right again. So he thought he would break the intelligence as gently as might be. Sir Burgo had only forbidden him to admit the Captain to his presence; he had not said he was to be kept out of the house altogether; so Hayes had felt himself at liberty to request the Captain to walk into the dining-room, and, moreover, had taken upon that self to offer the Captain luncheon. Hayes didn't know exactly what the Captain had been doing; but he fancied it must be something pretty bad this time for the governor to issue the edict he had done; and in the money way, too, or what did Bullion from Norbury want over there that morning? Still, it might all come right yet. The discreet Hayes wanted to

express that hope, amongst other things, discreetly, between walls, and with the door shut.

This he did by-and-by, when he had told Burgo all else he had to tell. It was sorry comfort to the listener. He could understand the old man's anger and annoyance well enough, but he couldn't understand how, inexplicable as the thing was, he should believe that he, Burgo, had been guilty of this thing. It looked fearfully as though Sir Burgo did believe that—did believe it so absolutely as to have already tried and condemned his nephew in his absence, and unheard; did believe it so absolutely as to refuse to see or listen to him—as to have shut his doors against him, and turned his face from him for ever. Yes, it looked fearfully as if this were so.

And if it were, what was that proud, generous old man thinking of him? That he was a disgrace to their name—reprobate and ungrateful beyond bearing. That the man to whom he owed so much—whom he liked and loved so honestly—should so think of him was harder to stand than all the rest. Burgo told Hayes he must and would see his uncle. At last Hayes was constrained, sorely against his present inclination, to carry an urgent request upstairs that Burgo might be admitted to an audience.

The envoy returned with ominous promptitude. Sir Burgo Maltravers declined to see Captain Maltravers, after the events of that morning, on any pretext whatever. Captain Maltravers would receive a communication shortly from Sir Burgo's lawyers, which would place matters between them on the footing on which Sir Burgo intended them for the future to remain. That was all.

(To be continued.)



IN our article dealing with the "Queen's Westminster Volunteers," we briefly alluded to the martial spirit which animated the nation when the great Napoleon openly declared his intention of making a descent on the shores of England. His arrogant boast that he would blot us out from the map of Europe called forth the first Volunteer movement. After all fears of a foreign invasion had been dispelled on the field of Waterloo, the "Citizen Army" was disbanded. During the Crimean War France proved herself in every way a faithful ally of Great Britain. During that momentous period the friendship existing between the two nations seemed indissoluble, and up to the Spring of 1856, France could do nothing wrong; she was our ally. In 1857 she could do nothing right. Then we remembered that during the Crimean war Napoleon's interests were more developed than ours. We suspected every step taken by him, and believed he was animated by a steadfast desire to humiliate us. We called to mind the swamps of Cayenne, the manufactured Plebiscitum. We spoke of Judas' kisses at Buckingham

Palace and the Tuileries. The new year came. Orsini's attempt on the life of the Emperor, matured in England, was made in Paris. Lord Palmerston willing to do the Emperor a pleasure, and shocked at the use which had been made of the right of asylum, introduced the Conspiracy to Murder bill, a most righteous measure in principle, but not carefully framed. The English people felt outraged by the insults of the French Colonels, and would not have it at any price. The "most English of ministers" was hurled from power, and when the Derby-Disraeli Ministry was formed, the leader of the House of Commons said war with France was a question, not of days, but of hours. Then an Old Bailey jury acquitted Dr. Simeon Bernard on the charge of conspiracy against the life of Napoleon the Third. The feeling on both sides of the Channel grew more and more intense, and it is not easy to say what might have happened, when the leven bolt fell, not towards this side of the Channel but over the Alps. The electricity was drawn off in another direction, but the lesson had sunk deeply into the hearts of the people. On a ques-



PRIZE SHOTS AT WIMBLEDON.

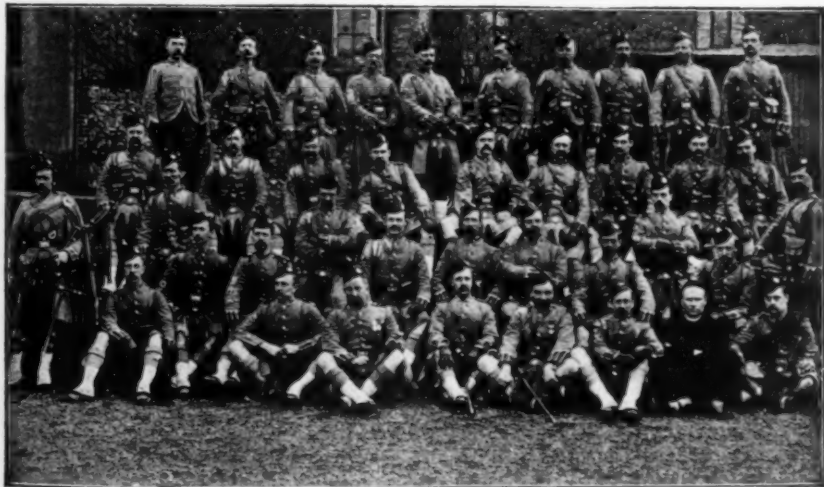
tion of Reform the Conservatives went out, having kept the peace with difficulty; but before they went they gave a turn to the elections, by recognising and responding to the call of the country for safety at home, whatever might happen abroad. They sanctioned the formation of a Volunteer army. Had they done so sooner, it might have changed the face of modern politics: as it was, they were only beaten on a want of confidence in the bill, in the most crowded house then known. A fortnight after Magenta, a week before Solferino, the Palmerston-Russell Administration was formed, and it was noticed as a pleasing feature that the most British of ministers took the oath on Waterloo Day, and adopted the Volunteer movement at the first opportunity. It was no longer a party question—it was a national resolve. In 1859 the Volunteer movement became an accomplished fact; and it was this year which witnessed the birth of the subject of our present article, The "London Scottish Rifle Volunteers." This crack regiment was the practical



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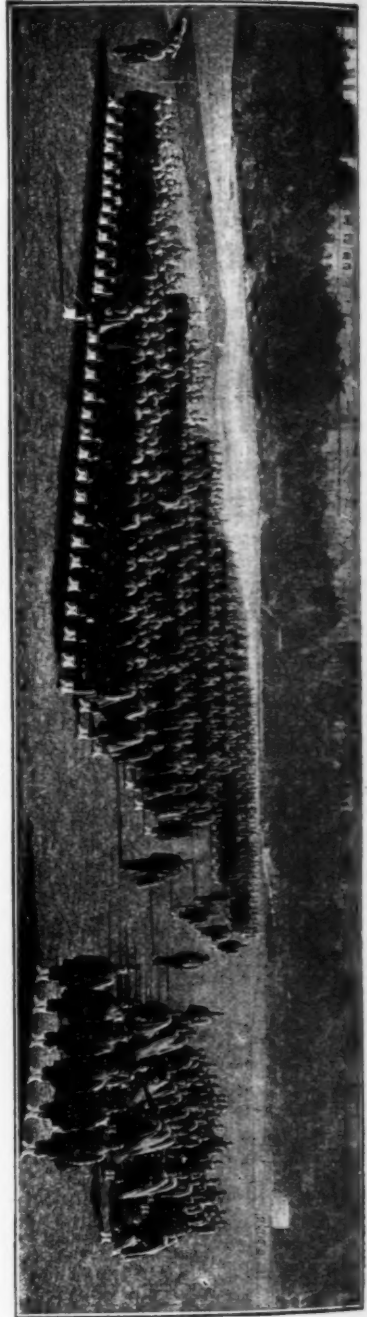
outcome of a public meeting of Scotchmen, held on the 4th of July, 1859, and in the following January the corps was accepted by the military authorities as a battalion, consisting of six companies of one hundred men each, one company only being then in kilts. In November, 1860, the battalion was increased to ten companies, with four companies in the kilts, the muster-roll then being about eight hundred and seventy. In 1865 the companies were reduced to eight, the numbers of the regiment falling off considerably, and fears were entertained that the national spirit of Scotchmen was wanting

to an extent that boded ill for the corps. Shortly after that date the whole regiment was put into the kilt, which helped its recruiting; and the Windsor and Edinburgh reviews of 1881 had a most beneficial effect, as since that year the Scottish have added to their numbers. At the present time their strength is about eight hundred and ninety, and it is estimated that about three thousand nine hundred beyond this



GROUP OF SERGEANTS, DOVER, EASTER, 1892.

number have passed through the ranks, thus swelling the number of the nation who have received military training. It was certainly wise on the part of the military authorities to clothe the entire regiment in the kilt. The fact that they are the only regiment on this side of the Tweed thus attired undoubtedly adds to the interest which is taken in their welfare by the general public. To those who advocate neutral grey, or such like sober hued uniforms as the most sensible garb in which to clothe the modern soldier, the popularity of the "London Scottish" is a standing rebuke. Their picturesque uniform is more calculated to win recruits than any other inducement which it is possible for the authorities to offer. The corps, however, is not only Scotch in garb, but its members, with few exceptions, are Scotchmen to the backbone. When the regiment was first raised, as the 15th Middlesex, admittance to membership could only be gained by the applicant who was Scottish by birth, descent, marriage, or property. The regulations as they exist to-day are much more strict, the regulation permitting "Scotchmen by marriage" having been withdrawn; consequently, the regiment is more thoroughly Scottish in character than it has ever been. At the time of the formation of the corps the uniform was very similar to that worn by the other regiments. In an old coloured lithograph hanging on the walls of the officer's mess at the headquarters in James's Street, Buckingham Gate, we find the uniform consisting of a light grey tunic, loose trousers coming down to the knee, and brown leggings, the facings light-blue, and for head-gear, the old-fashioned shako, with the feather at one side; in the kilted company the uniform is very similar to that now worn. We shall now have to go back to 1860, in which year a great impetus was given to the Volunteer movement by the Prince Consort, who first conceived the idea that it would be well if Her Majesty associated herself intimately with her citizen soldiers; and, as a first fruit of this, a great levée of Volunteer officers was held at St. James' Palace, and over one thousand of them dined the same night at St. James' Hall, with the Duke of Cambridge in the chair. On the 23rd June, 1860, the "never-to-be-forgotten" Volunteer Review was held by the Queen in Hyde Park. The London Scottish



A PARADE, EASTBOURNE, EASTERN, 1893

played a conspicuous part in this historical event. It was a gigantic affair, eighteen thousand, four hundred and fifty men being present, from striplings to old men. One of the latter, Mr. Lover, of Wealdhall in Essex, who had been present at a Volunteer Review held on the same ground in 1803 as an officer, was present on this occasion as a hale and hearty private. We believe there was no living link between the great Review of June 4, 1799, King George the Third's sixty-first birthday, and that of his grand-daughter on Midsummer eve, sixty-one years after, but there was much in



MAJOR RALFOUR
Photo. by] [Naudin and Co.

In fact, writing a short history of this distinguished regiment means writing a his-



LIEUT. A. G. ALEXANDER
Photo. by] [Bassano.



LIEUT. J. C. H. GWEIR.
Photo. by] [Mayall and Co.

the Emperor Napoleon the Third was actually present at the review, and that he was recognised by some old fellow constables in Hyde Park, disguised in a shooting jacket, and coolly smoking a cigar. Strange to say, a similar rumour was started about the first Napoleon, as it was popularly believed that he came disguised to England in order to have a personal interview with Pitt. Nine days after the great Review, the National Rifle Association began its first meetings at Wimbledon Common. The Queen, guarded by a select number of Volunteers, received an ad-



LIEUT. ARCHIBALD GRAY.
Photo. by] [Vandyk.

dress in a pavilion near the Wimbledon end of the common and returned a gracious reply; then Her Majesty pulled a string attached to the trigger of a Whitworth gun; the bullet struck the target, a red and white flag signalled a bull's-eye, and the first Wimbledon meet was opened. In briefly alluding to some of the principal Volunteer Reviews held during the last thirty-four years, the reader must remember that on all occasions the gallant "London Scottish Rifles" played an important part.

tory of the whole Volunteer movement and vice versa. In March, 1863, the London Scottish helped to line the streets on the occasion of the arrival of the Princess Alexandra in London as the affianced bride of the Prince of Wales. In 1866 they were first reviewed with

regular troops. This was on the occasion of a great Review at Dover. Captain Commerell, one of the most popular men in the Navy, commanded a squadron composed of the fine old *Terrisa*, *The Virago*, *The Lizard*, *The Martin*, and *Ferral* gun brigs, and *The Magnet* gun boat. The manœuvres of the vessels as they covered a supposed landing were beautiful to look upon, and the roar and smoke of their guns, answered from the Guildford battery, Archcliffe Fort and the Western Heights, combined well with the attack and defence of the castle. Dover Castle was nearly



QUEEN'S REPRESENTATIVES, WIMBLEDON, 1887

carried by the invaders, who penetrated to the very ditches, so that the drawbridges had to be raised and the gates closed to keep them out.

In the same year ten thousand English volunteers and one thousand Belgians marched past the Sultan Ab-dul Aziz, the Prince of Wales, the Duke D'Aosta, and a distinguished company at Wimbledon; and in 1867 the Queen held a Review at Windsor.

The year 1881 was certainly a busy one for the London Scottish. In July they took part in the great Volunteer Review held before Her Majesty at Windsor, and in September they assisted at the Review in Edinburgh. On this occasion forty thousand, six hundred and seventy-four men were present, and of this number thirty-six thousand, one hundred and ten were Scotch volunteers, the rest coming from the English Border Counties of Northumberland, Cumberland and Durham. Only five of the Scottish regiments were not represented, the far distant Orkney Artillery Brigade, and the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th Aberdeenshire Rifles, whose absence was due to the season of the year, the men being unable to leave their fishing and harvest. The London Scottish, some three hundred strong, were detained at the Leith Road Station, and were cheered by an enormous crowd who had assembled to welcome this crack London regiment. The Queen, the Duchess of Edinburgh, Princess Beatrice, the Dukes of Edinburgh, Connaught and Cambridge, and Lord Wolsley (then plain, Sir Garnet) were present.

The weather was most unfavourable. In fact, it could not have been much worse. Rain fell almost continuously all day; the journey back from the field was certainly a rough experience for the Volunteers. They had nothing dry to put on when they returned to their quarters, and many regiments continued their journey to their homes the same night. The London Scottish, who arrived next morning at King's Cross, were in a terrible plight, damp, muddy, and weary-looking. The Duke of Cambridge is said to have observed, when coming from the Review, "This is as hard as actual service." A few days later the Queen caused Major-General Macdonald to telegraph to the officers, congratulating each corps on its bearing, safe return, etc.

The London Scottish has always had distinguished officers at its head. Field Marshal Lord Clyde, G.C.B., held this post from 1861 to 1863; his successor was Lieut.-General Sir J. Hope Grant, G.C.B., from 1864 to 1875, and the Earl of Wemyss, A.D.C., now holds the appointment, as a just tribute to his long and meritorious services both to the corps and to the Volunteer force generally. The Earl of Wemyss was the first acting colonel; he was then Lord Elcho. In 1873 he practically handed over the command to Major Lumsden, who was gazetted to the colonelcy in December, 1878. Colonel Lumsden retained the command until some two years ago, when, much to the regret of all, he resigned, and the command fell to Lieut.-Colonel Nicol. During his tenure of

the office, Colonel Lumsden did much for the corps, and left it in a splendid state of efficiency. He had the satisfaction of seeing its numbers increase from four hundred and sixty-five in 1873 to eight hundred and one in 1891. It is a rule in the London Scottish that no member can hold a commission unless he has served in the ranks. The practical experience they thus gain proves of the greatest value when they are called upon to command in the field. The present commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Nicol, joined as a private in February, 1884, after having held a commission in the Deeside Highlanders. He obtained his majority a few months afterwards, and the command in 1891. He works incessantly, and is unsparing in his efforts for the welfare of his regiment.

The commission as second mounted officer was for some years held by Major Alexander. Much to the regret of all in the corps, he retired quite recently. We believe his successor has not been yet appointed.

Major Eustace Balfour is the third mounted officer of the corps, and is a brother of Mr. Arthur James Balfour, M.P. He joined in 1882, obtained his company in 1889, and his majority in 1891. He is one of the most able and popular officers in the whole volunteer service. Space will not permit us to deal individually with each officer. Suffice to say they are alike esteemed by the military authorities for their zeal in the discharge



THE ADJUTANT, CAPTAIN SCOTT.

of their duties, and by those under them for their kindness and consideration. Every praise is due to the several adjutants who have served with the London Scottish: Arbuckle, Flood Page, Milligan, Smail and Covey are all names to conjure with in Volunteer circles. The three last were selected from the 92nd Highlanders, or, as they are now designated, the Second Battalion Gordon Highlanders. The corps is, however, officially attached to the Rifle Brigade. It was chiefly due to the exertions of the Hon. John Scott Napier that the Scottish secured the site upon which the present

splendid headquarters stand, and a considerable portion of the necessary funds was provided by his personal endeavours. The next adjutant was Major C. W. Douglas. He was a most capable officer, and while acting with the corps he compiled that most useful book, "Battalion Standing Orders," a little work that has been of great use.

The present adjutant is Captain Scott. The duties of an adjutant are onerous in the extreme, but no regimental work seems too hard for Captain Scott, and he, in a great measure, contributes to the high state of efficiency in which we at all times find the London Scottish. He is one of the most popular officers in the regiment.

The medical staff of the battalion has always been to the fore; at the present moment the surgeons are Surgeon-Captains Leslie Ogilvie and George



OFFICER'S UNIFORM, 1860.



BUGLER, 1859.

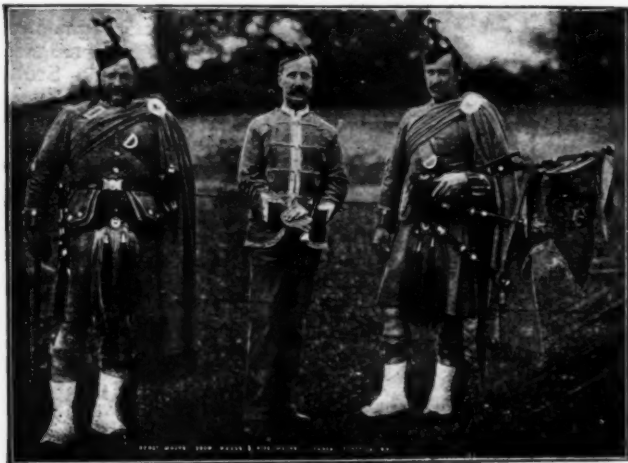
Ogilvie. In the selection of its quartermaster the corps has been singularly fortunate. The present quartermaster is Captain John Hill. Visitors to Wimbledon had every reason to be grateful to this gentleman, where the Scottish always had a splendid name for hospitality. At Bisley the regiment has not the same opportunity of entertaining its friends and visitors, but we believe there is some idea of offering accommodation to volunteers coming from Scotland to Bisley, and thus bringing them more in touch with their brethren this side of the Tweed.

In 1886 it was found necessary to appoint a secretary to the corps, and for a time this post was filled by Sergeant-Major William Purcell, and since his death, in 1889, his place has been admirably filled by Captain Whyte, late of the Manchester Regiment. The services rendered by Captain Whyte are invaluable. He is "every inch a soldier," and has had a most distinguished military career, having seen active service in Egypt and elsewhere. On the permanent staff we find Sergeant-Major C. E. Davis, formerly of the Royal Fusiliers, who has seen many years' service with the corps; Sergeant-Instructors T. Rogers, late 2nd Scots Guards, and W. Milne, late 92nd

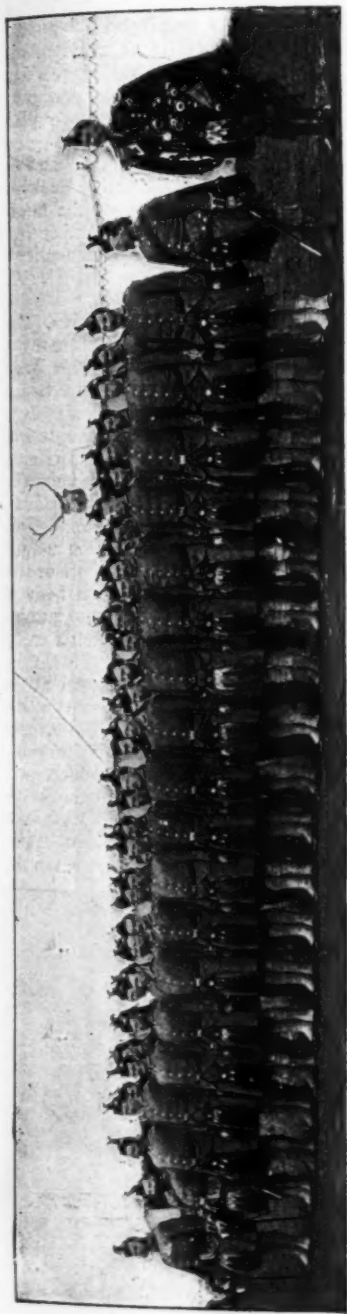


LIEUT. BRUNLEES. LIEUT. HAMPTON. MAJOR SWANSTON.

Highlanders. The present non-commissioned officers of the Scottish are quite as capable as those serving in the regular army. It would be a difficult and invidious task to specially mention any of them for commendation; we may remind our readers, however, that one of the early colour-sergeants was J. W. Malcolm, of Poltalloch (now colonel of the Argyllshire Volunteers), whose stalwart figure at the head of "A" Company was a well-known and striking sight. Much good service was done for the regiment by Assistant-Sergeant Major J. H. Mackay, who has recently retired from the active list of members after many years' useful work on the corps. The London



SERGEANT-DRUMMER GOODMAN. SERGEANT-PIPER KEITH.
SERGEANT-MAJOR C. E. DAVIS.



CHURCH PARADE.

Scottish have always been in the front rank in the matter of shooting. Two of their members have held the Blue Ribbon of the National Rifle Association, viz.: Private E. Ross, who won the Gold Medal and the Queen's Prize in 1860 (then a member of the 7th North Yorkshire R. V.), and Colour-Sergeant W. Michie, who won the prize in 1872. Private Ross also won the Silver Medal in 1865. Many other important prizes may be reckoned among the trophies. In 1891 four London Scottish men were the recipients of badges in the Queen's Prize at Bisley, Private W. Roxburghe finishing in the fifth place in this competition. It is not only in individual shooting that the corps excels, but also in team shooting, as in the case of the Middlesex Battalion Challenge Cup, where this regiment has been "placed" perhaps more often than any other corps. The battalion devotes its attention to volley, rapid and field firing, and drill competitions, while there are regular competitions in the regiment for judging distance amongst the officers and non-commissioned officers. One of the objects of the London Scottish is to encourage national sports. A curling club was formed in 1864, but it has not the opportunities possessed by the clubs in Scotland. It is, however, well supported, and from it has sprung the Royal Wimbledon Golf Club. The head-quarters of the regimental golf club are at the Iron House, Wimbledon, near the stately flag pole (the highest in the kingdom) presented many years ago to the regiment by Captain J. G. S. Anderson, since retired. The London Scottish are the proud possessors of a splendid collection of Challenge Cups and other prizes, which they display at their winter distribution of prizes. One of the most elaborate is the Celestial Cup, presented many years ago to the corps by Scotchmen resident in China. A magnificent piece of plate, in the form of a shield, was won by the regiment in their shooting competition with the Victorian Mounted Rifles. It was given by M. D. McEacharn, Esq., a former officer in the corps and a well-known resident in Victoria.

In the all-important matter of army signalling, the London Scottish has done well. The Signalling officer is Lieut. E. J. M. Gore, who succeeded Captain A. C. F. Gore. These two brothers

deserve every credit for having worked up a most successful school of arms. It is certainly no exaggeration to describe the headquarters in James' Street, Buckingham Gate, S.W., as magnificent. No volunteer corps, either in London or in the provinces, is housed so palatially. The building and site—freehold included—cost something like £25,000. The enormous drill-hall is surrounded by two galleries, running round which are reading, recreation, dressing rooms, etc. In the hall is a complete gymnasium, and a tennis court is marked out. In the base-

ment are orderly rooms, armoury, Morris tube range, well fitted bath-rooms and kitchens. The quarters assigned to the officers are beautifully fitted up, and nothing has been left undone to add to the comfort of the rank and file. The sergeants' quarters are specially worthy of note. The present headquarters are certainly a contrast to the former wretched headquarters of the regiment in the Adelphi. A handsome clock in the hall



DR. GEORGE OGILVIE.

was presented to the regiment by the Misses Covey, in memory of their brother, Major Covey, who so ably filled the post of adjutant for many years. The band of the London Scottish is one of the finest in the Volunteer Service, and is conducted by Mr. H. W. Dowdall.

In addition, the regiment possesses a Volunteer Pipe Band (the only one South of the Tweed). It is under the control of Sergeant-Piper Keith. Some time ago, the corps possessed an amateur band. This has now been merged into the more or less professional body of musicians, forming

the splendid band which is such a credit to the corps.

The Annual Hallow Eve Dinner at the headquarters is one of the events of the year. The inevitable "haggis" is brought into the banqueting hall in solemn state, a procession being formed headed by a regimental piper. Talking of the Scotch National instrument, we may mention that on Wednesday the 19th of June, 1861, a splendid set of pipes, given by



THE AMATEUR BAND.



MAJOR ALEXANDER.
Photo. by] [Mayall.

Scotch ladies resident in London, was presented to the London Scottish by Lady Elcho in Westminster Hall. On presenting them, Lady Elcho said:

"It is specially gratifying to us to present you with this national instrument. We are proud of our national corps, and well pleased to add in this way to the outward marks of your nationality. The wild notes of the pipes are, I am sure, dear to every Scotch heart; they awaken pleasant memories of home and country, and are associated with the heroic deeds of our gallant countrymen in all parts of the world. We are not without a hope, too, that these pipes may in some degree do the work of the recruiting sergeant, and that, attracted by their stirring sounds, many a good Scottish heart and arm may be gathered to our ranks. The present occasion is one of the many proofs of the interest taken by your countrywomen in this great national

movement, and of their admiration of the patriotic spirit which has led you to make such sacrifices for it. The truth is, we look upon our volunteer army as the best security for peace, and we believe that so long as the noble zeal and steady perseverance, which have astonished Europe for the last two years, continue to be shown, so long,

by God's blessing, will our native land be safe from insult or attack.

This force must, however, be kept up, and that steadily and permanently. Never, we entreat you, let your exertions in this holy cause flag; never let it be said that our countrymen wearied in the work that they had nobly begun, or relapsed into indifference from any fancied feeling of security. You, members of the London Scottish, have many difficulties to contend with; you are scattered far and wide over this vast Metropolis; you are almost all of you engaged in laborious duties, which leave you little leisure. You have hitherto conquered these difficulties, and have cheerfully sacrificed your leisure hours. You are famed as a nation for your determination and perseverance; turn, then, these qualities to account in this new field of duty."

This, the London Scottish has nobly done, and Lord Wemyss has every reason to be proud of the gallant corps which so well deserves the esteem in which it is held by Englishmen and Scotchmen alike.



CAPTAIN WHYTE, SECRETARY.



LIEUT. COURAGE.
Photo. by] [Stereoscopic Co.



LIEUT. HEPBURN.
Photo. by] [Vandyke

The Bravo's Song of the Sea.

Composed by FRANK JUDGE.

Allegro.

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. It begins with a forte (f) dynamic and features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, culminating in a rapid sixteenth-note scale. The left hand, in the bass clef, provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The first vocal entry is on a single staff with a treble clef, one flat key signature, and 4/4 time. It begins with a forte (f) dynamic. The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes. Below the staff, two verses of lyrics are provided.

1. A spank-ing breeze and a flow-ing sail, The world be-fore my prow; What
2. But what shall stay the Bra-vo's hand Or curb his i-ron will? The

The second vocal entry continues the melody on a single staff with a treble clef, one flat key signature, and 4/4 time. The lyrics continue below the staff.

voice dare whis-per thro' the gale That I'm not mon-arch now! Let
wave that breaks up-on the strand Lives all a gi-gant still; Then

The third vocal entry continues the melody on a single staff with a treble clef, one flat key signature, and 4/4 time. The lyrics conclude below the staff.

break-ers roar or winds be heard, Or storm fiends track the way,
com-rades, to the wide, wide sea, What mat-ters who shall stay

rall.

Quick to the helm, I've but one word, One word for all—O - bey,
 Whilst we ride on - ward joy - ous - ly Up - on the wave a - way.

rall.

a tempo.

Shout Ho! to the voice of the surg - ing deep As the waves swing to and fro, And

a tempo.

rock on the crests whilst si - rens sleep Down deep in the caves be - low.

a tempo.

Andante.

3. But hark! the sound of the ev - ning gun Comes booming o'er the sea, Landsmen, Good-night,

p

low sinks the sun— Sweetheart, good - night to thee! Lands - men, good-night!

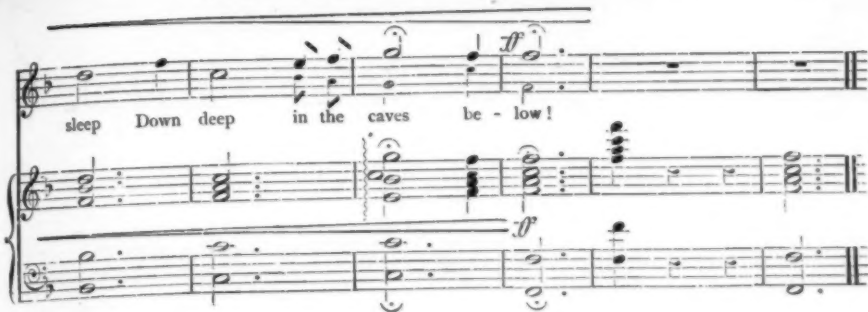
ad lib.
low sinks the sun, Sweet-heart, good - night to thee!

pp

a tempo.
Shout Ho! to the voice of the surg - ing deep, As the

rall - en - tan - do. *f* *a tempo.*

waves swing to and fro, And rock on the crests while si - rens



Whispers from the Woman's World.

By FLORENCE MARY GARDINER.

I RECENTLY heard one man discussing with another, with a brutal frankness which was positively irresistible, the most approved and rapid manner of bringing a woman to his feet. Without for a moment allowing that such a position is an appropriate and dignified one for the *fin de siècle* Englishwoman, I treasured up the words of wisdom to con over at my leisure. I gathered from these philosophers of modern Babylon that success was best insured, first by that simple, inexpensive and time-honoured device of persuading her that she is too good for him, or in some cases by reversing the order of things, and pretending that he is too good for her. Secondly, by making her believe (through her vanity) that she is endowed with more than the average share of the wisdom usually allotted to her sex; and thirdly, by a well feigned indifference to the potency of her charms, to arouse in her a determination to conquer or die in the attempt.

Why women should be so ready to accept so flattering an estimate of their character from men whom they have the best reasons to know are not connoisseurs on this subject, it would be difficult to say; neither can I tell why women who have never made goodness the chief aim and object of existence should be particularly elated at the idea that they have accidentally achieved it. The appreciation of their supposed cleverness may be better understood, for even Minerva herself would not be proof against such flattering unction; so how can ordinary mortals be expected to withstand it? I am, however, inclined to believe the most successful masculine wile of all is that disregard for her personal attractions, which naturally galls a woman beyond endurance, if she is fair as Venus, or plain as three Gorgons rolled into one.

These are, of course, only broad rules for the lords of creation to go upon, and temperament and nationality should also

be considered before a man and woman decide to run in double harness for the term of their natural lives.

"Oh, how many torments lie in the small circle of a wedding-ring," wrote Colley Cibber, about the year 1746, a sentiment, which no doubt arose from the author trying to support a luxuriously-reared wife on an inadequate income of twenty shillings a-week. A sarcastic Dane tells us that a deaf husband and a blind wife are always a happy couple, but one cannot be expected to put out one's eyes, or stop one's ears when contemplating matrimony. "In buying a horse, and taking a wife, shut your eyes and commend your soul to God," says the Italian with pious resignation, and the Portuguese follows suit with, "Every man sings as he has the gift, and marries as he has the luck." The German declines to submit to fate without a protest, and urges, "in choosing a wife, two heads are not enough," and the Dutchman chimes in with "a brilliant daughter makes a brittle wife;" while the Spaniard settles the question to his own satisfaction when he says, "it goes ill in the house when the hen sings and the cock is silent," and the Russian adds his quota to the discussion on the management of wives, by advising his fellow-men to "beat a woman with a hammer."

Ovid, who was an authority on this subject, having cast off two and married a third by the time he was twenty-nine, tells us, "Strife is the dowry of a wife, but if thou wouldst marry wisely, marry thy equal;" and the henpecked Socrates in the bitterness of his heart, after some domestic brawl with Xantippe, seeing a Greek scold hanging lifeless on a tree, exclaimed, "Oh, that all olives bore such fruit!"

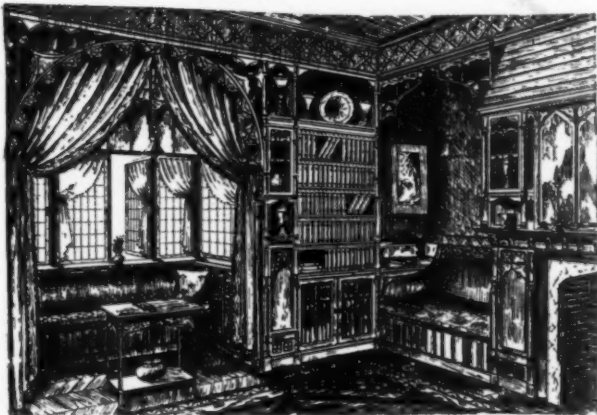
But besides these simple methods for subjugating a woman, there is one which, though effectual is so old-fashioned, I hardly dare to advocate it in the pages of an up-to-date periodical, for it involves so

much time, trouble, and self-sacrifice, that the game seems hardly worth the candle. It is to study her tastes and to try to gratify them, to promote her welfare and happiness in preference to his own, to offer her the fair exchange of a life of affectionate care and protection in return for loyalty, honour and loving devotion. To give such sympathy, appreciation and trust as he is capable of, and to let her share in his anxieties, responsibilities and successes. Faults will be discovered, for nature is but human, and we must often be disappointed in those we love, and see our idols shattered; but if happiness is to result from a union, excuses must be made for each other, and those little words, "Bear and forbear," play an important part in the domestic vocabulary.

The husband should always remain his wife's respectful friend, her tender lover, her equal partner and her superior protector. And this will stimulate her to be a faithful companion, a loving woman, and a sympathetic *confidante*. The majority of those who marry early are not trained to think seriously of those important matters—how to choose and how to live together. Hasty courtships and keen competition in the marriage market offer few opportunities for laying that firm foundation of friendship upon which can successfully be reared a happy wedded life.

Where are such wives to be found? I hear some crusty old bachelor enquiring. In every town and village throughout the land, nay, in every household, there are women possessing every attribute required in a good wife and mother, bright, fresh, young girls, dutiful daughters, affectionate sisters, and best of all, true, earnest and conscientious women. The home is the woman's kingdom, her state, her world; where she governs by kindness, and the power of gentleness; and there is nothing that so settles the turbulence of a man's nature as his marriage with a high-minded woman; for only then does he find rest, contentment and happiness. The

true wife is a staff to lean on in times of trial and difficulty, and she is never wanting in sympathy and solace when distress occurs and fortune frowns. And as good old Jeremy Taylor so quaintly puts it, "Celibacy like a worm in the heart of an apple dwells in sweetness, but it dwells alone. Marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house and labours for the good of mankind."

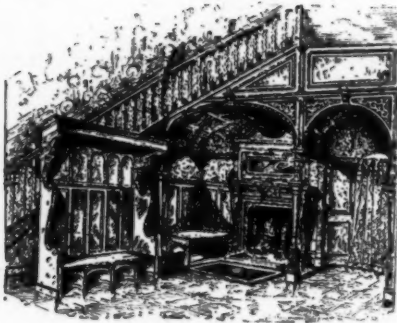


DESIGN FOR A STUDY.

DESIGN FOR A STUDY.

So many take the opportunity while they are away during the summer and early autumn, to have their houses redecorated and those alterations made in the home which every housewife finds necessary from time to time, that I think this is a fitting occasion to introduce three furniture sketches, which may afford suggestions to those who are engaged in one of the most fascinating occupations in the world to a woman—the selection of pretty and artistic surroundings.

For the very charming design for a small library I am indebted to Mr. Walter Banks, who has made a special study of Gothic architecture, many features of which he has introduced in this room, adapting some of the stiff lines and angles we associate with that particular style to the domestic character of our English dwellings. The chimney recess is occupied by a modified form of the *banc*, or seat sometimes called a *settle*, which in the castles of the Middle Ages was generally reserved for the head of the family. The Early English fireplace is another



A TUDOR HALL.

quaint feature, with its open space, now lined with coloured glazed bricks. The book-cases are relieved by ornamental niches for pottery, and the entire woodwork is of dark oak, relieved by heavy draperies of crimson or green. Tapestry has been used for the walls, but equally appropriate would be one of the many leather effects now produced in endless variety; and a Turkey carpet contrasts well with the polished boards. The electric light, a convenience that our ancestors never dreamed of in their wildest flights of fancy, has been placed here, and I cannot too strongly advocate the use of this illuminating power when valuable books and pictures are at stake, not to mention the health and comfort of those who use the apartment. The two halls are very different to each other, but each possesses a homely air of comfort which makes them attractive. The drawings sufficiently explain themselves, and the tones of colouring of course depend upon the ideas of the owner, and to a certain extent upon the length of the purse at her command.

I also wish to bring before your notice two useful trifles for the home.

WRITING-BOARD FOR AN INVALID.

A writing-board is a priceless treasure to an invalid, and not to be despised by those who like to do their correspondence, as I do, in a lounging chair, with paper propped at a convenient angle upon my knee.

For this all that is required is a plain wooden board, twenty-three-

and-a-half inches by fifteen-and-a-half inches, covered with dark brown or blue cloth or serge, and conveniently provided with everything required for writing. It should also have a loose flap or cover, so as to keep the various articles free from dust, which can be neatly sewn across the top edge, and embroidered with the initials of the owner. In the centre is the blotting-pad, held in place with triangular pieces of leather. The various pockets intended to hold note paper, envelopes, etc., being fastened down with small brass nails. A straight band of cloth, divided, serves for paper-knife, penholder, pencil and penknife. Next the inkstand, held in place by a strap of leather or elastic, is a movable calendar, and on the opposite side a pen-wiper and block note.

A HANGING POCKET FOR PARASOLS AND UMBRELLAS

can be easily made for the dressing-room, and is intended to keep them free from dust. It is composed of stout cretonne or other suitable material, and has three pockets, slightly gathered at the lower part, and neatly bound with ribbon or braid.

BRIDAL PRESENTS.

Following the royal example, marrying and giving in marriage appears to be the order of the day. On such an occasion friends naturally wish to commemorate the event with some pleasing souvenir, and I find that there is a growing feeling among brides and bridegrooms for useful rather than ornamental presents. A



DESIGN FOR A MODERN HALL.

very popular, but rather unusual gift at a recent wedding, was a set of plated dish covers; the thrifty mother of the bride presented her young daughter with a most conveniently-arranged cooking-table, replete with every modern appliance that could facilitate the process of cake and pastry-making, and a kindly maiden aunt had provided the happy pair with a complete suite of table glass. I was a privileged spectator when the latter was selected at Osler's, 100, Oxford Street, and was charmed with all I saw in this fairy palace of dazzling crystal. The corridors are well worth a visit of inspection, and contain a series of dinner-tables, daintily laid in the latest and most approved fashions, brilliant with electric light and the soft hues of summer flowers. There is also a fine display of china, ranging from quite a low price to some which would require a king's ransom to purchase; but what struck me most was the artistic form and elegant designs of the various articles on view. Visitors should also enquire for the pretty rooms entirely filled with glass furniture, which are extremely tasteful, and have already attracted the attention of dusky potentates from the East, desirous of carrying back with them novelties of British manufacture.



A SUMMER WALKING-DRESS.

FASHIONS AND FRIPPERIES.

The exceptionally brilliant season of 1893 is now a thing of the past—a pleasant memory, nothing more, to the vast majority, though to the various London tradesmen it has afforded a more tangible reminiscence in the form of a substantial balance at their bankers. For this, in a large measure, the Royal Wedding, and the many important functions which arose in connection with it, are mainly responsible. The influx of foreign royalties also

affected trade to an appreciable extent, and stimulated manufacturers to place upon the market their choicest wares; and the long spell of bright weather (though disastrous to those engaged in agricultural pursuits, who, with the natural perversity of human nature, crave for rain, when it is fine, and *vice versa*) has compelled all classes of the community to provide themselves with an ample supply of all descriptions of clothing appropriate to the unusual state of the atmosphere. The thermometer at over eighty in the shade for a protracted period makes one sigh for gossamer fabrics, and turn with repulsion from those which owe their existence to that highly respectable but uninteresting animal, the sheep; and one calls to mind various national costumes, which for comfort and beauty are infinitely superior to our own. Take, for example, the few yards of muslin with which the Indian tastefully drapes her dusky form, the loose and comfortable garments of

the Turkish lady, and the artistic folds which swathe the modern Greek. These favoured denizens of the sunny South can pursue their ordinary avocations guiltless of corsets and the various modern forms of torture, which, thanks to the God Conventionality, their unfortunate British sisters are compelled to endure.

Rational dress has given rise of late years to so many hideous absurdities that the very term is one of reproach; but



GOWN OF EAU DE NIL POPLIN.

I do think, nevertheless, that every woman who has come to years of discretion should be permitted to evolve for herself a suitable and becoming costume, appropriate to her position and adapted to her needs. Personally, I have not the slightest objection to a fully-developed woman, whose natural girth would be from twenty-six to

thirty inches, screwing her body into nineteen-inch corsets if she prefers a false ideal of beauty to nature and convenience. Neither do I waste my time in remonstrating with those who persist in buying boots and gloves two sizes too small for them, or headgear out of all proportion to their height and width. These, I consider, are past praying for. In selecting the fashion designs for this magazine, I have always made it my principal object to choose those which are copies of the best styles worn by women of taste, who have earned for themselves a reputation as good dressers, and to avoid those exaggerated monstrosities which are certainly calculated to attract, but not in an agreeable manner.

A SUMMER WALKING-DRESS.

A simple example of a summer walking dress is given in the accompanying sketch. It is composed of dove-coloured French cambric, made over a silk foundation, and trimmed with narrow bands of black passementerie or satin ribbon. The full lace fichu is very becoming, and about half the weight of those which are bedizened with velvet yokes and cut jet ornaments, which require their wearers to be Amazons to support them. The fancy grey straw bonnet has a shaded ostrich tip and bows of ribbon, with bands and strings of black velvet.

GOWN OF EAU DE NIL POPLIN.

For a more dressy occasion the charming *eau de nil* poplin gown in the illustration on preceding page will probably find favour with my readers. The corselet, cuffs and collar are formed of silk passementerie of the same shade. A band of this heads the narrow lace flounce, and the bodice is trimmed to correspond.

A PRETTY TEA-GOWN.

I consider no woman's wardrobe is complete without two or three tea-gowns.



A PRETTY TEA GOWN.

If well made and tastefully trimmed, they need not be of an expensive material, and are a positive economy in the long run, as they often take the place of a more costly dress. This is of yellow silk and black striped grenadine, with flounce and ruffles of black lace, and tiny ribbon bows.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

These children's dresses have been prepared for sea-side wear. The first is of navy blue serge,

with loose coat and full vest of cambric, and the kilted skirt has three rows of narrow white braid. The other is also a serge costume, cut in one, and

worn with a ribbon sash. The skirt has a deep hem of red cashmere, headed with braid, with vest, collars and cuffs to match.

For making these, as well as for children of a larger growth, I can confidently recommend the Cheviot serges made by John Noble, 78, Princess Street, Manchester, which are most moderate in price and well adapted to withstand hard wear. The colours most in demand are navy, brown, white and black, and the fabrics are so carefully woven and dyed that they do not spot or shrink, two invaluable



CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

qualities in any material. These serges are all fifty-two inches wide; and a full dress length of six yards will be sent to any address for 8s. 3d., including postage; or any length cut at 1s. 3d. per yard. The ready-made knockabout frocks for little girls are also miracles of cheapness, as are the serge costumes for ladies, which are well finished in all respects, and excellent investments for those who are going to the country or seaside.

FASHIONABLE SUNSHADES.

Sunshades have formed a very important feature of our toilette this summer, and have had considerable care lavished upon them. Many are trimmed with chiffon or soft silk gauze, with full ruches of the same; others are loaded with lace, and the evergreen *en tout cas* has blossomed forth with insertions of jet, lace and gupure.

A stylish hat of white felt, with white ostrich feathers and moiré silk, and velvet ribbon bows, was recently worn by a bridesmaid at a fashionable wedding. It formed a very becoming background to the youthful wearer, and might be easily copied in other colours, so I took a note of it for the benefit of the readers of THE LUDGATE MONTHLY, and sincerely trust that it will meet with their approval.

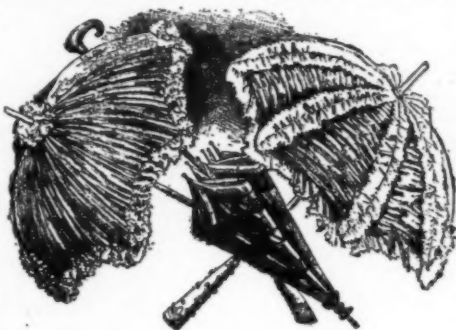
CARE OF THE HAIR.

Silver threads among the gold
Make a youthful face look old;
And with many their grey locks
Are most serious stumbling-blocks;
Whether asking Cupid's favour,
Or when seeking honest labour,
Brown and black locks win the day,
Over those whose hair is grey.

To the feminine mind the first grey hair is an appalling shock, not easily recovered from; for it reveals in an unmistakable manner that we have reached the meridian of life, and that henceforth our path lies in the downward direction. To some, however, its appearance is premature; in which case judicious care will preserve the hair in all its pristine beauty. If, during our childhood and early

youth, more attention were given to the natural covering with which beneficent Nature has adorned us, we should not, as the years roll on, be compelled to resort to scalpettes, fringes and twists, not to mention plaits, coils and wigs, manufactured from the spoils of prisons, lunatic asylums, workhouses and similar institutions. Carefully as they may be manipulated, they are easily discovered by the merest novice in the art of "make up." That suspicious thinness which makes its appearance after mental or physical sickness and in the spring and autumn, should be regarded as a sign that the hair follicles require nutriment to re-kindle their latent energy, if incipient baldness and greyness are to be avoided.

By healing herbs thou may'st thy hair restore,
And hide the bald scalp that was bare before,



FASHIONABLE SUNSHADES.

wrote Ovid centuries since. The only question is, which of the healing herbs is most efficacious?

My own particular weakness does not run in that direction, for I have the good fortune to inherit a head of hair which is ample and sufficient for the ordinary needs

of life. But I have had so many enquiries from anxious correspondents on this point, that I felt it was my bounden duty to make diligent enquiries on their behalf. This has resulted in my discovering a preparation, of which there is overwhelming evidence in its favour. It is called "Eau Horn," and is to be obtained from Mr. O. E. Horn, Briar Bank, Carisbrooke Road, Newport, Isle of Wight, a specialist in diseases of the hair, and one who has made its treatment a life-long study. I would also advise those who suffer in this way to send for Mr. Horn's interesting little book on the subject, which is full of useful information.

[For the two Hall Sketches I am indebted to Messrs. ALFRED ROBINSON & CO., 19, South Moulton Street, and to Mr. HERBERT HANKS, 39, Berners Street, London.]



The last month has been full of incidents, and, owing to want of space, I can but give a passing notice to many of them. First and foremost comes the Royal wedding, now passed into history. Everything connected with this auspicious event was a success. Glorious weather favoured them; orderly and loyally enthusiastic crowds thronged the chief thoroughfares; London gorgeously, if not in every case tastefully, decorated, beflagged and beflowered, was *en fete*, and everybody showered blessings on the happy pair. Let us sincerely hope that they may both be spared to a long life of happiness and usefulness, and when, in the due course of events, they come to reign over us, they may find in us as peaceful and contented a people as it has been her Majesty the Queen's privilege to reign over.



MISS ADA REHAN.



AUGUSTIN DALY.

In the theatrical world we find most of the theatres have already, or are about to, close their doors. Mr. Henry Irving and his talented company of artistes have packed up for America. Mr. Wyndham is on the seas recuperating. Mr. John Hare and company are on tour.

London being short of playhouses, and the ones that are with us having done such enormous business lately, naturally we have had another theatre erected in our midst. Daly's Theatre is the latest acquisition, and the opening ceremony of this handsome and palatial building was an interesting ceremony. The "Taming of the Shrew" was the piece chosen for the opening performance, and this gave us an opportunity once more of being introduced to that charming and talented American actress, Miss Ada Rehan.

No doubt my readers will remember that Mr. Augustin Daly, Miss Rehan and company have paid a flying visit to this country before; now they have come to stay with us more or less permanently. The performance commenced with the delivery of an ode, specially written for the occasion by that versatile young man, Mr. Clement Scott, who, fresh from his travels, beamed again from the stalls on his friends; after this we had "God Save the Queen" and the "Star-Spangled Banner." There was a great deal of cheering, and, as my facetious friend, the "Pelican," put it, "this was the most cheering part of the show."

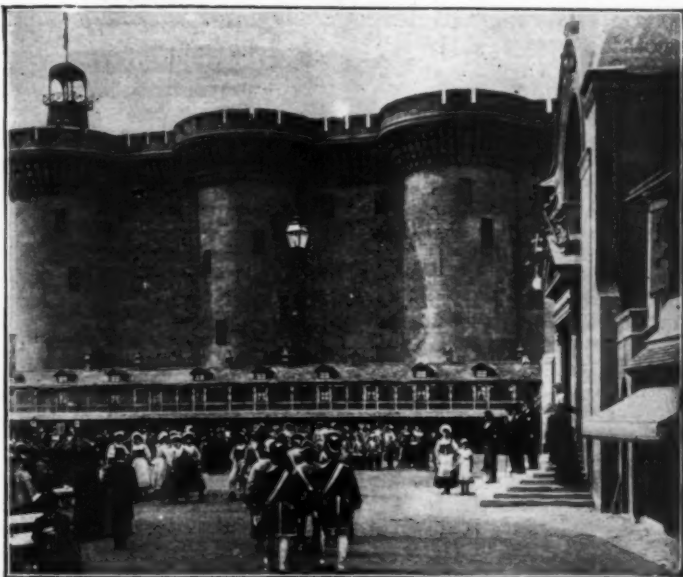
Truly, the weather has been too hot to sit in badly-ventilated theatres and listen, perhaps, to the second hand platitudes of Oscar O'Flaherty Wilde as given in "A Woman, etc.," or witness some blood-curdling drama; so in search of pleasure and notes for my friends of THE LUDGATE I hid myself to the Exhibition at Earl's Court. I may mention here (in parenthesis) "all roads lead to Earl's Court." [This is not an original remark. Ed.]. Now, to my mind, a better place cannot be found for the multitude this hot weather, than this same "Gardening and Forestry Exhibition." By-the-bye, I saw a lot of gardening, but where was the Forestry? But that is another story, as Rudyard Kipling would say. There are really three shows here assembled. There is the Exhibition proper, with the "Welcome Club;" the illuminated grounds and promenade; the bands and the lighthouse. Farther on we have Captain Boyton and his show; and close at hand we walk into France and find ourselves under the shadow of the Bastille, which

anon is stormed and captured by an infuriated mob.

One may spend some pleasant and profitable hours in this visit to "Old Paris and the Bastille." Here we have the old Parisian houses; the cafés chantants, the church; but the one overpowering thing is the Bastille, which causes one a strange sensation of disquietude and awe:

"A thousand phantasies
Begin to throng into our memory,
Of calling shapes and beck'ning shadows dire."

The history of the Bastille is familiar to everyone; although there were three Bas-



THE BASTILLE AT EARL'S COURT.

tilles in Paris: those of St. Denis, the Temple and St. Antoine; it was the latter which alone gained the wide-world, hateful distinction of becoming *the* Bastille.

One is at once struck with the accuracy and fidelity with which the architects, Messrs. E. Colibert and R. Emeric Tyler have succeeded in copying the original, and one cannot help noticing the look of stability and massiveness there is about the place. Possibly this is where the forestry part of the exhibition is to be found, the timbers used in its construction are sufficient for a small forest. Farther on we have a complete facsimile of the dungeons, those horrible dens some twenty feet below the ground, the bare

soil being the only flooring and blocks of stone the only furniture; where fresh air gained but slow admission, whilst darkness and damp reigned supreme. Voltaire was once a prisoner for some twelve months in the Bastille. On regaining his freedom, he thanked the Regent, saying: "I thank you, Monsieur, for having graciously deigned to provide me with maintenance and food, but I crave your Highness not to again trouble with regard to my lodging." But of all the prisoners confined at different periods within these gloomy walls, none have attracted such attention as the celebrated "Man with the Iron Mask." How the Bastille was stormed and captured would take too long to tell, but I may be permitted to quote Carlyle's vivid description of the last hour of the Bastille's existence as a prison:—

"For four hours now has the World-
Bedlam roared: call it the World-
Chimæra, blowing fire! The very Swiss
at the portcullis look weary of firing—dis-
heartened in the fire deluge. A porthole
at the drawbridge is opened, as by one
that would speak. A Swiss holds a paper
through the porthole; an officer snatches
it and returns. Terms of surrender: Par-
don; immunity to all! Are they ac-
cepted? 'On the word of an officer,
they are!' Sinks the drawbridge,
Maillard bolting it when down; rushes
in the living deluge. The Bastille is
fallen! *Victoire! La Bastille est prise!*"

Another interesting place in Old Paris is the torture chamber, where many of the original instruments of torture are on view. The interior of the Church of Ste. Marie is also worthy of notice; here are several extremely interesting historical tableaux, and when I say they have been painted and arranged by M. Ménessier, the artist of the celebrated Musée Grévin, of Paris, it is unnecessary for me to add any words of commendation. They speak for themselves.



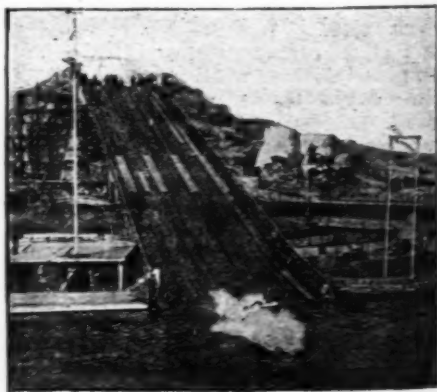
CAPTAIN BOYTON.

Another object of interest in the Forestry branch is one of the old beeches of Burnham; this is said to be over seven hundred years old.

Captain Boyton's water show is another attraction, amusing both to adults and children. Of course, the *pièce de résistance* is the water-chute. The sensation of the car rushing down the incline and on to the water is most delightful. A long and varied programme is gone through twice daily, and consists of log-rolling, water-hockey, swimming, etc. The diving from the high trapeze of Messrs. Andre and Golden is itself worthy of a visit. The day

I was present the Maharajah of Kapurthala and his Revenue Minister, Meer Aziz Baksch and Major Mehal Singh were interested spectators. Cabinet ministers condescend to put the cares of state on one side, too, for Sir William Harcourt seemed to appreciate the whole performance immensely; indeed, he expressed himself thus to Captain Boyton. Royalty have patronised the show and glided down the chute.

Henley regatta this year has been a great success; the weather the whole three days was beautifully fine, or, as our Yankee friends would say, "elegant."



THE WATER CHUTE AT EARL'S COURT.

The crowds assembled were greater than in years gone by, the ladies' costumes being "things of beauty" if not "joys for ever," and judging from the number of pet dogs in the different craft, I should say their respective daddies had spent a considerable sum in buying them bow-wows.

The French sent over some competitors, who were treated right royally by their English confrères. Dublin University also furnished a crew, but neither of these visitors succeeded in wresting any of the coveted trophies from the English. The house-boats were well to the fore, many of them being perfect gems of the decorators' and florists' skill. Of course, the fine weather has had a great deal to do with the success that has attended our aquatic festival, nothing being so depressing and so damping to one's ardour as a wet Henley.

Another place of resort of our country cousins is the Royal Aquarium. Here, also, one can promenade about and enjoy the different shows, and surely they are varied enough to suit all tastes. Among side shows, the mystic ones can visit "She," the bewildered ones, "The Crys-de-Gon;" lovers of "freaks of nature," or, to call it by its scientific appellation, "strange teratological eccentricities," can view the Orissa twins. These twins are free from the repulsiveness generally attendant on the

exhibition of monstrosities. The two little girls, Radica and Dodica, are nearly four years old, and are apparently perfect in every respect except that from the ensiform cartilage to the umbilicus they are united together. Both children are hungry at the same time, but this is probably from habit; it has several times happened that one was sea-sick independently of the other. These youngsters chat away in French, and are as happy as any pair of youngsters can be,

and this junction of their bodies does not seem to trouble them in the slightest degree. Ere this appears they will be *en route* for Chicago. Another feature at the Aquarium is the phrenological entertainment given by Professor Cross.

The professor undertakes to tell you your character by a digital examination of the bumps of your cranium. Inherent modesty forbids my repeating what he disclosed to me relative to mine. I may say that many noted celebrities have submitted their heads to him for examination.



THE ORISSA TWINS.

* * * * *

In reply to many enquiries, the song, "The Candid Man," by Albert Chevalier, published in our last number, is copy-right, and can be obtained from Messrs. Reynolds and Co., 13, Berners Street, London, W.

Cricketers in the Field.

SOME SURREY MEN.



WOOD AT THE WICKET.
"How's that?"



ABEL BOWLING.



WOOD, THE SURREY WICKET-KEEPER.



ABEL BATTING



HAYWARD BATTING.

[From Instantaneous Photographs taken by R. W. THOMAS, 41, Cheapside, London, E.C.]

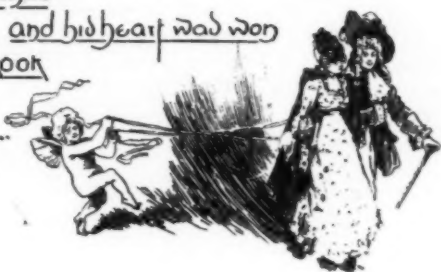
A Smile



Strange they should meet
 where the rustic bridge spans
 the murmuring stream
 on its way to the sea
 Both cannot cross
 so they pause, and each plans
 what is the end of that planning to be?
 He dare not cross if first, that would be wrong
 Oh! how she wished him distant a mile!
 Slyly he looked,
 and then humd a low song
 Slyly she glanced,
 and then, oh, that smile —



Only a smile
 and his heart was won
 Only a look
 and she lost
 her own



❖ Puzzledom ❖



50. Four persons, A, B, C and D, go for a walk round a small park. A walks at the rate of five miles an hour, B at four miles, C at three miles, and D at two miles an hour. The path round the park is exactly one-third of a mile. They start at noon and agree to go home to lunch whenever all four meet for the third time at the park gate which is the starting point. When do they go to lunch?



51. Place the figures 1 to 9 in three rows, so that if added up or down, across or from corner to corner, they shall always make 15.



52. What is the keynote to good manners?
 53. What English word contains the letter "i" five times?
 54. When were walking-sticks first introduced?
 55. Why is a telegram like a river?
 56. When does a lady consider the rain is too familiar?



Five Prizes of Three-Volume Novels, cloth bound, will be awarded to the First Five Competitors sending in correct or most correct answers by 20th August. Competitions should be addressed "August Puzzles," THE LUDGATE MONTHLY 53, Fleet Street, London. Postcards only, please.

43.



ANSWERS TO JULY PUZZLES.

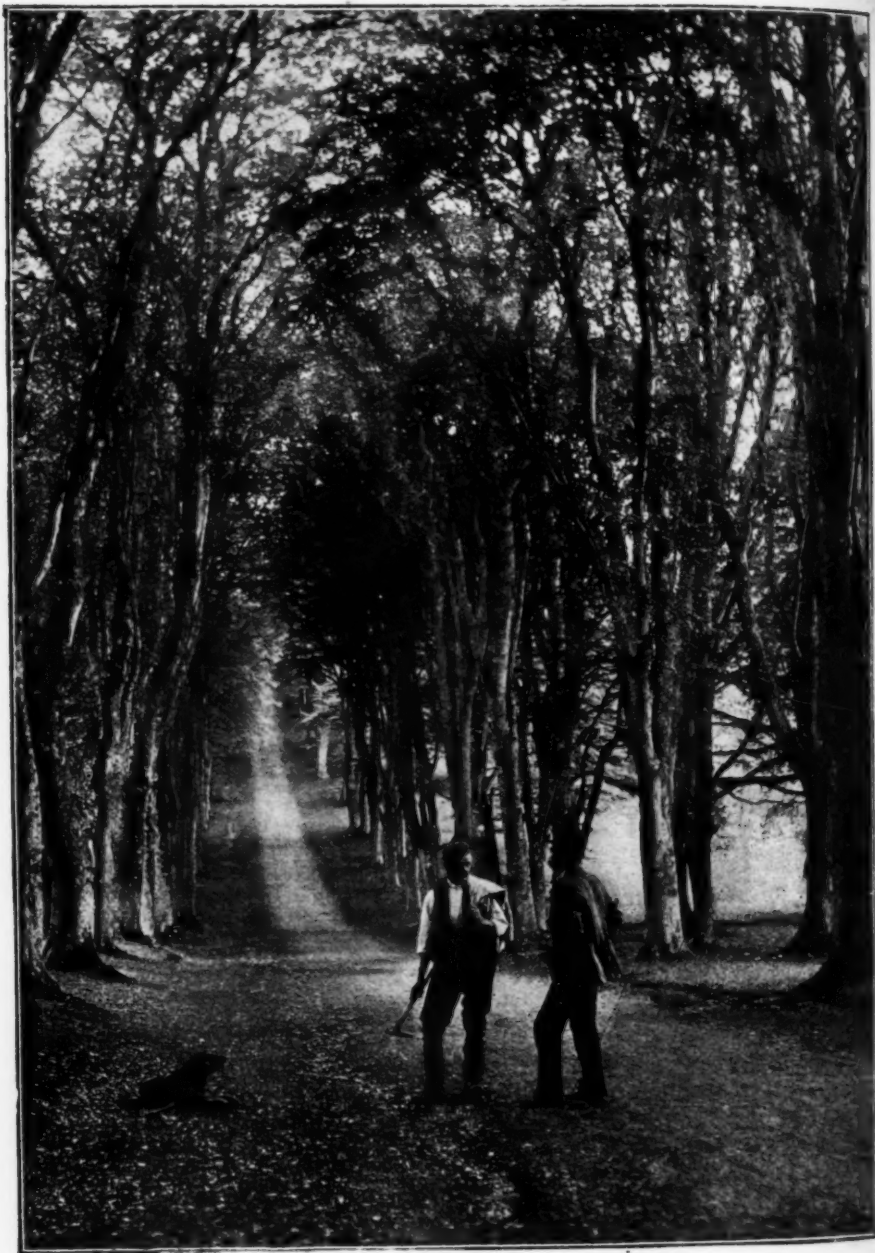
44. *Ink.*
 45. *Because they try to catch soft water when it rains hard.*
 46. *One is what I was, the other what I wear.*
 47. *Because he is always dropping a line.*
 48. *Because they try to get rid of their weeds.*
 49. *5040 days.*

The following are the names and addresses of the five winners in Puzzledom in our June Number, to whom the Three-Volume Novels have been sent:—G. Francis, Stockcross Vicarage, Newbury; Mrs. Frodsham, 21, Queen's Terrace, St. John's Wood, N.W.; G. L. Davey, Mchese House, Ryde; C. Malone, The Presbytery, Ballynaveigh, Belfast; W. H. Perry, 26, Dorset Place, Weymouth.

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"GRAND AVENUE" (Four Miles Long) IN SAVERNAKE FOREST, MARLBOROUGH.

Young England at School.

MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE.

JUST prior to the advent of a College at Marlborough, the opening of the Great Western Railway Company's line had superseded the well-known coach route, which runs from London to Bath, through the small but unique town of Marlborough.

The Castle Inn, at Marlborough, had marked one of the chief stages on the coach road, and was considered one of the best inns in England.

So rapidly did the railway gain favour that the coaches were soon stopped, and the old inn, which depended solely on the custom of coach passengers, its occupation being gone, closed for ever as an inn on the 5th of January, 1843. The same building was opened on the 23rd of the following August as Marlborough School.

As an inn it certainly must have been a beautiful place, and a delightful halt in the old coaching days.

The place for a school was remarkably well chosen. The nature of the country round the school is of considerable importance. It is placed as remotely as possible from town life, in a healthy, varied, unenclosed and beautiful country.

In the midst of the Wiltshire downs, the country is eminently healthy. Seven miles of forest and the meadows of the valley of the Kennet make it varied and beautiful; and, historically its interest is as great, probably, as almost any other part of England.

The great stone circle at Avebury, the artificial hill at Silbury, the various



TOWN OF MARLBOROUGH.

"camps" on the downs, and innumerable other ancient monuments lend interest of this sort to the surrounding country.

Under such circumstances my readers will quite understand how elated both our artist and myself were, on reaching the gates of the

college, to find such a host of delightful subjects for our illustrations. Mr. Thomas soon made out his map, and I am sure Marlburians will say he has done them justice, indeed we found such a host of material that I find it impossible to conclude Marlborough in the space allotted to me in one number of *THE LUDGATE*.

Marlborough had just concluded its jubilee celebration when we visited it. I had intended to be amongst the gathering of Marlborough's sons, but our artist, who is always alive to the best time to obtain pictures to carry out the meaning of our title—*Young England at School*—immediately said we would find ourselves in the way, and quite unable to illustrate the school in the full sense of the words.

The whole school had, therefore, settled down from their festivities when we entered the gates, and all was calm and peaceful. The Head-master, the Rev. G. C. Bell, to whom I made reference in my article on "*Christ's Hospital*," is proud of his old school, *Christ's Hospital*, where he donned the stockings and rose to the position of Head-master; and he still takes the keenest interest in its welfare, and particularly at the present time

respecting the new scheme instituted at that school, and the anticipated removal of the old foundation to country quarters. It was easily seen that Mr. Bell was working in harmony with his numerous assistant masters and the five or six hundred boys at the college; and so it ought to be, for, possessed of a beautiful school and masters of the highest excellence, who take a pride in every boy's career at the school and the onward tread of the college to the highest rank in the

schools were not lacking in favour, inasmuch as Mr. Bell was anxious that we should not miss any points of interest.

Of course, the Old House was the first place we were to visit, and I was soon initiated into its history; for, together with the Druidical Mound in the "Wilderness," it has an ancient tale, which every Marlburian is pleased to relate to his friends or enquirers. This mound which stands amongst the school buildings, I was informed, was made in the

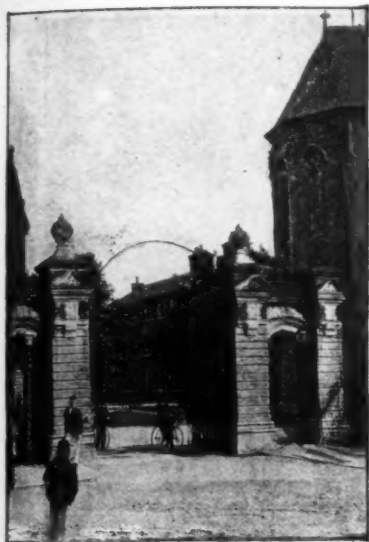


"OLD HOUSE," OR CASTLE INN, NOW "C HOUSE," OF MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE, FROM THE GARDEN.

scholastic world, he should be happy, although, of course, there must necessarily be a great amount of anxiety where there is such a charge.

As I was ushered into Mr. Bell's handsome study, I could not help thinking to myself, that, to be Head-master of Marlborough was all that anyone could wish for in this world. What a delightful house, to be sure, is apportioned to him, while his grounds are simply a picture. I soon found our visit was welcomed by all at the college, and that our series of

so-called Druid times; and, with the stone-circles of Stonehenge and Avebury, and with Silbury Hill, formed part of a great system of such works; and how, in the eleventh century, this mound became the site of a royal Norman Castle; how Henry the Third held court in this castle; how, in the wars of Stephen, its inhabitants sided with the King; how Parliament met within its walls in 1267; how it was a royal possession till the time of Henry the Eighth, who devised it to Katherine Parr; how, on her marriage



ENTRANCE TO COLLEGE, FROM BATH ROAD.

after the king's death, with one of the Seymours, it passed to the latter family; how it was defended by Roundheads against Royalists and then by Royalists against Roundheads; how the original castle having disappeared, the Seymour to whom the place then belonged, built himself a great Elizabethan country house on the same site, getting the design from Inigo Jones; how it was surrounded by a quaint and famous Dutch garden; how Dr. Watts, celebrated for his hymns, was entertained in it; how its owner got tired of it, deserted it, let it as an inn, and finally sold it to one of the Ailesbury family; how, as I have already mentioned, it became the most famous and fashionable coaching inn on the Bath Road; and how the very same building became the key-stone, or central building, known as "C House" of Marlborough College.

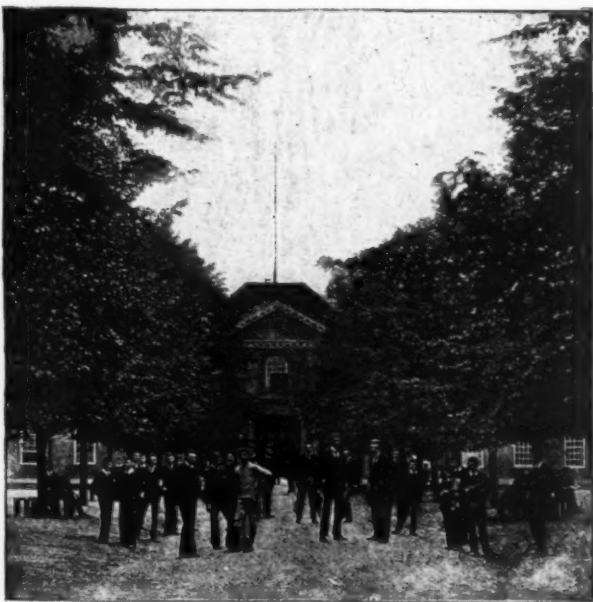
All this I listened to with the greatest possible

interest, and especially when I mounted to the summit of the artificial hill, where is now fixed a water-tank to supply the wants of the college, and gazed around at these famous scenes.

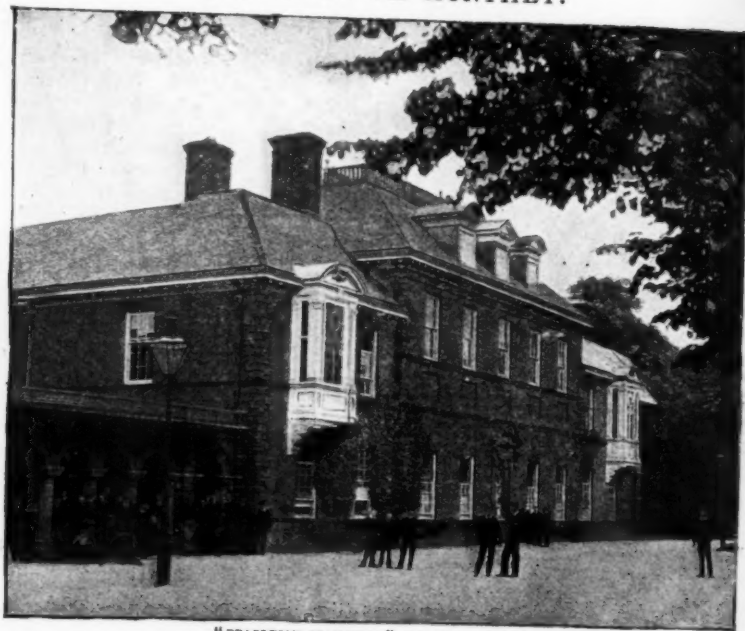
It so happened in 1843, when the Old Castle Inn stood like a white elephant on the hands of its owners, that certain people, having conceived the idea of founding a school in which the sons of clergymen should be educated in an inexpensive, practical and simple way, formed themselves into a council composed of ten clergymen and nine laymen. This council founded the new school and regulated it during the first two years of its existence.

The first charter, by which the title of Marlborough College was given to the school, was not granted till 1845, two years after it was opened. It virtually only confirmed the organisation of the school as arranged by the original founders. The government of the school was left in the hands of the council, consisting of twelve clergymen and thirteen laymen, which was elected by and from the number of life governors.

Donors of £100 to the school funds became life governors, with the right of always having one nominee in the school,



AVENUE LEADING TO "OLD HOUSE" FROM BATH ROAD ENTRANCE.



"BRADLEIAN CLOISTERS" AND FORM ROOMS.

but these were only admitted to the school on rotation; but the right to a single nomination might be obtained by anyone in return for a donation of £50.

Sons of laymen were admitted to the school, but the number of these was not to exceed one-third of that of the sons of clergymen. For the former, the yearly charge for education was £52 10s.; for the latter, £31 10s.

Upon these lines Marlborough College was formed and worked, but not without its troubles, which other similar institutions have rarely escaped. The fees, owing to financial depression, were advanced to £70 and £52 10s., which enabled the governors to fight all difficulties and build round the Old Castle Inn; so that we now find it the centre of a beautiful College.



EXTERIOR OF CHAPEL.

The first Head-master appointed by the council was Dr. Wilkinson, who had before occupied a similar position at Kensington Grammar School, and the school first opened its doors in August, 1843, to more than two hundred Marlburians, including some few who had followed the new master.

Marlborough's first scholars were far from a promising set, and Dr. Wilkinson, who had not before experienced public school life, had all his work to do to mould the unpromising material into the required shape. He seems, however, to have adopted a very bad system, by taking entire control of the whole school, and only investing authority in the assistant masters during school hours and within their own forms.

Nowhere was the absence of public school feeling more apparent in young Marlborough than in the boys' games. There was no organised system and no one to organise one. The boys could not do it, for the older among them, who would, under ordinary circumstances, have been the leaders in such games, had never learned by being themselves under similar leadership. The masters could not do it; for at no school was it then customary for masters to have social intercourse with the boys, or to join in their games, which now makes the life of a boy at school one of harmony between his tutors and fellow scholars.

Thus it happened that the boys amused

themselves individually or in sets, each after their own fashion, and without reference to others; and amusement too frequently took the form of wandering about the country, doing as much mischief as possible. Dr. Wilkinson exercised his authority in a manner which irritated the ringleaders. Afraid to trust the boys beyond his own reach, he not only fixed numberless and irksome bounds beyond which they might not wander, but he also instituted a roll-call, which took place, not, as might naturally be supposed, at fixed hours, but at any time at which he chose to send orders that the school-bell should be rung. From the number of scholars by this time in the school, one can imagine it was quite impossible to keep any order, and the fame of the school in the outside world became so bad that parents, naturally refusing to send their sons, the number soon began to decline. One well-known writer wrote of Marlborough, that it was a society of "poachers, poultry-stealers, and rat hunters," and it was

debated whether it would not be better that the school should cease to be. All this I had confirmed to me when I visited Marlborough; for, getting into conversation with some of the old townsfolk, they depicted the picture of old Marlborough College as against the noble one the school presents this year of its jubilee.

"Yes; we see several of the old boys rallying round the old spot, who are well known to us, even now, as having been



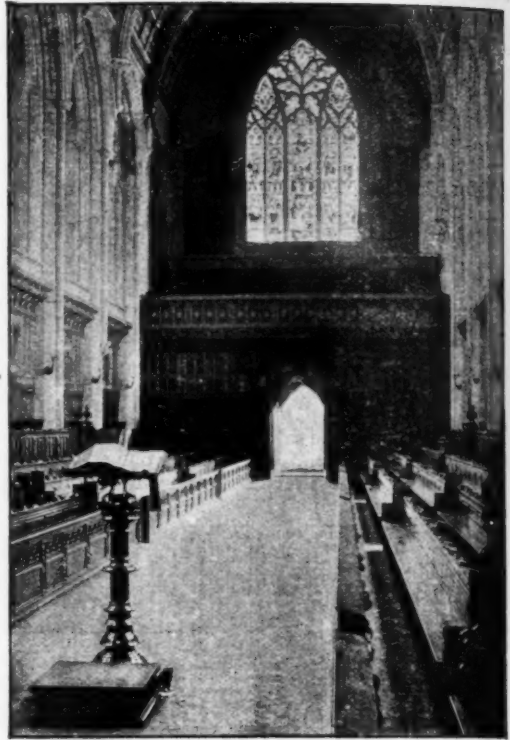
CHAPEL, LOOKING TOWARDS THE CHANCEL.

'Turks' when at school, and I can assure you," said one of my chatty friends, "there were several here amongst the old boys celebrating the recent festival, who recounted with pleasure their old school days and their old freaks."

What a difference in the school, when fortunate enough to obtain such a man as Dr. Cotton to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Dr. Wilkinson. In Dr. Cotton Marlborough possessed a master who could boast of a public school education, having been an old Westminster boy and an assistant master under the ever famous Dr. Arnold, at Rugby. Things had not been over peaceful at Rugby during his time; but he had shown himself such a thorough disciplinarian that the greatest confidence was placed in him by the Council, who felt sure that Marlborough, under his care, would commence a new life. Being himself of a gentle, kind and sympathetic nature, he had been placed among a set of turbulent boys, who, entirely unused to, and averse from any intimate relations with their masters, at first despised him for his kindness and repelled his offered sympathy.

One of the chief steps taken by Dr. Cotton was to call meetings of the masters, at which he asked, and insisted upon receiving, the advice of each master on points concerning the general welfare of the school.

He distributed the boys into "houses," each of which he assigned to the care of



CHAPEL FROM THE ORGAN.

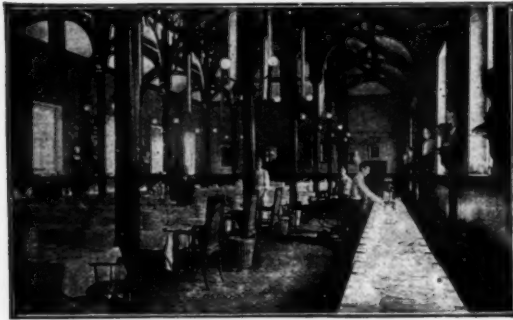
a separate house master, one of which, "Cotton House," now bears his name.

It was Dr. Cotton who induced the Council to appoint a bursar, resident at the school, to manage its financial affairs in co-operation with the master, which has proved of such benefit to the college.

This post is now being held by Mr. Thomas, one of the most respected of present Marlburian officials.

In 1858 Dr. Cotton was appointed to the bishopric of Calcutta; and it was with great regret that Marlborough received his resignation, for without doubt he first made the now "great public school," and many who, as masters or boys, were there in October, 1866, will remember the sorrow with which the school heard of the death by drowning of their late Head-master.

Dr. Cotton was succeeded by Mr. Bradley, the present Dean of



GREAT HALL.



ADDERLEY LIBRARY.

Westminster, and no greater good fortune ever befell Marlborough.

Educated as a boy and master under Dr. Arnold at Rugby, he had imbibed all the good without any of the sentimentalism of Arnoldism. How Bradley carried on and developed the financial and other reforms of his predecessors, stands uppermost in his career at Marlborough, and no more suitable recognition of his good work could have been made than the large hall called Bradleian, which was erected by subscription among his former pupils and other friends, in grateful memory of his good work at Marlborough.

Dr. Farrar, who had previously been an assistant master at Marlborough, which he changed for Harrow, was elected to succeed Mr. Bradley, who had resigned through ill-health, for a more suitable task of ruling an Oxford college.

The work which Dr. Farrar had done as an assistant master at Harrow was recognised as of the highest value, and he therefore took the reins of office at Marlborough with a very great reputation, which he maintained throughout his term of office, working very hard, with a strong affection for Marlborough and all attached to the school.

Dr. Farrar made a great improvement in the chapel, of which he was justly proud. He is now Archdeacon of Westminster Abbey, where he is much esteemed. He was succeeded by the present Head-master, the Rev. G. C. Bell, under

whose ruling Marlborough has flourished more and more.

The masters now are in sympathy with the boys; and, besides being interested in their educational welfare, they take part in their games, and that which is the interest of the boys is also of the greatest importance to the masters. As I write, I have just returned from the inter-school contest at Lord's,

Rugby v Marlborough, where we had the picture I have just referred to, fully manifested, and that ever-existing brotherhood, or freemasonry at our schools, more fully revealed.

Then again, the School professionals—men who one would imagine were hardened to the fortunes or misfortunes of cricket, such as Arthur Hide, of Sussex County, and Tom Emmett, of Yorkshire—may be seen in attendance with anxious



"BRADLEIAN" AND SIXTH FORM ROOM.

countenances; and the former, who had a few days previously sprained his leg, hobbled from Marlborough to Lord's on supports; for he told me if he had stayed away he would have suffered far greater agony than the pain he was then enduring.

It is such harmony and good fellowship between masters and scholars that make school life of the present age so full of happiness and contentment, and encourage the pupils to a diligent pursuit of their studies and to take an earnest interest in their work.

Gradually, as each requirement at Marlborough has been felt, so have additional buildings been erected, until we find the "Old House," now surrounded by a splendid pile of buildings, which are at the present time being greatly added to. In the old building known as "C House," is the Adderley library, originally presented by Mr. McGeachy, one of the founders of the school, and one of its greatest benefactors; it contains a splendid collection of literature, and is a favourite haunt of the fifth and sixth forms.

On the same floor is a fine old room, apportioned to the masters, called "Common Room," while on the first floor above is the very excellent dormitory of C House.

The "Bradleian" or "Bradley Hall," was opened in 1873; it is adorned with many excellent casts, so that it presents quite a museum of sculpture. It has not only supplied a pleasant refuge for small scholars and others, but was greatly needed for meetings of various kinds, for which there was before no room available without interfering with the general work of the school. Its existence directly led to the institution of "Penny Readings"—entertainments got up by the boys and con-

ducted by them. It is here where the debating society now hold their debates, which are now thrown open to the school and at times are attended in large numbers. By the Bradleian, in our illustration, will be seen a small cloister which connects the larger buildings containing the sixth form room and other classrooms.

Passing through the cloisters, you immediately enter what was in the old days, the stables of the Castle Inn, which have been apportioned to the Cadet Corps' armoury, gymnasium, etc., and the upper floor has been divided into studies for the fifth and sixth form boys at the in-college houses. The school presents quite a pretty appearance from the Bath Road: the "school" entrance is here, as will be seen from the illustration, with the unique porter's lodge on the one side of the gates and the handsome chapel rising on the other; while between these, is a splendid avenue of trees, leading to the main entrance of the "Old House;" around each of these trees seats

are arranged, where groups of studious pupils are always to be found preparing their work, while others are piloting their way round the school court, and in and out of the avenue, on their iron horse, a privilege, it will be noticed, allowed at Marlborough, but forbidden at some of the other schools.

On the opposite side of the court to the Bradleian, or on your right as you enter, is the chapel; then one pauses at the somewhat peculiar steps which lead to the wilderness, the Druidical mound, the bathing place and the laundry. The remainder of this side is almost wholly taken up by the great hall, under which are numerous class-rooms, together with marvelously large kitchens,



REV. G. C. BELL, M.A., HEAD-MASTER.

etc., which provide dinner for the whole school and other meals for those living in the three in-college houses.

All these I shall refer to in the next number, as I have already exhausted my space-allowance in this. One thing I feel I must mention, that is particularly interesting as regards our group of masters, for it contains two men whose names will be deeply engraved in the history of Marlborough: Mr. Pollock, who, next term succeeds to the high appointment of Head-master of Wellington, and Mr. Bull, who, I believe, is about to retire, after many years of hard labour at the College, and claims to be one of the oldest of her masters.

As regards Mr. Pollock, I consider I only

reiterate the sentiments of all Marlburians when I express my own wish that his reign at Wellington will be surrounded with that pleasure that has characterised his assistant mastership at Marlborough; and as regards Mr. Bull, he has earned the esteem of not only the whole of past and present Marlburians, together with masters, but all the townspeople regard him as a great favourite; and it is, therefore, to be hoped, after his years of work, he will be spared to enjoy the rest he so richly deserves.

Before I left I had to go through Saver-nake Forest and the Grand Avenue, which forms our frontispiece, and which is one of the favourite scenes of Marlborough.

As will be seen from the illustration it

GROUP OF MASTERS.

I 2 3 4 5 6
7 8 9 10 11 12



13 14 21 15 13 22 17 18 23 19 21 20 25 26

1. J. A. Lloyd.
2. Rev. J. P. Cummins, M.A.
3. J. M. Lupton, B.A.
4. W. H. Madden, M.A.
5. J. Leaf.
6. — Wood.
7. H. Savery, B.A.

8. Rev. B. Pollock, M.A.
9. A. S. Eve, M.A.
10. E. Meyrick, B.A.
11. J. F. L. Hardy, M.A.
12. C. E. B. Hewitt, M.A.
13. W. S. Bambridge, Mus. B.
14. G. Sharp, M.A.

15. H. Leaf, M.A.
16. F. E. Thompson, M.A.
17. Rev. G. C. Bell, M.A.
(Head-master).
18. C. M. Bull, M.A.
19. Rev. W. H. Chappel, M.A.
20. M. H. Gould, M.A.

21. R. Alford, M.A.
22. Rev. A. J. Galpin, M.A.
23. Rev. J. S. Thomas, M.A.
(Bursar).
24. Rev. C. E. Thorpe, M.A.
25. H. D. Drury, M.A.
26. F. H. Hewitt, M.A.

is very fine, but the description I must leave for my next month's paper, and must, therefore, adjourn my remarks, by simply adding that anyone wishing a pleasant holiday should, before going abroad, patronise the Great Western Railway, and pay a visit to Marlborough and its beautiful surrounding country, and they will find the scenery and places

of interest sufficient to please even the most fastidious.

W. CHAS. SARGENT.

Our Illustrations are from Photographs taken specially for the LUDGATE MONTHLY by Mr. R. W. THOMAS, 41, Cheapside, London, from whom Photographic Prints of the Originals can be obtained.

(To be continued.)



The following Schools have already appeared in THE LUDGATE MONTHLY:—ETON, HARROW, RUGBY, WINCHESTER, WESTMINSTER, CHRIST'S HOSPITAL, DULWICH, ST. PAUL'S, CHARTERHOUSE, WELLINGTON AND MERCHANT TAYLORS', and back numbers can be obtained through all Booksellers, or direct from the Office, 53, Fleet Street, London.

COLLEGE CHAT.

It has been suggested that a page or so of THE LUDGATE, devoted to the doings and current topics of our Public Schools would form a popular addition to our Illustrated School Article each month. Space, therefore, will be set apart at the end of the School of the month for this object, and we invite those interested to forward contributions, which should be as condensed as possible.—(Ed.)

WINNERS OF "THE LUDGATE" CRICKET PRIZES FOR JUNE, 1893.



H. C. PRETTY (Epsom).
and Prize.



C. E. M. WILSON (Uppingham).
1st Prize.



R. O'H. LIVESAY (Wellington).
3rd Prize.

HARROW.—Probably few are aware that the late Mr. Henry Broadwood, who died on 8th July last, in his 83rd year, was an Old Harrovian. He joined his father's pianoforte business after leaving Cambridge, and it was mainly through his ability that the firm became one of the most famous pianoforte manufacturers in the world. He was also a most enthusiastic sportsman and spent much of his leisure with his gun and fishing-rod. Through the kindness of H.R.H. the Duchess of York, the school has been granted an extra week's holiday this vacation. H.R.H. wrote herself, asking for the extra week to be allowed in commemoration of her wedding.

With the holidays now commenced, there is little to chronicle in the school cricket world, but as a suggestion, would it be an impossibility to arrange next season the old time match v. Winchester?

RUGBY.—The match of the season, so far as Rugby is concerned, viz., Rugby v. Marlborough, was played at Lord's Cricket Ground on the 3rd and 4th of August, and concluded in a very even draw. The following scores will best show the varying fortunes of the game. Marlborough won the toss, and batting first, compiled 165. We replied by totalling the good score of 228, leaving our opponents 63 to the bad on the first innings. Marlborough, however, played up in grand style, and thanks chiefly to Mortimer Graham and Ainsworth, we did not dispose of them until they had knocked up 308. With 246 runs to get to

win, we could only expect to make a draw, and as before stated, this was the final result. Scores:—

MARLBOROUGH.			
W. Mortimer, c Lee b Dowson	38	c Allen, b Christopherson	98
J. Graham, c Gowers, b Rhoades	20	c Lee, b Rhoades	63
G. W. B. Ainsworth, c Marshall, b Rhoades	7	b Rhoades	55
N. F. Druce (Capt.), c Dowson, b Rhoades	53	st Allen, b Christopherson	23
J. Milnes, b Gowers	20	b Christopherson	10
F. O. Houseman, b Rhoades	6	b Christopherson	4
G. H. Beloe, b Rhoades	0	b Rhoades	5
H. G. Moir, st Allen, b Christopherson	9	b Marshall	19
A. F. Mullins, c Slater, b Christopherson	4	b Sample	30
G. W. Johnson, not out	0	not out	1
E. H. B. Skimming, b Rhoades	0	c Marshall, b Sample	3
B 4, 1 b 4	8	B 6, 1 b 2	3
Total	165	Total	308
RUGBY.			
A. O. Dowson, c Beloe, b Graham	39	b Beloe	7
A. E. Slater, 1 b w, b Beloe	32	b Skimming	0
J. F. Rhoades, b Skimming	10	run out	0
R. W. Nicholls, c Druce, b Skimming	6	c Druce, b Mullins	63
J. F. Marshall (Capt.), b Druce	32	c Ainsworth, b Mullins	45
D. Christopherson, b Beloe	4	b Skimming	7
W. H. Eckersley, b Mortimer	22	not out	28
P. Lee, c Johnson, b Mortimer	20		
T. N. Sample, b Beloe	7		
W. F. Gowers, b Mullins	4		
W. L. Allen, not out	34		
B 30, 1 b 2	34	B 6, 1 b 2	7
Total	228	Total	165

BOWLING.

MARLBOROUGH—First Innings.

	O.	M.	R.	W.		O.	M.	R.	W.
Gowers.....	13	6	25	1	Christopherson	18	9	30	2
Sample.....	24	4	42	0	Dowson.....	9	3	16	1
Rhoades.....	20.1	6	37	6	Marshall.....	2	0	4	0

Second Innings.

Rhoades.....	30	10	84	3	Dowson.....	14	5	25	0
Christopherson	24	4	61	4	Marshall.....	7	1	25	1
Sample.....	19	5	23	2	Nicholls.....	4	1	15	0
Gowers.....	17	3	49	0	Eckersley.....	2	0	17	0

Rugby—First Innings.

Beloe.....	24.2	12	51	3	Graham.....	17	9	25	1
Skimming.....	25	10	43	2	Mortimer.....	7	2	16	2
Mullins.....	15	5	36	1	Druce.....	6	1	20	1

Second Innings.

Beloe.....	27	13	39	1	Mullins.....	18	6	44	2
Skimming.....	20	9	41	2	Druce.....	3	1	7	0
Graham.....	6	3	16	0	Mortimer.....	2	0	9	0

Umpires—W. Price and W. Hearn.

WINCHESTER.—The celebration of Winchester's quinquenary, of which a condensed programme was given in these notes last month, has come and gone, and is now a dream of the past. The old town was filled to overflowing, and everyone was congratulating his neighbour on the unqualified success of the celebration. As such copious reports have already appeared in the daily press, it seems quite unnecessary to give detailed particulars of the various events now.

Among the many distinguished visitors, was H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who made one more of his very happy speeches, and a though the rain did not quite keep off on the match day, the weather might have been worse. Mrs. Fearon's Garden Party was brilliantly attended, and Domum Ball successfully concluded a really notable day.

MARLBOROUGH.—Quietness now reigns after the excitement of last month's celebration of our fiftieth birthday. We were all pleased to see the representative of THE LUDGATE arrive at last to embody our alma mater amongst the series of public schools now being illustrated in that most enterprising and delightful of magazines. "Better late than never," as the old saw has it, was our

mental remark, as we watched their clever artist, Mr. Thomas, arranging his pictures, and we are now all looking forward to seeing ourselves as others see us.

Our cricket match v. Cheltenham has been fought and won by us. Our visitors won the toss, and batting first, started very unfortunately, their first two men going for a pair of spectacles. The next two, Champain and Manners, however, played up well, and put on 54 between them, but the remainder of the innings was simply a procession, the whole side being out for 77. On going to the wickets Marlborough scored 133 (Graham (37), Mortimer (30), Beloe (18), being top scores). At their second venture Cheltenham did better, compiling 131. Champain being top score again with 36, whilst Stanley (24) and Quinton (22), made useful stands. Wanting 76 to win, we secured the desired runs with the loss of 3 wickets.

SHREWSBURY.—Speech day passed off with unusual success, and before these brief notes are in type the School will have once more dispersed for the Summer Holidays. Our two great summer events, the Boat Race with Cheltenham, and the Cricket Match with Rossall, are things of the past. We won our race against Cheltenham easily, as indeed we ought, with our better facilities; but we cannot look back on our match with Rossall with unmixed satisfaction, for, although the match terminated in a draw, it was all in favour of our visitors, this result being greatly attributable to slack fielding on our part.

SURREY COUNTY SCHOOL.—Our speech and prize day took place on the 26th of July, and passed off as successfully as the proverbial "marriage bell"—Lord Ashcombe presenting the prizes. At the luncheon, at which many distinguished visitors sat down, the Head-master, after duly proposing the usual loyal toasts, made an impressive speech, and later on the health of the Head-master and his Assistant Masters was drunk with a three times three.

CRICKET PRIZES.

The Proprietors of THE LUDGATE will present a Leather Cricket Bag, a Bat, a Pair of Pads, and a Pair of Batting Gloves, all of best quality, and manufactured by F. H. Ayres, 111, Aldersgate Street, London, for the Three Highest Individual Batting Scores made each month of the present season in matches played between any of the recognised Public Schools.

Applications are invited by post-card, giving the following details—NAME AND ADDRESS OF BATSMAN; NAME OF SCHOOL; NUMBER OF RUNS MADE; NAME OF OPPOSING SCHOOL; WHERE PLAYED AND DATE OF MATCH.

The post-cards must be received on or before the 5th of month following that in which the match was played, and should be addressed "CRICKET," THE LUDGATE MONTHLY, 53, Fleet Street, London. Entries for August will close 5th September.

THE THREE WINNERS FOR JULY.

1. E. GARNETT, Charterhouse, on July 14th and 15th, scored 90, not out, v. Wellington.
2. B. W. V. KING, Rossall, on July 12th and 13th, scored 88, v. Shrewsbury.
3. C. L. ALEXANDER, Shrewsbury, on July 12th and 13th, scored 77, v. Rossall.

The three Winners for June were announced last month, and we have much pleasure in giving their Portraits, which will be found heading this Chat.

PARTED



Hands
across the desert
distance

May not clasp with eager touch
'Gainst the bars of Fate's resistance
We may beat
our pinions much

Still.

like wild-dove homeward nesting
When the goblet sun is set

Love

to memory wings for resting

Don't

forget me

Don't forget.



The River Thames.

FROM OXFORD TO KINGSTON.

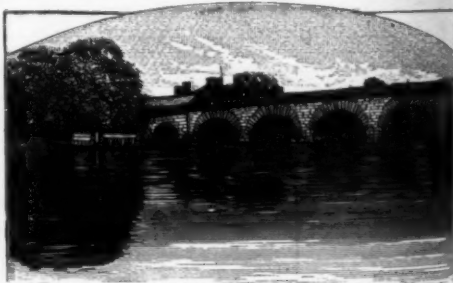


BOULTER'S LOCK, MAIDENHEAD.

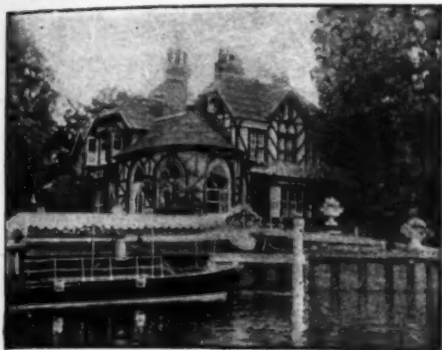
PART III.—MAIDENHEAD TO KINGSTON.

LEAVING Maidenhead on the fifth morning of our cruise, we pass under the fine bridge which here crosses the river, joining Taplow with Maidenhead, and then we obtain a full view of the magnificent bridge of the Great Western Railway, the spans of which are supposed to be the largest of their kind in this country. Below this bridge, on the Berks side, we may see The Fisheries, a most charming riverside residence, the grounds, sloping down to the water, being beautifully kept. A mile lower brings us to the little village of Bray, with its fine old church, the massive tower forming a noticeable landmark. One does not wonder that the "Vicar of Bray," famous of song, should have so determinedly insisted to here live and die, for the quiet beauties of the country round have an attraction all

their own. The George, prettily situated on the Berks bank, is a comfortable inn; and, if time permit, a visit should be made to the church, which dates from the thirteenth century, and contains many ancient brasses. Bray Lock (sixty-four miles from Oxford) is less than half-a-mile farther on, passing through which, we find the stream flowing strongly from the



MAIDENHEAD BRIDGE.



THE FISHERIES, MAIDENHEAD.

weir, and are soon carried down to Monkey Island, which owes its curious name to a whim of its one time owner, the third Duke of Marlborough, who built a fishing-house on the island and had the ceiling of one of the rooms painted with pictures of monkeys—some



SURLY HALL HOTEL.

into an hotel, and is a favourite resort for boating parties and anglers: the fishing round the various adjacent islets being very good. Pulling leisurely along, we pass in succession on the Berks shore Down Place, Oakley Court, and The Fishery, the residence of Lady Florence Dixie. This stretch of the river is nearly straight and above the average width, but during the summer months reeds and aquatic plants flourish on each side of the stream, considerably curtailing the waterway. The river then takes a sharp bend to the left, with Surly Hall Hotel, picturesquely embowered in trees, lying back

on the Berks bank. This is one of the most charmingly placed inns on the Thames, and during the season is well patronised by rowing men; it is the rendezvous of the Eton boys in the yearly procession of boats, every 4th of June, when a champagne feed is a part of the programme. Al-

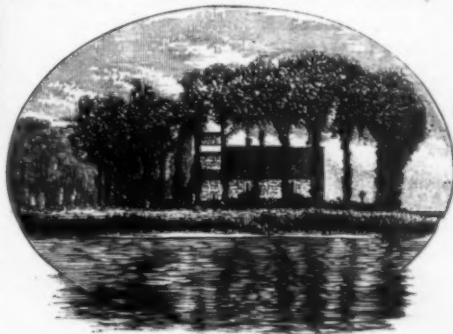
most opposite Surly Hall is Boveney Church, standing close to the river on the Bucks bank and curiously surrounded by a ring of tall elms; solitary it stands in its circle of foliage with no other edifice in its vicinity.

Boveney Lock (sixty-seven miles from Oxford) lies a few hundred yards farther

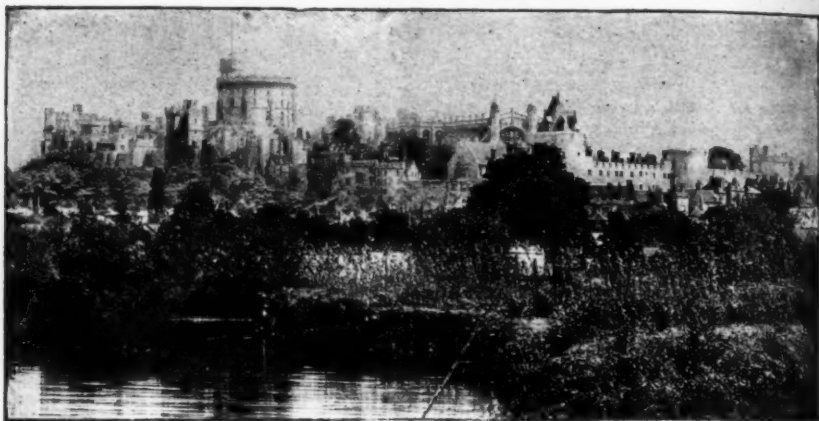


GEORGE INN, BRAY.

simulated as engaged in various handicrafts, while others are depicted as dancing and going through eccentric motions. The beauty of the colouring, however, is fast fading away, and in many places the plaster, through age, has had to be renewed. The lodge has long since been transformed



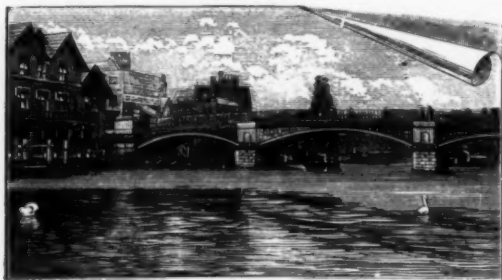
BOVENEY CHURCH.



WINDSOR CASTLE.

on ; and from here we get our first view of Windsor Castle, which, for some distance, now forms the most prominent feature in the landscape ; the massive

advisable to enter into anything approaching a description of Windsor Castle in this article. Many of our readers have, no doubt, visited the noblest royal residence, perhaps, in the world ; permission to view the state apartments being obtainable any weekday during the absence of the Court. The view of the surrounding country from the Round Tower on a fine day affords in itself a magnificent panorama.



WINDSOR BRIDGE AND BRIDGE HOUSE HOTEL.

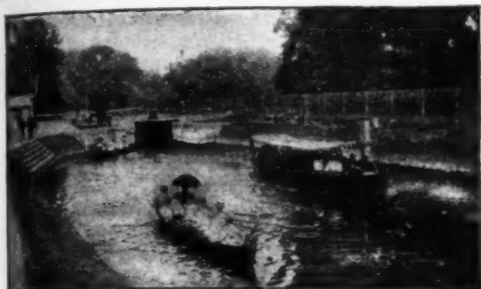
battlements of the Castle, with the chapel of St. George, presenting themselves in many and various positions as we wind with the river towards the ancient town of Windsor. The river itself, hereabout, is not particularly interesting ; but as we pull slowly along, we recognise many well-known spots. First in order comes Athens, the time-honoured bathing-place of Etonians ; whilst a little lower, and beyond the railway bridge, are the meads known as the Brocas. From this spot we obtain the finest view of the Castle, its magnificent proportions contrasting forcibly with the various buildings of the town nestling around its base. It is unnecessary, or, at any rate, un-

A fine iron bridge connects Windsor with Eton, world-famous for its stately college, the playing fields of which extend to the river's bank for some distance below the bridge, on the backwater of the weir.

Romney Lock (sixty-nine miles from Oxford) is approached on the Windsor side ; and if we mount the bank just before entering the lock, we get a lovely glimpse of the Eton College chapel across the backwater. Just below the lock we



ETON COLLEGE CHAPEL.



ROMNEY LOCK.

pass under the South Western Railway Bridge; both this line and the Great Western run to Windsor, and provide capital services of trains, thus rendering the town a favourite boating resort. Windsor Home Park follows the Berks bank for nearly a mile and a half, affording beautiful peeps of sylvan beauty as our boat floats quietly by. About half way down the Home Park, on the opposite bank, we come to the pretty and fashionable village of Datchet; the station, on the South Western line, is within five minutes' walk of the river; a line of gaily-decorated house



DATCHET.



ALBERT BRIDGE.

boats is moored just above the landing stage, giving a pleasing variety of colour to the scene.

Ditton Park, the seat of the Duke of Buccleuch, is close by. A mile lower, the Albert Bridge crosses the river, forming the termination of the Home Park; and then we pass into the cutting to Old Windsor Lock (seventy-two miles from Oxford); the weir and backwater forming a long curve of over a mile before rejoining the waterway below the lock. The fishing in this backwater, especially for chub and roach, is very good, and its many quiet nooks are undisturbed by passing boats.



OLD WINDSOR LOCK.

Half-a-mile below the lock a large and very ornamental boat-house, belonging to F. Ricardo, Esq., stands in a small artificial bay of the river, opposite the towing path; and, farther on, the Bells of Ouseley attracts our attention, lying a little back on the Berks side and sheltered by some fine elms. This inn is the only place of refreshment between Datchet and the next lock—Bell Weir—nearly five miles; so, bearing this fact in mind, we adjourn to the cosy parlour to renew our vital

forces and sample the nut-brown ale for which the house is celebrated. The lane up the side of the Bells leads to Beaumont Lodge, the well-known Catholic college, a passing view of which is obtained from the river. Just below the Bells, Surrey takes the place of Berks as the southern boundary of the Thames; and beyond this bank, the land rises up into charming foliage-covered hills, with the chimneys and gables



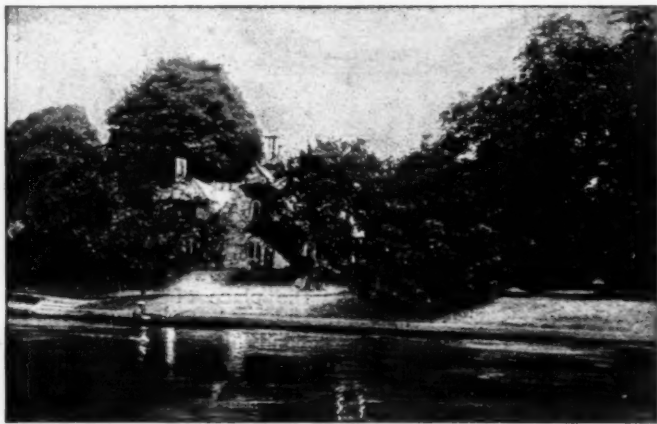
BELLS OF OUSELEY.

of the Military College of Cooper's Hill, peeping through the trees. The flat meadow-land adjoining the river is Runnymede, a spot famous in history. Here King John met his turbulent barons and signed the Magna Charta; and the stone which was on that memorable occasion used as a table is still preserved in the

the next mile; then the Bell Weir Lock (seventy-five miles from Oxford) draws into view; on passing through which, the Angler's Rest bids us welcome. Half-a-mile lower, the county of Bucks terminates, giving place to Middlesex, the boundary between the two being marked by an ancient stone pedestal known as



MR. F. RICARDO'S BOAT-HOUSE.



MAGNA CHARTA ISLAND

College, on Magna Charta Island, which lies off the opposite shore.

Below this island, on the same side, is Ankerwycke House; it was formerly a convent of the Benedictines which bluff King Hal confiscated; and tradition has it that the leafy glades surrounding the convent were the trysting-place of the amorous king and the unfortunate Anne Boleyn.

Tame and uninteresting must be our brief summary of the scenery for

London Stone, and which formerly denoted the termination up river of the jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor of London. Staines bridge now comes into sight; and, as the shades of evening preclude further photographic operations, we pull up at the Swan Hotel just below the bridge.

Staines is a town of some pretensions; there are



BELL WEIR LOCK AND WEIR

several good hotels besides the Swan, namely, the Pack Horse, on the river lower down, and the Angel, in the town. The well-known Staines Linoleum Factory employs a large number of hands. The station on the South-Western line is about fifteen minutes' walk from the river landing-place below the railway bridge. There are several good fishing swims,

both up and down stream, but from the bank there is little to be done. Leaving our comfortable quarters early next morning, we drift leisurely past the many



THE ANGLER'S REST.

son many trout reward the patient disciple of old Izaak.

A short distance below "Penty Hook" we can just descry the little village of Lale-

ham, lying back on the Middlesex shore. Near the ferry the river broadens out considerably, at the same time also shallowing so much that launches and barges frequently find themselves hard and fast, and even skiffs, if towing up, should keep well out, or they will meet a similar disaster. The stream continues of more than average width until we reach Chertsey Lock (eighty miles from Oxford), in entering which care should be exercised and the boat kept close to the towing-path, thus avoiding the suck of the stream over the weir,

which is partly unprotected and very dangerous in flood time. The view from the lock, looking towards the bridge, is



STAINES BRIDGE.

house-boats moored down the Surrey bank, and soon we are leaving the busy haunts of men behind us. Nature is at its freshest, and the rosy sun climbing up the eastern sky has not yet grown too powerful for perfect comfort, and the meadow-grass still twinkles with pearly drops of dew. On our right we pass a pretty little cottage, known as the Fisherman's Temple, a charming spot for a summer holiday, albeit perhaps somewhat lonely; but, strange to say, within the writer's recollection it has never appeared to be inhabited.

About two miles from our start we come now to Penton Hook Lock (seventy-eight miles from Oxford). The river here forms a



BICYCLE BOAT

rather pretty, but altogether the landscape is flat and tame.

A curiosity in river craft attracted our attention just here, of which our illustration gives a very good idea. This new bicycle-boat—built for three, be it noted—seemed to travel very smoothly and with good pace, but somehow its occupants did not appear too happy.

Nothing of note meets the oarsman's eye until Shepperton Lock (eighty-two miles from Oxford) is reached. The weir and backwater form a considerable curvature,



HALLIFORD.



WALTON BRIDGE.

past Shepperton and Halliford. Shepperton is a quiet little place, much frequented by anglers, and celebrated for its deep pools, wherein lurk finny monsters of fabulous weights. Shepperton station is twenty minutes' walk from the river at Shepperton, and perhaps five minutes' nearer to Halliford, which lies half a mile lower. The scenery from here to below Walton is exceedingly charming, the river cur-

into the lower part of which the little River Wey empties itself; and on the backwater stands a very comfortable inn, the Lincoln Arms. There are several good camping grounds adjacent, which are well patronised. Below the lock is a good-sized island, on which stands the riverside residence of Mr. D'Oyley Carte; whilst several charming villas, with their cultivated pleasure-grounds, adorn the Middlesex bank.

The river twists and turns greatly for the next two miles, as it flows

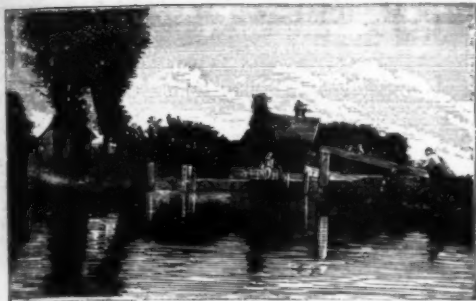


WALTON.—THE LANDING PLACE.



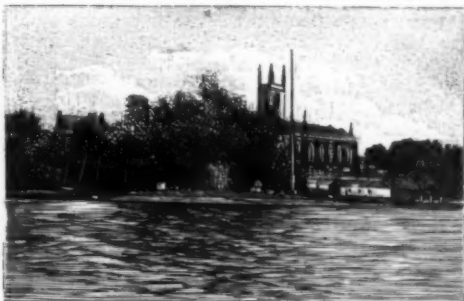
SUNBURY BACKWATER.

ing now to the right, now to the left, revealing new beauties at every turn. Walton Bridge crosses the river about a mile below Halliford, and then we see the landing stage of Walton village, with the Swan and Angler's Inns under the trees on the Surrey bank. The reach from here to



SUNBURY LOCK, FROM ABOVE.

Sunbury is the Walton regatta course, and we notice just opposite Walton the overflow into the Sunbury backwater, which runs for over a mile before reaching the lock water. The fishing, both in the main stream and the backwater, is really good, there being several fine bream swims, and chub and barbel abound. The view of Sunbury, from the island above the lock, makes a charming picture, with the old church peeping over the trees. There is capital camping ground on this island, and the Thames Camping Club have their head-



HAMPTON CHURCH.

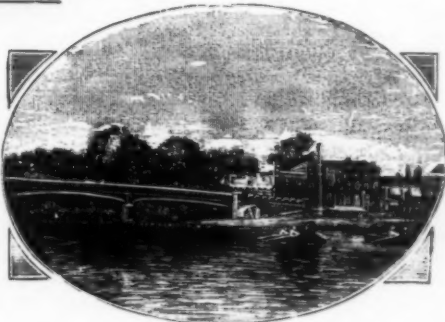
est station is Hampton Court, which is right on the river, close to the bridge. Hampton Court Palace is across the bridge, which spans the river just below the lock, and we need hardly say should, if possible, be visited. The river Mole joins the Thames just below the bridge. The Thames skirts the Palace grounds for almost three miles; in fact, they extend right up to Kingston Bridge.

Half a mile below Hampton Court Bridge, behind a large island, lies



THE CEDARS, HAMPTON.

quarters here, their little town of canvas forming quite a picturesque feature with the gaily-decorated tents and flower gardens. Leaving the weir well on our left, we pull down the cutting to Sunbury Lock (eighty-five and a half miles from Oxford). Care must be exercised on leaving the lock, as the stream runs very strongly and is known as Sunbury race. For a couple of miles there is not much to note; the Middlesex bank, for some little distance, is pretty, but the opposite shore



HAMPTON COURT BRIDGE AND MITRE HOTEL.

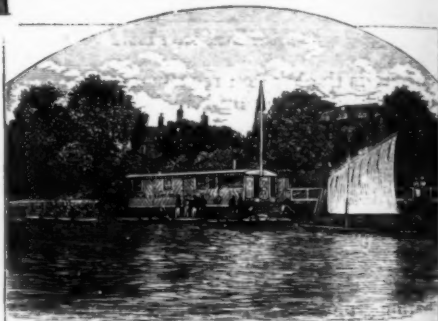


THAMES DITTON.

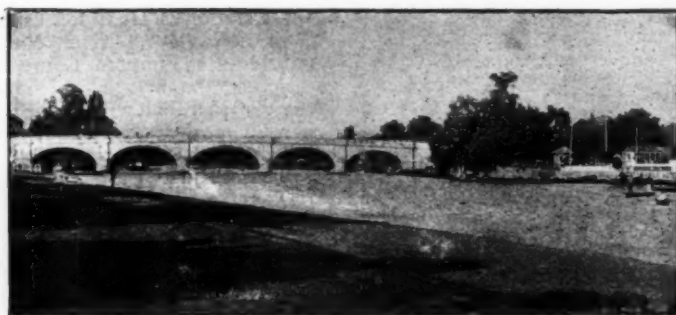
Thames Ditton, with the Swan Hotel on the river's bank. We are now nearing the end of our pleasant trip, for a mile below Ditton we scull by the long line of waterworks, and Surbiton Parade comes into view, and, as we pass the island, Kingston Bridge is visible in the distance. In summer the parade, running from Surbiton to Kingston on the Surrey bank, is exceedingly pretty, the grounds being beautifully kept, with flowers and shrubs; and the massive

trees backing the view complete a charming picture. Surbiton is a most convenient station, being only ten minutes' walk from Parker's boat-yard, the courteous proprietor of which has an excellent supply of boats, which are obtainable on very reasonable terms.

Here we must take leave of Father Thames for the present, with the full hope and intention of ere long renewing our pleasant meanderings on his placid bosom.



PARKER'S BOAT-YARD, SURBITON.



KINGSTON BRIDGE.

Won at Last.

By HENRY KINGSLEY, Author of "Ravenshoe," &c.

"**L**ORD BARNSTAPLE presents his compliments to the Reverend James Mordaunt, and will do himself the honour to wait on him at one P.M., on Thursday next, the 27th of July, to discuss parochial matters. An answer would oblige.

"Crowshoe Castle, 25/7/73."

This document looks innocent and harmless at first, but it fell like a thunder-bolt in the quiet household of the Reverend James Mordaunt. No one was with him when he received it but his daughter, Alice; he at once handed it to her, and announced his intention of selling out the only property he had in the world. £1,200, 3 per Cents, and emigrating to Western Canada.

"I don't think I would do that, pa," said Alice, "you are too old, my dear. Stay here and fight it out."

"I am only forty-five," returned the Reverend James "and I am as strong as a horse but now that this young prig of a nobleman has come to back up the Rector and the Archdeacon, I had better go at once than stay too long."

"We don't know that he is a prig, pa," said Alice.

"He took a first," said the Reverend James, "and I know what that means with a nobleman."

"Well, my dear," said Alice, "you

would have taken one if you could have afforded the coaching."

"It don't matter," said the Reverend James. "His mind is poisoned against me, and I will not stand it any longer."

"You don't know that his mind is poisoned against you," urged Alice. "Hear the man."

"I suppose I must," said the Reverend James, with a vexed air. "But I'll tell you what I will do. I will walk over to the Bishop this afternoon, get a bed there, and come back to-morrow morning."

"Could not you borrow farmer Willesden's horse?" asked Alice; "fourteen miles is a long walk."

"I can't borrow his horse, for to-morrow is market day, and he will want it. He would lend it to me and say he did not want it; but I am obliged to him too much already, God bless him! How much money have we?"

"Thirteen and sixpence."

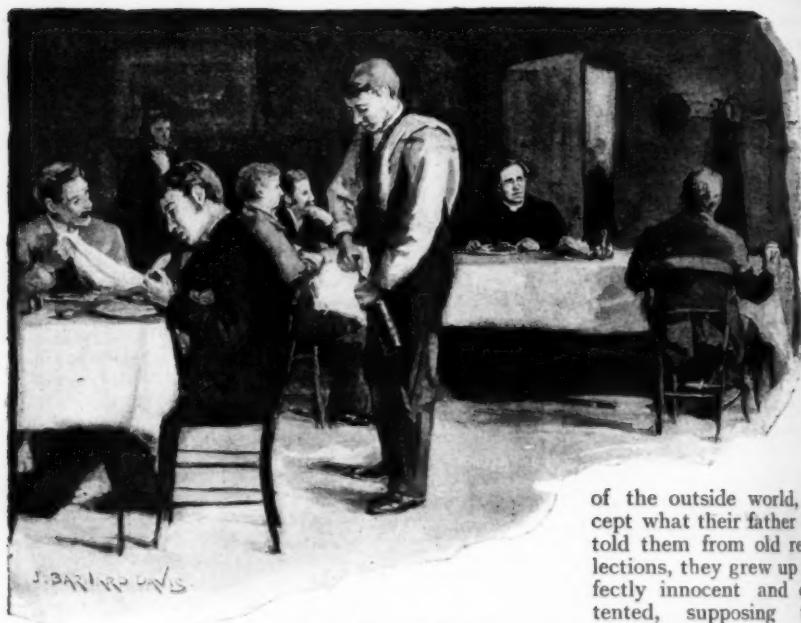
"Give me five, my dear," said the Reverend James, "because, if the palace is full, I must sleep at the inn. Where is Charles?"

"Oh! I forgot to tell you. Charles has got three days' work with the railway surveyors, at seven-and-sixpence a day. His mathematics come in very well there: I wish it would lead to something permanent."

"Is there anything owing in the village?" asked the Reverend James.



HE HANDED IT TO HER.



AT THE MARKET ORDINARY.

"One-and-sixpence to the butcher," said Alice; "but I will slip round and pay that."

"Do so, and if Charles comes home before I am back, give him my love, and tell him where I am gone;" and so the reverend gentleman put two half-crowns in his pocket, took his stick, and walked stoutly away to the Bishop.

The Rev. James Mordaunt was a curate of Sprowston, with a salary of £120 a-year, and a private income of £35 arising from the £1,200 before spoken of. On this income he had married, and his wife had died three years afterwards, leaving him to bring up a boy and a girl, Charles and Alice, in the most grinding poverty. Charles was now twenty-one, and his sister nineteen, both of them marvels of beauty and intelligence. Mr. Mordaunt had nothing to give them but learning, example and love, and he gave them all these three things without stint. Too hopelessly poor to give much in charity, he was more deeply loved by the poor than any man for miles round; and his son and daughter shared the love which was their father's due, and they deserved it. Knowing absolutely nothing

of the outside world, except what their father had told them from old recollections, they grew up perfectly innocent and contented, supposing that other poor people's lives were much like their own.

Their father was a tremendous power in their little world—there was no appeal from him. The magistrates made room for his shabby coat on the bench, and were relieved when he was gone, taking his handsome, inexorable face and his withering oratory with him. The boldest farmer grew pale if he appeared to eat his eighteenpenny-worth at the market ordinary; they wondered among one another whose turn it was for a few stinging and never-to-be-forgotten words. The lash of the man's satire brought blood, and blood which took a long time in healing; but the man's life was so blameless, so noble, and so pure, that, as years went on, the very stupidest farmers began to see that he was living consistently that life which he discoursed on every Sunday from the pulpit—the life of Christ. He made them fear him first, they got to love him afterwards.

He came suddenly from Oxford with a young wife, and he at once began fighting everybody; he took up the case of the agricultural poor, and fought the farmers more like a fiend than a decent English clergyman. He had no money, which was a disadvantage; and he had less

than no influence, which was possibly worse. But he fought on for all that, through thick and thin. It was a long and dark night for him after his wife died, and when he had to wake up in the morning and find she was not by his side, but in the cold churchyard outside the window. It was a long and bitter struggle to rear those two poor children without any money at all: but the man won. People generally—lords, squires, magistrates, farmers—began to be aware of a pale, handsome, and very poor man, with twice the brains and three times the debating power of any of them, who went up and down their little world, not *pleading* for the poor, but *ordering* that the law of the land should be put in force in their favour.

The poor, as a matter of course, took to him at once; the farmers he was longer in winning, for they said that he made mischief, as he certainly did. But one day at the market dinner, Farmer Willesden, his chief opponent at first, saw that although he had often "caught it" from Mr. Mordaunt, yet he always, somehow, found Mr. Mordaunt in the right; and that Mr. Mordaunt was as game to stand between landlord and tenant as he was to stand between farmer and labourer. In short, Mr. Mordaunt had won the respect of the farmers, and such is the bull-headed persistency of those gentlemen that, if you once gain their confidence, you must be an utter fool to lose it again.

When he first came into the parish the lord of the manor, Lord Barnstable, was very old, and was devoting the remainder of a very busy and well-spent life to politics; when he was not in his place in the House of Lords he was at Cannes. The Bishop was also very old and very cynical, having been throughout all his life a politician far more than an ecclesiastic; a writer of pamphlets more than a preacher. The Rector of Sprowston was also infirm, and quite unfit for his duties. Lord Barnstable was a very strong Liberal, and it was to his influence that the Bishop owed his position, while the infirm Rector was also a Liberal, and an old college friend of Lord Barnstable's. What between Liberalism and old age, not one of the three interfered in any way with Mr. Mordaunt; but time brought changes, and at the time when Mr. Mordaunt had got everybody with him the old Rector died. He sent for Mr. Mordaunt on his death-

bed, and urged him to persevere in his present course as long as he lived.

"I have wasted my life in politics, Mordaunt," he said, "or I would have done what you are doing. I earnestly beg of you to persevere. Remember my words and don't give up. One of the reasons why I am loth to die even now is that you have got a worthless man and tyrant coming. I could not stop it; Lord Barnstable wishes to be rid of the man and make him hold his tongue, so he has shelved him here. I have extorted a promise from Lord Barnstable that you are not to be removed, save at your own wish—that is all I could do. Be as wise as a serpent and as harmless as a dove. Good-bye, my dear Mordaunt: I wish I was young again, and able to stand beside you. You will find that I have left you my private sacramental plate; take it as an earnest of what might have been if I had been younger. Good-bye."

So the good old fellow died, and the Rev. L. Easy reigned in his stead. Mr. Easy was the greatest of all bear leaders of ancient or modern times: for winking at or ignoring vice among rich young men he was a Petronius Arbiter; in expanding on the virtues of a protecting family he was a Horace. The worst of it was that he was a dunce, and when the pestilent system of competitive examination came in, it was discovered that, although the famous Let-medown Easy could still conceal or palliate the vices of his pupils, he was utterly unable to get them through their examinations. He found his old trade going from under his feet and into the hands of honest men; he had saved money, but it would never pay him to invest in the employment of coaches; he was as nearly as possible retiring from the trade when a job fell into his hands which enabled him to retire with honour. The second son of Lord Barnstable was requested to retire from Eton without further delay, and did so retire.

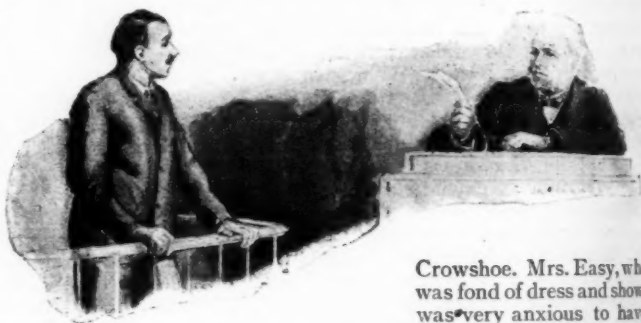
Lord Barnstable was at Cannes when he heard of this terrible blow; but he wrote to the bishop, and the bishop, then very infirm, wrote that Easy was always the man in these cases. Lord Barnstable sent Lord Edward Hemling to Mr. Easy with a letter in which certain contingencies were mentioned if the lad could be got through his examination for the army. It has been said that the old nobleman promised him a thousand pounds and his

next living; and it has also been said that when Lord Edward Hemling arrived, and was examined by the Rev. Mr. Easy, that the rev. gentleman scratched his head and told his wife that he did not half like the job. Encouraged by her, however, she being ten times more unscrupulous than himself, he undertook the matter. Then follows a very odd and dark story. A young man, a printer, was sentenced to six months' hard labour for stealing some papers two days before the examination. Duplicate proofs were taken, and only one set were found on the young man (now married and conducting a flourishing printing business in Ontario); as to what had become of the other set the young man was most discreetly silent, and he did his six months with a joyous alacrity which won him the good opinion of every official in Holloway Gaol. In the meantime Lord Edward had passed his examination, and had joined a regiment of the Foot Guards, and after three months was requested to exchange for being drunk at mess. A meeting of the Guards' Club unanimously expelled him, and he shortly afterwards joined a West India Regiment on the West Coast of Africa; and in spite of all that his hard-worked brother officers could do for him by advice and assistance, he died of drink and fever.

Still Mr. Easy had fulfilled his bargain with Lord Barnstaple, and Lord Barnstaple was not a man who forgot. On the rector's death Mr. Easy came into the living of Sprowston, and all the Lord Barnstaples in the world could not put him out of it. Besides, he knew things about Lord Edward which it was impossible to talk about in society, but about which there was nothing to prevent his talking, now that he had got everything he could possibly get; he had, therefore, the whip hand of Lord Barnstaple, and, having been a rogue all his life, he would not scruple to use it if it suited his purpose. The only

thing which kept Mr. Mordaunt's house over his head was this.

Lord Bideford, the eldest son of Lord Barnstaple, was a very different man to his brother, Lord Edward. He was by another mother. Lord Barnstaple had married, first, Lady Alice Barty, the beauty of a family which has given us some of our best statesmen, and by her he had Lord Bideford. A long time after her death his lordship made a most imprudent marriage, and the less which is said about that the better; the offspring of this marriage was Lord Edward. Lord Bideford was a very silent young man, and no one seemed to know anything about him, save that he had taken a "first" at Oxford, and was very silent in Parliament. Now, in the course of nature, Lord Bideford would soon be Lord Barnstaple and master of



A PRINTER WAS SENTENCED TO SIX MONTHS.

Crowshoe. Mrs. Easy, who was fond of dress and show, was very anxious to have the *entrée* of that castle; and, as some rumours had reached her as to the fact

that the young lord was not only very silent but very obstinate, she urged on her husband that it would be very impolitic to take ultimate measures with regard to Mr. Mordaunt until they had gathered the opinions of Lord Bideford. Meanwhile she quite agreed to the plan of leading him the life of a dog, and making his resignation his own act; they could get a young man cheaper by sixty pounds, and that would enable her to go to London every year.

Mr. Mordaunt was a very mild High Churchman, and had introduced some extremely mild alterations in the Church service, after a long consultation with the farmers; who, being every one of them Conservatives, gladly acquiesced in what he did when he pointed out to them that he was simply carrying out the directions of the Prayer-book, on which they pinned

their faith. He shortened the services individually, although the actual length of them was greater than ever. He had a communion at eight o'clock every Sunday morning, which was well attended; and, in fact, did quietly and exactly what the Prayer-book told him to do. He made also, on the other hand, great friends with the dissenting minister (Wesleyan), and they had hot arguments in their walks as to what John Wesley would say if he knew that his followers had seceded from the establishment after his death. Then an Irish harvestman fell ill in his parish: and when Mr. Mordaunt found that he was a Roman Catholic, he borrowed farmer Willesden's horse and gig, drove to the nearest town where there was a Roman Catholic priest, and fetched him over in triumph in broad daylight, and insisted on his staying all night, asking one or two of the farmers, and his friend the dissenting minister, to meet him in the evening. The evening passed off in the most charming manner; though the Wesleyan minister afterwards told Mr. Mordaunt that he was vexed at not being able to hold his own in learning with the man of the Establishment, or the Romanist. Farmer Willesden was so taken with the Romanist that he sent him a pair of spring chickens on Good Friday, in all innocence, thinking that it would be a delicate attention, under the impression that Good Friday was the great holiday of the Romish church.

Now, all these lapsarian backslidings from grace were very soon told to the Rev. Letmedown Easy, by the admiring farmers. That they were abominable and audacious no one could deny; the question was, how to utilise them with Lord Bideford, and procure the removal of Mr. Mordaunt without shutting up Crowshoe Castle? They could save sixty

pounds a year by getting rid of Mr. Mordaunt.

The first question with this worthy pair was this: what *was* Lord Bideford? Lord Barnstaple was a shining light among the evangelicals, and it was notorious that his brother-in-law had practically appointed the last five bishops. He was too old to be taken into the calculations, however; and the question was, what were Lord Bideford's religious opinions? It was a very difficult question to answer. Lord Bideford certainly attended, with great diligence and regularity, the afternoon service at All Saints', Margaret Street; but he frequently preached at a mission: a most tiresome and puzzling young man! He might listen to Stopford Brooke—to any one, in short; but the fact of his preaching settled the question; the man was an evangelical, like his father.

Consequently the Rev. Letmedown Easy became violently evangelical, according to his view of evangelicalism. The leader of that party in the Church remonstrated with him in an angry manner about what he did, and went so far as to tell him that he was persecuting a better man than himself. But Lord Bideford was silent; and so Mr. Easy saw Crowshoe Castle open to him.

However, the principal thing in hand was to force Mr. Mordaunt to resign. He began with the farmers, trying to under-

mine his influence with them. They at once burnt him in effigy on the village green, and, assisted by their hinds, howled outside his house so long that Mr. Easy fled to the cellar for refuge. He failed with the farmers; but he had farmer Willesden up at petty sessions for language likely to provoke a breach of the peace. The chairman fined Willesden five shillings, and he put two pounds in the



FARMER WILLESDEN REPEATED THE LANGUAGE WITH ADJECTIVES.

poor-box. Willesden, meeting Mr. Easy outside the court, repeated the language, I regret to say, with adjectives. The chairman, Sir Pitchcroft Cockpole, said to Mr. Easy, afterwards: "You had better leave that man Mordaunt alone. He has been master here for a few years, and he is likely to remain master."

Mr. Easy's hands were, however, considerably strengthened by a new archdeacon, a man by no means of the "Grantly" type of archdeacon. He and Easy had more than once played into one another's hands, it was said, though that was extremely improbable, for the archdeacon was one of the most cautious men in creation, and had only lost a bishopric by slightly ratting at the wrong time. He



"HIS SON TAKES WORK IN THE FIELDS."

was a kinsman of Easy's, and was not best pleased at finding his kinsman there, for the ugly old story about Lord Edward's examination papers was still spoken of, and, like all untruths, was believed in. Two courses only were open to the archdeacon, either to throw his kinsman overboard, or to back him up through thick and thin. After due thought, he chose the latter.

What induced Mr. Mordaunt just at this time to preach a sermon before his new rector, airing his views as regarded the spiritual sovereignty of the Queen, no man can tell. It is enough that he did it, and that Mr. Easy requested him to hand over the original MS. in the vestry for immediate conveyance to the old Bishop. The old man read it in bed while Mr.

Easy was taking lunch, and then called Mr. Easy to his bedside.

"This is a curious sermon, Mr. Easy," said the Bishop; "and Mr. Mordaunt is a very curious man; but you had much better make friends with him than quarrel with him. You will never get on in that parish if you do."

Mr. Easy thought differently, and put every possible annoyance he could in Mr. Mordaunt's way, until that gentleman began to think of giving up the whole thing and emigrating. Two changes happened, however, which made him hang on—Lord Barnstable and the old bishop died within one week.

The new bishop was an old friend of Mr. Mordaunt, and when he went to the palace received him with open arms. On the occasion of his first visit he said nothing at all about his troubles. Mr. Easy, however, saved him that trouble by stating his case to the new young and vigorous bishop without delay. The new bishop heard them with the greatest patience and attention, and afterwards said, "I cannot see myself that there is any case against him. You say that his continuation there is scandalous. As the French say, 'Voulez vous préciser votre accusation.'"

That was very difficult. Mr. Easy said, after a few moments, "He associates with the farmers."

"That is very good," said the Bishop. "That is an old habit of my own."

"His son takes work in the fields, and takes money for it."

"Sooner than loaf, cheat or beg," said the Bishop. "I am sorry that the son of an educated gentleman like Mordaunt should be brought so low; but the early Christians did that same thing. St. Paul was only a tent-maker, you know, Mr. Easy. Is there anything against the young man's character? Is he the sort of young man who would have come in your way in your former line of business, Mr. Easy?"

Mr. Easy, devoutly wishing the Bishop somewhere, replied that there was nothing against the young man in a moral point of view.

"Well," said the Bishop; "it is a most disgraceful scandal. Here is a man like Mordaunt, a man worth twenty such men as you or I, Mr. Easy, obliged to send his son into the harvest-field for a living. It is the most shameful thing I ever heard of."

So the Archdeacon and Mr. Easy took very little by their motion. Mr. Mordaunt came over to the Bishop by summons, and spent the day with him. They talked over many old matters, and at the end Mr. Mordaunt asked the Bishop what he knew about the new Lord Barnstable.

"Exactly nothing," said the Bishop. "I think that he is a terrible prig, and will probably assist Easy, who saved his half-brother from disgrace, and who was a nominee of Barnstable's father. Meanwhile, go home, old friend, commit no indiscretion, and hold your own."

Things were exactly in this state when Mr. Mordaunt received the intimation of Lord Barnstable's visit. He was very anxious about that visit, and, as we have seen before, walked away to his old friend, the Bishop, to consult him. The Bishop made him stay all night, and all the next day and the next night. The Dean and the Precentor, cunning men when there was a kindly, Christian act to be done, begged of him, as a personal favour, to stay over the day and intone for the Precentor, who had a convenient cough. Mr. Mordaunt could intone with the best of them, and so he spent a whole happy day under the glorious old arches, doing service after service.

"I feel young again, Bishop," he said at night, when they were going to bed; "I will sing matins and go home."

And after matins, away he went, walking and thinking what preparations Alice had been making for Lord Barnstable, but not much caring, for the cathedral music was in his ears, and so he sang all the way.

He arrived in the afternoon, and, opening his own door, passed into the parlour. His daughter Alice was standing beside the chimneypiece, and with her was a tall and strong man, whom he knew well, the inspector of police.

Alice was ghastly pale, and was moistening her dry lips with her tongue.

"Papa," she said, "here is Inspector Morton, who has been waiting for you."

Mr. Mordaunt saw that something was very wrong, and he left off humming a Gregorian chant to say, "How do, Morton? Come after me? I don't think you gentlemen practise in the ecclesiastical courts. You will have to take me in execution for unpaid costs in the ecclesiastical court some day, but my time is not come yet."

"Papa," said Alice, "don't joke; it is Charles."

"What has he been doing?" said Mr. Mordaunt.

"Oh, father, don't break down; he is arrested for burglary."

"Charles arrested for burglary!" exclaimed Mr. Mordaunt, laughing. "No: this is very good—this is as good as a play. Easy will make something of this. Leave the room, and let me talk to the inspector. What is this story, inspector?" said Mr. Mordaunt, when his daughter was gone.

"Well, sir, I am sorry to tell you that Mr. Charles is in custody for attempted burglary at Barnstable."

"But that is forty miles away," said Mr. Mordaunt, "and the whole thing is ridiculous."

"It looks so, sir; but he was watched into a door, and then out of the same door two hours after, and was captured."

"But, my good inspector, this is perfect midsummer madness. My son is incapable of such an act."

The inspector came close to Mr. Mordaunt and whispered in his ear. As he whispered to him Mr. Mordaunt's face grew more and more ashy pale, and at last he begged him to desist, and staggered to a chair.

After a few minutes, he raised his ghastly face to the inspector's, and said, "I would sooner that it had been burglary than that."

"No doubt, sir," said the inspector; "we know your principles about here, and we know Mr. Charles's principles also. There ain't two men more loved in these parts than you two. But you have not heard me out, sir. That Inspector Bryan is a fool, sir. I was over to Barum yesterday, and I went and see Master Charles, and he give me the office, and I went and got this."

There came a flush into Mr. Mordaunt's pale face as he looked at the little paper which I have noticed in the face of more than one middle-aged man. The lordly and imperial look of the young bridegroom is not more lordly than the look of the young grandfather. Mordaunt held his head higher than he had ever done since he led his bride out of church three-and-twenty years ago. What was Easy to him now? what was the Archdeacon? In his new pride they might go hang themselves.

"Now, how did all this come out, inspector?" said he.

"That is as you think, sir," said the inspector.

"We must not leave her in a false position," said Mr. Mordaunt.

"Certainly not," said the inspector.

"I will step round to the old man first, and tell him the truth," said Mr. Mordaunt. And the inspector departed. Mr. Mordaunt went up to his daughter's room, and found her crying in bed. "Alice," he said, "you must listen to me."

"About Charles?"

"Yes, about Charles. Charles has been married for two months, without my knowledge."

"To Mary Willesden?"

"To the same young lady. I suppose he has done very wrong, but that is a matter of detail. He was caught trying to see her, but I will go over and make it all right for him to-morrow."

"I knew he loved her, father; but I did not think of this. Our Charles is an honest man, and we can hold up our heads before fifty Lord Barnstaples when they come."

Mr. Mordaunt went round to farmer Willesden's at once; and after a somewhat difficult interview, the farmer agreed to go to Barum the next morning, to scold Charles and to bail him out. They went, but Charles had been discharged five hours previously, and was gone no one knew whither.

The next day came the following letter from Charles:—

"MY DEAR FATHER, I greatly regret that I have deceived you for the first time in my life; and I ought, I suppose, to regret that I cannot regret it.

"My life was utterly unendurable. I had no opening, and no chance of any opening in the world. With the education of a gentleman, I was leading the life of a clodhopper. Only one thing prevented me from enlisting in a dragoon regiment, and that was my love for Mary Willesden. She urged on me that I could never marry her if I turned soldier. I was at one time actually desperate; I am so no longer, thanks to Tom Harvey."

Mr. Mordaunt paused. "Tom

Harvey," he thought, "the miller's son. Why, Tom Harvey has got a mill in Canada."

"He is," the letter went on, "Mary Willesden's cousin, as you know. He was a great friend of mine when we were boys together. He has done very well in Ontario, and is making his fortune. He came over here four months ago on commercial business, and I met him in Barnstable."

"He asked me to go back with him to Canada; but I demurred about leaving Mary. He then began to urge on me the plan of marrying her secretly and telling of it afterwards. He said that it often occurred in Canada and the United States, that a young man would marry a young woman, and leave her with her mother until he had got a home for her. At last I determined to do so; and one reason of my secrecy was, that I knew that you were in trouble with the Rector and the Archdeacon. We were married two months ago. Tom Harvey, whose time was out in England, returned from London to Barnstable, and urged me more strongly than ever to come to Canada with him in a brig which is taking slates to Quebec. I consented; but of course I had to tell Mary. She arranged to let me in quietly, and I went in and stayed for two hours. As I came out, the police got hold of me, and I should have been tried for burglary if Tom Harvey and his aunt had not made it all right. Tom has paid my passage, and has lent me money. As for my darling wife, father, you and Alice must take care of her until I claim her. I



MR. MORDAUNT AND FARMER WILLESSEN CONVERSING.

regret to say that, if all goes well, you will find yourself a grandfather before I return. Now I must have your forgiveness; and, with love to Alice, I say goodbye, and God bless you!

"CHARLES MORDAUNT."

Mr. Mordaunt and farmer Willesden had a long confabulation over this letter; and old Lady Ascot says that they had three pints of small ale and a vast number of pipes over it. If there is one quality more than another which adorns her ladyship, it is that of inexorable truth. I had the honour of asking her, at a grand party one night, whether she was quite sure that they only had three pints and not four. She replied that it was only three, and, as she drew the beer herself, she ought to know, and so I disputed the fact no longer.

"Well, parson," said Farmer Willesden, "so my daughter is married to a gentleman! Who'd have thought it?"

"To a beggar, you mean, I think," said Mr. Mordaunt.

"There ain't nought of a beggar about *her*," said farmer Willesden, laughing. How sly they was about it, pretty dears! Don't you love 'em, parson?"

"I don't quite understand about it, farmer," said Mr. Mordaunt. "I did not miss Mary, at all. Why was she at Barnstaple?"

"Oh! why she wanted to go there to be finished; and so I sent her."

"To be finished!"

"Ah, at the boarding-school. And she stayed there long enough to make her marriage in Barum legal; and so they was asked there, and so they was married there. Don't e'e see?"

"They have both deceived us sadly, farmer."

"What would you have 'em do?" cried the farmer. "When you made love to your poor lady that's gone, did you go and tell your mother?"

"I certainly did not," said Mr. Mordaunt.

"Then you deceived *her* sadly," said the farmer. "They all do it. If young folks mean to come together they'll do it, and small blame to them. However, your son has behaved like an honourable and good young man to my daughter, which is more to the purpose."

"In marrying her, leaving her on our hands, and running away to Canada!" said Mr. Mordaunt, aghast.

"Be sure," said the farmer. "He had not got money enough to keep her, and so he cut away to Canada to get some. Lord bless you! if ever fortune was writ in a man's face it is writ in Charles's!"

"Do you know, Willesden," said Mr. Mordaunt, "that I think you are as great a fool as I am."

Willesden grinned, but added, more seriously: "My girl must come away from that school. She had better come to her mother."

"No," said Mr. Mordaunt, "she *must* come to me. My boy has made, I think, a fool of himself; and her coming here, and our making all things public, will stop everyone's mouth. Don't you see?"

"It won't do you any good with the Rector and the Archdeacon," said the farmer, rather ruefully.

"Never mind me. I am in trouble so hard with them that nothing can make it worse. Send her here to-morrow night." And so the farmer departed.

Mr. Mordaunt then wrote to his friend the Bishop as follows:—

"DEAR BISHOP,—My son has married the daughter of one of my farmers, and has gone to Canada to make a home for her. The boy is as innocent and as pure as you are. Please give everyone the rights of the story.

"JAMES MORDAUNT."

"DEAR MORDAUNT,—I will do as you desire, but take the young lady into your own house at once; that act will do more than all my words. Barnstaple is to be with you to-morrow. I cannot in any way make him out. What it is, I cannot conceive. He is an awful prig, and silently dangerous. You must think of this: he may mean you well or ill; if he means you well, he can do absolutely nothing for you, beyond bringing his influence to bear on that (here came an erasure) Easy to keep you in your place: if he means you ill he can still do nothing; he will not have a living dropping in these ten years, and he is in opposition, and so he cannot get you a Chancellor's living. The worst men I ever have to deal with are Cambridge Conservatives and Oxford Radicals. As a Cambridge man myself, I naturally think an Oxford Radical the worst: he is one—mind him.

"GEORGE CREDITON."

Poor frightened Mary Mordaunt, *née* Willesden, arrived at the home of her husband.

band's father in a great state of trepidation and terror. But in a quarter of an hour she found that she was the most precious thing there.

Poverty may be brutalising to the extremely poor and unrefined; but one of the lessons we can learn from the French every day, if we choose to know them, is this,—that poverty among refined people has a most ennobling influence. Take that little knot of highly-educated paupers in Judea, eighteen hundred years ago, as an example. Mary, the pretty, innocent bride, found herself queen of the establishment. She was to sleep with Alice, and as they went upstairs together, Mr. Mordaunt said:

"He has gone to prepare a place for you, darling. Trust him, and we shall all be together again soon in a happier land than this. See, pretty; I have twelve hundred pounds, which would be a fortune to him, and which I will freely give if he can establish himself. Why, we are wealthy people, my love. Now, leave off crying; we shall be rich there."

"I only cry, sir, because I am so happy," said Mary; "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

However, none of these sentimentalities could put off the inexorable arrival of Lord Barnstaple, now delayed for two days, his lordship having had to make a speech at the county agricultural meeting, which was given in the *Times* at full length, and which most carefully expressed nothing at all about the movements of the Opposition. Lord Barnstaple rode up to Mr. Mordaunt's door at half-past twelve, and finding no groom, led his horse round to the stable, took off his bridle and put a halter on him, took off the saddle, and then came out to the pump with a bucket to get him a pail of water.

At this point Mr. Mordaunt caught him. "My lord," he said, "I did not see you arrive. I am ashamed—"

"At what?" said Lord Barnstaple. "At a man attending to his horse? 'The merciful man is merciful to his beast,' parson."



LORD BARNSTAPLE CAME OUT TO THE PUMP.

"No, but I am ashamed that you should have had to see to your horse, when I would have done it," said Mr. Mordaunt.

"The Church of England has got low enough without the spectacle of an ordained minister grooming a nobleman's horse."

"You will have your own way, my lord."

"I intend to," said Lord Barnstaple; and then Mr. Mordaunt looked at him. Prig he might be, according to our good

Bishop's views, but a man he certainly was. A very noble-looking young man, with a singularly set jaw and a curious reticence of expression which puzzled Mr. Mordaunt extremely.

He brought Lord Barnstaple into the parlour, where there was some simple refreshment; there was no one there but poor Mary, who was curtseying. Mr. Mordaunt asked where Alice was, and she replied that Alice was gone away. She seemed in great trepidation at the sight of the great lord, and Mr. Mordaunt did really wish that Alice had been there to receive him. He presented Mary.

"My daughter, my lord."

"I was not aware that you had two daughters, Mr. Mordaunt."

"I ought to have said my daughter-in-law," said Mr. Mordaunt. "My dear son has made a romantic match, and has gone to Canada to make a home for his bride, leaving his pretty rosebud of a bride here with us."

"Quite so," said Lord Barnstaple. "It must have required singular resolution to leave such a beautiful bride."

"Ah! but he wanted to stay with her for many years, my lord, until his death; not for a poor foolish few, and then leave her in poverty. When you think of it, my lord, he has acted like a man and a gentleman."

There was a brilliance in Lord Barnstaple's eyes when Mr. Mordaunt said this which attracted that gentleman strangely. Lord Barnstaple only said:

"That is a very beautiful story. And you, my dear madam, you are contented to wait?"

"I think that he will send for me soon," she said quietly; "for I know that he will as soon as he can. I was down to the sea the other day, and the sailors' wives told me that their husbands were away three years together sometimes. But there are no more loving wives than sailors' wives. I can wait."

The man whom the Bishop had called a prig looked steadily at her, and Mr. Mordaunt saw a tear trickle down his face. Lord Barnstaple was himself in one moment, however.

"May I ask this young lady to retire while we talk business," he said. "We have secrets to talk of, which must be trusted to no ears but our own." Mary hurriedly retired, and Lord Barnstaple, with a bow, opened the door for her, and shut it after her.

"Now, Mr. Mordaunt, as we are alone together, I will tell you what is the matter with you. You are horridly poor."

"Yes, my lord,"

"And you are bullied out of your life by a rascal and a prig. The rascal is Easy, and the prig the Archdeacon."

"I will not say a word against either of them," said Mr. Mordaunt.

"No, but I know it. It is in our favour that the Archdeacon is not only a prig, but a flunkey; it is in our favour that the fellow Easy is not only a rogue, but a flunkey; by one bold stroke I can mend matters for you. I have not got a living to give you, and I can't get one for you at present; but I have no domestic chaplain. My father's domestic chaplain and I never agreed; he has a good living, and his chaplaincy lapsed with my father's death. I wish to appoint you my domestic chaplain, at the same salary, £250 a-year. At the same time there is no librarian at Crowshoe, and the books are in a devil of a state; you must really undertake them at a salary of £150 a-year. I can't give more, and if you think that insufficient I'll tell you what we will do to end the thing

in a friendly manner and without a squabble. Let us both write to — at the British Museum, and see if he considers it enough. If he decides against me, of course I must pay extra."

"My lord, God is very good to me."

"He is good to all who seek Him," said Lord Barnstaple, sententially. "But don't you see, my dear soul, that the keys of Crowshoe are in your hands, and that by this manœuvre we have entirely bowled out the adversary. I'd have given you a living fifty times over if I had one, but I want to keep you here, and I don't see any other way of doing it."

"Why should you be so generous to me, my lord, whom you have never seen, and of whom you know nothing?"



ALICE SAT DOWN ON THE BED.

"Know what?" said Lord Barnstaple sharply.

"Nothing."

"Don't I," said his lordship. "Now I'll go saddle my horse. I suppose your daughter Alice will not appear. Well, it is all equal to me, as the French say. She will have to see me some day. Talk about this matter, of your being appointed domestic chaplain and librarian, it will save you trouble. Tell the Bishop about it, he is a capital gossip, and tell him that if I am a prig, I am not the only one in the world."

And so he saddled the horse and rode away, leaving Mr. Mordaunt dazed, but almost directly afterwards he rode back

again, jumped off his horse, and laid his hand on Mr. Mordaunt's shoulder. "I forgot one thing," he said. "You are not ashamed of being poor. I brought fifty pounds in notes for you in advance of your salary. Here it is, God bless you, good-bye," and so he was off at last.

So Mr. Mordaunt stood there a rich man—rich beyond his utmost expectations; and all by the sudden act of a young nobleman who was a prig. He had no hesitation in accepting the whole matter, any more than he would have rebelled to God about a thunderstorm which had knocked his chimneys about his ears. One ecclesiastical instinct was always in his mind, and he acted on it; he wrote to his Bishop. The Archdeacon said once, "that if his cat had died, he would have walked over and told the Bishop."

His mind being eased in that way, he went to look for Alice; but Alice was nowhere to be found. She must be at one of the neighbours' houses; she had been frightened by Lord Barnstaple, and was keeping out of the way. At ten o'clock he went to bed; at eleven he was awakened by a candle in his eyes, and the figure of Alice before him, who sat down on the bed.

"Father, what money have you?"

"A great deal. Fifty pounds."

"Has Lord Barnstaple given you money?"

"I am to have four hundred a-year from him."

She sat thinking for a little, and then she said: "I want forty pounds."

"For what?"

"To go to Charles. To go to Canada."

"Why?"

"Do not ask, unless you want me to fall dead at your feet. Save me! that is all I ask. Give me the money."

A wild, dark suspicion formed itself in Mr. Mordaunt's head.

"This is Lord Barnstaple's money," he said coldly.

"Bless his money, and bless him for what he has done for you! He is a good man. But you must save me, father. I must go to Charles. I am innocent! but I must go to Charles. Oh God!—father, do not hesitate!"

"Can you tell me no more, sweetheart?" said Mr. Mordaunt.

"Not a word!—not a word!" she said.



SHE POINTED IT OUT.

"I will tell you all when I am in Canada—but I cannot now."

"Now, look here, Alice, let us be in some way reasonable. You cannot go to Canada to-night, but you can go to bed. Wait till to-morrow, and we will talk it all over. If you are in trouble, which you will not tell me about, what is easier than to do this: to sell out our twelve hundred pounds, and for you and Mary and I all to go to Canada together? I can pay Lord Barnstaple back his fifty pounds, and we can all part friends and join Charles."

Then she began to cry, and then she told the whole truth.

She had been to an aunt's house at Exeter a few months before, and she had been often out walking by herself, as very poor girls have to walk. Wombwell's menagerie was there, and the tiger got out and crawled down towards the river. She saw the thing going along, and pointed it out to a gentleman, who raised the alarm, and made her acquaintance. He was a very nice and handsome gentleman, and begged to be allowed to call on her to see if she had recovered her fright. Her aunt—having inspected the gentleman on his first visit, and having seen that there was no harm in him—had allowed Mr. Mortimer's visits with great complacency, more particularly after she had seen him in eager conversation with Lord Fortescue. The old lady knew that Lord Fortescue would allow no man to speak to him who was not an honest man; and Lord Fortescue was the only nobleman she knew by sight; and so Mr. Mortimer was allowed to see as much of Alice as he chose; and he made love to Alice, and Alice was very deeply attached to him. But Mr. Mortimer never made any distinct proposal; and so, when Alice came home, she set her mind on for-

getting Mr. Mortimer, but found that she could not in any way do so.

When Lord Barnstaple rode into the garden she was looking out of the window, and she saw at once that Mr. Mortimer and Lord Barnstaple were the same man. Lord Barnstaple had deceived her, and he was a false and untruthful man: he had as good as wooed her under a false name, and that she would never forgive. Yet she loved him, admired him, and, after all, respected him. All this she poured into her father's ear as she lay on the bed beside him.

"Yet you would have taken his money to fly from him."

"Yes," she said. "I would have taken it, because I know him to be honest, noble and good. We could pay it back. Father! he wants to marry me—I have known that some time, though he never said so. As Mortimer, I would have married him, because—in spite of his deceit—I love him; but as Lord Barnstaple I will not see him again. See if I am not right. Look at Charles's marriage, and ask me if I am to drag down a man whom I really love to that level? And look again, father, after what you have told me to-night, how should we stand if I were to marry him? You have taken money from him. Would not all your friends—even the Bishop—say that you had sold me? How would your name stand *then*? Your name is all that you have had these many years—would you lose *that*?"

"We had better fly," said Mr. Mordaunt. "What loose cash have we?"

"Eight pounds."

"Nothing owing?"

"Nothing."

"Then, if you will get off the bed, I will get up; we will send this fifty pounds civilly to Lord Barnstaple. We will go to London, sell out the twelve hundred pounds, and we will all go to Canada together. If he wants you, he can come there after you."

So it happened the next morning, when the pretty bride, Mary, was lying in bed, Alice came to her and woke her, saying, "You must get up and go down to your father and mother to say good-bye."

"Why?" said simple Mary.

"Because we are going to Canada, to Charles," said Alice; and as Mary put her arm round Alice's neck, they felt they were sisters.

Free at last. No more trouble with the Archdeacon, Mr. Easy, the farmers, nay, even with the Bishop, his dear friend. A new life was before him and he knew it. Haste and speed were necessary, and there must be but few farewells; all the people must learn their loss after he was gone.

It was early in the bright morning when he set out to see the Bishop; hours before Mr. Easy would leave his bed. The men were going to their labour, and one after another greeted him as he walked swiftly along. One very old man stopped him and asked him to sit on a heap of stones at the road side, which Mr. Mordaunt immediately did.

"Parson," said the old man, "I want you to tell me something. I want you to tell me about the New Jerusalem, on which you preached last Sunday. Is it in this world or in the next?"

"In both," said Mr. Mordaunt at once; "for me it is in this world, for you in the next. I am going to it, I believe, before dissolution; you must wait until you are dead. See, George," continued Mr. Mordaunt, "I am going to be very rich just now, and you shall never go into the house."

The old man nodded but said nothing: a humbug would have loaded Mr. Mordaunt with blessings; old George only nodded, yet I do not think that Mr. Mordaunt was any the worse for the silent blessings which followed him along the lonely road.

He burst in upon the Bishop, pushing past the footman before his name could be announced. "I am off, old fellow," was the salutation which the serious young footman heard before he shut the door.

"Yes," said the Bishop. "and whither?"

"Canada—Ontario, after my boy."

Then the visit of Lord Barnstaple was not satisfactory?" said the Bishop.

"In a pecuniary way yes, in other ways no. Ask *him*; he will tell you the truth. I don't see my way to certain arrangements, and so I shall go to Canada, and take my boy's bride with me."

"And your daughter?"

"She goes also."

"I don't quite understand," said the Bishop, "but you know best. Everything you do must be for the best. About the parish—are you going to leave it in Easy's hands?"

"Yes; it must be so. Even Paul sowed

the seed, and left it to grow among the churches. Yes."

"When do you go?" asked the Bishop.

"Now, instantly. Give me your blessing and send me," and he knelt down at once.

"Let us pray for a little more light, Mordaunt," said the Bishop, and they did so, but none came; then Mr. Mordaunt knelt and received the benediction, and passing swiftly through the Bishop's domestics, was through the town, and was making the dust fly on the king's highway before the Bishop had made up his mind whether he should detain him or not.

Mr. Mordaunt met the Archdeacon on his cob, and he stopped him. "Mr. Archdeacon," he said, "we have not been friends, and yet I have a favour to ask you."

The Archdeacon, who *was* a gentleman, at once dismounted. "Dear Mordaunt," he said, "was it all my fault?"

"No! no! All mine," said Mr. Mordaunt. "I am away to Canada, and shall never see you again. But use your influence with the farmers in my old parish, and see to my poor when I am away."

And so he was gone, and the Archdeacon was left standing in the road beside his cob, in sight of his wondering groom, as Mr. Mordaunt sped away amid the dust.

And the Archdeacon saw there and then that they had lost the best man in the whole diocese, and, like an honest fellow as he was, took the lesson to heart, and acted on it. There is no stouter champion of the agricultural poor in the land now than our Archdeacon.

Mr. Mordaunt met Mr. and Mrs. Easy in a pony carriage, and he stopped them. "I am going away," he said; "going away for ever. Let us part friends; and see to my people when I am gone."

Mrs. Easy (who always drove) whipped the pony and went on.

Christmas time in the western part of Ontario is a very pleasant time indeed. The snow is set

hard, and you can drive the most beautiful horses in sleighs from one house to another all the night through. Even in that paradise, however, there are drawbacks. You get no newspapers for a long time together in winter, while you get more wolves than you want.

In the extreme West, almost on the Old Buffalo tracks, was a Christmas party. Mr. Mordaunt, his son Charles, his son's wife, Mary, a baby of one year old, Alice Mordaunt, and some servants, Irish all, who were in a state of wonder and delight at the astounding wealth all around them. There was simply more than you could eat if you put your mind to it. Mr. Mordaunt had been away in the sleigh, late in the day, preaching, and had just come home.

Denis was bedding up the horses, and Biddy was waiting for the word to put on the dinner. Some one was wanting; it was Father Moriarty.

"Divvle a sowl of the blessed cratur will be here this night!" said Biddy. "And by the name of the ever-blessed Saint Patrick, hark to the wolves. The Mother of God shield the holy man!"

"He'll come," said Mr. Mordaunt. "I left him close by; don't be a fool, Biddy."

"Sorra a one of me would be a fool, and me living in a heretic's house," replied

Biddy; "but I'd like to be shrived this blessed night, to pray the better in the morning for him that needs all our prayers."

"What?" said Mr. Mordaunt.

"Just nothing," said Biddy; hark to the wolves then. Whist, all of you, there's one blowing under the door now; give me the broom, Miss Mordaunt," and Biddy, with infinite nimbleness and dexterity, dashed to the door, and as nearly as possible hit the wolf over the head.

"Bad cess to the divvle," she said; "I nearly had him. And the blessed father out among them," but before she had time to blow off the steam, the "blessed father" opened the door again and walked in, saying:



ALICE FAIRLY FELL INTO LORD BARNSTAPLE'S ARMS.

"Peace upon this house and all in it, Mordaunt; this is the most splendid thing of modern times."

"What is the most splendid thing in modern times, you Irish lunatic?" said Mr. Mordaunt.

"It is an English lunatic this time, my boy, and more power to his elbow. The devil helps heretics. Here is one of your young English lords, with his doctor, has started from the Pacific side and won his way across the Rocky Mountains. Only him and his doctor and an Indian. We shall make something of you English yet if you attend to us."

"It is impossible," said Charles Mordaunt. "I cannot believe it. No man could have done it."

"It's true, nevertheless," said the good father, rather seriously. "Some said he was a prig, and perhaps he is; some said he was a fool, and maybe he might be. But to disprove their words, he set a task before him such as no man ever undertook. He did not care for life, for they say that a young lady had cast away his love: of that I know nothing. He has won, however, and has done a thing which will never be forgotten."

"Is he safe, Father?" cried Alice.

"Oh! yes, he is safe enough—and the doctor—a broth of a boy of divilment—and the Indian, the grinning, brown faced nagur. They are all safe enough."

"Where are they?" cried Alice.

"They were at the door just now, in the cold, among the wolves," said father Moriarty. "But, maybe, if they are kept there much longer, they will go on to another farm."

Alice threw the door open, and fairly fell into Lord Barnstaple's arms. Father Moriarty kissed everyone all round, beginning with Mr. Mordaunt and ending with the baby and the Indian. I have little more to tell; I fancy that the story has told itself by this time. But, as a personal matter, I should very much have liked the Archdeacon and Mr. Letmedown Easy to have seen that Christmas party; it would have done the Archdeacon good. Mr. Easy is a hopeless person.

They kept it up, I assure you: the Indian, under the laws of the state, was not allowed liquor, but the others (with the exception of the baby) had a moderate quantity of hot wine and water; and I believe that the deleterious herb, tobacco, was used to some extent. Lord Barnstaple and Alice sat side by side, and Lord Barnstaple sang a song (he could no more sing than your grandmother, but did his duty). Father Moriarty sang the "Last Rose of Summer" very beautifully and well—and then, who should sing but Mr. Mordaunt: he sang "The Graves of a Household," and very well, too. In short, in the whole of our good Queen's dominions there was not a pleasanter Christmas party than there was in that farmhouse in Western Ontario that Christmas night: though the cold was an illimitable number of degrees below zero, and the wolves came and blew under the door as soon as Father Moriarty began singing.

Lord Barnstaple was married at Montreal by his father-in-law, Mr. Mordaunt; he returned to England and holds his present position, about which we need say nothing. Mr. Mordaunt never returned; he says that, with all its faults, Ontario is dearer to him than any land in the world. He lives with his son Charles, who, if he had been here, might have been a third-rate clerk. I asked an old friend the other day what Mr. Mordaunt was like now. He said, "A man swift and eager in doing good."

Father Moriarty is in great trouble about the infallibility pronunciation. He will have nothing to do with it at all. But I think that father Moriarty is a man who can take very good care of himself in a free country. He knows as well as we do, that the first real freedom dates from Christianity, and that whatever Churches may have done with our Charter since then, our Charter remains indefeasible. Christianity means freedom; and so we may wish both father Moriarty and Mr. Mordaunt many happy Christmases, even though the snow is piled high over the roof tree, and the wolves are smelling and blowing round the door.

Sixty Years on the Stage.

MR. HENRY HOWE OF THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

IN this age of record-breaking in every line of life I think the title of this will remain an established one for many generations to come, indeed, if it be ever beaten.

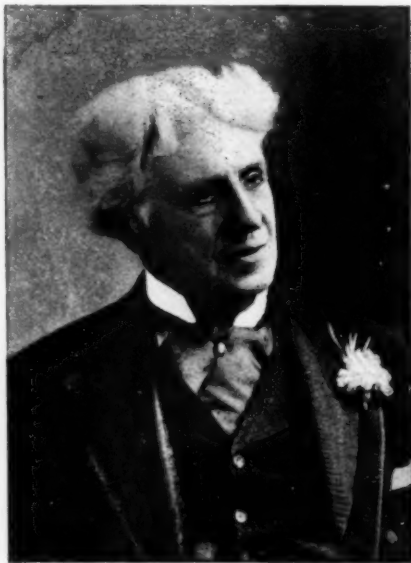
Yet the subject of this article has paced the boards, as seen from before the footlights, for that period, and is now, at the venerable age of eighty-one, still delighting the public with his clever and refined sketches of character, and is as hale and hearty an old gentleman as one could wish to see.

Mr. Henry Howe Hutchinson, or, to call him by the appellation by which he is so well known, Mr. Henry Howe, was born on the 31st March, 1812, now more than eighty-one years ago. Born of Quaker parents, he was brought up in the strict and austere tenets of that faith, and was naturally led to believe that play actors, and such like "rogues and vagabonds," were destined for perdition. By-the-bye, seeing how actors and actresses are received and welcomed, nay more, sought after by society, why has this act designating them "rogues and vagabonds" never been repealed? Yet his parents, good souls, made their first mistake in sending him to the school they did. They must, however, be exonerated from all blame, as they acted for the best. Sent to the Quakers' School at

Ackworth, near York, he had for one of his schoolfellows the late Mr. John Bright, and they both had for their reading master an exceptionally fine elocutionist, the result being that John Bright turned out one of the finest orators of our time and Mr. Howe one of the, if not the most experienced and eloquent actor of this century.

Long before Mr. Howe adopted the stage he had a longing for it, but his surroundings, his parents were all so antagonistic to such a life that he feared to venture. However, eventually he plucked up courage and, being a believer in the good old axiom, "Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well," sought an interview with no less a personage than Edmund Kean.

Kean was at this time lessee of the Richmond Theatre; he seeing his young applicant in his quaint Quaker dress, pooh-poohed the idea and did his best to dissuade him. He took him down to the river's bank, where Kean's wherry was lying, manned by two jolly watermen, and took him to Twickenham. Kean suddenly asked him, "Can you starve?" This queer question naturally staggered the aspiring mummer. For, continued Kean, "I have known what it is to starve. I have been for thirty-two hours without food, except for a little bread and



MR. HOWE, AGED 81.



MR. HOWE, AGED 48.

a turnip I stole out of a field." This truly, was not a pleasant picture to depict of the life of an actor.

One great point in Mr. Howe's career is that he never has fulfilled a provincial engagement. He opened in London, and has played continually here since. Of course he has been away with the Lyceum Company, on several occasions, of which more later on.

Many, many years ago, over the water stood a theatre called the Coburg Theatre, afterwards the Victoria Theatre and now known as the "Vic." It was here our hero first trod the boards, as Rashleigh Osbaldistone. His worthy father got wind of his goings on, and turned up at the stage entrance, armed with some suitable weapon of castigation, vowing he would knock play-acting and such wicked nonsense out of his boy; but the boy's friends smuggled him out through the front of the house.

His next move was to the Strand Theatre, then under the management of Hammond. Here he first met that sterling actress, Mrs. Stirling, so well known to present day theatre-goers at the Lyceum. From there he went to the Queen's Theatre, Tottenham Court Road.

Shortly after this, Macready, who had Covent Garden Theatre at this time, was about to produce Sheridan's "The Camp." In this piece was the part of an old fop. Now, it is an acknowledged fact that young actors make far better "old fops" than their elders. As an instance of this, take the case of Mr. Cyril Maude: his impersonations of such characters are to-day admitted to be unequalled. Macready engaged Mr. Howe for the part, and thus before he had been on the boards two years he was playing under one of the greatest actors of the day in the principal theatre. Here he remained until Macready's lease expired. It was at this time that the "Lady of Lyons" was first produced. The cause for writing the "Lady of Lyons" is worthy of note. Macready had not been doing well at Covent Garden, from which I surmise that managers, even in those "good old days" we now hear so much about, were known occasionally to do bad business. Bulwer Lytton offered to write a piece for Macready on the distinct understanding that the authorship was not disclosed, and the compact was kept for two years.

Well, the "Lady of Lyons" was produced, and the Press, one and all, were unanimous in their condemnation of the



MR. HOWE, AGED 60.

piece, and proclaimed it a ghastly failure—there were dramatic critics in those days! On the third morning after the first production, the company were called together to discuss the advisability of withdrawing the piece. However, Macready was persuaded not to, and the result proved the soundness of his counsellors' advice.

I may mention that Mr. Howe in his time has played every male part in "The Lady of Lyons."

In "Richlieu," Mr. Howe created the part of François; and so pleased was his manager with him that he promptly gave him an increase of salary of thirty shillings a-week.

Mr. Howe's stock of anecdotes is inexhaustible, and we will leave him at Covent Garden for a time, and give one or two of his many amusing stories. First, one or two anecdotes about Edmund Kean.

Kean was roaming round the country, and was hard up. As he happened to be passing through York, he thought he would give a performance there, and "raise the wind;" here is his programme.

UNDER PATRONAGE,

Ball Room, Minster Yard,

Thursday Evening, October 1811.

MR. KEAN

(late of the Theatre Royal, Haymarket and Edinburgh, and Author of "The Cottage Foundling; or, Robbers of Ancona," now preparing for immediate Representation at the Theatre Lyceum) and

MRS. KEAN

(late of the Theatres Cheltenham and Birmingham), respectfully inform the inhabitants of York and its vicinity, that they will stop

FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY

on their way to London and present them such entertainments that have never failed of giving satisfaction, humbly requesting the support of the public.

PART FIRST.

Scenes from the celebrated comedy of

THE HONEYMOON;

or,

HOW TO RULE A WIFE.

Duke Aranza Mr. Kean.

Juliana Mrs. Kean.

Favourite Comic Song, "Beggars and Ballad Singers," in which Mr. Kean will display his Powers of Mimicry in the well-known Character of London Beggars.

IMITATIONS

of the London performers, *viz*:

KEMBLE, COOKE, BRAHAM, INCLEDON,
MUNDEN, FAWCETT, and
THE YOUNG ROSCIUS.

PART SECOND.

The African Slave's Appeal to Liberty!!!

Scenes from the Laughable Farce,

THE WATERMAN;

or,

THE FIRST OF AUGUST.

Tom Tug (with the song, "Did you not hear of a jolly young waterman?" and the Pathetic Ballad of "Then, farewell, my trim-built wherry"). . Mr. Kean.

Miss Wilhelmina Mrs. Kean.

After which Mr. Kean will sing in character George Alexander Stevens's description of a storm.



MR. HOWE AS GRIFFITHS IN HENRY VIII.

PART THIRD.

Scenes from the popular drama of

THE CASTLE SPECTRE.

Earl Osmond Mr. Kean.
 Angela Mrs. Kean.

Favourite Comic Song of "The Cosmetic Doctor," to conclude with the Laughable Farce of

SYLVESTER DAGGERWOOD;

OR,

THE DUNSTABLE ACTOR.

Female Author Mrs. Kean.
 Sylvester Daggerwood Mr. Kean.

In which he will read the celebrated playbill, written by G. Coleman, Esq., and will sing the "Four-and-twenty Puppet Shows," originally sung by him at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket.

Each character to be personated in their appropriate dresses, made by the principal theatrical dressmakers of London, *viz.*, Brooks and Heath, Martin, etc.

Front Seats, 2s 6d.;
 Back Seats, 1s.

Doors to be open at six, and begin at seven, precisely.

Tickets to be had at the Printer's.

Reading the above bill, the natural comment is—People got value for their money then. Note also the difference in the prices. Front seats 2s. 6d. A stall now is half-a-guinea.

Another story of Kean. In olden days at Drury Lane there used to be two green rooms. The first was for actors drawing ten pounds a week or over, the other for those under five pounds a week. Kean was fulfilling an important engagement at Drury Lane—that of Richard III.—and of course, was in the first green room. He happened to see an old friend of his, a strolling player called Hughes, and he

called him into his room. Hughes, as a three-pounder, was not permitted to enter the first green room. Kean sent for Rae, the stage manager, and insisted that his old friend should enter. The stage manager hesitated; it was a rule and could not be broken.

"Well then," said the great tragedian, "you'll play 'Richard' to-night, without 'Gloster.'" This settled the vexed question, once and for all time.

Kemble and Kean were great rivals, and Kemble would never see Kean or any of his performances at Drury Lane at the time he was drawing all London by his extraordinary genius. Cribb, the picture-

dealer of King Street, frequently pressed Kemble to give his opinion of the new star. At length, the last of the Romans did unbend; Cribb sent him a box for Drury Lane on one of Kean's "Othello" nights. Anxious to hear what Kemble would say about it, he stopped him in the street, with:—

"Well, you did see the little man, Kean, eh?" laughing.

"No, sir; I did not see Mr. Kean; I saw Othello! and further, I shall never act the part again." And with a tragedy stride, he left the delighted picture-dealer rubbing his hands in great glee.

One last anecdote of Kean: his last appearance on the stage

was on March 25, 1833, at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. The play was "Othello." Othello, Mr. Kean; Iago, Mr. Charles Kean (his son). In the third act, Kean, worn out by illness, whispered to his son, falling on his shoulder, "Charles, I am dying!" He was led off the stage, never to return, and a few weeks after died.

Macready's time at the Covent Garden Theatre having expired, we next find Mr. Howe at the Haymarket; first, under Ben Webster, and then under Buckstone.



MR. HOWE AS OLD HARDY IN THE "BELLE'S STRATAGEM."

Here he was continuously for forty years, and here, in his time, he played many parts. As I before stated, all the male parts in the "Lady of Lyons" fell to him sooner or later. In those days, actors and actresses *had* to act; it was not one part nightly for three hundred nights, and so on. Mr. Howe said, "I remember the time at the Haymarket I had to play twenty-five parts in one week, *i.e.*, four every night with an extra farce thrown in on Saturday. During Webster's reign at the Haymarket, among other such pieces produced, I may mention "Money," "The Sea Captain," "The Love Chase" and "Richlieu in Love."

While at the Haymarket, Mr. Howe was associated with, amongst others, such people as Macready, Phelps, Miss Huddart, Mrs. Horton, Madame Vestris, Miss Glover, Miss Helen Faucit, Cushman, etc.

To give my readers some idea as to how actors worked in the good old days I cannot do better than repeat another anecdote told me by Mr. Howe.

When Kean had the Exeter Theatre, he gave a performance of "The Merchant of Venice" at Cheltenham at nine o'clock in the morning; from thence, he and his company journeyed—just as they were, in their costumes—to Gloucester by road, a distance of twelve miles; repeated the same piece at 2 p.m.; hurried back to Cheltenham had a hurried dinner at the Plough Hotel, and gave "Richard III." at seven in the evening. This was what one might call a good day's work.

Apropos of the hurried dinner at the Plough, some of the company were chaffing Kean and telling him that as there were several strangers in the company, they, not knowing Kean's way, might put him out, or disconcert him—



MR. HOWE AS FARMER FLAMBOROUGH IN "OLIVIA."

"dry him up," I believe is the correct phraseology. Kean, who, by-the-way, in his later days, seldom or never attended rehearsals, replied that nothing could put him out; all he asked was that the strangers should stay three yards from him, and doing this, they might do as they pleased. Yarnold, one of the company, who was a bit of a wag—most actors are—asked if he might try to put Kean out on the stage, and received the great tragedian's immediate sanction.

Most of my readers will no doubt remember the scene where Catesby comes on and informs Richard that the Duke of

Buckingham is captured, and Richard replies, "Off with his head! So much for Buckingham." It appears that this line was one of Kean's best; in it he used to literally electrify his audience. Well, Yarnold was playing Catesby, on the occasion, and in due course came on and said, "My Lord, the Duke of Buckingham is taken, and we have chopped off his head." Kean gave one convulsive gasp, when he found the words, so to speak, taken out of his mouth, then turning on Catesby, he, in his finest tragedy voice, thundered forth "Then bury him—so much for Buckingham." Thus getting his effect all the same, and proving that it was not an easy task to disconcert him. This is absolutely true, and is the origin of the many forms the story has taken in later years.

I mentioned just now, among others with whom Mr. Howe acted while at the Haymarket, Miss Huddart (Mrs. Warner). In Miss Huddart's latter days, misfortunes and illness fell heavily upon her, and public sympathy was so much aroused, that a fund was started for her. Her Majesty the Queen not only subscribed to this fund, but also daily sent a carriage, which was placed at the invalid's disposal. Her medical advisers had suggested open

air exercise to the dying actress, which her own scanty means could not procure.

Another great actor with whom Mr. Howe was associated was Phelps. Phelps was originally in a printing-office. He had a hankering for the stage, and asked Douglas Jerrold what he thought of the idea; Jerrold's advice was "Stick to your printing, you'll never earn twenty five shillings a-week by spouting." Phelps lived to give contradiction to Jerrold's prophecy of twenty-five shillings a-week, receiving often as much as one hundred pounds a-week. Strange to say, Phelps made a sad exit from the stage, similar to Kean. He (Phelps) was acting at the Aquarium, in "Henry VIII.," as Cardinal Wolsey. His strength and memory suddenly failed, and he was led from the stage, never to return.

When the Bancrofts assumed the sway at the Haymarket, Mr. Howe left, and joined Tom Thorne and Mr. David James, who were then successfully running the Vaudeville. Mr. Howe joined immediately after the phenomenal run of "Our Boys." He played in "Our Girls" and "The School for Scandal."

Mr. Howe is not a believer in the theatrical agent. "I suppose they do sometimes get engagements for people," said he, "but for my part, I have never been to one in my life, and I am not going to commence now. I have never sought an engagement since I obtained my first one."

Mr. Howe has, in his time, played many parts; he was the first actor to wear a check suit on the stage—and what a check suit it was! But then, in those days, people did dress strangely according to our up-to-date notions.

The late tragedian, Barry Sullivan, was a great offender in the matter of dress. He has been known to wear a blue coat, a red waistcoat, a green tie and light buff pantaloons. Fancy one of our eminent actors appearing in such a garb. Now-a-days, however, it is the fashion to have your hair long, to wear a soft hat, and affect a swagger. Douglas Jerrold, writing, I think, for *The Post*, commented on the extraordinary "get-ups" of Barry Sullivan, and enquired anxiously for his tailor so that he (Douglas Jerrold) might avoid him.

No doubt many of my readers are not aware that Drury Lane was granted a patent as far back as the time of Charles

II. It reads as follows: "His Majesty's servants attached to the theatre, if passing through Windsor in the exercise of their calling, may partake of a dinner at the Castle. The lessee of Drury Lane is entitled to wear a Royal uniform, and to shoot over the Windsor estates." This grant was made to the first patentee, Killigrew, and has never been repealed. I wonder, does Sir Augustus Harris avail himself of these privileges.

I gave my readers an English play bill, that of Kean's at York; here is an Irish one, which, I think, is amusing.

KILKENNY THEATRE ROYAL.

By His Majesty's Company of Comedians. Positively the last night, because the Company go to-morrow to Waterford.

On Saturday, May 14, 1793,

Will be Performed by Desire and Command of several Respectable People in this learned Matropolis (note, respectable people is good):

FOR THE BENEFIT OF MR. KEARNES,
THE MANAGER,

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK,

Originally Written and Composed by the Celebrated Dan Hayes, of Limerick, and inserted in Shakspeare's Works.

HAMLET, by MR. KEARNES (being his first appearance in that character, and who, between the acts, will perform several solos on the patent bagpipes, which play two tunes at the same time.

OPHELIA by Miss Prior, who will introduce several favourite airs in character, particularly "The Lass of Richmond Hill" and "We'll all be unhappy together," from the Rev. Mr. Dibdin's Oddities.

The parts of the King and Queen, by direction of the Rev. Father O'Callagan, will be omitted, as too immoral for any stage.

POLONIUS, the commercial politician, by a young gentleman, being his first appearance in public.

THE GHOST, the GRAVEDIGGER and LAERTES, by Mr. Sampson, the great London Drury Lane comedian.

The characters to be dressed in Roman shapes.

To which will be added an Interlude, in



MR. HOWE'S HOUSE AS IT WAS.

which will be introduced several sleight-of-hand tricks by the celebrated surveyor, Hunt.

The whole to conclude with the farce of
MAHOMET, THE IMPOSTOR.
MAHOMET by Mr. Kearnes.

Tickets to be had at the "Goat's Beard," in Castle Street, of Mr. Kearnes.

The value of the tickets, as usual, will be taken out, if required, in candles, bacon, soap, butter, cheese, potatoes, etc., as Mr. Kearnes wishes in every particular to accommodate the public.

N.B.—No smoking allowed, or swearing. No person whatever will be admitted into the boxes without shoes and stockings.

I must relate one more anecdote; this time also the scene is laid in Ireland.

Harry Webb was lessee of the Queen's Theatre Dublin, and was producing "Macbeth," with new and marvellous scenic effects. Among the rest, clouds descended to conceal the exit of the "Three Witches" in the first scene. Webb, anxious to see the result, went round to the front of the theatre, and looking, saw but two witches, instead of three meeting "in thunder, lightning and in rain."

"Where's the other witch?" cried Webb, rushing behind the scene and asking the prompter. "Fine him, sir! fine him a week's salary."

"Please sir, it's yourself that missed the scene."

"Bless me, so it was! Dear me, give me a cloak, I'll go on in the next scene, and fine yourself, Jenkins, five shillings for suffering me to neglect my business."

"Sir!"

"Yes, five shillings; it ought to be ten shillings—I'll take five."

Mr. Howe has been to America three times with Mr. Henry Irving and the Lyceum Company, and has now gone again this August. "You know," he said, "we



MR. HOWE'S HOUSE AS HE LEFT IT.

start from Liverpool and go right through to San Francisco without a stop, and that is rather a long journey."

Our illustrations do not carry us very far back, only a matter of thirty-three years. In those good old days, actors were not constantly having their pictures taken, therefore I am unable to give our readers earlier pictures, for this I must express my regret, as, without doubt, such photos would be most interesting. I am, however, able to give facsimiles of Mr. Howe at the ages of forty-eight, sixty and eighty-one years.

The next one is Mr. Howe as Old Hardy, in "The Belle's Stratagem"—his first part at the Lyceum—a piece that had an immense amount of popularity in its day, but of which one hardly ever hears now. Then we come to up-to-date pieces, for most of my readers will remember the production of "Olivia" at the Lyceum, and no doubt some will remember Mr. Howe as Farmer Flamborough.

Our last character sketch is, of course, well-known to everyone, *i.e.*, Griffiths in "Henry VIII."

So much for Mr. Howe as an actor, but his life off the stage is as interesting. All his life he has been a most active man; indeed, even now, at his advanced age, he thinks nothing of a ten-mile walk.

Gardening has been his life-long hobby, and some fifty odd years ago he purchased a pretty little cottage at Isleworth; here, till quite lately, Mr. Howe has lived and garden-ed, aye, and to some purpose. When he leased the property it was, to use his own words, "a barren wilderness, and had one large cedar tree. When I left it after fifty years' labour and attention, it was a veritable Garden of Eden." Gardeners and horticulturists from far and wide came to visit him and ad-

mire his place. Mr. Howe prides himself that with the exception of the solitary cedar tree aforesaid, he planted every shrub and tree in the place; as will be seen from several views given of the garden, some of the trees are more than shrubs. In one, Mr. Howe is seen reading his paper; in another he is seated on the wheel-barrow; while in the other he is taken with his wife.

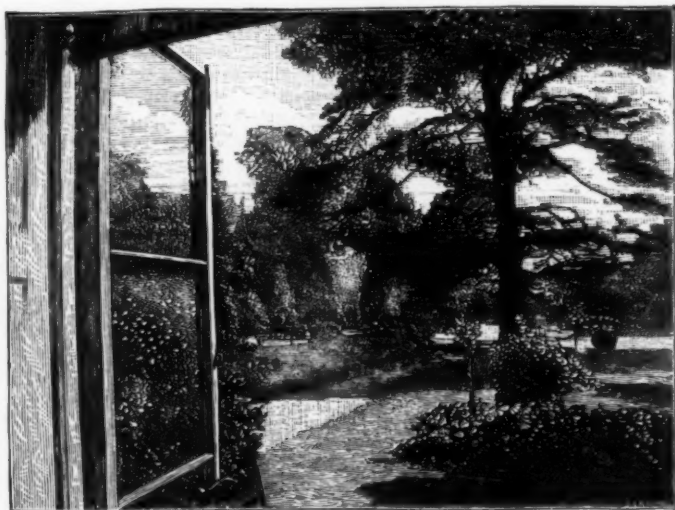
Mr. Howe lives in chambers off the Strand. You turn out of the biggest artery of this busy city of ours, and you are at once out of London and in the most charming rooms imaginable, covered with old china, Cloisonné enamels, bronzes, cameos, miniatures, pictures, etc. Here an enamel of Miss Ellen Terry, "Our Ellen," as Mr. Howe affectionately speaks of her; there a bust of Mr. Henry Irving as Vanderdecken. Here a cup presented by the ladies of the Haymarket Theatre many, many years ago; there a loving cup given as a token of regard by a few of his many admirers. "I suppose you enjoyed your trips to America?" I ventured to remark, hoping to draw my host out a little on the subject. "Very much indeed," replied Mr. Howe; "everybody was consideration and kindness. See here I have a few mementoes; these are two sticks given me by Warren and Gilbert; they both came to meet me and welcome me



MR. HOWE'S GARDEN.

on my arrival. They are both dead now. Here is a pipe Lester Wallack gave me. This pipe Stewart presented to me. I was very grateful," Mr. Howe continued, "to see how people remembered me on my eightieth birthday. I had three handsome editions of Shakespeare, from unknown admirers. A well-known wine merchant, Mr. — (no, you must not mention his name) sent me a dozen of very old East Indian Sherry, with a most charming letter, saying, he regretted it was only half my age, but that it was the best and oldest he could do. See this pencil, I'm very proud of this" (a massive gold pencil), "Mr. Irving gave me this on my eightieth birthday." I could go on for ever so long, describing all the interesting and charming articles, the result of a life-long collection, but space

and time will not permit. As no doubt my readers are aware the Lyceum Company had the honour of appearing by special command before Her Majesty at Windsor. It is only of late years that Her Majesty has resumed the practice of commanding companies to appear before her. Before the lamented death of the Prince Consort, this was frequently the case, and some forty or more performances had been held at Windsor, but only one of those who appeared in the present representation of "Becket," took part in any of them, and that one was that evergreen actor and respected gentleman Mr. Henry Howe. The Queen particularly requested Mr. Howe to write his name in her autograph book, needless to say an honour seldom bestowed, and one greatly appreciated by Mr. Howe.



MR. HOWE'S GARDEN FROM THE DRAWING-ROOM.

Revelations of a London Pawnbroker.

No. 2—The Disappearance of Captain Welldon.

By PAUL SETON.



PAWNBROKERS of the higher class—money-brokers some of them prefer to style themselves—in addition to being the trusted custodians of family secrets, not infrequently become on terms approaching intimacy with many of their clients. The hereditary hauteur of the aristocrat has a curious

way of evaporating when imperative business has to be transacted with Uncle. It has been my fortune to smoke cigars with princes, drink champagne with dukes, hob-nob with earls and dine with the lesser lights of the fashionable world, not once, but many a time and oft. In some cases these courtesies have been prompted by a lively sense of favours to come; in others, by gratitude for past services, but in all with the desire to render mutual commercial relations as agreeable as possible. This is scarcely to be wondered at, having regard to the potentiality of money in this world, and especially when the owner of many shekels is known to be ready and willing to transfer possession of a portion of such potentiality from himself to others.

Captain Welldon, nephew and heir-pre-

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sumptive to George Welldon, Esquire, of Welldon Court, Surrey, retired banker and millionaire, was a gentleman whom I had known for a considerable period, and whose monetary transactions with me had been both frequent and extensive. An officer in one of the crack regiments, handsome and courted, with a large allowance, a rich wife, and splendid prospects, his pathway in life appeared gilded enough to satisfy the most fastidious. And yet for many years, in fact long before I first became acquainted with him, Captain Welldon had been more or less, and generally more than less, suffering from severe and protracted attacks of pecuniary embarrassment. His income reached

a high figure, which, however, his wife's exceeded by some hundreds of pounds, and the two combined should have been amply sufficient to have maintained the pair in every possible luxury; but Mrs. Welldon was naturally a very extravagant woman, and the Captain had one fatal vice—he was a terrible gambler.

I had gradually come to regard Captain Welldon with more than passing interest. He was a man of taking manners, thoroughly good-natured but deplorably weak, and very easily influenced by natures of a stronger calibre than his own. In his earlier dealings with me he had always deposited collateral security, but latterly I had got into the habit of ad-



CAPTAIN WELLDON.

vancing on his simple note of hand. At each successive loaning the sum required seemed to get larger and larger, and finding one fine morning, on going through the accounts, that my military friend was indebted to me to the extent of no less than eighteen thousand pounds, I came to the conclusion that these borrowings had gone quite far enough, and would have to be discontinued in the future. When, therefore, I received, a few days after making this discovery, an invitation to dine at Onslow Gardens—I had dined there somewhat frequently of late—my mind was fully made up that it was eminently undesirable that the amount of Captain Welldon's indebtedness to me should be increased to any appreciable extent.

The dinner party was small, consisting of three persons only, in addition to the host and hostess and myself—an unmarried sister of Mrs. Welldon's, a chubby-faced, bald-headed man, who subsequently turned out to be one of our biggest book-makers, and a tall, singular-looking man, who was introduced as Dr. Hazell, and whose accent, though slight, was sufficiently pronounced to indicate his Yankee origin. The dinner passed off without incident, and when the ladies had retired we lighted our cigars, and the conversation became general.

"Say, now, Welldon," said Dr. Hazell, emitting a thick line of smoke right across the table, "where did you get these cigars? They're real good, but you must try a box of those I bought last year in Cuba. They're simply de—li—cious."

Welldon observed, with a glance in my direction, that they were a present. The cigars were good. Manufactured specially as a gift to a certain royal personage, they had passed eventually into my possession; but, of course, I maintained a discreet silence, and the doctor resumed:

"The planters in Cuba think they're pretty smart; but I tell you some of the niggers out there are a darned sight smarter than their masters. I once knew a Cuban nigger," he continued reflectively, "who could make poisoned cigars so beautifully, that when they came to be analysed not a single trace of the poison could be found. Curious, wasn't it?"

As he apparently addressed this query to me, I replied that it certainly was very curious.

"Yes," pursued the doctor, after a few

moments' silence, "niggers are really sometimes uncommonly clever. This little thing was made by a nigger. Remarkable, I call it." And he took from his pocket a carved ebony cigar-case, and handed it to me for inspection. As he did so, my notice was momentarily attracted by the exceedingly fine diamond ring which he wore on the little finger of his left hand.

The cigar-case was a wonderful, yet gruesome, work of art. It was most exquisitely carved, but with the counterfeiting of fearsome and repulsive objects horrible to behold, such as coffins, skulls, serpents, skeletons, tombstones, etc. I could not but feel interested in the marvelous workmanship displayed; nevertheless, I was glad to hand the uncanny thing back



SOME COMPLICATED GAME OF CARDS.

to its owner. It was, as he said, remarkable.

Captain Welldon did not seem particularly interested in the conversation, and proposed an adjournment upstairs. The doctor and the bookmaker speedily became absorbed in some complicated game of cards, and the captain took advantage of this to buttonhole me on the subject of money. Of course he wanted some more. This did not surprise me, for I expected as much. He appeared, however, to be considerably astonished when I told him that I really could not accommodate him any further, and his astonishment deepened into something like alarm when he found that I was not to be shaken in my resolution.

"But, look here, Stephens," he urged, with heightened colour, "do be reasonable, and let me have another thousand

this time, like the good fellow that you are. Upon my word I wouldn't bother you, but I'm in an awfully tight corner just now, and I must get some cash from somewhere. I shall be posted on Monday if you don't assist me."

"Captain Welldon," I replied, gravely, "you have already had of me £18,000. This is a large sum, against which I only hold realisable securities to the value of barely half that amount. There is nothing whatever to prevent your uncle at any time altering his will, should you ever be unfortunate enough to displease him in any way. In such an event I am afraid that your acceptances would scarcely be regarded in the light of gilt-edged paper. You must, therefore, see that I should not be acting with common prudence if I allowed you to still further augment your already heavy indebtedness to me without insisting upon the previous provision of some adequate security on your part."

And from this I steadfastly refused to be moved, either by argument or entreaty. Shortly afterwards I rose to take my departure, and, as I did so, the scintillating rays from the doctor's ring again arrested my attention. I could not help mentally remarking what a magnificent stone it was. The doctor might be peculiar, but his ring unquestionably was superb.

I thought a good deal about the captain the next few days. I certainly anticipated an early visit from him, and had half decided to let him have another £500 on the distinct understanding that it was to be absolutely the last, when one morning my eye fell upon the following important announcement in the *Times* :—

WELLDON.—On the 3rd July, at Welldon Court, Surrey, suddenly of heart disease, George Welldon, formerly of Lombard Street, aged sixty-two.

The millionaire, then, had gone the way of all flesh, and by his death his nephew stood emancipated from all his pecuniary troubles. Later in the week I called at Onslow Gardens, and saw Captain Welldon. He seemed nervous and



NERVOUS AND AGITATED.

agitated, and helped himself more than once from the decanter of brandy which stood upon the sideboard. He shuddered visibly when I referred to his uncle's sudden and unexpected death.

"Yes, it was sudden, terribly sudden," he said mechanically, and then, his manner changing all at once, he exclaimed passionately, "Good God! what would I give to have him alive now!"

I was somewhat surprised at this unexpected outburst of feeling, and enquired if he had seen his uncle recently before his death.

"Yes," he said slowly, and the pallor deepened on his face as he spoke, "Hazell and I lunched with him on the very day he died."

"Hazell did!" I exclaimed in astonishment. "Why, I thought your uncle had such an invincible antipathy to Americans that he would not allow one inside his house if he could help it."

"That is true in a general sense," he replied, "but then, you see, Hazell is not what you can exactly call an American. There is a strong strain of black blood in his veins; indeed, he sometimes boasts that he is descended from an African king."

"Really!" I said, thoughtfully; "well, there certainly is something rather peculiar about him. You have not known him long, have you?"

"He only arrived in this country two months ago. You know my only brother died in California last Christmas. Hazell was his particular chum, and when he came on to London he brought with him a letter of introduction to me which poor Jack had written on his death-bed."

"Indeed. Your uncle was not particularly fond of your brother Jack, I believe, was he?"

"He used to be very fond of him, indeed. In fact, Jack was to have been the heir, but the old gentleman was so offended at his marriage that he struck his name out of his will and substituted mine in its stead."

"A fortunate circumstance for you," I

observed. "I suppose they never made it up?"

"Never. Jack went out to America, where he lost his wife, and we heard nothing more of him until I received the letter announcing his death."

"Then I have to congratulate you upon being a millionaire, I presume," I said, rising.

"I suppose so," he returned, with a slight shiver. "I am the sole executor, I believe, and the whole of the estate, with the exception of a few trifling legacies, is bequeathed unconditionally to me. I shall not have to worry you any more for money now," he added, with a melancholy smile. I smiled slightly in response, and so we parted.

For the next half-year or so the only news I had concerning the new millionaire was derived from the Society papers. From them I learned that the house in Onslow Gardens had been given up and a larger one taken in Eaton Square. Then came the statement that Captain and Mrs. Welldon, accompanied by Dr. Hazell, intended passing the winter at Monte Carlo. Later on came the information that the captain had been playing heavily at the tables, with the worst possible luck. Finally appeared the announcement that Captain and Mrs. Welldon, accompanied by Dr. Hazell, had returned to town for the season. The doctor and the captain were apparently the fastest of friends. Never was a paragraph inserted chronicling the doings of Captain Welldon, but mention was sure to be made at the same time of Dr. Hazell. The twain appeared inseparable.

One bitter morning in March a brougham drove up to my door, and a mass of fur emerged from it, which afterwards turned out to be no less a personage than Dr. Hazell himself. He was smoking a curiously aromatic cigar, the perfume of which filled my private room with an odour not unlike that of incense. Seating himself by the fire, he slowly unbuttoned his huge fur coat, and observed that it was remarkably cold. It being obviously impossible to deny this assertion, I acquiesced, and after a slight pause the doctor proceeded somewhat abruptly:

"Say, Mr. Stephens, I just want you to tell right away if you know where Captain Welldon is to be found?"

I suppose my wonderment must have betrayed itself in my face, for I merely

replied that I hadn't the slightest idea, and, indeed, had not seen him for some months.

"My question surprises you," said the doctor, darting a keen glance at me, "but Welldon once told me he would sooner trust you with a secret than almost any other man he knew, and I guess he reckons this a secret, anyway."

"I am afraid you over-estimate Captain Welldon's good opinion of me," I said, rather coldly, for I did not altogether relish the familiar tone of my visitor. "Captain Welldon and I had some confidential business transactions together before his uncle's death, but he never honoured me in the way you are good enough to imagine."

"That so?" he said, with a perceptible inflexion of sneering incredulity in his voice. "Well, then, I'll have to go elsewhere to find him, I suppose. I did calculate on getting some news of his whereabouts here, but seems to me I'm right off the track."

"Pardon me, Dr. Hazell," I said, as he lighted a fresh cigar, preparatory to leaving, "I am not quite sure if I grasp the whole extent of your meaning. Is Captain Welldon not in town, then?"

"Not in town!" he echoed, with a mocking laugh. "Captain Welldon has not been heard of in town or country, on land or sea, alive or dead, for over a month. As a matter of fact he has entirely disappeared."

"Disappeared!" I gasped, feebly.

"Yes, disappeared, I said. Vanished, gone; faded into thin air, if you will, but gone, anyhow—completely gone." And there was a curious look on his face as he commenced rebuttoning his coat.

"I can't believe it," I ejaculated, half unconsciously, to myself. He turned upon me in a moment.

"Can't believe it, sir!" he said, fiercely; "do you doubt my word, then? I tell you he is gone, no one knows whither, and has left not a single sign behind him. I thought, Mrs. Welldon thought, that he might have confided the reason for his abrupt departure to you, as he has always spoken so highly of your reliability and discretion. I find that we were mistaken, and there is nothing more to be said. Good morning." And he departed, leaving behind him an atmosphere permeated with the faint, sickly-smelling perfume from his cigar.

The disappearance of Captain Welldon took entire possession of my mind during the remainder of that day, to the utter exclusion of all other matters. In fact, for many succeeding days I found myself continually reverting to the subject, with the result that the more I thought about it the darker the mystery seemed to grow. Had he met with an accident? Then his body ought to have been recovered. Was he in hiding for some cause or other? Then, why did he not communicate privately with his friends? Had he been murdered?—ah! that was the question which was everlastingly rising to my lips, and to which I could never frame a satisfactory reply.

Spring had blossomed into summer, summer had mellowed into autumn, and autumn had faded into winter, but nothing had been heard of Captain Welldon's fate. His name was still occasionally mentioned, but his strange disappearance had ceased to be a topic of common conversation. The doctor had been most assiduous in his attentions to the bereaved wife, and rumour had it that after a certain interval had elapsed Mrs. Welldon would, in all probability, change her name to that of Hazell. I had just read an intimation to this effect in one of the Society journals, and was musing over the fickleness of women generally, when I received a very strange letter.

Dirty and ill-spelt as it was, I had considerable difficulty at first in deciphering its contents, but at length I succeeded in mastering it. The writer intimated that he had reason to believe I was friendly disposed towards Captain Welldon. Now he, the writer, could tell me something about him that might interest me if I would be outside the bottle and jug entrance of the Three Ships on Friday night next, at eight o'clock. Full directions were appended as to the best route to be followed in order to get to the Three Ships, which appeared to be a public house situated in one of the low seafaring

districts of Eastern London. In event of my accepting this invitation I was instructed to insert a certain form of advertisement, also duly appended, in the *Telegraph*, such advertisement to conclude with one cross if I intended going alone, and two if I was to be accompanied by a companion.

I pondered over this remarkable epistle for some time, and finally decided to go. Accordingly the *Telegraph* came out the next day with the following in its agony column:

MISSING.—S. will meet T.W. in honour. X.

On Friday morning Inspector Bennett, of Scotland Yard, walked into my shop, wanting to know if anyone had been offering a gold watch, with a duke's coronet in diamonds on the back, during the past four-and-twenty hours. Nobody had, but I seized the occasion to tell him all I knew about the Welldon case, and wound up by showing him the letter I had received during the earlier part of the week. He examined it carefully with interest, and then said:

"Don't you think it rather unwise of you to go alone?"

"Who said I was going alone?" I retorted. "I never even said I was going at all."

"Yet you advertised the fact pretty well, didn't you?" remarked Mr. Bennett, with one of his usual internal chuckles.

I had forgotten for the moment that this lynx-eyed detective would be sure to read attentively the agony columns in the daily press, and the letter I had just shown him would of course afford the necessary clue to my advertisement. Mr. Bennett was generally a little bit ahead of me in these matters.

"So you would advise my taking someone with me, Mr. Bennett," I said at length, as that gentleman seemed in no way inclined to volunteer any further observation.

"I think it would do no harm if you



MOST ASSIDUOUS IN HIS ATTENTIONS.

were to invite me to accompany you," came the slow reply, as if he had been revolving the subject in his mind, and had just arrived at this conclusion.

"Would you really care to come?" I exclaimed. "You know I should only be too pleased to have the benefit of your experience."

"Well, I have requested the pleasure of your company before when I have been on some little expedition of my own, and I don't think it would be polite of me to refuse a pressing invitation of this sort from you now, so I'll say I accept. We'll fix it up at once," he continued, briskly. "Time, 6.30; place, Charing Cross. Excuse me, I must hurry along," and before I could say another word he was gone.

At the time appointed I met Mr. Bennett, and we promptly started on our eastward journey, my companion entertaining me on the way with an account of how he had recovered the duke's watch under very amusing circumstances. As we neared our destination, however, he gradually became silent, and I could see

his mind was preoccupied with the approaching interview. As eight o'clock struck, we stepped out of the darkness into the glaring light thrown upon the muddy pavement by the lamps of the Three Ships. There was no one there. Rain was falling heavily, a dense fog was slowly creeping up, and the entire street seemed pretty well deserted. Five, ten minutes passed, and still we were alone. Suddenly a spectral figure emerged from the surrounding gloom, and in a hoarse voice demanded if I was Mr. Stephens. I intimated that I was, whereon the figure coughed suspiciously at my companion.

"Good evening, Mr. Wheeler," said Mr. Bennett, blandly. "I rather thought you might be the gentleman we were to have the pleasure of meeting here to-night. All friends well, eh?"

"Come, I say, this ain't fair, Mr. Bennett," said the individual addressed as Mr. Wheeler, savagely. "I stipulated as 'ow this yere hinterview were to be in strict honner, and blow me if yere ain't the bloomin' perlice attendin' on it. I'm disgusted, I am." And Mr. Wheeler looked as if he would have very much liked to run away there and then.

"Nonsense, Tim," said Mr. Bennett, affably. "I shall quite enjoy a little chat with you, for old acquaintance sake. Suppose we have a nip all round, just to keep the chill out, eh? It's precious cold standing about here in this rain. You really ought to cultivate the habit of punctuality a little more carefully, my worthy friend. I rather fancy I've told you so before."

Somewhat mollified by this proposition, Mr. Wheeler muttered that he didn't mind if he did have a drop of something; and, entering the Three Ships, Mr. Bennett called for three glasses of rum hot, under the genial influence of which Mr. Wheeler condescended to still further relax the severity of his demeanour, and even went so far as to drink our very good healths.

The Three Ships was rather crowded, but fortunately Mr. Wheeler's lodgings were only just round the corner, and thither we repaired on his invitation, Mr. Bennett having, with great forethought, first provided himself with a bottle of old Jamaica for Mr. Wheeler's special home consumption.

"And now," said Mr. Bennett, when the bottle had been opened and its contents duly honoured, "what have you to tell



EMERGED FROM THE GLOOM.

us about Captain Welldon's disappearance?"

"Yer means ter hact strait an' honnerable, I s'pose?" queried Mr. Wheeler, shifting rather uneasily on his chair.

"You have my word, and you know what that means," replied Mr. Bennett, quietly.

Thus reassured, Mr. Wheeler cleared his throat, and strengthening his voice with another glass of rum, proceeded without further hesitation.

It appeared that some years ago Mr. Wheeler, finding business very slack in England, and receiving a good deal more attention at the hands of the police than was compatible with his ideas of personal comfort, became exceedingly discontented with his lot. Deeming that a change of scene might prove beneficial to his health, which had suffered somewhat from late hours and frequent spells of oakum-picking and other unwholesome occupations, he emigrated to America. The ill-luck which had attended him in this country followed him over there, and a trifling but annoying difference of opinion with the authorities as to the ownership of certain valuable articles of silver plate eventually led to his temporary retirement from public life for a period. Upon once more resuming his position as a free citizen he obtained an introduction to Dr. Hazell, for whom he executed some delicate commissions, one of which, unfortunately, resulted in another little misunderstanding with the police. When this had been satisfactorily adjusted, he concluded that he didn't care for New York any longer, and returned to England, whither, he learnt, his late employer had preceded him. That gentleman was by no means overwhelmed with joy at his appearance, but assisted him nevertheless. Mr. Wheeler, however, being an ambitious soul, his demands continued to grow at such an alarming rate that at length the doctor refused to comply with them, stopped the supplies, and a fortnight ago, after a stormy scene, finally kicked the astonished Mr. Wheeler into the street. Then Mr. Wheeler vowed vengeance, and bethinking himself of a little conversation he had overheard some nine or ten months ago between the doctor and Captain Welldon, in which my name was mentioned more than once, conceived the idea of sending me the epistle which had brought Bennett and myself there that night.

At this point in Mr. Wheeler's narrative my companion withdrew his gaze from a large cobweb on the ceiling, which he had hitherto been steadfastly regarding, and fixed his eyes on the speaker's face. Mr. Wheeler wriggled uncomfortably, refilled his glass with a somewhat unsteady hand, emptied it at a draught, and continued.

The conversation, at least all that Mr. Wheeler heard of it, was of a very heated character. It took place at the doctor's chambers, and so absorbed were the two gentlemen in it that Mr. Wheeler's sudden advent in the ante-room remained entirely unnoticed. The captain was denouncing the doctor as his evil genius, and wound up by declaring passionately that had it not been for the latter's infernal scheming his uncle might have been alive then. The doctor retorted by enquiring what advantage that would be, whereon the captain said, in an agitated voice, if it were so, he would not be going about with the guilt of murder on his soul. At the word "murder" Mr. Wheeler pricked up his ears, and listened more attentively than ever. The doctor, evidently exasperated, replied angrily that what had been done was done solely to save the captain from disgrace, and warned him to be careful what he was saying. The captain wished to know why. Because, came the answer deliberately, if he wasn't the doctor might consider it necessary, for his own safety, to mention the matter to the police. At this the captain gave a sort of gasp, and exclaimed that he would bear the intolerable burden in secret no longer; that there was, at any rate, one man whom he dared trust (naming me), and to him he would go straightway and tell everything. Then the doctor rose, and in a voice thick with passion demanded if he had so soon forgotten the fate of Selsom and the red room in The Shanty. At these words the captain uttered a smothered cry, and rushed hastily from the apartment, nearly knocking over Mr. Wheeler in his precipitate flight. That astute individual, feeling much impressed with what he had heard, wisely concluded that just then was not an opportune moment for interviewing the doctor on his own particular private business, and, putting on his hat, strolled out into the street to meditate at his leisure.

"Is that all?" enquired Mr. Bennett, abruptly, as Mr. Wheeler concluded his story.

"Hevery blessed bit," returned that gentleman, with a sigh of satisfaction, as he helped himself liberally to another glass of Jamaica on the strength of its being so.

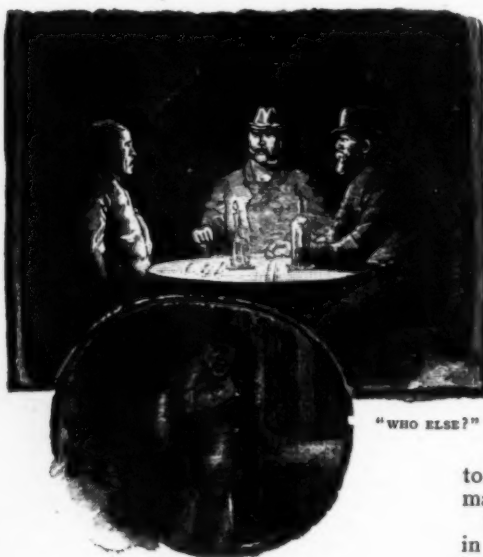
"Do you know anything about this Selsom that the doctor spoke of?" continued Mr. Bennett, removing the bottle to a safer position beside him.

"Never heard on 'im afore," replied Mr. Wheeler, with a dissatisfied look at the bottle's new position.

"Nor the red room in the shanty?"

"Nary a bit."

"Have you seen any of the doctor's old associates in America over here?"



"WHO ELSE?"

"Jest one or two, that's all. There's Jim Mason, and Ted Bowler. and—and—yes, that's all."

"Who else?"

"That's all."

"Who else?" There was a warning ring in Mr. Bennett's voice this time.

"That's all, 'pon my soul. Didn't I tell you so afore?" And Mr. Wheeler endeavoured to look virtuously indignant at the repetition of the question, but failed miserably in the attempt.

"Tim Wheeler, you know me, and I know you. Don't tell lies. Who else of the doctor's American associates have you seen over here?"

"Well, Mr. Bennett, I rather think—

yes I hev'—oh, lor! he'll kill me," replied Mr. Wheeler incoherently, mopping his face with his handkerchief in great perturbation of spirit.

"Come, don't be foolish," said Mr. Bennett, sharply. "Who is it?"

"The Kernal," whispered Mr. Wheeler, with an apprehensive glance round the room.

"And pray who is the 'Kernal,' as you call him?"

"Jake Scalley. Oh, lor! I've done it!" groaned the unhappy Wheeler, great beads of perspiration standing out thickly on his forehead.

"What! Jake Scalley the coiner!" exclaimed Mr. Bennett, with a nearer approach to excitement than anything he had manifested during the evening.

"Is he in London?"

Mr. Wheeler murmured faintly that he was.

"Where is he staying?"

"Lamb Street, Islington," was the almost inaudible reply.

"Number, please?"

Mr. Wheeler was now fairly shaking with terror. His teeth chattered like a pair of castanets as he managed at length to ejaculate:

"15."

Mr. Bennett made a rapid note in his pocket-book, and then rose to go.

"Good-bye, Tim," he said pleasantly; "take care of yourself. What you have told us to-night may prove to be of some value, and in any case you may depend that we shall not forget you."

"Mr. Bennett, oh! Mr. Bennett," came in imploring tones—the man was evidently horribly alarmed—"promise me afore yer go that yer won't let on about me to the Kernal. He'll kill me, sartin, if yer do."

"I sha'n't give you away, you may be sure," replied Mr. Bennett, opening the door. "You stop at home and keep quiet for a day or two. I'll let you know if I want you again." And with this assurance Mr. Wheeler was fain to be content.

It might have been only imagination on my part, but as the tall, gaunt form of Mr. Wheeler stood tremblingly upon the landing, holding aloft a guttering candle to light us down the rickety stairs, I fancied I saw a dark shadow glide behind his back into the room he had just left. I made no remark, however, and in a few

moments we were once more in the dismal street.

The fog was denser than ever, and everybody seemed to have gone home to bed, save a solitary seafaring looking individual, who was leaning against an adjacent lamp-post, smoking a short pipe. To him Mr. Bennett said something in an undertone, which I did not catch, and securing a stray hansom, we made our way westward as quickly as adverse circumstances would permit. My companion seemed in no humour for talking, and knowing his habits pretty well, I did not obtrude my conversation upon him. At length the cab came to a full stop in a heavy block in the Strand, and then for the first time he opened his mouth and broke the long silence.

"A curious case, Mr. Stephens," he observed, gazing steadily at the horse's tail, as if it had some important bearing on the matter. "What do you make of it?"

I confessed, truthfully enough, that I was unable to make anything of it at all.

"It is rather a tangle," admitted Mr. Bennett, reflectively. "I hadn't any idea, though, that Jake Scalley was in England. I wonder how he managed to slip through their fingers on the other side."

"Wheeler seems to be terribly scared about him," I remarked. "Is he such a very dangerous desperado?"

"So dangerous that I would not give much for Wheeler's chance of escaping with his life if he only knew what had passed to-night," was the grave reply. "Ah! here's the Yard at last. Good-night. I'll call round and see you some time to-morrow." And with a shake of the hand, he alighted and vanished up the archway.

The fog continued all next day, and in the afternoon it be-

gan to rain. There were not many people about, and the newsboys, who were shouting out "Another dreadful murder," did not appear to be doing a very brisk trade. About five o'clock Bennett appeared, with a solemn look upon his face. In response to my enquiry as to news, he silently unfolded a copy of the *Echo*, and placing his finger upon a column of leaded type, handed me the paper. With a strange misgiving, I took it and read—

HORRIBLE MURDER IN THE EAST-END.

"Early this morning the police made a ghastly discovery in a house in Canton Street, E., a low thoroughfare leading down to the river side. A man on the first floor was found weltering in a pool of blood, with his head nearly severed from his shoulders, and a deep stab in the region of the heart. The body has been identified as that of a man named Timothy Wheeler. No motive can be assigned for the crime, but the police, who are very reticent, believe they have a clue. Considerable excitement prevails in the neighbourhood, and all access to the scene of the tragedy has been prohibited by the authorities."

I laid the paper down with a cold shiver, and thought of the dark shadow I had seen on that miserable landing the previous evening. It was no freak of my

imagination then, after all, and poor Tim Wheeler's fears, at which I felt inclined to laugh at the time, were only too well justified by the sequel.

Bennett was the first to speak. "This affair is getting serious," he said. "If Captain Well-don is still alive, we must find out his whereabouts within the next few hours, or he will assuredly share the fate of



HANDS ME A FOREIGN TELEGRAM.

the unhappy man who has already fallen a victim to this bloodthirsty gang."

"Have you any idea where he is likely to be found?" I enquired.

"I should imagine in the place called The Stanty, if anywhere. All our endeavours must be bent now to the discovery of its probable locality. I have an idea as to the direction in which we are most likely to meet with success. Can you spare time to go down with me to Dover to-night?"

"Certainly, if I can be of any use."

"Then I will call for you at half-past seven, and we can catch the mail from Victoria. There are one or two things I want to see to first, and we can talk matters over on the road."

At the station I found a first-class compartment reserved for our use, and, as soon as we had rattled out of London, Bennett threw away the cigar he had been smoking, and, opening his pocket-book, handed me a foreign telegram form. It bore the Islington stamp, and was as follows:

"Hazell, Hotel de l'Europe, Bruxelles.— Send the professor on to me at the old address at once. J. S."

I handed it back, and looked at Bennett for explanation.

"You noticed the man I spoke to in the street last night?"

I nodded.

"Well, he is one of my best and sharpest officers, but this infernal fog and a half-awake cabman threw him off the scent this morning. I told him to watch the house in Canton Street carefully, and, if any suspicious person went in or out, to keep his eyes well open and let me know. Shortly after midnight some one opened the door and peered out cautiously. Finding the coast apparently clear, the figure hurried rapidly away in a northerly direction, closely followed by my man. Islington was reached about half-past one, and, turning into Lamb Street, the quarry halted at number 15, and let himself in with a latch-key. At eight o'clock he reappeared, carrying a large black bag, and, avoiding the High Street, walked sharply towards the Angel, stopping once on the way at a branch post office to send off the telegram you have seen. Here he hailed a hansom, and drove off westward, still pursued by my man in another cab. The fog, which had lifted somewhat during the night,

now came on more densely than ever, and somewhere in the neighbourhood of Edgware Road the chase succeeded in making good his escape. But we'll have him fast enough," said Mr. Bennett, lighting a fresh cigar, "and that before he's four-and-twenty hours older, or I'm very much mistaken."

I mentioned the incident of the shadow on the landing, and supposed that our conversation must have been overheard.

"Without doubt, and by the very man of whom we had been speaking. Scally, for his hand, unquestionably, struck the fatal blow, must have crept into the room as we departed. It was no shadow, unfortunately, that you saw, but the actual murderer taking advantage of his opportunity. This is not his first 'kill' by any means. Over the water he thought no more of potting his man than I do of flicking the ash from this cigar," said Mr. Bennett, suiting the action to the word.

"Who is this professor that he speaks of in his telegram?"

"That is exactly what we are going to find out. You see, if the professor happened to be staying at Brussels by any chance when the telegram arrived, he would probably wish to depart for England as soon as possible, and in that case he would most likely come over by the night-boat from Ostend. I don't think, however, it would be wise on our part to let him see either of us, at any rate for the present. So Thompson, who is much chagrined at his failure of this morning, has gone down by an earlier train to see if he can improve upon his recent performance."

When we arrived at Dover, the fog was so thick that objects only a few yards off were entirely undistinguishable. We went straight to the Lord Warden, where Mr. Thompson, through whose offices a private room had been already secured, was in attendance, with the information that the boat was expected to be at least a couple of hours late. Mr. Bennett opined that it didn't matter, and forthwith proceeded to order supper. This disposed of, Mr. Thompson strolled down to the Admiralty Pier, and Mr. Bennett settled himself comfortably in an easy chair by the fire. I followed his example and we sat smoking in silence for some considerable time, when a bustle below apprised us of the fact that the boat was in at last.

My companion's face grew graver, and I scarcely needed his muttered "now for it," to warn me that matters were evidently approaching a critical stage. Ten, twenty, thirty minutes elapsed, and then Mr. Thompson entered the room, and, with a smiling face, announced that it was all right.

"He's well got up, certainly," proceeded Mr. Thompson, rubbing his hands with an air of satisfaction, "but I knew him at once. He's taken a room here for the night, and ordered a carriage for Cherston at ten o'clock sharp. I've put yours down for half-an-hour later, sir. I thought that would do. I'll take care not to drive too fast, so you'll be able to catch us up all right."

"Very good indeed, Thompson," replied Mr. Bennett, approvingly. "Now get to bed and take a little rest. I'm sure you need it badly. Good-night, and be sure you don't oversleep yourself. We'll follow his lead, I think," he continued, as Thompson withdrew with alacrity.

"We can sleep comfortably now, for a few more hours will certainly solve the mystery of Captain Welldon's disappearance."

In the morning the fog had greatly diminished in volume, a stiff breeze having sprung up during the night, and at ten o'clock I was able to see from the window of our apartment a tall, white-haired old gentleman, with a venerable beard, get into a carriage and pair and drive off from the hotel, the ribbons being handled with great skill by the driver, who bore an uncommonly strong family resemblance to our friend, Mr. Thompson. Half-an-hour later Bennett and I were also seated in a carriage and pair, whirling rapidly away in the same direction. It was a long drive, and at length I enquired how much farther we had to go before we reached our destination.

"Not far, I fancy," said Mr. Bennett, letting down the window and looking out. "I think that must be Cherston, over yonder."

The supposition proved to be correct,

and shortly afterwards we were standing beside Thompson, in the ill-paved solitary street of the half-deserted little village. Here, to my surprise, we were joined by a stout, burly-looking stranger, who touched his hat respectfully to Bennett. That gentleman nodded cheerfully in return, and enquired how he had got down.



"HE'S WELL GOT UP"

"First train to Chatham, fly rest of way," was the laconic reply.

"What time did you get my wire at the Yard? You see I did some more work after you had retired," added Mr. Bennett, turning to me with a little laugh.

"Two thirty-seven a.m.," promptly responded the laconic one.

"Good. Then I suppose you've been here some little time?"

"Two hours, twenty-four minutes."

"Exact as usual, I see, Johnson. Well, what have you found out?"

Johnson drew out a little note-book, and commenced reading. "Arrived Cher-

ston, ten six a.m. Began enquiries. Large house, called The Shanty, on hill about three miles to the right. Lonely spot. House nearly empty. Kept by old man and woman. Owner lives abroad. Comes sometimes. Old gentleman with long white beard. Visitors occasionally. Very few. Finished enquiries."

"Capital. You have excelled yourself. Now show us the way, please."

Headed by the discreet Johnson, we proceeded towards The Shanty. It was a big, flat, desolate erection, on a slight eminence, half hidden by a clump of large trees which served to conceal our approach until we were right upon it. We halted, and held a council of war. Mr. Bennett's first utterance was ominous.

"If Scalley is here, as I expect, he may show fight, and then there may be trouble. Your fire-irons are all right, of course?"

Both men replied in the affirmative.

"Mr. Stephens, you had better remain here. Johnson, you go on a-head and knock at the door. If by any good luck



FOLLOWED BY A LOUD CRASH.

Scalley should open it—you'll know him by a red scar right across his face—jump upon him at once before he has time to shoot. We'll be close behind you."

The big man nodded silently, and started on his mission. At his first knock there was no response. At the second the door was opened slightly. Then there was a short interval, followed by a loud crash, and directly after we could see two forms struggling on the ground, Johnson being uppermost. We rushed forward immediately, but our assistance was not required. Johnson had got his man firmly pinned by the throat, and all we had to do was to secure the prisoner so that escape should be impossible. This was quickly done, and, leaving him in charge of Thompson, we entered The Shanty together. A tall figure, with a long white beard, confronted us in the hall, and demanded, with an unmistakable Yankee accent, what we meant by this unwarrantable intrusion.

"Come, doctor, it's no good. The game's up, and you'd better capitulate quietly." And Mr. Bennett stepped up to the figure, and with a dexterous

twitch removed the long beard, disclosing, as he did so, the sharp, peculiar features of Captain Welldon's erstwhile friend, Dr. Hazell, of New York.

"And now what have you done with the captain?" said Mr. Bennett, surveying with satisfaction the scowling face of his captive. "Ha! going to be sulky, are we? Well, never mind. I dare say we shall soon find out. Here, you," addressing an old man who stood trembling violently behind the doctor, "show me which is the red room. Come, be quick. We'll go together, if you like, Mr. Stephens," and we followed the old servant up the stairs and along a wide corridor until, shaking in every limb, he paused outside a massive nail-studded door, and vainly endeavoured to detach a key from a large bunch which he carried. Bennett snatched it from his grasp, inserted it in the lock, and in another moment we stood inside the room.

A more ghastly apartment I was never in. The walls, ceiling, floor—even the glass in the solitary window—all were of a deep, uniform, blood-red hue. A couple of chairs, a table, a wooden bedstead, and a bench, all of the same colour, comprised the whole of the furniture. In the centre, with outstretched arms, and eyes fixed upon the door, stood a thin, spectral-looking being that tried to speak as we approached, but could not. We had accomplished our object. Captain Welldon was found.

We were glad to get away from this appalling place, and, leaving Messrs. Thompson and Johnson to follow at their leisure with their prisoners, we hurried back to the village, and were soon on the road again with our horses' heads turned in the direction of Dover. It was nearly dark when we clattered up to the door of the hospitable Lord Warden, where Mr. Bennett's first and most particular care was to order a dinner for three, which taxed to the utmost even the resources of that famous hostelry.

It was a happy, if quiet, dinner party, all explanations being mutually postponed by consent until after the meal.



A THIN, SPECTRAL-LOOKING BEING.

When the cloth had been removed and Bennett and I had both had our say, Captain Welldon told us his story. He was greatly altered. The past few months had left their indelible mark upon him; his once black hair was thickly streaked with grey, and there was a tremor in his voice when he spoke that was infinitely pathetic.

"It was on the fourteenth of February—St. Valentine's day"—he said, with a sad smile, "that I was abducted. I had to go to Dover on some business in connection with my regiment. There was only one person in the compartment with me—an old man, with a long white beard. We must have been nearing Chatham when I became insensible, and the next thing I remember was finding myself in that accursed room." He paused, and passed his hand over his forehead as if to brush away the painful recollection. "I wonder how I managed to keep sane with that dreadful colour all around me, and the knowledge that in that very same room another victim of the doctor's had been done to death. You know about my uncle's death. Well, the day after it occurred, Hazell called, and said it wasn't caused by heart disease at all, but by a cigar containing a curious aromatic poison which he had himself given him the previous day after luncheon. Whether his tale was true God only knows. Sometimes I have my doubts. Anyhow, I allowed myself to be persuaded by him,

and so became a sort of accessory after the fact. I know it was wicked and foolish, but I was terribly worried about money matters just then. Hazell next commenced to bleed me most extensively, and at last his demands became so outrageous that I refused to comply any longer with them. We had a violent quarrel, in the course of which he threatened to denounce me as the actual murderer, while I declared that I would not be silent further, but take advice from a trustworthy source as to the line of conduct I should adopt. This stand on my part must have alarmed him considerably, and so he decided on extreme measures. Three times only during my imprisonment have I seen him, and each time he has offered me my freedom on terms which I indignantly refused. There can be little doubt as to my ultimate fate had you not so providentially come to my rescue. A few more weeks at most and I should have been a raving maniac."

There was a knock at the door, and Thompson entered, looking rather paler than usual.

"The doctor's dead," he said abruptly.

It was true. That magnificent diamond ring I had before admired had secreted within the shank one of those subtle poisons in the use of which its owner was such an adept. He had pressed it to his lips, and his soul had passed away beyond the reach of earthly tribunals. Not so Scalley; he was hanged.

Fitful Fancies.

Scherzando.

By MAUDE.

PIANO.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

night air, Waft - ed o'er blossoms of beau - ty, Came a wo-man's voice of . sweet-ness

Sing - ing of love . and du - ty. A sweet, pure song that was tell - ing Of

love to strength - en a life, A long - ing to ease a

bur - den, hea - vy by weight of strife, A

rall.
long - ing to ease a bur - den, hea - vy by weight of strife.

Scherzando.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Andante con moto.

Like balm to a bit - ing sor - row The har - mo - ny swept o'er my mind,

Eas - ing ach - ing mem - 'ries, Whis - p'ring where to find A

ha - ven from rest - less yearn - ing, A - way from hopes that are dead, In a

land of e - ter - nal sum - mer, In a land of e - ter - nal

sum - mer, In a land of e - ter - nal sum - mer, Whence

thought and pain had sped. A wo-man's voice in the twi - light, A ling'ring kiss on the

pp

mouth, A tem-pest of love surging up-wards On the fra-grant wind of the south. That

ha - ven from rest - less yearn - ing Is close in her arms to be

caught, . . . The land of e - ter - nal sum - mer Is the

love that doubt-eth naught, The land of e - ter - nal sum - mer, The

land of e - ter - nal sum - mer, The land of e - ter - nal

rall.
sum - mer Is the love that doubt - eth naught.

rall.
pp
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

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BURGO the SCARF GRACE

By J. F. WALLER SHEPHERD.

CHAPTER VI. (continued).

MR. HAYES looked very blank; it was worse than he thought. But, in his turn, Burgo was wounded and angered. He gave Mr. Hayes another message, which that discreet person incontinently forgot, and so never delivered, which was just as well; and then Burgo took his hat, and walked through the hall and down the steps without another word. The hack he was used to ride was waiting for him; the groom looked with respectful curiosity into his face as he held the reins.

"Long time since you was across 'the Loafer,' sir. Thought you might like him better than the chestnut."

"Thank you, Tom," Burgo said; "I think I should."

The man knew something very bad had happened. It might, perhaps, have occurred to him to wonder if the Captain would ever cross "the Loafer" again. It did occur to Burgo. He "gentled" the old horse a minute, and gazed, with a queer feeling at his heart, across the deer-park and the broad acres that lay beyond, golden already with harvest. Was it for the last time?

"Mr. Glyn will ride the horse back," he said to respectfully-curious Tom. "Take care of him, you know."

"Ay, sir—surely," Tom said solemnly.

"Good-bye, Tom. Here! all right!"

Burgo's hand came out of his pocket; there was a little chink in Tom's horny palm, and then the Captain had ridden away. Tom watched him round the half-mile bend, and then shook his head *à la* Burleigh, and went to his own place, ill at ease.

"If it had been *the other one*, now!" he remarked to an intimate friend by-and-by in the course of a mysterious conversation the two indulged in over and under and round the chestnut.

"Ah, it's had! But he'll come back."

"Who?"

"Him. Gov'nor'll come round."

"Dunno so much about that."

"What then?"

"He'll come round the gov'nor—that'll be it."

"Who will?"

"Why, *he* will, to be sure; and if he does, *he'll* never come back no more."

"What, not *him*?"

"Not him—never no more!"

"Ah!—Come up, hoss!"

From which it may, I think, be gathered that the opinion of the stables was not, on the whole, favourable to the Glyn-Vipont dynasty.



"LONG TIME SINCE YOU WAS ACROSS 'THE LOAFER,' SIR."

Burgo rode down the avenue and out of the lodge-gates, and looked not behind him as he rode. Other eyes besides honest Tom's had watched him while *they* could—stern old

eyes they were that were fain to watch him through the draperies of an upper window. They yearned for the sight once more of his face they had so loved to look upon. But he never looked back. If he had, would the old man have seen his crime upon his face? Nay, it might not have proved such a trump-card after all, the wise Glyn Vipont's. But Sir Burgo believed beyond all doubting that things were as they seemed to be. He turned away from the window with a great sigh and a hard word or two. There was an end of it. He wrote to his lawyers before dinner; and once more, with what bitter memories, he burned a certain important document that concerned his Burgo greatly. Then he rang for Mr. Hayes; and, graver than usual, but no less discreet, Hayes came and did his office upon his master. Sir Burgo asked no questions; he had taken down a large photograph of the Captain that hung over the mantelpiece, Hayes noticed; his face was very stern. Hayes augured badly from these and such-like signs.



HAYES AUGURED BADLY.

CHAPTER VII.

MY LADY'S WORD IS KEPT.

BURGO rode slowly back to Ellesmere, one thought in his heart, one word rising ever to his lips—Cecil! At last he saw all his mischance; it all came home to him when he thought of her—and of my lady. When they knew of this, my lady would pass sentence on him. He would have to stand his trial before her, and if he failed to prove his innocence, he might guess pretty well what that sentence would be.

Prove his innocence! How could he? The man who had loved him as his own son had believed him so guilty as never to have even put him upon his defence. My lady might well ask what need had she of any further witness. And then—Cecil! Would Cecil decide against him too? And if she did not—bah! was not my lady at her elbow? Truly, he was in a sore strait for an innocent man. What was he to do? He could think absolutely of nothing. The whole thing was so

simple; it must be either one way or the other. Either the cheque had been tampered with, or it had not; and all these people were persuaded that it had. How was he to prove that it had not been done by him? A thing out of all reason that he should do, of course. But that proved nothing in his case; hadn't he been doing things out of all reason all his life? There was his previous character, his previous convictions against him. He was a scapegrace. Who wouldn't consider this business quite in his line? he thought bitterly. Sir Burgo evidently had. What could he do?

"The Loafer" carried him back to Ellesmere. In the avenue he met Glyn, waiting, anxious.

"I feared that, you know, in the state of mind he was in this morning," Glyn said, when Burgo had given a brief *précis* of his doings at the Towers. "You must give

him time, Burgo."

"If he believes this of me now, he must believe it always. He would not see me. He was right if he thought as he did; for I could have given him nothing but my word. How can I explain anything? The whole thing is inexplicable."

"You must see Bullion."

"To be told what he told you? I should break his head. I tell you, I can do nothing yet; I can see no clue. When I do, I can act. Before I see one, what can I do?"

They walked into the house

"Burgo, I have broken this business to Lady Mildred," Glyn said; "merely broken it. Was I right?"

"Right! It was better. Where is she? I must see her at once."

"I will leave you. Let me know what you mean to do. This must come right, Burgo; there is too much at stake. See—will you trust me to help you as far as I can? There; no words. This is better."

And they shook hands. Glyn would have made a very eminent actor of drawing-room comedy.

"And now good-bye," he said; "you shall hear from me to-morrow."

So he departed, smiling, when he was out of view, on "the Loafer's" honest

back. The horse dropped his ears and swerved, as Glyn dived for the stirrup; he knew, and didn't like, the light comedian.

My lady made Burgo wait long enough in the drawing-room to feel she was keeping him waiting there. Then she came down to him—alone, as he had expected. Glyn seemed to have broken the subject pretty thoroughly to her, Burgo thought by the expression of her countenance; or had she been as ready to condemn him unheard as the rest? He could hardly wonder if she had. He had been in her



AND THEY SHOOK HANDS.

way; he had interfered with her plans. This put him out of the way. He felt a disheartening certainty of defeat; but he fought out the fight pluckily, as was his nature.

She, of course, didn't spare him. She heard his account of the sending of the cheque; then what had happened at the Towers that morning, and what had befallen him there that afternoon. She saw at a glance how strong her position was. His defeat was almost too easy.

She asked him if he could give any explanation of the affair—if it could be explained at all? He could add nothing to what he had said; the whole thing was as much a mystery to him as to anyone.

"If I had seen Sir Burgo this afternoon," he told her, "I could have given him nothing but my word of honour that I knew nothing of this matter to prove my assertion. I can give you nothing more, Aunt Mildred. Do you believe me?"

Oh, certainly, my lady believed her nephew; but —

The "buts" that followed were bitterly irrefutable; each one of them was a barrier between him and Cecil—a barrier he

couldn't see how he was to break down. My lady believed him, in short, but she wanted proof. When he tried to storm this, she flung Sir Burgo, K.C.B., at him, and crushed him. He saw it was no use—it was all up with him. At last he told her so.

"You mean that all is over between Cecil and me?" he said. "Then say so, Aunt Mildred."

And he stood there with his bronzed face pale, but his brave blue eyes steady on her, waiting for his sentence. My lady didn't, of course, pass it upon him in the curt form he had asked her for; what she did say, however, came to the same thing. He must remember she had refused to recognise the existence of any engagement between them; if she had, she admitted this that had occurred might possibly make some difference in their position to one another. As it was, such an engagement between them could, of course, only obtain her sanction when this unhappy mystery was cleared up. Burgo must see the justice of that.

"I see," Burgo said, "it's the answer to my question. Well, I can't complain—not of you, that is; you could hardly act differently. The luck's against me, that's all. Of course, I'm going away from Ellesmere."

My lady here begged her nephew to stay—the night.

"I shall sleep in London to-night," he told her, "thank you all the same, Aunt Mildred. But I may see Cecil before I go?"



"I WILL SEND HER TO YOU."

"Of course," my lady said; "you ought to see her. I will send her to you."

She reached the door, and had her hand upon the handle. Then she turned and came back a step towards him. He had sat down like a man very tired, and for a moment his head rested on his hands. He hardly noticed that she had not gone.

"Burgo," my lady said, "I can trust you if I send her?"

Under the circumstances, this was rather a sublime question.

"Thank you, Aunt Mildred; I see you do believe me, in spite of all the 'buts.' You know you may trust me with her even yet—even now."

Lady Mildred did know it. The door closed upon her; the clock ticked on, unearthly loud, for five long minutes. Then the door opened again, and Cecil was there beside him.

Yes; but my lady had been beside her, you see, and he saw, all the afternoon. This was not the Cecil of that morning. He didn't know how my lady had done her work, but he knew the work was done. Yet it was true what the girl had cried out under the knife in her pain—she did love him; and she believed he was innocent, too, of this thing, when she looked into his face. But with regard to that other matter?—My lady had been beforehand with him, like the mature diplomat she was; and the luck was against him, dead.

He took Cecil's hands in his, after a way he had, and held her face to face so, and so said what had to be said. He loved her with all the life of him; and he had lost her by no deed of his—by a mysterious piece of devilry he could in nowise account for or explain. With her, he felt that he had simply lost everything. All the future was hopeless without her; and he was going away, and he was leaving her, he could guess to what and to whom; and, as they were now, they two were scarcely like to meet again. But as his arms were powerless to fight his fate in the dark, so his lips were sealed against

all pleading utterances of his great love, against all appealing to hers, now when this dishonour lay upon him, guilty or not guilty. Some day this dark business might be made clear; but then it would, of course, be too late—my lady would have taken care of that. Meantime she had trusted him, and he justified her trust.

So what he said that last night was not much. He told Cecil all he had told my lady; he could tell her no more. The case, he said, was terribly against him.

"Burgo, not with us!" she cried. "Who believes this? Not mamma—not I."

"Not you, I think; but who would not beside you?"

"It will be explained—it must be."

"I don't trouble much about what will be now, Cecil; that matters so little, doesn't it, when one has lost one's all?"

"No, no—not all!"

Her head was bowed down; the words came from her in a sob; and more would have come from her than this, but for that clever gag my lady had administered, foreseeing its necessity. The thought of another woman, this was; but how was he to know that?

"Well, not all, quite, perhaps. Not a remembrance, Cecil—not the memory of these last days, my darling; I shall keep those."

She was sobbing fairly now, but he kept himself in hand sternly. It would never do to let himself go, he knew. He got over the rest as quickly as he could.

"Listen, darling," he said; "I shall keep these, as I say. I am going away; you see, I must go. Not for always, I hope; not for long, may be, but till all this can be cleared up. I know what it has cost me—yes, yes, I know it; I don't deny it's hard, but I can't deny it's just. And, after all, for your sake, it is better so, perhaps."

"For my sake—no, no!"

"You were a great prize for me to win, darling. How could I be worthy of you? Still, I loved you; still I love you: you might have made me worthy—that says all I can say. Remember



THIS WAS NOT THE CECIL OF THAT MORNING.

I said that to you last, except—good-bye."

And he bowed his head down, and laid his lips upon her forehead.

He had spoken steadily and bravely to the end; but now the end was come; and who can tell what that wild cry of hers to him to stay, as she clung to him close, forgetting all but that he was going from her—who can tell what this might have done, seeing that he was but human flesh and blood, and of the sinfulness, but that the door opened gently, and there came in my lady?

He went away from Ellesmere that night, to catch the mail at Norbury. Before he went, René Pardailian, Marquis de Mornac, said a few words to him.

"They tell me you are going," he said; "and they have told me why. If anything could make us friends, it would be a calumny like this. As it is, will you take my assurance, and my hand on it, that, as far as I am concerned, this makes us but the more loyal—foes?"

Burgo Maltravers remembered those parting words a year later, when, on a certain July morning, before a great battle was begun, he sat in saddle among Von Benedek's staff, and read in a London letter how that his cousin Cecil, had been Marquise de Mornac just a week.

CHAPTER VIII.

A WRONG IS RIGHTED.

MORE than a year had passed since the morning of Sadowa; more than two since Burgo had bidden his cousin a long farewell in the drawing-room at Ellesmere, and had gone away thinking that he was little likely to see her face again.

He had not told her this, you will remember; he had spoken bravely for her sake, as though he hoped this mystery that was sundering them would soon be cleared up, and they might be, at least, not wholly parted in a little while. But in his heart there had been no such hope;

and he had lost her—he had lost everything. What did it matter whether this business was ever made plain or not? It had been believed against him by that old man yonder, who had loved him as his own son; it might well be believed against him by everybody else. How could he disprove it? Let it rest; all this was nothing to him now.

It was in this frame of mind that Burgo had departed. He got strengthened in it every day he walked aimlessly about the Sahara of London, thinking of it all. Still, he sat down one day and wrote a

long letter to Sir Burgo. If Sir Burgo had ever got that letter, I am inclined to fancy a wrong might have been righted before it was too late. But that letter, probably, got no farther than Glyn Vipont, the wise youth, who wrote to his cousin to say that the old man had utterly refused to open it, and had bidden him, Glyn, return it forthwith to the writer. Glyn was truly grieved, of course, but trusted the old man's mood might change. Burgo never wrote again. A com-

munication from Sir Burgo's lawyers one day informed Captain Maltravers that a certain income had been settled upon him, in accordance with directions lately received from their client. Burgo wrote back to Lincoln's Inn to decline the proposed settlement. He had a couple of hundred annually under his mother's will, he knew, though he had never

hitherto troubled much about it. He hunted up a sleepy old trustee, and redeemed his principal from the limbo of the Three per Cents, wherein the sleeper had comfortably locked it up. He was a rich man—for the next six months. Beyond that Burgo didn't care to look; or, if he did, saw only one thing for himself.

There was no use in his staying on in London, or in England; there was no chance of that stern old gentleman down at the Towers relenting, and admitting that he might in his haste have done his nephew cruel wrong. And there were plenty of reasons why he should go abroad. So he went across the Channel one night with a fairly-filled note-case,



ACROSS THE CHANNEL.

and no particular concern what would become of him when that note-case should be emptied. The fact was, that our Burgo was so sore and so wretched, that, being naturally a reckless, godless youth, he had settled, when his last louis was gone, somehow or other to go too. Meantime he went, carefully avoiding Hom-bourg and explanation with Annie Brune, to Bicheville-au-Bois, quite in the proper frame of mind for that Pandemonium.

When a man honestly determines to do, under similar circumstances, what Burgo had determined he would do, it is astonishing how such determination sometimes improves his style of play. At the *trente-et-quarante*, for instance, how coolly audacious a martingale he can work! and how apt this cool audacity is to be successful, simply because the man *doesn't care!*

I have known one or two examples of this. Only the other morning, in a street off this pullulating boulevard, in the privacy of his own dressing-room, a gentleman of my acquaintance thought fit to depart this life after a final dinner at the Café Anglais, which had been even more successful than his dinners usually were. They found a few francs on his dressing-table, but this was all that reverted to his heirs-at-law out of about a million. He had been a *gros joueur*, and I should have said, a successful one too, on the whole. His *sang froid* was proverbial. Every croupier in Europe knew there was no "funking," no flurrying him. He had said once that he intended ending this way when the *banque* had raked in his last rouleau. When the *banque* did that, after a fight that had lasted years, he came quietly home, took leave of his friends over an admirable *menu*, and—kept his word. I fancy more than one bank was broken, more than one desperate duel across the green cloth was won by him, simply from this fact—that it was literally "do or die."

Burgo turned into the play-room after dinner on the day of his arrival, and went to work at the old game very much in the spirit of my deceased friend. He attacked the "maximum" straightway, backing a change of colour in a way that caused people to look up a moment from their own play to see who this was. Some people recognised him; he had been there before, you know. They looked at him again when the cards had

been dealt, and a dozen four-figure notes were pushed across to him. Burgo had won his twelve thousand by—a point. This seemed promising. He went on. A *série* on the rouge began, expressly for him, as it were. He played it through as though the stakes were counters. The last *coup* broke the bank. He thought this was pretty well for one evening, and a beginning. A certain proverb occurred to him. He went out of the play-room, followed by an admiring and curious mob of crevés and cocottes, like a wave. The wave broke and spent itself on a barricade of little tables and chairs outside, convenient for ice-eating and absinthe-drinking. Burgo passed on into the gardens, and smoked a solitary cigar there amongst the roses, thinking of the rose-garden at Ellesmere and Cecil.

He came back by-and-by, met people, and renewed acquaintance. The cocotte asked the Russian prince—there is always the cocotte and the Russian prince at Bicheville-au-Bois; they were La Topaze and Alexis Paul Paulowitch de Czernicheff that year—to bring his friend to supper. And Burgo supped, and played a hot and heavy baccarat till daylight did appear, and a good while after. It was like the old time again—the crush, and the cries, and the villainous *argot*, and the women's ruddled faces, nearly as old as they were ruddled, most of them, and the precocious debauchees—the *vieillards de vingt ans*—and ancient impotent vice, round the tables, with the fierce light beating down; and the food that made you drink even more thirstily, and the drink that—Yes, it was very like the old time, indeed.

But he had taken this sort of thing not unkindly then; whereas now—the experiment was a failure. It made him sick and savage; but it didn't make him forget. This was not Lethe. He walked out of the orgie, out from among those hiccupping satyrs and shrill-voiced mænads, into the pure dawnlight of the summer day; and he felt this would not do. He couldn't go back to this—he couldn't forget her there.

I don't know how he lived exactly after that night. He played hard and steadily; and, on the whole, he won. He didn't take to drink—didn't look for Lethe in the V.O.P. bottle; but he got through the best part of a year somehow, and without any very great detriment to his bodily

health. He had a winter's pig-sticking, a wolf-hunting in Bohemia; and the open-air work might have had much to do with this. Only he had dangerously little interest in living, and each day he seemed to have less. He had lost too much. They wondered at his tranquil recklessness, but they didn't know the reason of it. He was simply tired of his life.

Still, it was better to have died so than to have wallowed in Circe's sty yonder, and died dismally like a brute.

Early in the next summer he was in Vienna. The rumours of war had culminated in reality. He met Johann von Adelbron one night at Sachser's, and the two old friends had a big talk over many long-necked Rhein flasks; and so it was that our Burgo rode as a volunteer amongst Von Benedek's "gallopers." In his saddle, one memorable morning, he had read in a London letter that his cousin had been Marquise de Mornac just a week. He put the letter into his pocket, with a faint smile, and he muttered a line from an old song she had sung often in the drawing-room at Ellesmere in the days gone by:

"Adieu for evermore, my love,
Adieu for evermore."

And then he begged a light from Johann, and pulled his cloak close about him, for the morning mist was chill, and so sat smoking in silence, till the quick cracking of the needle-guns in the front, and the boom of the opening cannonade on the right, woke up the chief from a half-hour's snooze, and told everybody the great battle had begun.

And it was fought, and finished; and the souls of many heroes were sent before their time down to Hades. But my Burgo's was not of the number, though he had done his "d—dest," as was remarked to him at the time by a compatriot, to get it included therein. However, he had been badly enough wounded to make it still a matter of



"ADIEU FOR EVERMORE."

some speculation whether a jolting field-ambulance, and a crammed field-hospital, with nothing to take care of it but the red cross over it, that saved it from being purposely made a target for round shot, and thirst and neglect and fever and cholera combined, might not be able to finish him off.

A Prussian medico, however, got at him while his fate

was still doubtful, and probed and plugged and drugged his patient back to life un-mutilated. Burgo was hardly so thankful as he ought to have been, and he was a prisoner-of-war, too, which bored him very much.

He was exchanged in due course and found the fighting was all over; and Johann von Adelbron, with his left arm in a sling still, but otherwise none the worse for his campaign, going to be married! Burgo fled away from Vienna after this, and no one heard anything of him for a long time.

My lady had kept her vow, then, and given René Pardaillan her daughter, as she had promised. What chance had the girl? Burgo gone, disgraced, she knew not where; no news of him ever reaching Ellesmere; my lady was there with the right word at the right moment; René, gallant, graceful, gentle, transformed, transfigured when she smiled upon him, wooing her like a modernised De Lauzun and loving her with more than the love of his lost youth. Then her own sense of forsakenness, of helplessness; little stabs of pique and pity; a sort of recklessness, now, that grew upon her—what chance, I say, had she?

She let them do between them what they would with her; and they made her Marquise de Mornac within the year. What mother could have done more?

René took his wife abroad. They spent a brief while in the old Provençal chateau, whence his race got their name. They loitered here and there about Europe, till

the winter found them in Paris, established in the great hotel in the faubourg, bright with all its ancient glories once more. René was perfection in his conduct towards his bride; a gratitude that had nothing silly or senile about it was the *motif* of it, and the *motif* was never forgotten. The Paris world welcomed Madame la Marquise after its fashion. It could neither disown nor patronise her; so it chose her for one of its suzeraines, and made her throne an altar; whereon a good deal might have been sacrificed that was not. They could not call her *précieuse* or *béguine*, somehow; the Millamours she held easily enough at arm's length, but Madame la Marquise had no taste for their burnt-offerings and oblations; she could not away with them. René laughed them all to scorn in his sleeve. He knew his wife better than they. His gratitude towards her grew stronger, like his respect and his love for her, every day he lived. She was content to make him so happy at so little cost. But there was no love left in her for him or for another man. At least, she used to think so, and then she could think of cousin Burgo. Her husband had spoken to her with wonderful tact and happy frankness on that delicate subject before they were married, and it had been never touched on by him since. Doubtless, being a wise man in his generation, René preferred this sort of rival to another, a remembrance was less dangerous than a reality, especially when the remembrance held the reality at bay. Burgo did not trouble him over much, now. He would not have even feared to see the cousins together on the old cousinly footing, but he was glad to be spared the sight, notwithstanding. Burgo was no one knew where. I think René Pardaillan, gallant foe as he was, rather hoped his enemy might be kept there. Still, if Burgo had cast up in Paris, the Marquis would have held out the hand of welcome to him; but Burgo never appeared there.

Cecil prayed he might; did all she could to find out where he was. At that time he was strolling, a convalescent captain, about Berlin, but she heard

nothing of either his wounds or his captivity. She persuaded herself—having persuaded herself first that there was no love left in her—that she only wanted to see him to talk over with him a theory René Pardaillan had started when the circumstances were detailed to him about the mysterious cheque, before it should be too late.

René had smiled curiously when the subject had been discussed before him one day by Cecil and my lady. It was after the marriage, during the only winter Lady Mildred ever spent under her son-in-law's roof.

"I think I see how it might have been done," he said; "only one person had any interest in its being done. I do not like that person, it is true, but I do not think I am wronging him when I say I believe him quite capable of this."

A flash seemed to illuminate Cecil's memory.

"I see," she cried; and then, "Mamma, we must find Burgo!"

But Lady Mildred did not see, and Burgo was not to be found.

Before he was found, too, it was too late. There was a change of dynasty at the Towers. The old K.C.B., his people could perceive, had never got over that fatal morning, never been the same since the day he watched the son of his love, if not of his body, ride away slowly on

"the Loafer" out of his sight. Sir Burgo felt his heart grow cold; he cared for nothing; he sat whole days doing nothing, shut up alone from everyone. By degrees his health began to suffer. The affectionate Glyn became outwardly alarmed. He became inwardly much more alarmed when one day Sir Burgo fell to talking about his lost boy, his poor lost boy. Was the old fool doting? No, only he had forgotten all about Mr. Glyn's presence, and was talking this way to himself.

This was a long while after Burgo had gone away, when Glyn had got to believe that "the old fool" had learned to establish a connection between Burgo's prolonged absence and his guilt. Glyn did not like it at all.



A CONVALESCENT CAPTAIN.

"Damn you, you know," he mentally apostrophised his relative across the table—Glyn was fond of damning people calmly, and, as it were, *confidentially*—"you may go and alter your will again. No fool like an old one, and you are very old, Sir Burgo, Major-General and K.C.B.—*too* old, begad you are. I wish you were dead, as the game stands at present; upon my soul I do!" for as the game stood then, Glyn knew the Towers were his—his very own, so soon as the breath should be out of that aged body. Glyn was that aged body's next male heir—failing one, Burgo Maltravers, that is, now disinherited and out of the way—and he had been treated according to Sir Burgo's rigid notion of inheritance—he was to have the Towers.

But would he, if the present owner went on in this unlooked for fashion about his poor lost boy? Glyn was a wise youth, but he didn't quite understand the old man opposite him. Sir Burgo had believed his nephew guilty of an unpardonable crime—absolutely believed it, and he had pronounced sentence upon him accordingly, and justice had been done. He might yearn for him, for the sight of him, the sound of his voice; tears might burn his eyes because of him; the stern old soldier might grow weak as a woman over the thought of him; but if he had come, Sir Burgo would neither have believed his innocence nor—much as he could have and had forgiven him—have ever forgiven him this dishonour done to their name—never, to his dying day. Glyn hardly understood this, or he would have felt safe enough. No one was likely to prove Burgo's innocence, it might have struck him. As to that, though, he had never speculated. His trump card was the safest thing he, a very safe player, had ever played, and it was safer than ever now it was burned. But Glyn was afraid the K.C.B. might grow weak just at the last, and in one of these weak fits undo what he had done; so he wished his relative were quietly burned, as things were now.

However, time passed on, and Sir Burgo's bodily strength diminished visibly day by day. He kept his own room altogether at last. Mr. Hayes and Nursoo attended on him there. Glyn paid a daily visit; the moribund would look at him, but say very little. He seemed to have something on his mind,

though, that he wished to say. Glyn would speculate over the Burgundy downstairs what the deuce it might be. One afternoon he heard what it was—a question. Had the questioner begun to doubt? Had he, with the end so near, felt vague misgivings, vague suspicions of the truth? He had never spoken to his nephew of their interview with Bullion since the day of it; what made him revert to that interview with such abruptness as he did? or was he only doting?

"It was all true?" he asked; "there could have been no doubt?" His eyes looked as if they could see into Glyn's very soul. But Glyn had pretty well gauged the power of the human eye, and he was not at all apprehensive of these eyes seeing into his soul. So he grinned to himself and looked very grave.

"This is a strange question, sir," he said.

"Answer it. There could have been no doubt?" Despite all, the old love pleaded for the prodigal, who was never to come home again.

"If I could only find a reasonable shadow of one," Glyn answered, "I should have urged it long ago, even against your positive request. But —"

"It must have been all true? It must have been?"

"Too true, I fear. Why speak of this, sir?"

"You believe it? On your honour and conscience, you believe it?"

"On my honour and conscience I—*must*," Glyn answered, with an irony Sir Burgo naturally failed to perceive. The



"THIS IS A STRANGE QUESTION, SIR."

answer seemed to satisfy him. He sank back in his chair.

"It must have been so, must have been so," he kept repeating wearily. And then, in a sudden burst of grief: "O, my son, my son?"

He was evidently very weak, but he would have no medical aid summoned. Nursoo, green with emotion, came noiselessly and arranged his pillows, and then the Burra Sahib seemed to sleep. Glyn went away. An odd perjury or two was nothing very much to this wise youth with the good digestion, but he wished somehow the old man hadn't asked him that absurd question. Of course it was the simplest matter of self-defence to answer it as he had done, but still —

The Burra Sahib slept; the old Hindoo stood like a statue, watching him. The gloaming came of the short autumn day; a darker shadow fell upon the sleeper's face. The watcher watched in an awe, breathlessly. He saw the shadow spread swiftly, he heard the white lips mutter broken words, with one name distinct among them, and as he bent his ear down closer to catch more, there ran one long shudder through the sleeper's frame, and then there was the stillness of death in that sick chamber, broken by a long, low wailing cry, as the watcher hid his face from the terror in his hands.

Sir Burgo was dead, believing the lie still, or not, who knows? But Glyn Vipont, his nephew, reigned in his stead. And the elect rejoiced that virtue had got its reward here below for once.

The Loselys had come back to the Court about their usual time the year Burgo went away from his native land, none of his friends knew whither; and Mrs. Brune had come back with them—a widow in happy reality. Drunken Fred was dead—the only sensible thing he ever did, as the sub who got his death-vacancy remarked. Burgo's money stopped any after-scandal; but the stopping cost horribly dear, Annie thought, when she came home and learned what had happened. Burgo had done this? She told Lady Mildred they might as well say *she* had done it. He had done nothing of that sort—how dare they say he had? How dare anyone believe it? He had lent this money to her husband. He was the best friend and the truest she had in the world. She owed her life to him. She

would never rest till this matter had been explained. Of course he had gone away. Was he to stay here when—when—people treated him in this fashion?

Mrs. Annie brought this out with kindling eyes and flushed cheeks in full durbar before my lady and my lady's daughter. And before she went Cecil put out her hand to her and thanked her—Annie never really guessed why. My lady did, when her daughter looked at her. One of the charges against poor Burgo—I'm not certain Miss Maltravers didn't think it the gravest—had been demolished, as far as she was concerned, that afternoon. She knew now why Burgo had given Mrs. Brune that unlucky money. But the knowledge came too late; my lady didn't feel uneasy.

Moreover, Mrs. Brune might declare that the matter should be explained as much as she liked—it never was. Burgo was gone, no one could say where; what could she do? By and by Sir Burgo died, and Glyn Vipont reigned in his stead and in Burgo's. Annie walked up and down her sister's drawing-room when the news was known at the Court, railing afresh, but helpless as ever to right the wrong. He had lost his love—and she railed at Miss Maltravers perhaps more than Cecil deserved; he had lost his inheritance—and she railed at wise Glyn with a good deal more justice. And what had become of him? Perhaps he was—and here she nearly broke down.

But she brought about one thing. She got the county to follow Sir Lorrimer's lead, and turn as cold a shoulder as could decently be turned on excellent Glyn, the new lord of the Towers. She *did* manage that; and it was something. Excellent Glyn has hardly achieved popularity with his county yet.

So more than two years passed. It was in Paris, at the beginning of an early winter. There was a reception at a certain *ministère*. In the embrasure of one of the windows two people were talking. One was a stalwart ex-major of hussars, Rawdon Daringham by name; the other was a woman, who was a suzeraine of society, but whom society had not beheld for many days. To-night she made her *rentrée*. And she was Cecil, Marquise de Mornac—a little paler, a little thinner, a little graver than the Cecil of the old days at Ellesmere, eman-

cupated for ever from my lady, but otherwise herself.

It was Rawdon who was speaking now.

"I hardly knew him," he was saying; "he's awfully altered. Only made him out by his voice after all. And he didn't seem to care much whether I did or not either, though, as you know, we were fast friends in the regiment. But I wonder you have seen nothing of him."

"I have seen scarcely anyone lately," Cecil answered, glancing at her dress, that had a dash of *devil* in it still.

"Ah! No, of course," Rawdon mumbled. "Well," he went on, "we dined together and that, and talked over old times, but I don't think Burgo seemed to care much about it. In fact, he seemed rather glad to get away. So I wasn't in such a hurry to look him up again. However, I went there to-day, and he certainly was awfully ill, poor fellow—awfully ill!"

Cecil bent her head down over her fan; a spasm crossed her face that Rawdon didn't see. But she said nothing.

"Takes it coolly enough," Rawdon thought. "Wonder whether she ever did care about him as they say?"

"What is Burgo's address?" Cecil asked presently.

"Rue du Helder, 36—*au premier*," Rawdon told her.

"Thank you. And now will you take me down stairs?"

Which he did, much envied.

"Awfully ill?" she thought, as she rolled rapidly back to the great hotel in the faubourg. "Dying, perhaps. It may be too late to-morrow; I will go to-night."

The carriage swung round at a w.o.d. She was soon waiting at *numéro 36* for the *porte-cochère* to open. The sleepy, sulkily Cerberus in the grimy den below wondered who this might be in the sable muffings and with the diamonds in her hair as she passed swiftly by him up the stairs.

Cecil reached the landing. Before her the outer door of the *appartement* stood open. She passed quickly through the *ante-chamber*, where a lamp was burning,



CECIL BENT HER HEAD.

remembering only that she had found him at last; that he was there, yonder, ill—dying perhaps—and alone. A warm light shone through from the inner room between the *portières*. She pushed one aside gently and looked in.

A fire of logs was blazing on the hearth, and up to the warmth of this blaze there had been wheeled a broad, low sofa. On this sofa, with a great buffalo robe wrapped round him, very pale and still, lay Burgo. Rawdon Daringham had by no means exaggerated when he said his old comrade was awfully ill. Cecil had been prepared for that in some measure. But not at all prepared for this—not at all prepared to see, bending tenderly over the patient, with the flame of the fire lighting up her anxious face and making it quite distinct to the other woman in the doorway, a sister of charity in the person of—Annie Brune.

Madame la Marquise de Mornac turned very pale, and shivered in her sable muffings. The hand that held back the *portière* closed tight upon the velvet, as if it had been a throat almost. She forgot all her compassion—all that had brought her where she was—in a moment. *This*, then, was what she had come for! This woman beside him—between them again! It was no place for her; what was she doing here? He had no need of her.

And she was going, when Burgo stirred in his fitful sleep and opened his eyes. Annie heard a sound behind her, and held up her hand warningly without turning round.

"Hush!" she whispered. "Try and not wake him, dear. He has been asleep. What is it, Burgo? Are you better now? What is it?"

For his eyes did not close, but were fixed over her shoulder upon the dark doorway.

"There!" he muttered.

"What?" she said, turning as she spoke now. "It's only — Ah!"

For she saw who it was.

"Cecil!"

His voice rang almost strong as it spoke her name. Annie moved a little back from the sofa. Cecil stood still. There was a pause.

The two women were alike puzzled; Annie Brune to know how Cecil came there in this fashion, and Cecil to understand the meaning of the other's whispered words a minute ago. Whom was Mrs. Brune expecting? Who had been there with her before?

"You!" Annie cried; "I thought it was Julia come back. I am so glad!"

Now "Julia" was Lady Losely. And Madame de Mornac had not forgotten whose name it was. And Burgo called her again by hers; and so — So she came to him swiftly, and gave him her hands. And he held them close in his own wasted hands, after the way he had been wont to hold them in the dead days long ago; and so lay looking into her face for a while, but saying never a word. But Annie



GAVE HIM HER HANDS.

knew that his life was coming back to him all this while. . . . Well, if he lived, what did it matter?

Lady Losely brought the great medicine man she had gone in quest of, by-and-by. The great surgeon came, and saw, and eventually conquered. But the battle was a long and doubtful one. However, Burgo Maltravers is in perfect health at this present writing.

Explanations followed in due course between his nurses. Madame de Mornac explained how it was she had heard about him, and what she had heard. The other two seemed to consider this quite sufficiently accounted for her appearance there. Annie, indeed, forgave Cecil part of the score she had against her on account of what she had done that night.

"She loves him, Julia; there's no doubt

of that. And I don't think she'd ever have given him up if she hadn't had that mother! Ah, that woman!" So spake Mrs. Brune, for her sister's private ear, later.

But Mrs. Brune was careful to show how it was that she had been discovered at the patient's sofa, before she and the Marquise said good-night.

The Loselys were wintering in Paris, and she with them. It was only the day before that they had had news of Burgo. It was bad news—almost the worst. They thought he was dying. Fever, long fought against—fever brought on by terrible fatigues, and privations, and exposure incidental to the pioneering work of a certain expedition—had fastened upon him fairly at last, and very nearly done its work. So those sisters of charity feared, when they came to minister to him.

"But it wasn't so much the fever, after all," Annie concluded, "as that he didn't want to live. He has been trying to kill himself; do you wonder? But I think he will live now."

It is probable that Madame de Mornac thought so too.

Many days passed before she sat one day with him alone. He was nearly well then; and they could talk about the past. Cecil made her confession—confessed how she had wronged him, and how she knew it, now.

"That?" Burgo questioned; "you believed that? Well—it suited Aunt Mildred! Annie is the best and loyalist friend to me that woman ever was to man—no more, no less. I thought I had lost you that afternoon on the terrace. You understand about the money, now. But that cheque business—you think it was that fellow Glyn? That never struck me."

"René used to think so."

"A little too late, Cecil."

"Hush!" The dark of *deuil* was on the Marquise's dress yet. It was nearly a year since René Pardailan's bullet had missed its mark for once, and the great, grey wolf had rent itself from the dogs, and turned upon its human foe, and taken bitter vengeance. The Marquis lay almost dead, with the wolf quite dead across him, when the *piqueurs* got up. "Adieu donc, Cecil," they heard him mutter; "ça n'a pas été long." But he

died with a smile upon his lips—he had been very happy.

So Cecil said, "Hush!" And Burgo was silent a minute or two.

"And the old man believed me guilty to the last?" he asked presently. "There must be a reckoning with Mr. Glyn!"

"I don't think he believed it at the last," she said. And then she told him what the old Hindoo had heard the Burra Sahib cry out just before he died.

"And my lady?"

There were long pauses between all these questions, that I write down, one after another, without any.

"And Aunt Mildred?"

"It is better we should not talk of mamma, I think," Cecil said. And indeed, she seldom did talk of that model mother, who, left alone at Ellesmere, would grow occasionally rather eloquent on the subject of filial ingratitude. But when did a model mother ever get her deserts?

"Besides," Cecil went on, "if I had not believed, Burgo——"

"Hush!" he said in his turn. "We won't talk of that either. There was too much against me—against both of us. But—now? Darling, the sight of you that night made me live when I'd have been glad to die. I lost you once. If I



THE MARQUIS LAY ALMOST DEAD.

didn't deserve to lose you then, will you give yourself to me again, now?"

She did do that, by and by, scapegrace as he was. But I think he was worth this.

René Pardaillan's millions have been given to his own kin. My lady down at Ellesmere bites her lips, and shrugs her shoulders, and talks of preposterous folly. Her daughter and Burgo live modestly at Wimbledon. Annie Brune sometimes stays there. Glyn Vipont reigns at the Towers; but the county turns the cold shoulder on him still. Burgo horse-whipped his cousin the first time he met him; since which Glyn has declined to hold further intercourse with the ruffian(?). Wise Glyn! I think Burgo begins to belie his appellation; so his story shall end here



Next month will commence an original Story by "Ouida," entitled "The Silver Christ."



OUR VOLUNTEERS THE ARTISTS



ST. PANCRAS VOLUNTEER, 1799.

THE history of the 20th Middlesex, or, as the corps is better known, the "Artists," does not date so far back as that of the Queen's Westminsters, or some of the other Metropolitan Volunteer regiments. Nevertheless it is, perhaps, the most interesting of them all. This is a fact due to the fame and personality of many of its members, both past and present. The corps was formed in the year 1859, the year which witnessed the birth of the volunteer movement, and, in the first muster roll, we find the names of men who have since distinguished themselves as painters, sculptors, musicians and architects. It was originally numbered as the 38th Middlesex, and the first commander was the present Earl of Albemarle (then Lord Bury), and later on, H. Wynham Phillips, the painter. At this time the men elected their own officers, and among the first to hold commissions were Arthur Lewis and Alfred Nicholson, the musician. The corps originally consisted of one company; later on, two architects' companies were added, and subsequently, on the addition of two companies, composed of members of the London University College in Gower Street, the regiment boasted of six companies. On the death of Captain Phillips the command was offered to, and accepted by, the present Honorary Colonel, Sir Frederick Leighton, and on his election as President of the Royal Academy the command was taken on by the present popular commandant, Colonel Robert W. Edis, V.D., F.S.A. The first headquarters were in the old Argyle Rooms, and, later, we find the corps located in Old Burlington House and in Fitzroy Square. The present headquarters, which we will describe further on, are in Duke's Road, Euston Square. The neighbourhood of Bloomsbury, more especially Fitzroy Square, Newman Street and Charlotte Street, has always been an artists' quarter. Despite the fact that most of the Academicians

THE history of the 20th Middlesex, or, as the corps is better known, the "Artists," does not date so far back as that of the Queen's Westminsters, or some of the other Metropolitan Volunteer regiments. Nevertheless it is, perhaps, the most interesting of them all. This is a fact due to the fame and personality of many of its members, both past and present. The corps was formed in the year 1859, the year which witnessed the birth of the volunteer movement, and, in the first muster roll, we find the names of men who have since distinguished themselves as painters, sculptors, musicians and architects. It was originally numbered as the 38th Middlesex, and the first commander was the present Earl of Albemarle (then Lord Bury), and later on, H. Wynham Phillips, the painter. At this time the men elected their own officers, and among the first to hold commissions were Arthur Lewis and Alfred Nicholson, the musician. The corps originally consisted of one company; later on, two architects' companies were added, and subsequently, on the addition of two companies, composed of members of the London University College in Gower Street, the



ISLINGTON CAVALRY VOLUNTEER, 1799.

and the small army of knights of the palette, known more or less as "rising artists," have moved their studios to South Kensington, Fulham, St. John's Wood and other favoured localities, Bloomsbury and the particular streets we have mentioned will always be associated with the art world. A proof of this is given in the number of Schools of Art in which the district abounds. In Newman Street is situated "Heatherley's," a school which has been the nursery of more famous artists than any other similar institution in the United Kingdom.

The first uniform worn by the "Artists" consisted of a grey tunic, short, baggy trousers, coming a little below the knee, gaiters and a shako surmounted by a bunch of cocks' feathers. Picturesque, no doubt, but in striking contrast to the smart, soldierly uniform of the present day. The badge of the corps, two profile heads of the deities, Mars and Minerva, surrounded by the legend "Cum Marti Minerva," designed by Wyon, the Queen's



COLONEL EDIS, V.D.

VOL. V., SEPT., 1893.



SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, F.R.A.

medallist, is very artistic, and undoubtedly the most original badge in the Volunteer service. The motto, "Cum Marti Minerva," furnished the words of the chorus of an old marching song of the regiment, the music of which was composed by Callcott. It was absolutely necessary for the men to have a good, stirring, regimental air to march to, as when the corps moved to their headquarters in Burlington House in 1860, the regiment did not possess a band. The muster roll of the corps has always comprised distinguished names, and at the great Review held before Her Majesty in Hyde Park in 1860, Sir John E. Millais and Mr. Holman Hunt were amongst those who marched past. It would be impossible to enumerate all the names of the distinguished men who have at differ-



SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A.

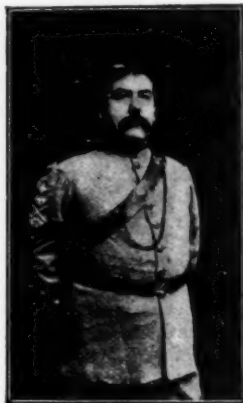
ent periods served in the Artists Corps—Millais, Leighton, Val. Prinsep, Henry Stacy Marks, Perugini, Brock, the sculptor, are well-known names which need no introduction. At the present day the regiment consists of three companies of painters, two of architects, two of University men, and one of musicians. Our readers will thus observe that the corps

fully deserves its title of the "Artists." The present state of efficiency which the "Artists" enjoy is due, in a great measure, to the Colonel-Commandant. It is no exaggeration to say that he is the life and soul of the regiment. No Volunteer officer enjoys a greater popularity amongst the men under his command than does Colonel Edis. His Volunteer record is a most distinguished one. His connection with the corps dates from 1860, and if ever a comprehensive history is written of the "Artists," no one would be so well qualified for the task. By virtue of his social position as one of our greatest architects, and commander of a distinguished Volunteer regiment, he has won the friendship of some of the most famous men of the century in the world of literature and art; needless to say he possesses the much coveted "Volunteer Decoration." The other mounted officers are Major W. W. Bruce, V.D., Major F. A. Lucas, V.D., and Major W. Horsley, V.D. The Adjutant is Captain C. A. Lamb (of the Rifle Brigade). The post of Adjutant is certainly no sinecure, and Captain Lamb, who discharges his duties with the greatest courtesy and tact, is universally popular in the regiment. The Quarter Master is Mr. H. Wilson. The "Artists" have much to thank this gentleman for; he certainly has their welfare at heart. When we consider the fact that a Quarter Master has to superintend the victualling and housing of



his men when on active duty, it is easy to realise how dependent the men are upon him. It is on such great occasions as an Easter Volunteer Review at Brighton, or elsewhere, that the "Artists" have to be thankful to their genial Quarter Master. As we were informed by an officer of the corps, Mr. Wilson's solicitude for his men only stops short of tucking them in bed at night and blowing the light out. The regimental doctors are Surgeon Captain J. Cagney, M.D., Surgeon Captain R. R. Sleman, and Surgeon Lieutenant H. D.

Brook. One of the chief characteristics of the corps is the extremely high social position of the members; the social standard of a private is as high (and in many cases higher) than that required to obtain a position as commissioned officer in other corps. All promotions to commissioned rank



MR. WILSON, QUARTER MASTER.

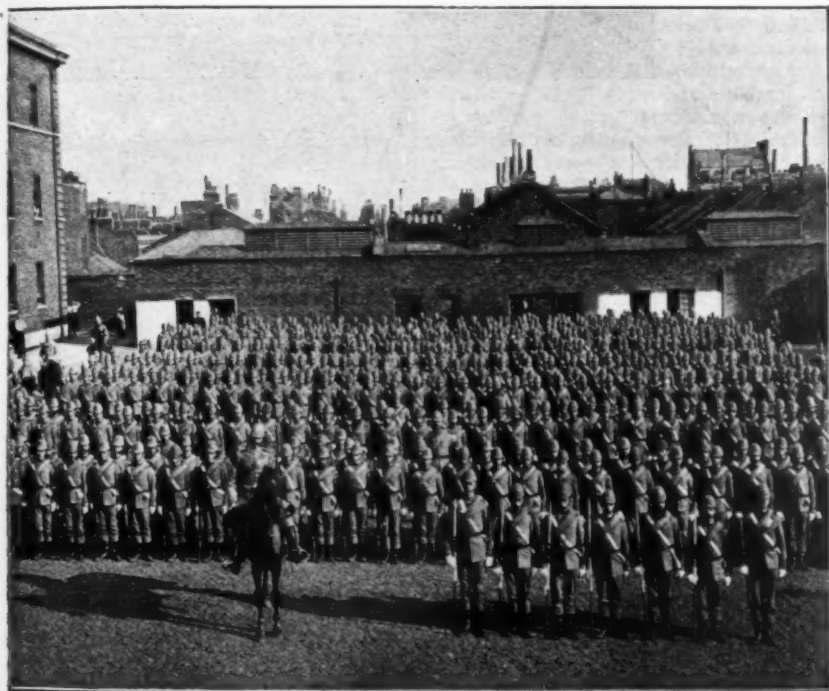
are made from the ranks, in most cases a man having to make his way through all the ranks, from private to sergeant, before obtaining a commission. Since the first review of Volunteers in 1860, the corps has been strongly represented at every review that has taken place; they especially earned credit for themselves at the Review before the Queen at Windsor, in 1881, and at the Jubilee Review of 1887. Every year they have attended in large numbers at the Easter manœuvres, and have sent annually a detachment to Alder-



GROUP OF OFFICERS, EASTER MANŒUVRES, WINCHESTER.

shot and Woking in the summer, and have always furnished a guard of honour at the Royal Academy banquet, the captain of the guard being invited to the banquet, which is always considered a great privilege. As regards physical standing, a census of the corps was taken at the beginning of the present year with the most satisfactory results. The averages were as follows: Age, whole battalion, 25 years; officers only, 34 years; non-commissioned officers only, 28½ years. Height, whole battalion, 5 feet 9½ inches; officers only,

tails as rolling coats, stopping bleeding, and judging distances by both eye and ear for reconnoitring purposes. They are also taught to pace yards correctly and to march at the rate of exactly three miles an hour. They must know the length of their boot, the height of their knee, waist-belt and eye, the weight and contents of their water bottle, the length of their sword-bayonet, etc., etc. They are also encouraged to learn how to mend clothing, make the usual knots and bends in ropes, bake bread, cook, forecast weather, row, cycle, swim and ride.



GENERAL PARADE, EASTBOURNE.

5 feet 9½ inches; non-commissioned officers only, 5 feet 9½ inches. Chest measurement, whole battalion, 36½ inches; officers only, 37½ inches; non-commissioned officers only, 37 inches. These figures will be found higher than those of any other infantry regiment, whether volunteers or regulars. One of the great secrets of the success of the "Artists" is the thorough and exhaustive system of training of the members. A recruit is taught all his drill and duties, including sentry duties, tactics, tent pitching, musketry and such little de-

This is added to the usual training in the school of arms, swimming club, etc., and to the advantages of the several clubs and entertainments. What wonder that the corps has not room for all the men who wish to become members, but is fifty over strength? But the training does not end here by any means. Those who aspire to be non-commissioned officers attend the non-commissioned officers' school, held in the winter; to go through a further exhaustive course. In the "Artists" nearly all the recruits are instructed by volunteer

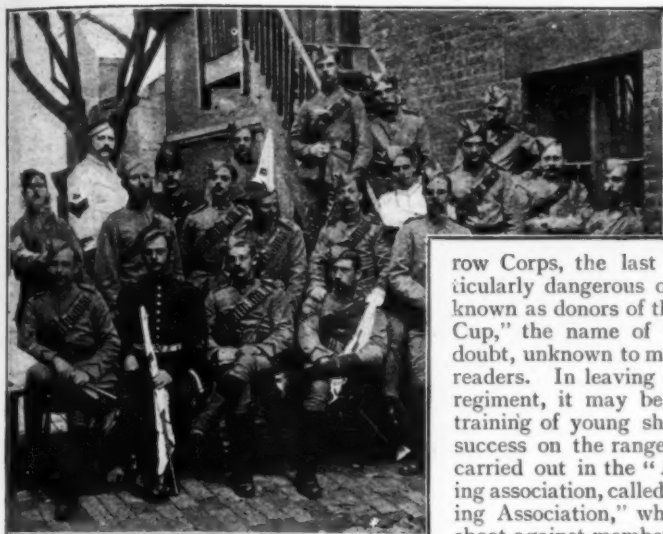
instructors. After promotion to sergeant, many of the non-commissioned officers are attached for a month to the Scots Guards. When promoted to commissioned rank all must, within a year, attend the School of Instruction at Wellington Barracks and obtain the qualification, P.S., and it is a well-known fact that most of the officers of this corps have also obtained a special mention, the highest qualification in drill that a volunteer officer, as far as we know, can obtain. Within two years all officers are also expected to pass in tactics the same examination as that laid down for regular officers, and many of the officers have also passed the regular examination in signalling. In the important matter of bayonet exercise, the "Artists" excel. At different times at least twenty teams have been sent by the corps to open competitions at the Royal Military Tournament, Agricultural Hall, the Scottish Gathering and elsewhere, and they have scarcely ever failed to secure the first prize. At the last Military Tournament they surpassed themselves. The teams for the bayonet exercise were trained by Colour Sergeant C. A. Philip, and he had every reason to be proud of the success of his men. They performed their work in a way which would have done credit to any regular regiment. This is no exaggerated statement. We have but to glance at the flattering notices bestowed upon them in the newspapers. In the *Daily News* we read that "the guardsmen scarcely surpassed the company of Artists Volunteers, whose perfection won the admiration of the critics," and that in "a strong company of the 'Artists' every man went through his work with a soldierly smartness that would have done credit to a crack regiment of the line."

Last year the "Artists" won the first prize at the Royal Agricultural Hall for physical drill. The ambulance attached to the corps is most efficient. Amongst the



BAYONET TEAM.—WINNERS, AGRICULTURAL HALL, 1892.

well-known instructors in ambulance work was the late Surgeon Waller-Pearce, at one time the senior medical officer of the "Artists." Surgeon Pearce was mainly instrumental in founding the Volunteer Ambulance School of Instruction, and was one of the first to obtain a proficiency certificate from the Army Medical School, Aldershot. Later on he gave evidence before Lord Camperdown's commission on the status of Army Medical Officers. Surgeon Pearce's work received recognition at the hands of Her Majesty the Queen, who bestowed upon him the order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, an order which has since been conferred on another officer of the Corps, Surgeon Captain R. R. Sleman. Over seventy members of the regiment have obtained Army Ambulance certificates in the past few years, and in 1890-91, and 1892, detachments of the corps took first prizes at the competitions of the Ambulance School. The "Artists" was the first corps to start a regimental transport. The members are trained in riding, driving, grooming, etc., at Canterbury, Woolwich, Chelsea, and elsewhere, and have gained, especially the Transport Sergeant, A. G. Cowell, prizes at the Royal Military Tournament. The corps has also a very efficient Cyclist Section (which gained the first prize at the Military Exhibition), and a well-trained Signalling detachment. The "Artists" was the first corps to start the route marches at Easter time, and now always sends a strong detachment of over two hundred men to march to the quarters to meet the remainder on the evening of Thursday, before Easter. The Instructor of Musketry is

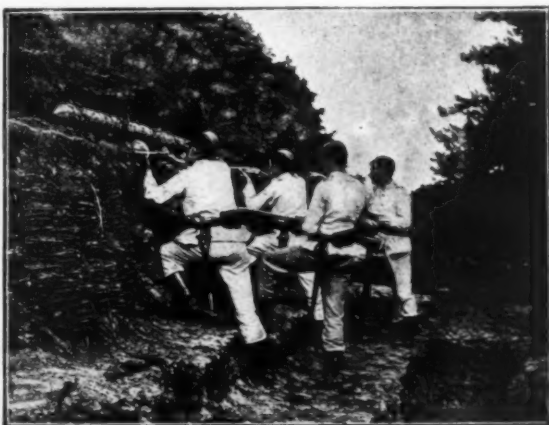


GROUP OF CYCLISTS.

Captain Martin, who has obtained a certificate as Instructor from the Hythe School of Musketry. The style of shooting which is inculcated throughout the regiment is not so much the "mattress and portmanteau" style of the individual Bisley frequenter, who shoots for his own hand only, and thinks nothing of his regiment, but shooting under service conditions, section attack, disappearing targets, running man and skirmishing; in these the "Artists" are able to hold their own against teams drawn from the Volunteer Corps of Great Britain. We have only to turn up the team competitions at Wimbledon and Bisley, to find their names high in the lists. The prizes in the regiment are given with a special view to foster military shooting, and the "Artists" are luckily free from that curse of the rifle range, the "pot-hunter." The donors of prizes for these service competitions include such well-known names as Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., Colonel Edis, Mr. Thomas Brock, R.A., Captain Lamb, the present Adjutant, and Mr. Arthur Wagg. Looking over the old matches now being collected into a match-book, kindly pre-

sented by Captain Coward, there are records of many friendly meetings, matches against the London Scottish, Civil Service, Queen's Westminsters, Bloomsburys, 1st Surrey, the Har-

row Corps, the last named being particularly dangerous opponents, and also known as donors of the famous "Harrow Cup," the name of which is now, no doubt, unknown to most of our Volunteer readers. In leaving the shooting of the regiment, it may be remarked that the training of young shots is the secret of success on the ranges. This precept is carried out in the "Artists" in a shooting association, called the "Artists' Shooting Association," wherein the beginners shoot against members of their own calibre, and gradually work their way up as they show improvement. The band of the "Artists" is one of the finest in the Volunteer force, the bandmaster being Mr. J. Winterbottom, a well-known musician and composer, who has only recently resigned the post of bandmaster of the Royal Marine Artillery Band, probably the finest in the South of England. At Eastbourne, during the manœuvres held at Easter of this year, Mr. Winterbottom's splendid band played a most important part in every sense of the word, and at the great military tattoo, won un-



SHAM FIGHT AT WOKING.—ENTRENCHED.

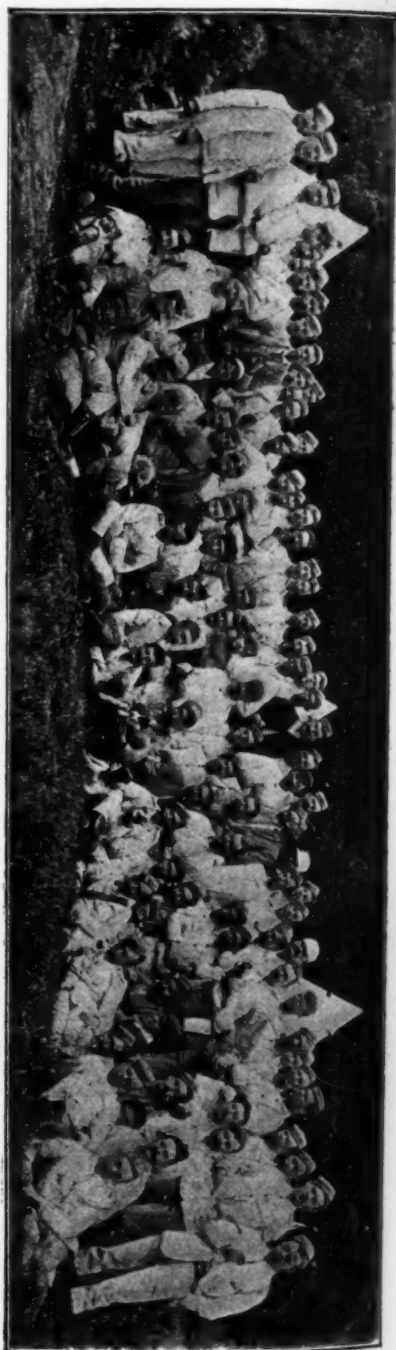
stinted applause for their performance. Naturally the departure of the Volunteers from London for the scene of the Easter gathering attracts considerable attention in the Metropolis, and we cannot do better than quote the flattering notice which appeared in the *Daily News* of March 29th of this year:

"The first outward movement of Metropolitan Volunteers, for the places on the Sussex coast which they will occupy during Easter, was made by the 'Artists' Rifles, a corps which has always been the foremost on these occasions; and considerable interest was evinced at Victoria Station in the presence of this corps. The men mustered soon after eleven, and by the time their train left for Forest Row, a little beyond East Grinstead, their number had reached two hundred and fifty, the command being given by Colonel Edis to Major Horsley, whose column included a strong section of cyclist signallers, and a few drums and bugles. All were turned out in the smart style for which this corps has always been remarkable, and the men were good specimens of volunteers, carrying easily their light marching order equipment, properly booted and well set up. The cyclists, especially, appeared to be active and useful men, the machines of one uniform pattern, carrying each a valise, rifle and signalling flag. The Army Service Corps waggons, lent by the War Office, had been sent on from Woolwich, the 'Artists' supplying their own transport party."

The work entailed on our volunteers at the annual manœuvres is anything but light. A march of, perhaps, twenty-five miles, in heavy marching order, with no other rations except the contents of havresack and water-bottle, a night's rest under canvas, without kit-bag, and no other covering than one blanket, which must be carried—all this is met with on a "day's march," and is certainly a splendid test of the physical powers of endurance possessed by our "Citizen Soldiers."

The new head-quarters in Duke's Road, Euston Road, were built from funds subscribed by members and their friends, and were formally opened by Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, in March, 1889. They comprise officers' rooms, sergeants' rooms, committee room, commanding officer's room, etc., large drill hall, armoury, club rooms, canteen, dressing rooms and bath rooms. The drill hall

IN CAMP AT WORKING.



is perfect in all its details, and is fitted with a good gymnasium. Connected with the corps, is the Regimental Club, which has several branches, viz.,

(a) The School of Arms, one of the best in London, the members of which have frequently won prizes at the Military Tournament and many other competitions. Five or six instructors are engaged, besides whom leaders are chosen from amongst the more advanced members of the school; and an Assault-at-Arms is usually held in the drill hall before Easter.

(b) The Entertainments' Sub-Committee, which gives each year some of the finest smoking concerts in London. The "Artists" have a universal reputation for their smoking concerts, and deservedly so. They are held in the large drill hall, which is admirably adapted for the purpose. Looking at a number of the programmes of past "smokers," we find such well-known names as Miss Kate James, Miss Nellie Levey, Miss Agnes Hewitt, Mr. Charles Coborn, Mr. John Le Hay, Mr. Walter Sweetman, Mr. Basset Row, "Sandow," Mr. Reginald Groom, Mr. Albert McGuckin, and a host of other musical and histrionic celebrities.

(c) The Lawn Tennis Sub-Committee.

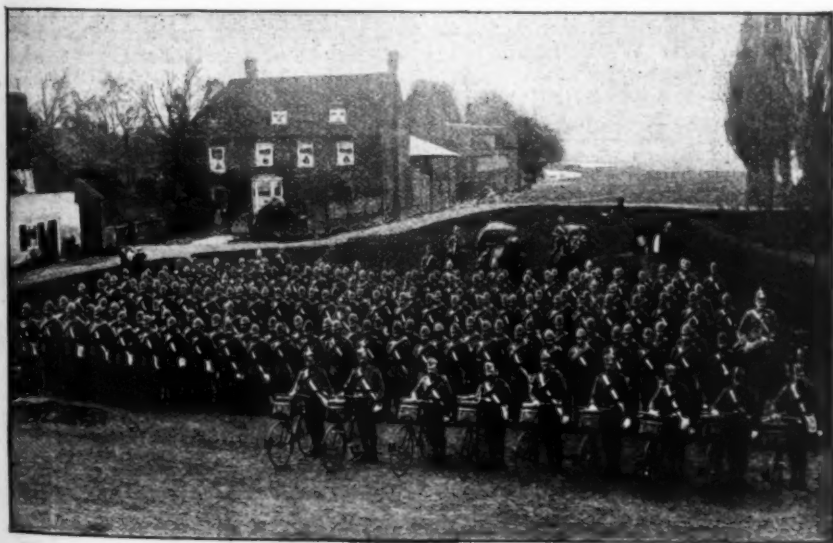


CAMP LIFE.

Play is carried on in the drill hall, which makes one of the best covered courts in London.

(d) The Swimming Sub-Committee, which is of, comparatively speaking, recent growth. It was started to teach and encourage swimming, but has in its first season taken up a good position amongst swimming clubs.

Another feature of the corps is the "Grey Book." A marvellous little volume published by the regiment for the benefit of its members. It is very similar in design to Lord Wolseley's "Soldier's Pocket Book." It contains, besides the



A MARCHING COLUMN.

orders, the most minute and detailed instructions to recruits non-commissioned officers and officers. It seems to contain the largest amount of matter in the smallest amount of space, and contains everything a volunteer (as such) is expected to know, except what is taught on the parade ground. This unique little volume has been compiled and edited (under the supervision of Colonel Edis) by Captain H. A. R. May, one of the most popular officers in the corps.

It is somewhat difficult, and perhaps invidious, to mention more names of officers and non-commissioned officers than those we have selected. Suffice to say that they are, one and all, devoted to the corps, and give up the whole of their spare time to promoting its welfare.

The corps has never been in such an efficient state as at the present moment. The maximum establishment is 804, yet the actual number is 812, of whom 807 are efficient. The following officers, who have retired, have permission to retain their rank and wear the uniform of the corps: Major Val. C. Prinsep, V.D., A.R.A., Major A. C. White, V.D., Lieutenant Colonel L. W. Ridge, V.D., Captain and Quarter Master A. Wagg, V.D., and Major W. L. Spiers. The following sergeants, who have retired, have permission to wear the uniform of the corps: Quarter Master Sergeant C. Wellard, Battalion Sergeant Instructor of Musketry H. Hart, and Colour-Sergeant W. Rich.



ARTISTS' FIRST UNIFORM, 1860.

It is on its discipline, orderliness, high tone and neatness that the "Artists" especially pride themselves. They are very jealous of the honour and credit of the regiment, and no act that reflects the slightest discredit is tolerated. Sir Frederick Leighton, Colonel Edis and their brother officers have every reason to be proud of the men under their command. The regiment is an ornament to the Volunteer Service, and well deserves the esteem in which it is held by the public. The foregoing sketch of the "Artists" is necessarily short, and we have reluctantly to pass over much that is interesting in their history, but to adequately do justice to this distinguished regiment, and to its connection with so many of our most famous men in the

world of art, would fill a very large volume indeed.

In the "Grey Book" of the corps we find the following eloquent passage: "By a loyal and earnest endeavour to become in every way efficient as a soldier, every Volunteer will show his high sense of the responsibilities which he assumes, and of the patriotic feeling which induces him to accept his share and part in the great army of citizen soldiers which forms to-day so material an element for national defence." That the "Artists" are thoroughly animated by this patriotic spirit has been amply proved, and they can certainly assert their title, with every confidence, to rank as one of the most distinguished and deservedly popular of our volunteer regiments.



AT FASE.

Bertram's Cottage

By Richard Dowling.



I HAD played around that house as a child. It was called Bertram's Cottage, although it far exceeded in dimensions any other cottage I have seen. It had only one floor, but it spread over a vast area, and had blocks of rooms looped and hinged together by a number of broad corridors, running at right angles to blocks and by narrow passages from angle to angle. I have been told, I know not with what truth, that when the building was in order, and Philip Bertram lived in it, three hundred doors swung in three hundred doorways. When I, as a boy, knew that cottage in decay forty years after, not a third of the doors were in their places, and all the glass of the sashes and most of the sashes of the windows were gone. But all the furniture had not then disappeared.

The Cottage stood in the middle of Bertram's Demesne, or The Demesne, as the place was called in the neighbourhood. The land round the Cottage was covered partly with rank grass and partly with wild undergrowth. Around the Cottage the undergrowth held sway. It clung to the ground like a parasite. It pressed up against the very walls of the building. There were two gates on the Demesne, one into the little village of Gorsefell, the other on the main road from Gorsefell to the small town of Lynfall. Parallel to the main road, and at the other end of the Demesne, a mile-and-half distant, ran the river Lyn. Set back from the river about three hundred yards, stood Bertram Castle, a castle in which no member of the Bertram family ever dwelt or will dwell. The

building is finished, but no furniture has ever crossed its threshold, no fire has ever been kindled on its hearth. It has never been informed with life. It has had no connection with humanity, no interest for you or me. It is a mere mass of brick and stone, metal and wood. It is the finest castle in all the county and, they



BERTRAM CASTLE.

say, the mere shell cost three years' income of the richest commoner in the county in his day, Philip Bertram.

The castle is as perfect as when it left the contractor's hands. Not a door is unhinged; not a pane of glass broken. Far in from the river lies the Cottage in ruins and haunted by the memories of human sorrows that gave room and passage to a ghost of saddest mien—most melancholy history.

When Philip Bertram attained his majority he came into an enormous fortune, which had accumulated during his twelve years' minority. He had from his youth resolved to devote the savings of his nonage, in a great measure, to pulling down the old house and erecting a splendid and commodious dwelling-place for himself and those who were to succeed him. On coming of age he began without delay; but first he built the Cottage, as a temporary residence while the old house was being pulled down, and the new one put up in its place.

I can in no way tell the horror I felt of that cottage and the fascination it had for me. The gates of the Demesne were ever open, and all were free to enter. Then I lived at Lynfall, and whenever I could get a holiday I always started for the Demesne, four miles distant. Often I carried a fishing-rod; often a book. Once I got inside the walls of that place. I never went near the river, I never read a line of my book. However determined I might have been not to go near the Cottage, however circuitous the route I might have taken, I was sure, ultimately, to find myself staring in at the glassless windows or crossing an open quadrangle or a room.

In and out, round and about, in and out I wound all day. Everything inside those walls had a weird charm for me. Still the rich hangings hung to some of the windows and doors. Here in dark corridors were Venetian mirrors set in ebony frames. Here a carpet had been torn by the wind from the rotten pieces held by the tacks, and now lay huddled up in a corner, large enough and sufficiently irregular in shape to allow imagination to hide any creation of horror under it. In the quietest summer day distant doors banged, and something inanimate moved amid the mouldering furniture. A high-backed chair which had stood upright against the wall yesterday lay collapsed in a heap to-day. The wet, the wind and the heat of years had eaten the cords of the beds, and the ticking had given way in the centre, as if irresistible hands were pulling it down from beneath. The fire-irons, the fenders, the very grates had crumbled into red dust. The plaster had in many places fallen off the ceiling, and the paper slipped from the walls. No matter how bright the sunlight might be abroad, there was always a sense of

twilight in those ghostly rooms. In dreams those awful chambers followed me; my most terrible nightmare being of sitting in that vast, vacant dining-room with my back to one door, my face to the other, and not knowing by which she holding the creese was to enter.

Before the building of Bertram Castle had been completed, Philip Bertram fell in love with Eva, the youngest daughter of Sir Andrew Mornington, a poor baronet of the Scottish border. She was very fair and pale, and had French blood



STARING IN AT THE GLASSLESS WINDOWS.

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in her veins. She was in disposition soft and yielding, and returned young Bertram's love with all her heart. Both families approved the match, with one exception. Bertram was the last of his house in the male line. He had one sister, Clara, devotedly attached to him. His mother was living, but she was a proud, reserved woman, who attracted the love and sought the sympathy of no one. Her son treated her with respectful deference; no

more. But Clara stood in positive dread of her mother, and kept away from her as much as possible. The girl had a warm, affectionate nature, and all her love set in a current towards her brother, who entertained the warmest love for her. Until the acquaintance of Philip and Eva had ripened into love, brother and sister were inseparable. He had confided to her all his schemes about the new house and the establishment. How, when he had the castle built, and found himself

prepared to take his place in politics, he should contest the county and try to win back the seat occupied by the Bertrams for generations. Then they should go up to London for the season regularly, and once more the Belgrave Square house would be open and full of gaiety and light. He did not care much for London, but it would be his duty to go there. Bertram Castle, too, should be no haunt of dullness, and Clara should live with him

and be his friend and adviser until she married.

She had listened to all he said submissively, meekly. She looked upon him as the fountain of goodness and wisdom. Whatever he did was right; whatever he said was true. He was four years her senior, and from her childhood she had looked upon her brother as a being worthy of worship. Although his university career separated them a good deal, her

affection for him grew stronger. While he was away she lived alone with her silent, proud, disdainful mother, in the dreary old house by the river. They never had guests. Mrs. Bertram held a hard, harsh religious creed, and looked on innocent amusement with suspicion, if not with aversion.

The darkness of disposition on the mother's part had, too, an element of dread in it for the son and daughter. After Philip's father had married, one of Mrs. Bert-

ram's unmarried sisters lost her reason, and had to be put under restraint. It then came out that there had been a queer strain in the family for generations, and that more than one member of it had gone mad.

When Philip began to absent himself from Bertram's cottage a great gloom fell on Clara. She moved about the rooms and corridors disconsolately. She had always the dread of losing her brother's



FELL IN LOVE WITH EVA.

society before her eyes; the still more terrible possibility of anything occurring to her mother's mind preyed upon her. Of old the sight of her mother cowed and depressed her; now she stood in positive fear. What should she do when they were alone together? When Philip married he would live in the Castle, and they—she and her mother—would be left in this horrid, straggling cottage; or should they go up to town and occupy the dower house in Portman Square? Either was horrible, and she shuddered at the thought of it.

She had all the more time for thought of it now that Philip was so much away, either in London, or Brighton, or Scotland. Whither Eva went he followed. It had been agreed on both sides that the wedding should not be until the Castle was finished. The number of workmen was doubled, and Philip offered the contractor a handsome premium if he would complete the building three months sooner than the original agreement specified. The contractor undertook to do so, and promised to have the house ready for decorators, upholsterers, and cabinet-makers by October that year.

As the time drew near, Clara's uneasiness increased. She could not rest by day or night. Always before her eyes rose the image of her mother, affected by the marriage and the obscurity of dowagerhood, breaking out into some dreadful violence. Now, too, when she most needed sympathy and support from Philip,

he was almost always away, and when at home he could talk of nothing but Eva, Eva, Eva. He had often told her, Clara, how two of the drawing-rooms and all the bed-rooms should be furnished exclusively according to her taste. Of course, he had



SHE COULD NOT REST.

been very tender and kind to her when asking her if she did not think that, under the altered circumstances, it would be only right that Eva should have the direction of these matters, as Eva was to spend her life at the Castle. He had always said that she, Clara, should live at the Castle until she married. She had never even thought of his marrying before this affair arose. She had always thought of herself as living under his protection until she settled in life, if she ever should. Now he was about to leave her, to withdraw himself from her, and this was not the worst of it; she was to be left face to face with her stern, proud, taciturn mother, who might at any moment develop the awful malady of her race.

Sir Andrew Mornington and Lady Mornington, accompanied by Cecil, their eldest son, and Eva, the bride elect, had promised to come and spend a fortnight with Mrs. Bertram, at the Cottage, in September. A week before the day appointed for their arrival, Philip came home. He was in the most wonderful spirits and



THEY NEVER HAD GUESTS.

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went over with Clara the day of his arrival to see what progress had been made by the builder during his absence. Everything had gone on most satisfactorily. He hummed songs, talked cheerily to the men, and promised them a barrel of beer to lighten their work.

No wonder he was in good form. While he was away last time all details of the wedding had been settled. They were to be married at St. George's and spend the honeymoon at Bruce Hall, the country house of his future father-in-law. The building would be completed by October, and while they were away in Scotland the place would be got ready for habitation. Sir Andrew and Lady Mornington were going on the Continent for a few months, so there would be plenty of time to get everything into proper order. When at length they should come home from Scotland, it would be just as it had been before. Clara and he should be as much together as of old—or almost so; and then Eva, who was the most amiable darling in the world, would be more than a sister to Clara, and might, perhaps, exercise a softening influence on their mother.

As they came back through the grass to dinner, Clara spoke gravely, apprehensively to him. She had no hope of any alteration for the better in her mother's disposition. Indeed, of late she had marked a great change for the worse. The mother was much more gloomy and taciturn than formerly. She spoke now only when absolutely necessary. She scowled at Clara, when they met, and avoided her. Clara was quite sure bad symptoms had begun to appear.

He tried to cheer and comfort his sister. He, who had been away so much of late, would be much more likely to notice a change in his mother than she, who had been at home all the time, and he thought their mother had been rather less gloomy of late.

Ah! he was too happy to notice the change. It was there beyond all doubt. She could see it as plainly as the cottage there before them.

He looked at her uneasily. It might be he now saw only the bright side of things. Was it really possible a material change could be going on in his mother's mental condition unobserved by him? The girl, the being in all the world he loved best after Eva, looked pale and haggard and

fearful. It would be a dreadful thing if evil really were brewing. He determined to watch his mother closely.

At the end of a few days he spoke again on the subject to Clara. He said he had been able to perceive no alteration whatever for the worse in his mother. He was still of opinion a change had taken place for the better.

No, no, no. A thousand times, No. He could not see; his eyes were dull. She had seen. She had surprised looks of bad import on her mother's face. Moreover, she had heard her mother's bitter, strange, menacing words.

Menacing what?

Oh, she did not know. She could not tell. Menacing—yes, dreadful menacing words; words but half understood—about a creese.

A creese! What creese?

No doubt the one in the armoury.

The girl looked terrified now. What could he do? Perhaps, if any mental affection were approaching his mother, she had already adopted the caution of insanity to conceal it. This was a terrible reflection. But what could he do? Plainly, nothing but watch. He watched as closely as possible, without running



WHAT COULD HE DO?

the risk of arousing attention. He saw nothing betokening despair or gloom in his mother's mind. On the contrary, she was to him more cheerful than he had seen her for many years. This was the reverse of satisfactory. It almost proved that his mother already possessed the cunning of the mad. This was dreadful.

In the forenoon of the day the Morningtons were to arrive, Clara asked Philip to go with her, as she had matter of the first moment to speak to him about. He followed her. She led him into the armoury. She pointed up to the trophy over the chimney-piece, and said :

"Get up and take away that creese. I

there, but, Philip, I cannot rest until I have seen it, and have myself turned the key upon it."

He handed her his keys. She left the room, came back again in a few minutes, gave him his keys, and said with a sigh :

"Yes Philip, I have seen it. But remember what I told you. Watch mother closely."

Philip was half distracted. He did not know what to do, where to go. It was uncertain when the guests would arrive. They might be there at four, and they might not come till after dinner.

Dinner came and brought no visitors. It had been arranged that the Bertrams



HE SAW CLARA'S HAND FLY UP.

am not easy while it is there. Do as I tell you, and ask no questions. Ask me no questions; when mother and Eva meet, if what we dread has any foundation, it will show itself. Now, Philip, hide that creese away. Lock it up. Then I shall be at rest."

He went out of the room, carrying the weapon with him. When he returned he found Clara sitting where he had left her.

"Have you hidden it?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Where?"

"In the drawer of my dressing-case."

"Give me your keys. I know it is

were not to wait a moment for the guests, so at six dinner was served.

At half-past six a carriage drove up. Mrs. Bertram rose. She took Philip's arm, and moved into the great hall, followed by Clara. Philip cast one hurried glance at his sister. She made a firm, imperative gesture, signifying that he was to pay exclusive attention to his mother.

They entered the great hall just as Sir Andrew led in Lady Mornington. Greetings were exchanged between Mrs. Bertram and the guests. Philip had kept Clara's caution in his mind. But it had

been quite unnecessary. He had never seen his mother so gracious.

As the Morningtons approached Clara, Bertram and his mother fell back. Presently he heard a voice saying,

"You have come to steal away my only son, have you?"

He glanced at his mother. Her lips were dumb. She looked up at him in amazement.

The voice resumed:

"Fool, you never shall!"

He looked in the direction of Eva. Clara stood before her. He saw Clara's

hand fly up. He saw the gleam of that accursed creese in the air. He saw the hand drop down. The hereditary taint had seized upon daughter, not mother.

In that dining-room she died. From that day to this Philip Bertram has never entered the Cottage or the Demesne. He is now a very old man, a bachelor, the last man of his line. He has forbidden the gates of the Demesne to be shut. He has refused to let or keep the place in order. To-day a hundred doors there swing idly in their jambs over the grave of a young girl who died fifty-five years ago



Whispers from the Woman's World.

By FLORENCE MARY GARDINER.

MATRIMONY FROM A WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

LAST month we briefly considered the choice matrimonial from a man's point of view. There are two sides, however, to every question, and quite as much may be said on behalf of "the weaker vessel" as for her lord and master.

Whether a man or woman gains most by the transaction, or whether, taking all things into consideration, a vast number who have entered the bonds of holy wedlock would not have been happier if they had remained single, is one of those moot points which will ever remain a mystery, for no one can tell where another's shoe pinches, not to mention the fact that nine-tenths of those who suffer bear their martyrdom in silence, and present a Spartan countenance to the world.

"Hasty marriages seldom proveth well," wrote Shakespeare, who ought to have known something about the matter, as he was himself yoked for many years to an uncongenial partner. Dr. Johnson, on the other hand, though married to a wife considerably older than himself, and fortunate in his matrimonial relations, has left on record his opinion that "marriages would be just as happy if they were arranged by the Lord Chancellor, instead of in the usual manner."

This reminds one of a clerk officiating on a public holiday, when a large number of couples appeared at one service, so were despatched at the same time, instead of at a separate ceremony, and who, in the confusion, got rather mixed, and were comforted by the remark: "Now, don't make a fuss about trifles; you are all of you married, anyhow, and all you have to do, when you get out, is to sort yourselves." This process of sorting, however, is not quite so easy as the good clerk seemed to imagine, and women especially, whose choice is naturally

limited to those who ask them, often drift into the married state for other reasons than that overmastering passion called Love.

If single life is bad, double life must be twice as bad, someone has said; but this statement is, I think, capable of considerable modification, and there is no more lovely and touching sight than that of a young wife, with perfect trust and love, confiding her entire life and happiness to the keeping of one who loves her in return as a husband should. Love matches, however, in which the warmest and strongest of human passions are equal on both sides, are extremely rare, and, when they do exist, are almost too full of bliss for this nether world.

The Scotch girl who discovered that "love" is the perfect principle of the verb "to live" inadvertently stumbled upon a great truth, and was a much shrewder person than many of her contemporaries. Poor, indeed, are the lives which have never been transfigured by this very real and unmistakable power, and, most emphatically, it is better for a human being to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.

It is an undoubted fact, however, that circumstances over which we have no control often step in and prevent our marrying our first loves, and the question then arises—may matrimony be undertaken by a young woman who, in return for sincere affection, can only offer respect, obedience, loyalty and that somewhat lukewarm sentiment called friendship. This, I think, depends very much upon the temperament of the wife and the adaptability of her nature. Every human being is different from every other specimen of the race, and in this variety is much of the charm of life. Still, in the close contact of marriage, each will sometimes grate upon the other if they be of a different opinion. To bear the little unpleasantnesses without being ruffled, and

to forbear speaking while under their influence, saves many a heartache. Harsh and hasty words leave terrible sores behind them, and how often are they mourned and regretted when it is too late! The various unworthy and selfish motives from which some women marry bring their own punishment, and I firmly believe that such unions are absolutely unhallowed, even if they are confirmed by a bench of bishops. When they have been contracted, whether they should be persisted in when the happiness of two people, not to mention the lives and interests of unborn children, are at stake, is a point which can only be decided on the individual merits of each case. The duties and responsibilities of maternity form, in most of us, a stronger bond even than that which binds us to our husbands, and that any woman is justified in bringing into the world helpless infants, who will be cursed from their birth with such horrible taints as insanity, disease, or a craving for drink, I cannot believe. A man and woman at full age and presumably with average common sense may take certain risks as regards themselves, but what excuse can there be for them if they give life, and then slowly destroy it from neglect or other causes. Easier divorce may be necessary, but opportunities for making wiser and happier marriages are even more important, and a more or less confidential intercourse must be allowed to enable any two persons to judge whether they are suited for permanent association. A couple who are virtually strangers are mutually attracted towards each other, and they are inclined to believe that they would be happier together than apart. They marry on this supposition, find out their mistake in an incredibly short space of time, and after that—the deluge.

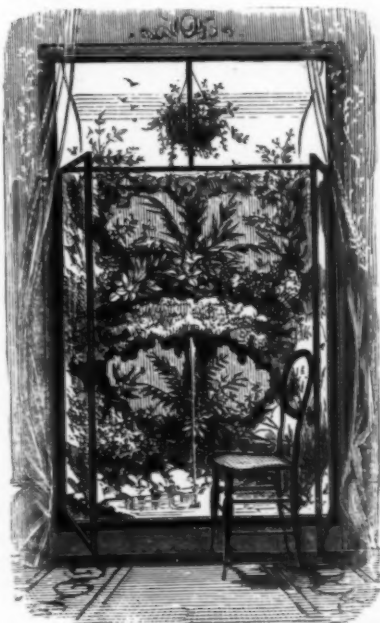
If there is a difference of opinion, a quarrel results; if there is a divergence of will, neither will give way, and each strives for victory to the bitter end, and the air is full of the heat and tumult of battle. They do not see that the fault



DECORATIVE TREATMENT FOR A SMALL WINDOW.

lies in a masterful and unyielding temper, want of complaisance and consideration, selfishness, irritability and undisciplined passions. If it is impossible to agree together, remain apart, for a time at least; the earth has a wide enough surface for two people to exist without coming into frequent contact. Then time, the great healer, will exercise its beneficent influence, and eventually the flag of truce will be hoisted.

How many a husband, twining around his life the frail tendril of a woman's existence, fails to cherish it and shed upon it the dews of a soft solicitude, but exposes it to all the unaccustomed rudeness of the outer air, and leaves it to wither in the shade of thoughtless neglect. Men who are held in high esteem by the world, who are rigid moralists and immortal philosophers, still have it in their power to make women's lives a martyrdom and marriage a purgatory.



A FRENCH WINDOW.

Of all subjects that of marriage is the most important to a woman, more important, if I may be allowed to say so, even than it is to a man. If she makes an error it means absolute extinction, a living death, the sacrifice of all that is worth having in this world or the next; it touches the very source of a woman's moral status and affects the issues of her social influence. The whole question is one of immense difficulty; but the women of England must grapple with it, for marriage is designed to minister to the happiness of the present generation and to the well-being of future races.

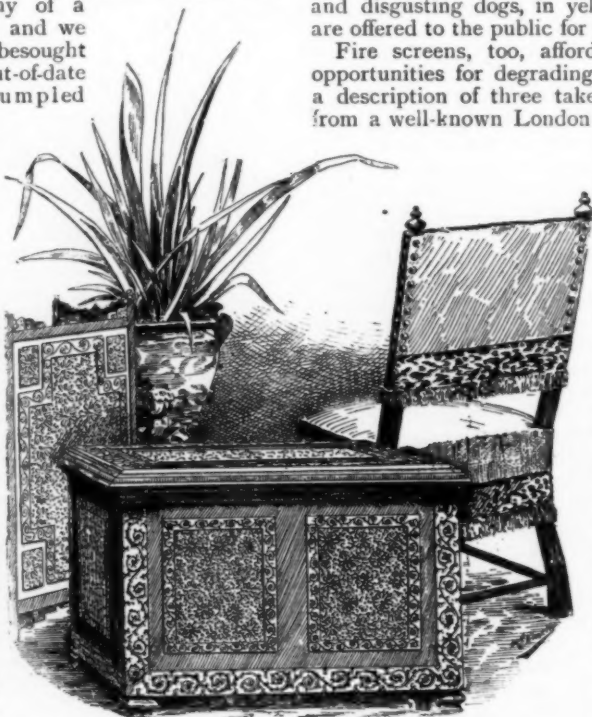
THE HOME.

At the time of writing London is under the despotic sway of the Sale Demon. Shops are piled up from floor to ceiling with everything we do not want, and that which the heart desires is carefully hidden where no man can find it. Cheap allurements, which are erroneously supposed to adorn our human frames or households, are thrust before our notice with a vigour and energy worthy of a forlorn hope, and we are earnestly besought to purchase out-of-date garments, rumpled headgear, toilette accessories, denuded of their pristine freshness, and knickknacks which were never things of beauty and absolutely devoid of those qualities which would make them joys for ever. Who, in this wide world (unless qualifying for an early reception at Colney Hatch), would ever dream of purchasing an

electro-plated pepperbox in the form of a top boot, a silver coal-scuttle for sugar or a beehive for putting butter in. Neither do I find it difficult to withstand the temptation to be the possessor of a highly suggestive paper ballet girl with distended skirt, who is supposed to shade a candle, or to buy a bodiless owl, mounted on pink tarleton, as an embellishment for my lamp. The imagination of the manufacturers of the latter seem to have run riot in the zoological direction, for in a well-known shop in a fashionable thoroughfare I saw recently a monkey attempting the almost impossible feat of climbing a rope with one hand while he steadied the lamp with the other; and in the same window an owl, the emblem of night, emulating Jove and Minerva, only in this case, a duplex lamp, with all the modern appliances, had sprung from the top of his head, instead of a woman. Cupids contort themselves round candlesticks, cats of a colour never seen in nature overbalance the jug on which they appear to be climbing in pursuit of mythical milk, and disgusting dogs, in yellow top hats, are offered to the public for holding pins.

Fire screens, too, afford exceptional opportunities for degrading art. Here's a description of three taken at random from a well-known London firm who, for

obvious reasons, shall be nameless. The first represents a small folding screen, trimmed with bands of plush (to what sordid uses has this beautiful fabric been reduced) sunflowers and other rubbish. The second, suggestive of sweet sentiment, takes the form of a heart hung upon an easel, half hidden by



A BOX EMBELLISHED WITH LACQUER.

yellow silk. The third example is composed, of gauze and artificial flowers surrounded by a wicker-work horseshoe. Could any material be more inappropriate for such a purpose, even if its form appeals to the superstitious as symbolical of good luck?

The drapers' shops are festooned with miles of cheap lace and tawdry cotton stuff, bad in colour and design but dignified with the high-sounding name of "art muslin," and in every available corner I find stacks of gimcrack furniture (made in Germany, let us hope, for its fragile construction would disgrace the British workman) which the daughters of Albion, in their leisure hours, are expected to daub over with parti-coloured paint.

It was, I think, the painted milking stool which acted as the thin end of the wedge, and since then what a delight the various enamels have been to the female *dilettante*. I never see one of these trophies without calling to mind Jerome's diverting description of the enamelling family who, after painting every article in the house, including the grand piano and the cradle, so that nothing should be lost, used up the last tin on the canary and the family Bible.

Punch, too, in days that are no more, could not let such a golden opportunity slip by without referring to the prevailing craze, and the parody on the Psalm of Life is one of the funniest things which ever appeared in its comic pages.

"Life is real, life is earnest
When we act the painter's rôle;
Red thou art to blue returnest
Is a thought to fire the soul.
Rooms of neighbours will remind us
We may make our home brand new,
And, departing, leave behind us
Bric-a-brac of every hue.
Let us, then, be up and doing,
Daubing early, smudging late;
Still achieving, still pursuing
Like a rainbow down to date."

If it is essential to the happiness of the housewife to personally construct her own furniture, there are many ways in which she can beautify and adorn her home. By a judicious use of lincrusta, Japanese leather, and similar fabrics, articles may often be idealised to such a degree that it is difficult to recognise them in their new guise. Boxes and chests form useful window seats, or fill up odd corners or recesses, and may be manufactured from good pine packing cases, or, better still, from an old deal travelling trunk.

From the box in the sketch the handles were removed, and four wooden feet were inserted at the corners. It was then entirely covered with bands and panels of lincrusta. For dark oak effects the A quality is best; but if you want the raised portions to be of a light shade and background dark, the D colour is preferable. Some clear paste, with which about half as much strong liquid glue has been mixed, is necessary for fixing. Well paste the backs and place in position; and, to secure a good, firm hold, a small French nail, at each corner, will never be noticed in a raised pattern. Surround each panel with a bordering; and along the bottom edge and down each corner place a border strip. When joining the borderings at the corners, cut on the slant, so that the line runs from the point of the panel. When finished and dry, procure some Vandyke brown, ground in water; thin with more water and a small quantity of beer, and, with a soft brush, stain the chest all over. To obtain a lighter shade on the raised portions, the ground must be buff or D colour. When the stain is dry, take a piece of chamois leather, dip in water and wring out. Pass lightly but firmly across the lincrusta, when some of the stain will be removed from the raised parts and leave a lovely effect. Afterwards the whole chest should have a coat of flat varnish. If panels are bought with borders and centres complete they have a finished effect, and materially save labour. To give a more workmanlike appearance to the cover, a thick beading of wood, similar to that used for dado rails, should be fixed all round the edge. When cutting the lincrusta use a very sharp knife, and let it slope towards the back, so that the outer edge stands out a little beyond. In the sketch is also shown a small wooden fire screen, treated with lincrusta. The chair is an instance of what can be done with one of the rush-seated chairs, which can be bought unstained for two-and-ninepence. A well-filled flock pillow is nailed to the seat; a square of art serge is laid over the cushion; and a strip is seamed to it and fastened tightly, curtain fashion, round the chair, after being edged with bands of tapestry-fringed lincrusta. The back is trimmed to correspond. It is assumed, of course, that the chair has been previously stained, as the cheaper qualities are in undressed wood.

Messrs. Oetzmann have recently designed for me a delightful piece of furniture, which is well adapted for a small bedroom. On one side is a hanging wardrobe, with long glass inserted in the door, and the interior is fitted in the usual manner, while on the opposite side there are convenient cupboards and drawers. The middle compartment has a tiled background, with small shelves, etc.; above, and beneath the marble slab, upon which the toilet appliances stand, there are other convenient fittings. Where a room has to serve the double purpose of sitting and bedroom, I would suggest that a small brass rod and handsome curtain would form a pleasing addition to the middle portion, without materially adding to the expense.

I have also introduced some simple arrangements for concealing a disagreeable view, which could be placed outside the ordinary window, if desired, though the effect is better if the sashes are removed. Lead glass and virgin cork lend themselves to such a decoration. Water, of course, makes it more striking, but is by no means necessary, if creeping plants are substituted.*

FASHIONS AND FRIPPERIES.

When the days shorten and the evenings become chilly, it is time to think of Autumn clothing; and at no other season of the year are neat, tailor-made dresses so useful and appropriate. For these, of course, chevots, tweeds, serges and faced cloths are the most suitable fabrics; and if every woman were of my opinion, she would never be without a navy blue serge costume hanging in her wardrobe, to don on wet days; and for really hard, knock-about wear, I consider it quite as indispensable as the black silk, which, a few years since, was the *pièce de résistance* of those with limited dress allowances. Where there are a number of girls to be clothed on an unelastic income, tailor-



COMBINED WARDROBE AND WASHING-STAND.

made gowns, from first-class tailors, with corresponding prices, are luxuries which are sighed for in vain, and some more economical manner of clothing the multitude must be devised. Many women, who are apt with their needle, and with a correct eye for form, compass miracles and produce wonders, in amateur dress-making, which arouse my envy and admiration. They pick up 'bargains here and there, retire to the privacy of their own chamber, for two or three days or a week, and then emerge in all the glory of a costume, which combines style, cut and painstaking workmanship. To those who possess the useful qualities of Dorcas, I would say write to Mr. Lewis, Market Street, Manchester, and ask him to send you—as he did me—a number of patterns of his latest Autumn novelties to select from. They are of excellent value and so pretty in themselves, that it is impossible for them to fail to please; and his velveteens, in a long range of shades, would make nice evening dresses.

The two gowns for Autumn wear would form excellent models for walking costumes, while for more important occasions a dress of almond cloth, with flounce and trimmings of guipure and bands of brown velvet, would not present insurmountable difficulties to the novice in dressmaking.

However, where pounds, shillings and pence are not the most important consideration, I prefer skilled to amateur work, and find it more satisfactory in the end to patronise a tailor for day dresses, than to make them myself, or confide them to the tender mercies of the average

* I am indebted to Mr. Dick Radclyffe, 128, High Holborn, for the drawings of the window gardens.

modiste; for men's measurements are much more accurate, and the stitching and finish are beyond all praise.

I have just invested in a couple of gowns in which I flatter myself I present my best side to the world, for sad experience long since taught me that inferior clothes are false economy. When I have any qualms of conscience on the score of price, I call to mind the sage advice of a well-meaning and particularly plain-spoken friend, who, in days of yore, when money was scarce, the prospect of work uncertain, and my wardrobe was not in so satisfactory a condition as I could wish, once said to me:—"Do go and beg, borrow or steal a tailor-made gown; and if you can't do either, get it on credit; for you will never get anything to do, if you persist in interviewing editors, looking like a tramp."

I considered the remark more forcible than elegant, and was rather inclined to resent it, but, times out of number since then, I have appreciated the good common sense which dictated it. For, after all, the vast majority of those we meet judge us by our clothes, for the simple reason that they are the only outward and visible signs they have to go by, and may generally be relied upon as a fair index of character.

But to return to the gowns. One is of navy shrunk serge, the plain skirt trimmed with three bands of black silk embroidery and rows of military braid. The bodice

has pointed revers, opening over an embroidered vest, and the sleeves are of moderate size. The other dress is smarter in character, and fastens at the back. It is composed of Lincoln green cloth, relieved with yoke epaulettes and trimmings of ivory cloth, edged with black openwork braid.

I was calling the other day upon a lady artist, whose ideas upon art are not confined within the narrow limits of a canvas.

Let you see her when you may, she is always picturesquely attired. Her children could pose at a moment's notice for models, and her house and surroundings might be copied with advantage by those who have ample means, but who lack the taste and knowledge to direct the same into suitable channels. Her little daughter, of ten or twelve, was having her portrait painted in a loose frock of olive green velvet, smocked across the bust with

blue silk, relieved by frills, yoke and cuffs of turquoise crepon. It was so simple and, withal, so becoming, that I trust some may find the above description useful, as the requirements of young children are often ignored by papers devoted to fashions, and their fresh young beauty marred by unsuitable frames.

The woman of the world, from the depths of her experience, possesses a complete knowledge of those unwritten laws which govern society. With



DRESSES FOR AUTUMN WEAR.

the *débutante*, only recently emancipated from scholastic control, and launched, in all her ignorance and defencelessness on the mighty ocean of life, it is quite a different matter. She must have often sighed for a *vade mecum*, to which she could refer for comfort and counsel on those knotty points which constantly arise, and which, in nine cases out of ten, she is too shy to inquire about personally. But she need sigh no longer, for that charming and versatile writer, Mrs. Heaton Armstrong, in her delightful little volume, "Etiquette for Girls" (published by Frederick Warne and Co.), has come to the rescue, and ably assists her over the whirling eddies and quicksands which she is sure to encounter. One of the most interesting chapters in the book, is that referring to the first dinner-party and ball, and will be read with equal pleasure by those who have already shared in many such functions, as by the maidens to whom they are delights still in anticipation. Few of us are too old to forget our own experiences in that direction, and the sentiments of joy, not unmixed with fear, which assailed us at that important epoch of our life. Some safe advice is given to the girl who is engaged, and also hints upon how she should conduct herself when she is presented, and in the important rôles of bridesmaid and bride. Visiting and card-leaving (which, judging from the columns of society journals, prove a frequent stumbling block to the unwary) are here treated in the most lucid manner. Dress is also touched upon, and kindly encouragement is given to those who are self-conscious and reserved. I have painful recollections of my own first appearance in the giddy vortex of society, and my extreme awkwardness and *gaucherie*. When not more than fifteen or sixteen,



MY TAILOR-MADE GOWNS.

an irate feminine acquaintance was compelled, by force of circumstances, to take me with her to the opening of a church, to be followed by a *déjeuner* in the village schoolroom, honoured by the presence of a bishop, dean, and other high dignitaries of the church. It was my unlucky fate to be placed next to a middle-aged curate, who, I should imagine, had fasted all the previous week with a view to doing justice to a good square meal, and who never wasted a thought or word on the pale-faced, uninteresting girl beside him.

My attention was brusquely called to the lady on my left, when she suddenly hissed into my ear: "Why do you not address your neighbour instead of sitting through three courses like a dummy?" In a meek undertone I informed her that he had not spoken to me, and as I had never seen him before, and never expected to do so again, I was at a loss to know what subject of

conversation would interest him most. This brought her indignation to boiling point, and she replied with a look of scorn which makes me dither when I think of it. "Talk of what you like, but for goodness' sake speak, and if you can't think of anything else, say:—'Is that your bread or mine?'" The remembrance of this little episode, and several very similar occasions makes me feel at the present day, when shyness is not one of my most marked characteristics, that such a book as Mrs. Heaton Armstrong's "Etiquette for Girls" would then have been to me of priceless value, and would have given me a reasonable excuse for going on my own way rejoicing.

INCIDENTS OF THE MONTH

SOCIAL, DRAMATIC, MUSICAL & GOSSIP.

The last month has been a very dull one in the theatrical world, our principal theatres being closed, and the companies out on tour. The Lyceum company are in America, and open on the 4th inst. at San Francisco. The St. James's company, with Mr. Alexander, and the Garrick company, with Mr. Hare, are all on tour. Sir Augustus Harris has brought a most successful operatic season to a close, and now promenade concerts are the rule at Covent Garden.

At the Adelphi, Mr. Henry Pettitt's piece, "A Woman's Revenge," has caught on, and is nightly packing the theatre. The author claims that the piece is a new and original drama of real life in four acts. The plot briefly is:—Frank Drummond, a briefless young barrister, is knocking about the country sketching, and falls in love with an heiress, one Mary Lonsdale, but finds he has a rival in the person of her cousin, Robert Overstone, an old school-fellow of his. Both try their luck; Overstone is rejected and Drummond accepted. Overstone, while smarting under his refusal, is prompted to revenge by one Jephtha Grimwade, a solicitor, and they then and there agree

to ruin Drummond. His old lover, an adventuress, Mabel Wentworth, is to be brought on the scene once more, and she is to play upon the jealous feelings of Mary Lonsdale.

Act II. finds Drummond and Mary Lonsdale married, and Drummond is beginning to find out that Jephtha Grimwade is not as honest as he might be, and that Overstone's mines and ventures are not as safe and sound as they are represented to be, but, to put it plainly, are financial swindles. Robert Overstone plants some old letters of Mabel Went-

worth's in Drummond's *escritoire*, where they are found by Mrs Drummond. Overstone fans the jealous flame thus kindled, and eventually Mrs. Drummond, taking her only child with her, leaves her husband's house. Grimwade takes good care to inform the husband that his wife has fled with Overstone.

Act III., scene 1, brings us to Chilton Villa, the abode of Dick Chilton, a clerk in a grocer's shop, and Mrs. Chilton (née Lottie Bromley). Chilton, believing Lottie to be very wealthy, lays his hand and heart at her feet. Lottie, thinking Dick to be endowed with much



MISS GERTRUDE KINGSTON.
[From Photo. by] [Fredk. Kingsbury.]

worldly possessions, accepts him, yet, though both discover their mistake, they manage to live very happily together. Mrs. Chilton succeeds in wresting from Mabel Wentworth a written confession fully exonerating Drummond, and further forces her to disclose the whereabouts of the mother and child. Scene 2 takes us to Rosebine Cottage, where Mrs. Drummond is living in seclusion, with her child. Drummond appears on the scene, and is interviewed by his own daughter, now aged seven, and, just when the child seems to be overcoming and allaying her father's suspicions, Overstone enters, and is promptly tackled by the irate and indignant husband, who wrings a confession from that now cowering hound, Overstone. Overstone, thus brought to bay, attempts to shoot Drummond, but is disarmed and has his own weapon pointed at himself; at this moment Mrs. Drummond appears on the scene and saves her husband from becoming a murderer. Drummond then leaves the house and Overstone once more approaches Mrs. Drummond, who, to protect herself, snatches up the revolver. She is seen in this situation by her little child. She leaves the house with her child to escape from Overstone's persecutions. Just then Jephtha Grimwade appears on the scene and accuses his partner, Overstone, with having realised all their securities and being about to make a bolt of it. This Grimwade objects to; he demands his share of their plunder. Overstone objects, and Grimwade, seeing poverty and the felon's dock staring him in the face, shoots Overstone.

Scene 3 is sufficient to enable Mrs. Drummond and her child to come for protection to Mrs. Chilton, and to allow little Mary to make peace between her long estranged



CHARLES WARNER.
Photo. by [Walery.]

parents; this is barely accomplished when Mrs. Drummond is arrested for the wilful murder of Robert Overstone.

Act IV. finds us in the Old Bailey. Mrs. Drummond on her trial for murder, her counsel being her own husband. The prosecution present a very strong case; the motive is, she having fled with Robert Overstone (which, by the way, she never did), and finding Overstone about to fly the country, shoots him. Her little child's evidence is most damning. She saw her mother actually pointing a pistol at the deceased. Jephtha Grimwade also gives his evidence-in-chief in a very conclusive manner, but a change comes over the scene when he is subjected to cross-examination. He is

proved to be, aye, he, under compulsion, admits himself to be a liar, and when eventually he is cornered, he declines to answer. The defence is simple; no witnesses are called, but the



MISS ROBINS.
Photo. by Elliott and Fry.

defending counsel makes an excellent speech. The jury return a verdict of "not guilty," the wife is restored to her husband's arms, and Virtue once more, in true Adelphi drama style, is triumphant over vice.

Mr. Charles Warner as Frank Drummond, is, as



MR. G. M. POLINI.
Photo. by Brown, Barnes and Bell.

he always is, excellent; in the fourth act particularly, in the speech for the defence, Mr. Warner's declamation and elocution being faultless; and that the audience appreciate it is evinced by the rounds of rapturous applause that greet its finish. Miss Robins as the heroine, Mary Lonsdale, seems to me to be wrongly cast. Whatever it is, whether Ibsenitic drama has spoiled her, or whatever it may be, yet the fact remains, Miss Robins is hard and unsympathetic, and is out of tune with the character and the piece. Miss Gertrude Kingston, as the adventurous Mabel Wentworth, gives a careful and studied performance. Mr. Cartwright is—well, he is Mr. Cartwright, more I cannot say, his rendering of the part of Jephtha Grimwade being as skilful and subtle as the author could wish it to be. To my mind the best part in the play and the worst played is that of Robert Overstone. Why the Fratelli Gatti should have cast about for a stranger to the London boards to fill the part, when they had an old and tried Adelphi favourite at their disposal, in the person of Mr. W. L. Abingdon, is one of those things "a fellah can never understand."



MISS FORTESCUE.



FRANK WORTHING.

The part would have fitted Abingdon like the proverbial glove. Miss Fanny Brough and Mr. Arthur Williams as Mr. and Mrs. Chilton are responsible for the fun of the piece, and in such reliable hands it is needless to say the greatest amount of mirth is extracted. I should fancy that "A Woman's Revenge" is likely to turn out a more remunerative play than its predecessor "The Black Domino."

Mr. Jecks, after many years' service, having retired from the Adelphi, Mr. G. M. Polini, long associated with Mr. Wilson Barrett, has now taken up the reins of management at this theatre. Mr. Polini's suave and courteous manner is too well known for me to dilate upon.

Theatrical managers, both in London and in the provinces, have been crying out over the bad and ruinous business during the past season. Many touring companies have had to bring their wanderings to an abrupt conclusion owing to a lack of funds. Now, no doubt the extraordinarily fine summer has contributed somewhat to the deficiency in the treasury chests, but the most important factor

is, undoubtedly, that provincial managers fail to give sufficient appreciation to the judgment of their audiences. Our provincial cousins are not such abject fools as some managers would have us believe. Anything will *not* do for them. They are as critical as your London audiences, and are as ready, aye readier, to appreciate and patronise talent and condemn incompetency. The proof of this is in the fact that good all-round companies have done good business. Take Miss Fortescue's company for instance. This talented lady has surrounded herself with capable and competent artists, and the result is that the public rely on always obtaining their money's worth when witnessing her productions.

Miss Fortescue herself, who, by the way, we hope before long to see permanently settled in London, has a passion for her work and an inexhaustible energy to carry it on. By her example she infuses her spirit for hard work into her company, the result being that whatever play may be in the bill, be it "Romeo and Juliet," "Frou Frou," "Comedy and Tragedy," "Pygmalion and Galatea," or "The Lady of Lyons," each and every performance is a success. One member of Miss Fortescue's company, and I believe the favourite one, is her beautiful dog Coll.

No doubt some day a suitable part will be found for this four-footed companion.

Another company which did good business when on tour was Mrs. Langtry's. Her productions of "As You Like It" and "Antony and Cleopatra" were worthy of any West-end stage; indeed, the latter was the original production at the Princess's transferred to the provinces. Mr. Frank Worthing, a young actor rapidly coming to the front, and who one day not far distant will make a name for himself, was Mrs. Langtry's leading man throughout her tour. Many of my provincial readers will remember his finished performances when with Mrs. Langtry; more lately he has become a member of

Mr. Charles Wyndham's Criterion company. His excellent acting in "The Silent Battle" will be fresh in the memory of all London theatre-goers.

Though the cry of bad business in the theatres has been somewhat general, the music halls have been steadily and rapidly rising in the favour of the public.

What a change has come over the music halls during the last decade! In olden days vapid and inane songs, stereotyped steps and dances and acrobatic business was the bill of fare generally put before their patrons. Now, managers scour all the countries of both the Eastern and Western Hemispheres for novelties. Talent is now the rule instead of the

exception, and nothing appears on the stage that even the most fastidious could carp at, or at which they could find fault. Turn in to that latest of palaces in the Strand, the Tivoli. Here one witnesses some twenty-five different turns, each and every one a star. Do you want humour or pathos, there is Albert Chevalier, one moment making you split with laughter with his adventures in "The Old Kent Road," the next causing your tears to flow with his pathetic rendering of "My Old Dutch." That prince of negro comedians, Mr. Eugene Stratton, long the delight of

visitors to Moore and Burgess, is now to be heard nightly telling you how "he lubs a lubly girl, he do." Operatic artists appear, and one has to look twice to convince oneself that that is Frank Celli with his magnificent voice now delighting the audience. Here is that charming soubrette, Miss Kate James, long a leading star in the theatrical world. Charles Godfrey gives some of his excellent character sketches. R. G. Knowles, the American humourist, is irresistible with his quips and jests. Mrs. Shaw, *la belle siffleuse*, whistles as only she can whistle. An excellent orchestra, under the baton of that talented musician, Mr. Angelo Asher, discourses tuneful music. When

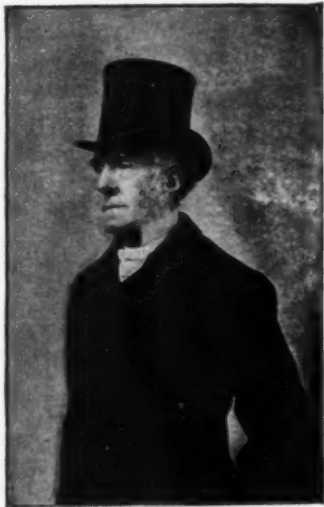


MISS CISSY LOFTUS.

one takes all this into consideration, and adds to it the fact that you obtain as comfortable a seat as in any theatre, and that for half the price, and further, that you may indulge, if you are of the male persuasion, in the fragrant weed, is it any wonder that the Tivoli is packed nightly, and that the shareholders rake in their twenty-five and thirty per cent.? One artist, a new one, deserves more than passing notice. Miss Cissy Loftus is a young and talented lady just before the public, and she has already made a sensation. Her forte is mimicry, and true and correct mimicry into the bargain. It was a revelation to me to hear this young lady rattle off imitations of such diverse characters as Miss Letty Lind, Mr. Eugene Stratton, Miss Millie Hylton, and Mons. Jacques Inaudi. Not only will our theatres and music halls see more of this young artist, but, I should say, she will be in great demand for many of our West-end drawing-rooms.

It is natural to suppose that it is no easy task to conduct and carry on successfully such a high class and varied entertainment, and therefore it will not surprise my readers to hear that Mr. Charles Morton, the veteran of the variety world, is at the head of affairs at the Tivoli nightly. Mr. Morton—who, by the way, seems to have found out the secret of perpetual youth—is to be seen wreathed in smiles, beaming on everybody. He is ably assisted by Mr. Vernon Dowsett, who was with Mr. Morton at the Alhambra. A few words about Mr.

Morton will, I have no doubt, prove interesting reading. He was born in 1819, and has been in this kind of business all his life. He opened the Canterbury, the first music hall in London, so far back as May, 1852. He then built and opened the Oxford in 1860; from thence he went to the Alhambra, which he successfully managed for nineteen years. Thinking he had done his duty by his friends, he retired, receiving the largest benefit ever given in any hall; in fact, had every artist, known and unknown, from the theatrical, the musical, and the variety world appeared that offered and was anxious to do so, the entertainment would have had to be taken in instalments. When the Tivoli passed into the hands of the present directors, the directors, at once realised that to compete against such formidable rivals as the two palaces in Leicester Square they would require someone of more than ordinary ability and powers of organisation, and they selected Mr. Morton, who, under great pressure, undertook the management, with what results I leave the visitors to, and the



MR. CHARLES MORTON.

shareholders of, the Tivoli to answer. Mr. Morton has also done yeoman service in the operatic world. He it was who first produced Offenbach's "Geneviève de Brabant" at the Philharmonic in 1870; twice has he been with companies to America, and to-day we find him at the Tivoli, where I may wish him, on behalf of you, my reader, and on my own behalf, many years of health and prosperity.



"LAVE!"
 "My master"
 "I tire—
 a m u s e
 me."

Badsherka, Prince of Batamid, threw himself back on his velvet couch, and crossing his legs, closed his eyes.

A look of profound misery covered the black face of the attendant. He hesitated a moment.

"Why do you not obey me?" roared the Prince.

The man flew to a distant corner of the apartment, snatched up an instrument hung with many-coloured ribbons, and flinging himself beside the couch, softly drew his supple fingers across the strings.

The Prince's closed eyes opened angrily.

"Idiot! not *that*," and he raised his hand to strike, but the black was already yards away, giving in even tones, a curiously melodious signal.

Before the enraged monarch could speak, there filed in, with loosened hair, panting bosoms and twanging instruments, his favourite dancing-girls; hardly had they time to raise one dusky arm, or send a glorious glance from their coal-black eyes, ere their master had leapt from his seat, and—

"Begone!" he shouted. "I am sick of you."

They turned and dashed from his sight,

casting venomous glances at the unfortunate black.

The face of Badsherka was terrible to behold.

"Amuse me or die."

The slave grovelled at his feet and inwardly beseeched the ground to open and engulf him.

"My master," he moaned, "have you heard——"

The Prince returned to his divan.

"Of the glorious being who inhabits the enchanted palace my noble lord sees from the terrace o'er the mountains, when the moon is bright?"

Badsherka turns his face to the speaker and raises himself on his elbow.

Seeing this, the black grovels no longer, but rests humbly at his master's side.

"They say she is over a thousand years old, and has dwelt in the palace she now inhabits from time immemorial; seeing that she *cannot* die; Egypt, Persia, Arabia, Turkey—all have felt her power."

"Yes, yes," the eyes of the Prince are sparkling. "But what is she like—are her eyes black as the night, her breath as the lotus fruit, and—and——" he waves his hand impatiently in the air.

"Master—she is more. Men say she has fascinations that lure them to destruction, and women too—for all crave to see her, though none leave her presence but as old people and feeble—the ruin she works is terrible—none can resist her."

In the eyes of Badsherka there is a strange gleam.

"I would resist her," he murmured; "she should not enslave me."

"And," continued the black, "it has been whispered her power lies in a small, dull, green heart, that hangs around her neck, given her by her master, the Evil One; but none can become possessed of it, so dazzled are they by her beauty, for she never turns from them her eyes."

The Prince leaps from his couch. "Allah be praised!" he cries; "amusement has come. I will possess the heart and turn the siren's power."

"Oh, my lord—my lord, go not there, I beseech you. Were you a woman, you might return, though old and worthless; but being a man, you will be lost for ever."

The Prince laughed at the earnestness of the black; and, entering his sleeping apartment, enrobed himself in his whitest linen, his most royal purple, and turban of richest silk; then, taking from a secret drawer, a scarlet cloak, he flung it across his shoulders.

"Since all who behold the wearer of this marvellous cloak must needs fall and worship him, I may achieve my end," he murmured, and re-entering the first apartment, he cried:

"My horse!" and, leaping to the saddle, was gone.

Miles ahead of him he could see the moon sparkling on its glassy domes—the palace of the siren.

It changed under his sight, like the colours of a chameleon. One moment a pale green in the moon's rays, the next a brilliant scarlet; then, even as he watched it, it would entirely vanish, only to reappear a moment later a spot of dazzling orange; that would again fade away into the darkness of the night.

Enchanted, he rode madly on, till his horse, steaming and snorting under him, paused,

checked at last by the palace gates. How should he open them? leap them he could not; see the enchantress he must.

His horse started and he glanced down.

Almost beneath the animal's feet there stood a curious figure—an old and withered woman—her robe black and ragged, her back bent, yet the teeth within her shrivelled lips were white and glistening, and in her eyes was the sparkle of youth.

"Enter not," she cried, beating her clenched hands on the gates. "Lord! Master! I beseech you forbear, do not—do not enter."

Badsherka laughed. "I must," he said, and he would have forced her away.

"Look at me," she shrieked; "I, who have seen but twenty years, and who, till two moons ago, and I had beheld her, was fair and radiant as the sun—'Peach-blossom,' they called me. Now, behold! I am old and feeble; my very life drained away. By Allah above, do not enter," and she clung afresh to the bars.

But the Prince, although he trembled, turned aside and rode through the gates that opened as he reached them.

Leaving his horse tied, he ascended the entrance steps, crossed the threshold, and paused. He was in a vast chamber of pure, cold marble; deathly silence reigned around him, and he felt a shudder run through his frame as he gazed on its desolation.

But as he looked he noticed at one end a door, hung with a velvet curtain, a curtain that glowed as

with a hidden light, and from behind whose folds came faint sounds of distant music. He strode boldly across towards it, his sandalled feet growing chilled on the icy floor, his cloak drawn tightly around his numbed frame.

The music grew louder and louder as he neared the door; reaching it, he lifted his hand and pulled back the curtain that hid the musician from his sight. He



THE SIREN.



THE PALACE OF THE SIREN

gazed but one moment, then buried his face in his hands, dazzled and bewildered.

From the cold, bleak walls of the entrance hall, he had stepped into a wealth of warmth and light.

The room blazed with a golden glow; tiny fountains splashed their waters at his feet; huge palms and gloriously-scented blossoms threw their fingers across his face; hundreds of little creatures, mere specks of brilliant and everchanging colour, flashed their rays upon him in all directions.

But in the far end, reclining on silken cushions of glowing, fiery brilliancy, lay the musician.

One ivory hand, its elbow resting 'mid the cushions, held the perfect face, turned full upon the Prince. The lovely limbs flung recumbent with all the grace of the perfect beauty of the gods, were covered with a pale green diaphanous robe that hardly hid their wondrous beauty.

The other hand idly clasped the instrument and swept in lingering touches slowly across the strings.

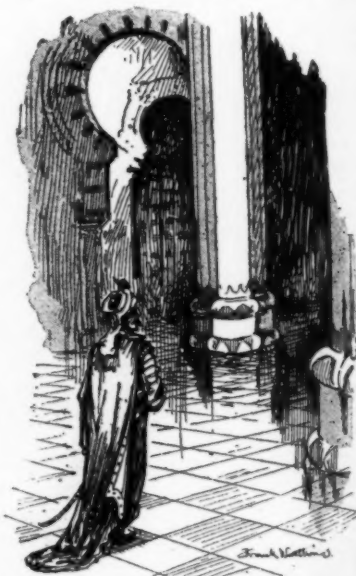
But the eyes! so marvellous were they that the whole room and its contents melted in their depths, and Badsherka was con-

scious only of a pale, passionate face, framed in loose, dusky hair, a heaving bosom and two eyes, that by their glance alone drew him closer and closer, till, with a faltering cry, he fell enraptured at her feet. How long he thus knelt, he knew not, but feeling two soft, warm arms about his neck, he looked up.

"I love you," murmured two red lips; and truly from those eyes there poured a wealth of love that had never been there before, and as they looked, they fell beneath the ardent admiration of the Prince. With the falling eyes, there came a change over the admirer's heart, and in the place of bewildered homage, there crept in a stifled loathing: for the cloak of Badsherka was doing its work. Then the Prince saw on the Siren's bosom a curious dull green heart, and the words of Hassan, the slave, came back.

"All her power lies in the green heart."

"You love me," he said, for he felt, while the eyes were down-cast, he could do anything, and slowly



HE WAS IN A VAST CHAMBER.

his hand crept towards the tiny object.

"Yes—my master," and the lovely head drooped lower and lower.

"My moonbeam," how tenderly alluring was the tongue of Badsherka while his hand softly closed on its prize.

One moment more and the heart was safe—safe in the strong right hand of the Prince.

The woman swiftly lifted her head, while the thief gazed horror-struck.

A terrible change was at work.

The lovely limbs were fast becoming withered and unshapely; the raven hair, grey and matted; the hand that clasped the instrument shook with age; and while her piercing shrieks rent the air, the lovely face of the Siren turned revolting and loathsome with incredible decay. The shrieks became weak and pitiful, till at last, in place of the glorious enchantress, there lay and mumbled a terrible hag, hairless, toothless and hardly alive.

Horror-struck with his work, Badsherka flung himself beside her and hastily thrusting the little heart on the writhing bosom, prayed in an agony of fear for the return of the lost beauty.

But too surely had he done his work; the spell was broken for ever; the withered body might linger on for ever, but the lost beauty could never return.

There was a crash as of mighty thunder, and looking up, Badsherka beheld the palace walls slowly crumbling away.

Snatching up his almost lifeless burden, he fled—mounted his terrified horse and dashed away into the darkness.

Filled with remorse at the wreck he had caused, Badsherka, on his couch that night, vowed that the fallen beauty should be cared for—and he kept his vow.

Thus, from age to age, in the harem of the Badsherkas, Princes of Batamid, there is nothing held so sacred as the gibbering and apish form of "Castella," the once-dreaded and far-famed 'Siren of the East.'



A TERRIBLE HAG.

❖ Puzzledom ❖

57. Charade.—My first is a circle, my second a cross ;
If you meet with my whole, look out for a toss.
58. Anagrams.—Each of the following sentences represents one word :—
- | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------|
| 1. To run at men. | 4. Gilt trash. |
| 2. Made moral. | 5. I sent love. |
| 3. Guess then our line. | 6. A nice pet. |
59. What is that which is put on the table and cut but never eaten ?
60. When is coffee like the soil ?
61. Why is it dangerous to take a nap in a train ?
62. Why is a kiss like a rumour ?
63. When is a bow like a hat ?

—◆—

Five Prizes of Three-Volume Novels, cloth bound, will be awarded to the First Five Competitors sending in correct or most correct answers by 20th August. Competitions should be addressed "September Puzzles," THE LUDGATE MONTHLY, 53, Fleet Street, London. Postcards only, please.

ANSWERS TO AUGUST PUZZLES.

50. *One p.m.*

51. 6 7 2

1 5 9

8 3 4

52. *B natural.*

53. *Invisibility.*

54. *When Eve presented Adam with a little cane (Cain).*

55. *Because it owes its motion to a current.*

56. *When it pats her on the back.*

The following are the names and addresses of the five winners in Puzzledom in our July Number, to whom the Three-Volume Novels have been sent:—J. Clarke, 41, Oswin Street, S.E. ; Miss C. A. Pyle, 105, Evering Road, Stoke Newington ; J. T. Sharrock, 89, Fowler Street, Wincobank, Sheffield ; Thomas Slater, Winder, Frizington, Carnforth ; James Thain, 35, Noel Street, Islington, London.

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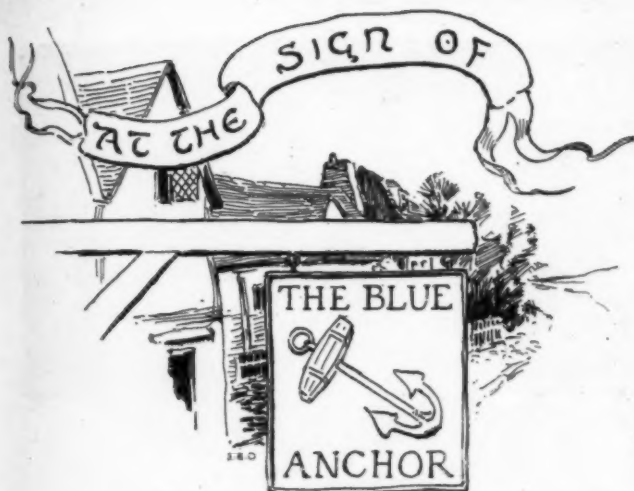
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THE TRAGEDY OF RIFFEL BERG—AND AFTER.
"HOLD ON! HOLD ON! WE ARE LOST!"

[Page 58.]



*Being
Travellers'
Tales
of
Strange Perils.*

By
C. F. MANSFORD,
B.A.,
Author of "*Shafts
from an
Eastern Quiver*," etc.

I. THE TRAGEDY OF RIFFEL BERG—AND
AFTER.

"THE Lyskamm," said a dark, military-looking man, who sat opposite to me in the Anchor smoke-room one night, "is three hundred feet lower than Monte Rosa, it is true, but for dangerous, exciting climbing it has no equal in the Alps—at least, that's my opinion."

"You have climbed it, then?" interrogated an artist, who looked up from a paper as he spoke, and whose glance involuntarily fell on the other's left coat sleeve, which was empty. Colonel Playdell nodded assent; then, catching sight of the expectant expression on the artist's face, he continued:

"Yes, ten years ago; I climbed it within a few hours after the tragedy of Riffel Berg. Would you care to hear my experiences?"

Herbert Wilson, the artist, warmly acquiesced, as did those of us who had been discussing with the Colonel, previously, the merits and demerits of Alpine mountaineering.

The Anchor, or, to give the quaint little inn its full title, the Blue Anchor Hotel, is situated in a part of one of the home counties known to most London pedestrians and cyclists. Its front, spacious and airy rooms look out upon a tributary of the Thames, side by side with which runs the high road, the latter rising steeply from the bottom of a hill where the Anchor hangs out its creaking signboard. Looking

across the river valley, one sees the thickly-wooded hill bearing its curious title of the Hog's Back.

Entering the smoke-room of the Anchor whenever so disposed, one may be sure to find a fair gathering of artists and travellers, not to mention cyclists, who are the host's most cherished guests.

"I had joined a party with which for several weeks I enjoyed all the exhilarating influence of Alpine climbing, sharing, time after time, in the many hairbreadth escapes which we had," the Colonel went on, "and early one afternoon in September had reached the auberge, known as Seiler's Inn. There we intended to remain until the early morning, when we were to set out in the moonlight and make our way to where the Grenz and Gorner glaciers meet.

"That very afternoon the guide, who was the leading one of the three whom we had engaged, came to the inn and, with a white, scared face, told us of a catastrophe in which four guides and several French tourists had perished. Our party consisted of two women, sisters, in addition to the men, both of whom had been for a year members of an Alpine club. The object which the chief guide had in view was to persuade us to abandon our intention of climbing the Lyskamm, and the details of the disaster, which he poured into our ears, convinced all but one of our party that the ascent, owing to the early movement of the snow, would be impossible—the one who disagreed with Jean, the guide, was myself.



THE SMOKE-ROOM OF THE ANCHOR.

"The fact was I had set my heart on climbing the Lyskamm, and nothing could shake me from my purpose. I went to the entrance of the inn and stood there, talking to the guide.

"Only a madman would attempt it," he rejoined, shaking his head negatively to my arguments. "Just think of it, sir, there are seven dead who will rest in the churchyard of Zermatt to-morrow. Everything seemed perfectly safe, and François was one of the best guides in Europe! No mortal hand could have saved them when the avalanche swept down upon them: we've dug them out of the snow; it flung the whole party sheer down into a crevasse! Besides, you've two women with you; I wouldn't undertake to guide your party to the Lyskamm now, not for twice what you've offered. There!" he said, pointing away south of the Riffel Berg; "they're carrying them down to Zermatt." I saw the guides, with their still burdens, winding down the mountain path—but I was as determined as ever that, come what would, I meant to climb the Lyskamm.

"Failing to persuade Jean, I turned my attention to the other two guides, and, by dint of promising them double pay, I carried my point. They were to be at Seiler's Inn ready to start at one o'clock, or soon after. I made my way back to the others, and put my purpose before them; every-

one tried to persuade me to give the mad scheme up, but I held to my purpose.

"I was gathering some eidelweiss that same evening, before my proposed ascent of the mountain, when I saw one of the ladies of the party approaching. It was Eileen, the elder of the two sisters, a tall, fair girl of twenty, with cheeks aglow with health—the gift of the mountain air.

"You will give up that foolish idea of yours of climbing the Lyskamm," she said, with a smile which was half an entreaty, as she took the proffered flowers from my hand.

"Not at all, Miss Bryante," I answered. "Jean, the guide, is frightened because of the tragedy of Riffel Berg to-day. He ought to know that such accidents are the exception and not the rule. It is certainly very unlikely that two disasters will happen here within twenty-four hours."

"It is the unlikely that frequently does happen," she said, nervously playing with the eidelweiss in her hands. "Surely the guides know more about their own mountains than we do?"

"Jean is frightened," I repeated. "To-morrow he will regret that he lost the opportunity to add a few pounds to his year's earnings."

"Eileen laid her hand impetuously upon my arm. 'Jean told me himself that the snow is hanging over like a great fringe up

there. Don't attempt the ascent, I implore you—for all our sakes,' she protested.

"I saw her lips quiver as she spoke. My resolution I knew would melt into thin air if I stood there another minute, and I turned to go down the path.

"I ought to be grateful to you—to you all," I added, 'for the interest you take in my welfare. Only for one reason I must make the attempt—a man should keep to his word.'

"Eileen glanced at me coldly as she said: 'Oh, of course, whatever else may happen, your word to carry out this insane feat must on no account be broken—better anything than that!' and she walked abruptly away. I went slowly down the mountain path, feeling considerably perturbed at the probable consequences of my obstinacy. However, I made my way to the hut of one of the promised guides, to arrange some details of the ascent, and then returned to the inn. There I kept myself apart from the rest of the inmates, and, as the night came on, impatiently awaited the coming hour.

"With the exception of myself, no one was stirring, when at last the appointed time arrived. I closed the door of the inn quietly, and then stood there in the moonlight wondering at the delay of the guides. The minutes wore on slowly, but no signs of the men were apparent. It was nearly two o'clock in the morning when, having

awaited the guides' coming for almost an hour, I took my alpenstock and made my way to the hut below.

"I rapped violently upon the rough-timbered door, which, after a few minutes' interval, was flung open by the guide whom I had been expecting.

"'Come!' I said irritably, 'it is nearly two o'clock. You promised to be at the inn by one. Where is your companion?'

"He shaded his eyes from the light of the candle, which he held close to his face, then answered:

"'I don't intend to climb the Lyskamm this morning!'

"'What do you mean?' I asked. 'Didn't you arrange to guide me there? weren't we to start at one o'clock, and haven't we lost an hour nearly? I gave you the price you asked; what more do you want?'

"The guide left me for a minute, then returned, holding out the gold pieces I had given him.

"'There, take your money, I want none of it. I've three children asleep in the hut; they're too young to be left orphans.'

"I swept the coins from his hand so that they rolled down into his hut.

"'There's something more in this than you choose to tell me,' I said. 'If you're too cowardly to come, very well, don't. I'll make you a present of the coins there for the finding, if you will tell me why you changed your mind and left me to wait for your coming in vain.'

"The guide hesitated a minute or two. 'You will give me your word not to mention it?' he asked deferentially at last.

"'Certainly,' I answered. 'Come, we are losing time!'

"'I've been paid twice the sum not to act as your guide.'

"'Who paid it?' I asked angrily. 'Are my fellow companions treating me as a child?'

"'I'd rather not tell you,' he replied.

"'I solemnly promise you that not a word of what you say shall pass my lips.'

"'You remember coming here during the evening?' he questioned.

I nodded assent.

"'An hour afterwards there came some one—alone—who paid me the money.'



"I WAS GATHERING SOME EDELWEISS"

"Man or woman?" I asked laconically.

"A lady, tall and fair."

"I hardly knew what to say, for anger and joy struggled within me for the mastery. If my safety was of such moment to Eileen—for I recognised that she it was who had bribed the guide—surely the question which I had been longing to ask her would not be uttered in vain! Still, I must climb the Lyskamm. I changed the drift of the conversation by asking the guide:

"If you are determined not to conduct me yourself, can you tell me where I am likely to find a guide?"

"There's Michel; he has another guide with him; the two had engaged to take someone staying at the Seiler's Inn, but that accident at Riffel Berg has prevented it. The party refused to go."

"I cheered up instantly at the good news.

"You will show me the hut?" I asked. For reply he thrust on a close-fitting cap, threw a heavy comforter about his neck as a protection against the biting air, and then set off by my side.

"It was three o'clock in the morning when, accompanied by two guides, Michel Volden and Stephen Perin, I reached the Gorner Glacier, and thence made for the Grentz Glacier, which had to be scaled. The guide had spoken the truth as to the danger from the snow, as I soon discovered.

"Up the solid, slanting wall of ice we went, Michel swinging his ice-axe and cutting every step for our feet. Half-an-hour or more had passed when the wind, which had throughout the ascent blown piercingly cold, suddenly increased and grew so strong that several times we had to lie down at full length on the glacier, and, clinging with hands and feet to the ice, wait for the driving gusts to pass.

"Once the wind caught us unawares, and the leading guide slipped; had it not been for the rope, Michel's fate would have been sealed, for right behind us was a huge crevasse, or jagged fissure in the ice.

"Still we went on in the teeth of the wind that was now howling furiously about us. Suddenly a cry came from Michel.

"Hold on! Hold on! We are lost!"

"Through the shrieking of the wind I



"MAN OR WOMAN?" I ASKED LACONICALLY."

heard a tremendous roar, as with a grinding, dull thud, down upon us came an enormous mass of snow.

"I had just time to thrust my feet into the footholds and to cling with half-frozen fingers to the rope, as Stephen, the guide behind—for we were in single file—cried hoarsely:

"An avalanche! The Lord save us!"

"In an instant the mass of snow struck us, and down the side of the glacier we fell, half buried in the blinding snow and dazed with the roar and crashing of everything about us.

"By good chance we managed to stop our descent before we reached the crevasse. Like Stephen, I was little hurt, except for some severe scratches and bruises. Michel was unconscious; and it was some time before we managed to arouse him. We chafed his hands and feet and rubbed him with snow; then, at last, when he was able to move, seeing the uselessness of attempting to proceed, I proposed to return. To this neither of the guides, to my complete astonishment, would agree.

"We can't have another fall," volunteered Michel; 'besides, it's safer above than below that snow;' and he pointed to where it lay far beneath us in great drifts,

and seemed about to crash down the mountain slopes.

"Very well," I assented, relieved by his words; for I had bitterly blamed my proverbial obstinacy in attempting to climb the Lyskamm that morning; "only remember this, that I am ready to go back at once, or whenever you think it unsafe to proceed farther."

"We will go on," answered Michel, as his axe flashed in the light of the sun just rising. "It's my belief the wind is dying away."

"We advanced higher on our way, higher and higher yet."

"There ought to be a crevasse about here," Michel muttered to himself; and, even as he spoke, we caught sight of it. Stephen, who carried the short scaling ladder, thrust it forward and held one end of it as well as he could with his numbed fingers. Michel crawled across it, when, suddenly, the ladder slipped from the other guide's hands, and, borne by Michel's weight, fell down the crevasse, the unhappy guide being flung headlong over the precipice of ice! I tried to save him as he fell, with a fearful cry, into the void, and, overbalancing myself, went down, down into that awful abyss, clutching at the empty air as I tried to stop myself.

"The avalanche which we had encountered saved my life, for, after falling over twenty feet, I struck against a huge projecting piece of ice, upon which the snow lay heavily piled. I could neither move nor cry out, my strength seemed completely gone, and, from the pain of my left arm, I conjectured it was broken."

"There I lay, supported in mid air on a fragment of ice which in a second might

crash down to the far depths below—where, indeed, the body of Michel lay, disfigured beyond recognition! I saw Stephen stretch himself over the side of the icy precipice, as he tried to discover if either of us still lived, or had managed to cling to any of the projecting scarps of ice. He caught sight of me lying half buried in the snow, and made his way down the mountain to seek for help, as I subsequently learnt."

"Eileen Bryante, it seems, was awakened by the wind which shook the little inn, and threatened at times to break in its crazy casements. Remembering that I had intended to attempt to scale the Lyskamm, she recalled the circumstance of having bribed Pierre to give up the hazardous affair. Glancing through the window, she saw great masses of snow lying about and someone pushing through it, making his way along the narrow face of the steep ridge opposite. Quickly dressing, she passed down the stairway, and saw that the door of my room was wide open!

"Out she hastened, and recognised in the morning light the guide, Pierre, axe in hand and carrying a great coil of rope over his shoulder.

"Pierre!" she cried. The mountaineer caught the sound of her voice ringing in the icy air, and stood for a second watching her.

"She caught up to him, then asked: 'You kept your promise to me last night—no one left Seiler's Inn that you know of? I noticed one of the room doors open, and I thought—perhaps—that—'

"Eileen could say no more, for she saw a look on the guide's face that startled her.

"I didn't go, but the gentleman was obsti-



"THERE I LAY ON A FRAGMENT OF ICE."

nate. He got two other guides, and started later. I'm going to search for them. It looks as if they have had a rough time. There's no telling, of course; but the snow which has fallen here is only the fringe of what has fallen up there, it's my opinion."

"She looked at the guide with a face from which every vestige of colour had fled.

"'You mean—that—there has been—an avalanche?' Eileen asked disjointedly.

"'I fear so,' he answered; then getting a view of the Gornier Grat, he cried suddenly:

"'Go back and tell them in the inn to scour the place for guides, rouse the land-



"EILEEN FOLLOWED HAND OVER HAND."

lord—why, the snow has come down as never man saw it before!"

"Eileen never stirred from his side.

"'No;' she answered, her courage returning with the knowledge of the danger to be faced. 'It would take too long; if they want help, it must be given at once. By the time other guides are got together it will be too late.' She hastened on in front of the guide, who looked at her in undisguised dismay.

"'Come back!' he cried; 'there are enough dead, to my fancy, as it is. A woman can be of no use.'

"'Why?' she asked. 'I can climb; I am not afraid, and my footsteps are sure.'

"Pierre stared at Eileen for a moment as

if the situation was too much for him to discuss.

"'You English have queer ways,' he said at last. 'Come, if you like, but mind, I give you no assistance. You have no alpenstock, and you'll soon have to go back.' He caught up to her, and together they hurried on, side by side; when, however, he saw that she persisted in struggling up the slippery green glacier on their arrival there, he relented, and coiling the rope round his waist, passed the end to her, to which she fastened herself securely.

"Up the glacier they went; Pierre discovering the recent steps which Michel had made, and cutting them deeper as he climbed on.

"Half-an-hour after they had left the Auf der Platte behind, they heard someone shouting for assistance. It was Stephen, who was on his way to Riffel Berg, and had caught sight of them. He took Pierre aside and explained matters.

"'It must be attempted, at all events,' Eileen overheard Pierre remark at last; and then they continued the ascent, taking her between them, securely fastened to the rope. In order to avoid a threatening mass of snow, it became necessary to make a detour which brought them face to face with a new difficulty. A huge crevasse lay before them, and, being without a scaling ladder, Pierre took the rope with which they had fastened themselves and dexterously flung it, lassoing a great, irregular block of ice beyond. Securing one end on the side they stood, the guides prepared to cross the crevasse. Stephen went first, after whom Eileen followed, working her way forward, hand over hand, as she clung to the frail rope.

"Pierre, who followed last, succeeded in getting the rope free after passing over the crevasse; then up the almost perpendicular ice they struggled once more until the chasm was reached where I had lain for hours, thinking that rescue would never come.

"'There is one of the two lying below on a shelf of ice,' said Stephen to Eileen.

"'One! and where is the other?' she asked. The mountaineer shrugged his shoulders.

"'Lying countless feet beyond the other,' he replied: 'but come, we must do something for the living.'

"Eileen glanced down at the depths

below. 'Then one is dead—who is still alive there on the ice-ledge?'

"'I can't quite make out,' Stephen answered, who was busy knotting the rope round his waist; 'he, too, may be dead for aught we know.'

"'What are you going to do?' she asked shortly."

"'Pierre will lower me down there, and when I secure the man lying on the ice-ledge, you must do your best to help him to bring us to the top of the crevasse. I know of no other plan.'

"'You are stronger than I am,' Eileen said, a sudden inspiration flashing across her brain. 'You would be of much greater service to help Pierre.'

"'It's of no use discussing the difficulties,' Stephen rejoined. 'If the worst comes to the worst, those upon the rope will only meet with Michel's fate; there's naught else to do but try.'

"'I say there is; you and Pierre could easily draw whoever is upon the ice-ledge to the surface—and myself.'

"'You!' cried Stephen. 'Impossible!'

"'If it could be managed,' interposed Pierre, who rather favoured the idea, 'we should gain in two ways: there would be less strain on the rope, and we could together haul them up; besides, in case of accident.' And he whispered the rest into the other's ear.

"'I don't half like the idea,' said Stephen, as he slowly unfastened the rope from his own waist and proceeded to make a loop for Eileen to sit in.

"'Now, have a care,' added Pierre, as he gave his hatchet to Eileen. 'Use that to keep yourself from oscillating against the ice. Are you ready?'

"'Quite,' Eileen answered, grasping the axe. Out into the void the girl swung, with one hand grasping the rope and with the other thrusting the axe towards the jagged ice-wall to keep herself steady. Steadily, a foot at a time, the

mountaineers lowered her, calling out from time to time to know if all was going well, for as they stood with their heels fast thrust into the ice and their bodies thrown back, they could not see what was transpiring. At last Eileen reached the ledge on which I was lying, and, clearing away the snow in which I was half hidden, she caught a glimpse of my face.

"'I glanced at her in utter astonishment, for, being unable to move from my side, owing to the position in which I had fallen, I could not see hitherto what effort was made for my rescue.

"'The cowards,' I muttered, as Eileen bent over me, 'to leave you to run such a risk. I am punished more than enough for my folly.'

"'Hush,' she whispered. 'This is no time for reproaches—it was my wish, not theirs.'

"'I could do absolutely nothing towards my own rescue, my bruised limbs being rigid with the cold. Eileen wound the rope about me, then secured herself to it, and gave a jerk to indicate to those above that all was ready. Not a minute too soon was the signal given, for we had only been raised a foot or two when the ice ledge, on which we had been, split off and fell with a resounding crash below.

"'The rope, stretched to its utmost, swayed ominously. Twice, in spite of Eileen's utmost caution, we were flung against the ice, which beat us back into the middle of the crevasse, and, glancing down at the abysmal depths below, I grew dizzy with the horror of our threatened fate, depending, as it did, on a single piece of rope no thicker than a man's finger. Before we had reached the top I became unconscious from the exhaustion. When I came to my senses Eileen and Pierre were bending over me, Stephen having gone down to Riffl Berg for assistance.



"STEADILY THE MOUNTAINEERS LOWERED HER."

"I was carried down to Seiler's Inn at last, where my injuries were attended to by a young doctor, whose party most fortunately had arrived there that day. My arm was fractured hopelessly, and you see the tokens of it," Colonel Playdell added, as he motioned to his empty sleeve when his story was concluded.

"And Michel, the guide?" I asked. "Was any attempt made to recover his body?"

"The mountaineers know by sad experience that such efforts are useless, the depth of the great crevasse

has never been discovered," the Colonel answered.

"But you said you had climbed the Lyskamm," said the artist, who had listened attentively throughout.

"I did not reach the top on that occasion, certainly," he rejoined; "but next year my wife—Eileen Bryante that was, you know—and I succeeded in getting there, and, strange to say, one of our guides, a strong, sturdy-looking fellow, was Michel Volden, the son of the very guide for whose fate I have so often reproached myself!"

Notable Men and their Work.

Lord Armstrong, C.B., and Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

By FREDERICK DOLMAN.

THE city on the Tyne has been remarkably prolific in great men. Stephenson, Collingwood, Eldon, Akenside and Bewick are names suggesting to the mind enduring eminence in the various spheres of science and art, literature, law and war. To this roll of its famous sons Newcastle, by common consent of its citizens, has long since added Armstrong, the man by whose name is known the immense engineering and ship-building works which are renowned throughout the civilized world. "Armstrong's" might well be the name of a town itself; covering more than a mile of the river front and an area of seventy acres, the works employ a population of from eight thousand—the number varies, of course, with the state of trade—to fifteen thousand men. Only a portion of the employees live at Elswick, however, most of them coming from all parts of Newcastle and its environs. Thus, owing to this circumstance alone, "Armstrong's" and its prosperity is a matter of constant concern to Newcastle as a whole.

Travellers by the East Coast Route to Scotland

often make inquiry, on passing over the High-level Bridge at Newcastle, as to the whereabouts of "Armstrong's." Elswick is situated, however, some distance higher up the river, quite beyond the view from the railway carriages. The works form a long range of high, single-storied buildings, with glass roofs, between the river on the one side and the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway on the other. Railway lines surround the works, and the waggons can be shunted right into the "shops." On the riverside there are three jetties, at which ships can load and

unload with the help of monstrous cranes that will lift heavy ordnance into the holds of vessels, only one man standing by to give the necessary guidance.

The hydraulic shears at Elswick, which can lift one hundred and twenty tons, is one of the features of a trip up the river.

From the deck of the river steamer, "Armstrong's" forms a very impressive spectacle. The long line of buildings is surmounted by three tall chimneys, sending forth sparks and smoke from the three great furnaces, through

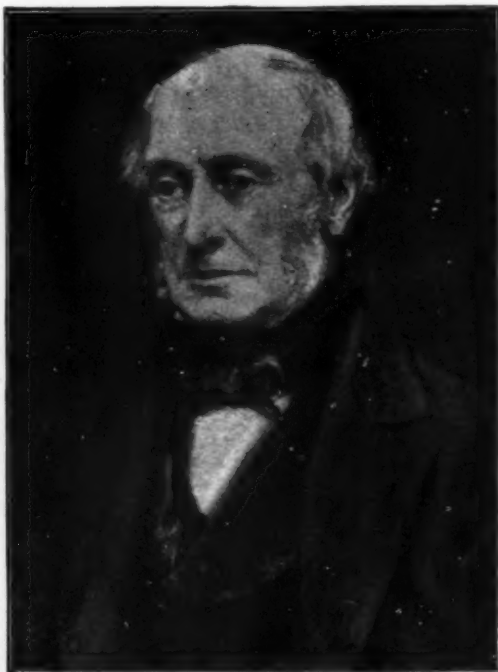


Photo. by]

LORD ARMSTRONG.

[J. Worsnop, Rethbur.]



LORD ARMSTRONG'S RESIDENCE, "CRAGSIDE," NEAR ROTHBURY.

which nearly one hundred thousand tons of iron can be passed in the course of a year. In the centre are the engineering shops, and it is from this centre that "Armstrong's" have expanded east and west since Lord Armstrong established the firm nearly fifty years ago. On the east are the ordnance works; on the west, the ship-building yards. Mitchell's great yard, which was amalgamated with "Armstrong's" when the firm became a limited company, is at Low Walker, five miles from Elswick, and that distance nearer the sea.

Since the conversion of the firm into a limited company, Lord Armstrong has spent but very little time at Elswick, visiting the works, in fact, only in order to attend an occasional meeting of the Board of Directors. In order, therefore, to become personally acquainted with the man whose life-work is seen in these great scenes of science and industry, I take train for Rothbury, a kind of overgrown

village in the most remote, and at the same time most picturesque, part of the county of Northumberland.

Crag-side, Lord Armstrong's residence near Rothbury, Northumberland, has been described as "a romance in stone and mortar." The phrase happily describes one of the strongest impressions the visitor carries away from Crag-side, but there is something more than "romance" about the solid, handsome structure, with its extensive, and, in some respects,



THE CORRIDOR, CRAGSIDE.

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remarkable demes-
ne—or rather, above
and beyond the ro-
mance of colour and
form, there is the
romance of science,
of hard struggle
with nature, of
power and determi-
nation overcoming
seemingly insuper-
able difficulties.
Cragside, in one
sense, may be said
to exemplify the
whole career of its
venerable and dis-
tinguished owner.
For, unlike most
modern residences,
whether large or
small, Cragside
bears the best name
it could have been
given: it is literally
and truly built on



THE DRAWING-ROOM, CRAGSIDE.

the lower shelf of a crag which is probably
some three hundred feet in height, a crag
which, until it came under Lord Arm-
strong's beneficent sway, was, as is almost
invariably the case with these Northum-
brian heights, absolutely bare of foliage,
not a speck of bright colour redeeming
the cold grey of the massive rocks. The
crag is now a mass of verdure as far as
the eye can see, such patches of stone as
still remain uncovered only serving to
emphasize the wondrous change which
Lord Armstrong has wrought over an
area of something like fifteen thousand
acres. It is not surprising that, to the
natives of Rothbury, this transformation
in the aspect of nature should appear an
even greater achievement than the epoch-
making invention of hydraulic machinery
or the revolutionary improvement in
ordnance.

The grounds of Cragside are practically
unique in their way. Once inside the
entrance gate and past the pretty lodge,
aglow with flowers, and you find yourself
traversing—in place of the broad carriage
drive known to conventionality—narrow,
deviating paths, moss-grown and undula-
ting, now rising, then descending. The
stranger would assuredly lose his way
were not the mansion, with its Elizabethan
gables and turrets, always wholly or
partially in sight as the goal to be striven

for. At length I cross a rustic bridge
over a swiftly flowing little stream (a
"burn," as the Northerners call it), which
brings me to a natural kind of staircase,
composed of large rocks, and, this
ascended, I find myself at the wide, oval
porch, which is the principal entry into
Lord Armstrong's home. A man-servant
conducts me through a hall and corridor,
bright and light, like the rest of the house,
with polished oak, to the drawing-room,
where, at the farther end, Lord Armstrong
is sitting at his desk, engaged with the
morning's correspondence. This apart-
ment, with its splendid length and breadth,
might well be called the picture gallery,
for it is here that Lord Armstrong's
greatest art treasures hang, in the pure,
clear light derived from a crystal roof.
As I advance up the room to take Lord
Armstrong's outstretched hand, my glance
discovers the presence of Sir John Millais's
"Jephtha" and even more famous "Chill
October," one of Turner's seascapes,
O'Neil's "Death of Rafaele," a cattle
picture by the veteran Sidney Cooper,
Rosa Bonheur's "Forest of Fontaine-
bleau," and a characteristic water-colour
by Sir David Wilkie.

Greetings exchanged, I can conscien-
tiously congratulate Lord Armstrong on
his evident good health. Some time
before, his lordship had been confined to

his room for several days, as the result of a chill incurred through a visit to London, but his recuperative power is now clearly shown. In the resolute-looking eyes and the firm yet kindly face there is the bright light and glow of good health, and the tall, well-proportioned figure rises from the chair with something of the elasticity of youth.

"Why, at eighty-three you have the physique, Lord Armstrong," I almost involuntarily exclaimed, "of a Gladstone."

"No," Lord Armstrong, who wears a grey tweed suit and an old-fashioned stock round his neck, smilingly replies, "I hav'n't the wonderful energy of Mr. Gladstone. He is, indeed, a marvel. How well I remember my first meeting him. It was when Mr. Gladstone was Chancellor, and Mr. Sidney Herbert, who had been Secretary of War in the preceding administration, introduced me to him as 'the worst enemy a Chancellor of the Exchequer could have'—a jocular allusion, of course, to the costliness of the Armstrong guns.

"For my part, although I continue to have good health, I feel the need of rest. I am now nearly always here, only now and again going to Elswick to attend the Board meetings and just keep in touch with affairs at the works. When a man turns eighty I think he is entitled to repose."

"Especially after such a career as yours, my lord?"

"Yes; I have worked hard in my time. For the first fifteen years, after starting the works at Elswick, you know, I had a very hard struggle to make head-

way. During the whole of that time I never had a week's holiday, and many a night I stayed at Elswick all night, working on till ten or eleven when I had some important matter in hand, and then laying down on a couch for a few hours. But it is not hard work that kills—hard work never did anybody much harm; it is worry and anxiety that tell on one."

"But I expect there was plenty of that when you were in the midst of difficult and important experiments?"

"Yes. At times I suffered from the inventor's fever, I suppose, and got little sleep at night in consequence. But that would be only when I was at the crisis of important experiments. I have always lived regularly and temperately, however, and it is to this, rather than to physical strength and its development, that must be attributed my present health. In fact, as a child I was very weakly, and for months together had to be kept at home in Newcastle and carefully protected from the severity of the winter, and I dare say it was feared at one time that I should not reach manhood."

It was, it seems, during these long periods of confinement to the house that the boy showed the scientific mind which, in after years, was to give him world-wide fame. He cared for toys only as they served to satisfy his curiosity regarding the way of things and in course of time, with very slender materials, he would create various mechanical contrivances. Always fond of fishing, his first invention—when quite a youth—was made in the baiting material, its object being the preservation of the minnows



THE STAIRCASE, CRAGSIDE.

at a proper temperature. One would have supposed that, with such clear manifestations of his talent, Lord Armstrong's vocation would have been from the outset pretty clearly marked out. Yet, when he was just leaving his teens, Lord Armstrong was put by his father, a well-to-do corn merchant and a much-esteemed citizen of Newcastle, who once filled the office of Mayor, into the profession of the law. I asked Lord Armstrong how such a mistake could have been made.

"Well, the law was not, of course, of my choosing; my vocation was chosen for me, and for a good many years I stuck to the law, while all my leisure was given to mechanics. But the circumstances were peculiar. A great friend of my family's, Mr. Donkin, had a very prosperous attorney's business. He was childless. When I entered his office I was practically adopted by him; I was to be his heir. Such an opening in life was, of course, most attractive; here, it seemed, was a career ready made for me. As it turned out, of course, it meant the waste of some ten or eleven of the best years of my life—and yet not entire waste, perhaps, for my legal training and knowledge have been of help to me in many ways in business. And all the time, although I had no idea of abandoning the law and regularly attended to my professional duties, I was an amateur scientist, constantly experimenting and studying in my leisure time."

"It was quite an accident, was it not, which gave you the first idea of a hydraulic machine?"

"Yes; I trace the germ of the invention to a summer excursion in Deepdale. I was lounging idly about, watching an old water-mill, when it occurred to me what a small part of the power of the water was



THE LIBRARY, CRAGSIDE.

used in driving the wheel, and then I thought how great would be the force of even a small quantity of water if its energy were only concentrated in one column. When I returned to Newcastle I set to work at Watson's High Bridge Works, where I had been in the habit of making mechanical experiments, trying to practically realise the idea."

Everyone knows how, in the course of a comparatively short time, hydraulic machinery, founded on this simple principle, became an accomplished fact. But great as the invention was, its commercial value was not at first dazzling, it appears.

"When, at length," Lord Armstrong says, "I resolved, about 1847, to give up my profession and start in business as a mechanical engineer, most of my friends thought I was very foolish. And on the face of it, it was a bold thing to do—abandoning, for an entirely new enterprise, the large and old-established legal business, which, in the course of time, would become my own."

His partners, Mr. Alderman Donkin, Mr. Alderman Potter, Mr. Geo. Cruddas and Mr. Richard Lambert, were the friends who had joined him in erecting, on Newcastle Quay, the first hydraulic crane.

By this time, however, the commercial value of the hydraulic machine had been clearly demonstrated. The Corporation

of Newcastle were among the first to show their faith in the lawyer's invention by ordering three more hydraulic cranes for the quay, these being made under Lord Armstrong's direction at Watson's High Bridge Works. A visit paid to Newcastle by Mr. Jesse Hartley, the engineer at Liverpool Docks, was also an important factor in establishing its fame.

The new firm, which was to so rapidly reach enormous dimensions, started with another valuable invention in the shape of a hydro-electric machine, made by Lord Armstrong likewise, while still pursuing the avocation of a lawyer. He had had his attention diverted for some months from the subject of hydraulic power by a curious incident occurring in the Seaton Delaval Collieries. Two or three workmen avowed that while steam was blowing off the engine boiler, and they were adjusting the safety valve, sparks of fire shot out and touched their finger-tips. This incident set the mind of Armstrong at work, and, in a very short time, Messrs. Watson and Lambert had produced, under his direction, the first machine for the production of electricity by means of high-pressure steam.

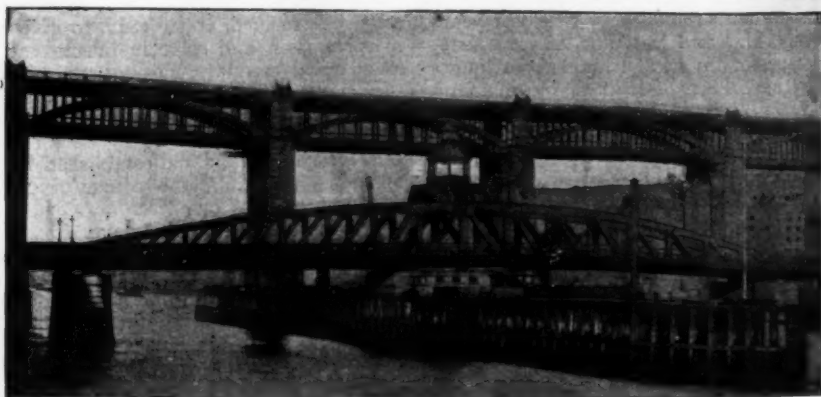
I was curious to ascertain from Lord Armstrong whether he felt that there was injustice or unreasonableness in the incredulity with which his inventions were at the outset regarded, but I could find in his conversation no evidence of such feeling. In fact, it is his opinion that the inventor must have good proof of his success, an actual example of his theories which can be properly tested, before his discovery is of any value. "For this reason," Lord

Armstrong said in effect to me, "I attach no importance whatever to this talk about a new vessel which will cross the Atlantic in three days, or the new war material which in an instant will sweep armies off the field and fleets off the sea."

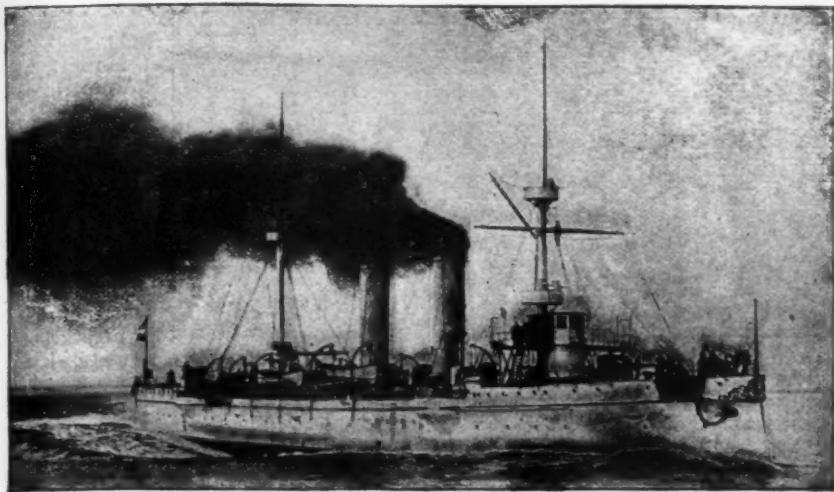
It was during the Crimean war that Lord Armstrong first turned his mechanical genius to the improvement of guns. Inkerman and other engagements made manifest the deficiencies in the then existing artillery; and the Tyneside engineer set before himself the problem how, with less weight of metal, greater length and precision in the range of the gun could be obtained. The war was ended before a satisfactory answer was obtained to this problem; but when the new invention was, in 1856, at length submitted to the military authorities, it was so perfect that the traditional conservatism of the official mind was simply carried by storm. Very entertaining and interesting is Lord Armstrong's account of the innumerable experiments he had to make before the first gun, which cost £1,000, was ready for the inspection of the experts. The gun was tested again and again on the moors of Allenhead, and the people of this remote district were at first seized with panic, fearing foreign invasion, when the reverberations of distant firing reached them.

"At a later period," Lord Armstrong tells me, "we used to test the guns on my estate here. They were brought from Elswick by road, and then had to be dragged up these hills."

Whilst talking of this period of his life, Lord Armstrong, however, says not a word regarding a circumstance which not



HYDRAULIC SWING BRIDGE OVER THE TYNE. BUILT BY ARMSTRONG, MITCHELL AND CO.



ARGENTINE CRUISER, "9 DE JULIO." BUILT BY ARMSTRONG, MITCHELL AND CO.

a few readers may remember — the generous gift made by the inventor to his country of all the patent rights in the new guns. It was publicly acknowledged by Lord John Russell in the House of Commons, and afterwards by the conferment of a knighthood. Then the high state of efficiency to which, in the course of ten years, the Elswick works had been brought was strikingly shown. It was found that there were better facilities at Elswick for the making of the guns than could be found in any of the Government factories. The War Office consequently entered into a contract with Armstrong and Co. to manufacture the guns as they were required, Lord Armstrong becoming Engineer of Rifled Ordnance at a salary of £2,000 a-year. He filled this office till 1863, when the contract was rescinded by mutual consent.

"It was about this time," his lordship remarks, "that I began Cragside. When I resolved to have a country house, I looked to Rothbury, because the district had many old associations for me; I was so much here in my younger days—as a child I was often afflicted with a severe cough, and the physician used to order me to Rothbury, where the air proved very beneficial. It was only a little bit of land that I purchased from the Duke of Northumberland at first, and the house I built was quite a small one. Both the house and the grounds have been added to from time to time. I dare say you noticed

how the trees planted on the fringe of the estate are quite young, and that they gradually become older as you get nearer to the house, until those immediately around it are large and well-grown."

"I dare say this method of planting had its advantages."

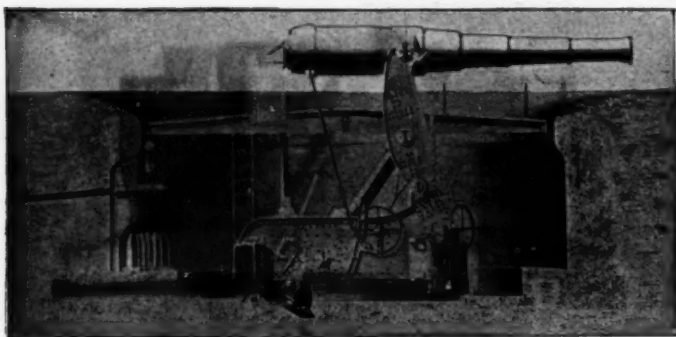
"Yes; I was able to tell which kind of tree prospered best in such conditions. You will find Scotch firs most numerous, especially in the more exposed parts. Of course, for a great many years I came here only on an occasional holiday, and from Saturday till Monday. At that time the train did not come nearer than Morpeth, and the rest of the distance one had to drive.

"Would you like to see my laboratory?" Lord Armstrong says at a pause in the conversation; and he opens a door at the other side of the fireplace, admitting us to a comparatively small chamber filled with electrical instruments of all kinds, with which an assistant is busily employed.

"At present," his lordship states in reply to my inquiry, "I am chiefly engaged in experiments with high tension—the conversion of a low tension current into one of high tension."

"I suppose in electricity there is almost inexhaustible scope for study and experiment?"

"Yes; we are little more than at the beginning of the science. No one can say what the future of electricity may have in store for us."



12½-TON ARMSTRONG GUN ON PNEUMATIC DISAPPEARING CARRIAGE.

"As regards the electric light, great improvement has, of course, been made in recent years?"

"Yes, as I have reason to know," replies Lord Armstrong, with a smile. "Crag-side was one of the first houses to be fitted with the light—some fifteen years ago—and I've suffered the pioneer's fate in having several times to change my plant. At last, however, we've almost reached perfection, and the light never fails us now. The motive power is obtained from the stream of water you saw in the grounds, and in the installation I had the assistance of my friend Mr. Swan. The water-power is cheaper and pleasanter than the steam, but we've a small engine available in case of emergencies. Fortunately we have plenty of water; this long drought has tried the supply severely, but, of course, being summer, little light has been required."

"I should much like to see this machinery," Lord Armstrong."

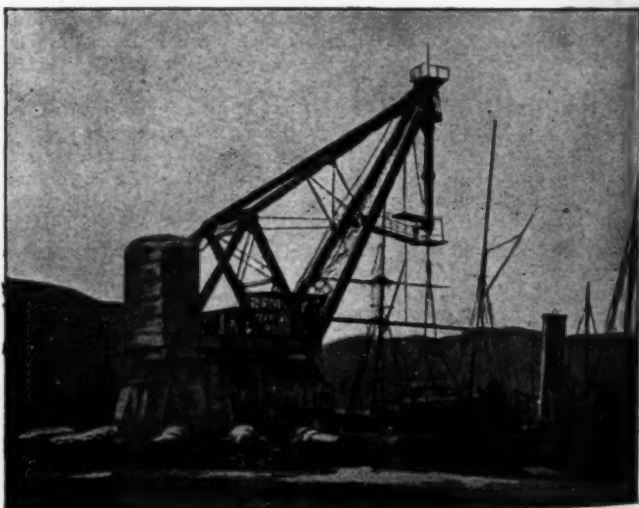
"Yes, certainly. My steward shall show you all over the place."

Lord Armstrong departs to give the necessary orders, leaving me admiring the handsome fireplace of terra-cotta and marble, as I sit in an easy-chair by its side. The fine,

classical design, was doubtless the work of Norman Shaw, R.A., to whose art Crag-side owes some part of its attractiveness. Then I turn to a side-table, on which is placed the souvenir of the visit paid to Crag-side by the Prince and Princess of Wales in the summer of 1884, on the occasion of the opening of Jesmond

Dene, Lord Armstrong's magnificent present to the people of Newcastle. The handsomely illuminated volume stands on a small oaken table, made from wood used in the building of Hadrian's bridge over the Tyne in the time of the Romans. The timber, which was discovered when the foundations of the present high-level bridge were being laid, must have been growing in the life-time of Jesus Christ.

On this small table, in amusing juxtaposition to the brilliant souvenir, are a puzzle-toy and a set of the game of halma, giving evidence of hard usage, both, I imagine, being the property of a little relative of his lordship's, the daughter of a nephew, Mr. Watson Armstrong, who, Lord Armstrong being



160-TON CRANE SURROUNDED BY 100-TON GUNS.

childless, is generally regarded as the heir.

"It'll take you about two hours, I think," said Lord Armstrong, as he introduced me to his steward. This time was given to us although we drove as much as possible in a waggonette which, with its ingenious protection against wind, rain and sunshine, is of the inventor's own designing. We drove first to the electrical station, then to the carpenter's shop, the green-houses, the fine new stables and by the three lakes, artificially made to provide hydraulic power, the steward, with an affectionate enthusiasm proceeding from thirty years' service, pointing out and explaining the skill his employer had brought to bear upon every important

Lord Armstrong in the library, a long and lofty apartment, well lighted at one end by an oriel window. The books are ranged round the greater part of the room, the cases not being high enough to be beyond hand's reach, and on the walls above hang a number of pictures. Of these I remember best a beautiful panelled work by Albert Moore, called "Follow My Leader," the subject being half-a-dozen Grecian maidens in graceful flight.

In the course of conversation we happen to touch upon the interesting question of the future of our coal supply. Lord Armstrong fully adheres to the views expressed in his address as President of the British Association at the Newcastle meeting some years ago.



A GUN SHOW ROOM AT ELSWICK.

detail. The drive was most exhilarating, with its picturesque views and bracing breezes. A broad, smooth carriage drive round the estate is six miles in length, and Lord Armstrong, who is still fond of the reins, need never go outside his gates for his daily drive.

"East or West, home's best." Such is the inscription which meets my eye on sitting at the large round table in the dining-room. It is carved in stone on the Elizabethan fire-place, on either side of which, in keeping with the sentiment, are delightful "cosy corners," in the form of oaken seats amply cushioned. The pictures on the wainscoted walls, I notice, are chiefly of cattle grazing and similar rural subjects.

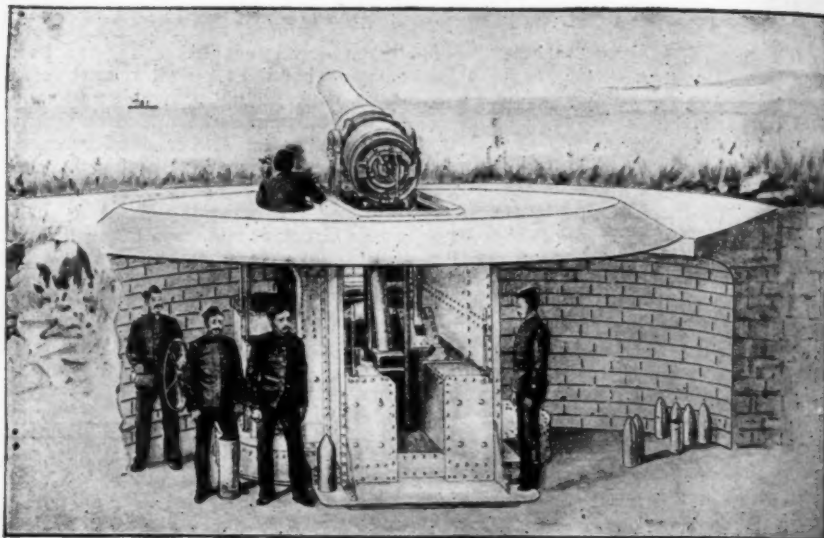
After luncheon I have another talk with

"It is now generally admitted that England, at the present rate of production, is within measurable distance of the exhaustion of her coal supply. Before this actually occurs large quantities of coal will be produced in America and other parts of the world, and with the rapid improvement in the speed and cost of transport, the importation of this will probably be cheaper than the cost of production in England."

"This must seriously affect our national future?"

"It cannot fail to have some considerable effect, of course."

"But it is urged, is it not, that before this comes to pass, there will be some fresh motive-power to take the place of steam?"



6-INCH QUICK FIRING GUN ON DISAPPEARING CARRIAGE, FIRING POSITION.

"That may be, but all motive-power is but the production of energy, and in getting this energy you must consume something. The question is, can anything be consumed that will be cheaper than coal. I think not. Electricity, for instance, might take the place of steam as a motive power, but coal, or some more expensive kind of energy, must be employed in producing it."

The wide range of Lord Armstrong's interests, octogenarian though he is, is strikingly shown by the burden of papers and books on a small table at my side. Transactions of the various learned societies with which Lord Armstrong is honourably identified are mingled with reports of various charitable organisations to which he gives generous support; reports of the proceedings of different Parliamentary committees lie side by side with pamphlets on Home Rule and other political questions. On a much larger table, in addition to all the best known works of reference, are copies of the current reviews—*Nineteenth Century*, *Fortnightly*, etc. Lord Armstrong's writing-table, on the other hand, is free from the encumbrance of books and papers, being simply furnished with a box of stationery, pens and blotting-pad. In the course of his busy life Lord Armstrong has occasionally found time to put pen to paper with literary intent. On returning from a

visit to Egypt, he prepared a series of lectures for the Philosophical Institution at Newcastle-on-Tyne, which were afterwards published in book form. To the catalogue of the Inventions Exhibition he contributed an essay on Hydraulic Machinery; and in the records of the Royal Society his authorship is also to be found.

On the long table, which fills the centre of the library, there is much to interest the visitor to Cragside. Bound in an imposing volume, is a facsimile of *The Illustrated Arctic News*, a monthly journal published on board H.M.S. *Resolute* during the search for Sir John Franklin, and circulated in MS. copies among the expedition of which she formed part. The paper was edited by Lieutenant Sherwood Osborne and Mr. Geo. McDougall, and by picture, verse and paragraph gives one a lively idea of the life led by the members of the expedition and the efforts made to infuse warmth and cheerfulness amid their Arctic surroundings.

Perhaps the most interesting volume on the table, however, is the *Cragside Visitors' Book*. On the first page, in good bold characters and with broad margins of space, are inscribed the names of "Alexandra," "Albert Edward," "Edward," "George," "Louise," "Victoria," and "Maud." Turning from this memento of the visit of the Prince and Princess of

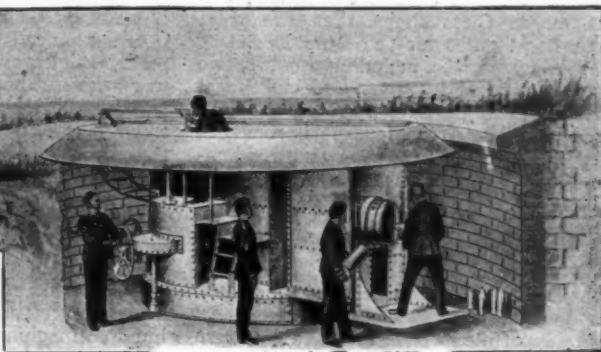
Wales with their family, one comes quickly across distinguished names in all languages. Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain's occur under the date "1889;" while among the more recent entries is that of Dr. Nansen, the Franklin of the hour. A remarkable feature of the book is the frequency with which Japanese names occur. This may be explained by the fact that some forty or fifty young Japs of high social position have been articled as pupils to Sir William Armstrong, Mitchell and Company, at Elswick. Several of the foreign ambassadors' names are to be found here, as well as most of those of the agents general for the Colonies. Sir George and Lady Trevelyan's occur with some frequency, the Secretary for Scotland being Lord

just seen Cragside, a most beautiful residence I should, indeed, have thought it. The Dene is traversed throughout by a running stream, which forms at one part a pretty cascade, and on its hilly slopes grow splendid trees and plants, gathered from all parts of the world, with mountain gorse and wild flowers in profusion. In its midst is a banqueting-hall which, with its spacious reception room, marble staircase and handsome gallery, will comfortably accommodate three hundred guests, this being included in Lord and Lady Armstrong's gift to Newcastle. This picture of sylvan beauty is, indeed, in strange contrast to the smoke and grime of the city, close to whose doors it is situated, and the contrast is effectively brought home to my mind when, after a short

Armstrong's next door neighbour, so to speak, at Cambo.

I arrived at Cragside full of admiration for the beauty and charm which it has acquired from art and nature. On my departure, driving through Rothbury and across the bridge over the picturesque Coquet, I am chiefly impressed by the strong character and the interesting personality of Lord Armstrong: by his kindness and simplicity, no less than by his resolution and strength of purpose. This impression is greatly intensified when, after a two hours' railway journey, I stroll through the streets of Newcastle, listening to a Tynesider's enthusiastic account of his lordship's generosity to his native city, his endowment of hospitals and infirmaries, his practical interest in the welfare of literary and educational institutions, and, afterwards, accompanying him to Jesmond Dene.

At the mansion in the Dene, Lady Armstrong was at the moment residing, suffering from the malady which was so soon to prove fatal; and, had I not



DISAPPEARING CARRIAGE. LOADING GUN.

drive, I find myself in the great Elswick Works.

Elswick is a domain rather jealously guarded. Comparatively few of the people of Newcastle have made the tour of the works. And it is, indeed, not a task to be lightly entered upon. Armed as I was with a letter from Lord Armstrong, the fortress was not already captured, as I had fondly imagined. Having satisfied the janitor at the large gate of my *bona fides*, I had then to run the gauntlet of half-a-dozen officials, passing up and down staircases and through passages until I was introduced to a gentleman with authority to appoint a guide to accompany me through the works. They are constantly on the alert at Elswick for the designing engineer and the enterprising foreigner, the American being more particularly an object of suspicion. Hence, the rigid exclusion of the stranger. As it

is, there are several "shops" where important models and designs are kept, which only a few members of the staff at "Armstrong's" are ever allowed to enter.

The task of seeing Elswick is, as I have said, not to be lightly undertaken. You must have great physical vigour and stoical indifference to hunger if it is to be accomplished in the course of a day. Even then anything like minute inspection is out of the question. On first entering the engineering shops one has merely an overwhelming impression of the magnitude and variety of the machinery at work, with its deafening multiplicity of noises and many different functions. Steel and iron are being cut, planed, punched and chiselled, as if it were wood, for the smaller parts of cranes, dock-gates, etc. It was in these shops that the great cranes and gates for the Bute Docks at Cardiff were made, including a crane, two hundred and eighty tons, and eighty feet in height, also the gate weighing one hundred and sixty tons for the harbour at Malta. As a rule, one thousand five hundred men are employed in this department, which covers nine acres, and contains three hundred machines.

The hydraulic crane was the beginning of the great Elswick firm, but it is in the construction of ordnance, of course, that its greatest fame has been obtained. In this department no fewer than five thousand men are often employed, some in the immense foundry (ninety yards long by seventy wide) and the hammer-shed; others in the boring and finishing shops. The largest of their steam-hammers is of thirty-five tons weight, and to see it pressing a mass of red-hot metal into the shape of a gun is one of the most interesting sights in the Elswick Works. This splendid piece of mechanism, known to the workmen as "Big Ben," is considered to be the finest of its kind. It is so delicately adjusted that it will crack a nut without breaking the kernel, and this with the same power which pulverises tons of metal with a thud that shakes the floor. When the Prince of Wales visited Elswick, nearly ten years ago, he placed his hand under this gigantic tool, and it just touched the flesh, which, with equal facility, it could have crushed. The hammer is worked by three or four men, one regulating the force of the blow, and

the others manipulating the burning metal with large tongs, while sparks fly around fast and furiously.

In the ordnance department there are guns in all stages of construction, and the larger ones are finished in the same place as they were begun. The smaller ones are finished—polished, browned and varnished—in a separate shop. Most of those one sees being made have been ordered by the British and foreign governments, but at "Armstrong's" there is always kept a stock of ordnance of different kinds and sizes. It is from the specimens kept in these large galleries that the representatives of the war offices of the world give their orders. They are sold ready-made when guns are required at short notice in any quarter of the globe. Just before my visit the stock of probably a hundred pieces had been slightly reduced in compliance with urgent orders from Siam, which was then on the threshold of war with France. Before the final departure of the guns, however, they have to be taken considerable distances to be tested, some going to Ridsdale, some to Rothbury, and others, of the biggest kind, to a place on the Western coast. To indicate the complexity of the work of making modern ordnance it is only necessary to mention, perhaps, that in this department of "Armstrong's" there are no fewer than eight hundred to nine hundred machines.

It was at "Armstrong's" that the famous *Esmeralda* was built for the Chilian fleet, a splendid model of the fast cruiser to which Lord Armstrong has always pinned his faith, as opposed to the heavy iron-clads, which it is the policy of our own Admiralty to build and continue building at such immense cost.

This great industry of the North of England, whose only rival, as regards arsenals, is Krupp's famous works in Germany, is the creation of one man, but, as Lord Armstrong would be the first to admit, its development and continued prosperity owe not a little to able managers. Captain Noble, Mr. Watts, Colonel Dyer and Mr. Hoyle, in their respective departments, are men whose selection for the important positions they fill is in itself a proof of the good business qualities which, in the case of Lord Armstrong, have been united with scientific powers of the highest order.

A TRIUMPH OF AUDACITY OR A COUNTERFEIT DESPERADO. BY CALDWELL LIPSETT.



"RAISE you again," said the man with the red beard calmly. I had seen his hand, which, as he would say himself, wasn't worth a red cent, and thought in my own mind that he was the coolest customer I had come across for a long time. I had reason to endorse that opinion, as you will hear, before I had seen the last of him.

I was travelling at the time on the Grand Trunk Railway, between San Francisco and Chicago, and there were in the compartment with me four other men, strangers to me, but evidently acquainted with each other, who were beguiling the time by playing poker together.

In the pauses of the game the conversation chiefly turned on the doings of a robber, nicknamed Redbeard, who was just then making the tract of country we were passing through the scene of a series of desperate exploits and cold-blooded atrocities.

He had been a bushranger in Australia, rumour said, until the country grew too hot to hold him, when he had transferred his attention to the trade of a road-agent in the States, and had soon made his name famous for his recklessness and cruelty.

In answer to a question of mine as to the personal appearance of this miscreant, one of our party replied: "Well, he's just an ordinary-looking cuss with a red beard, as you can tell by the name; a bit under the middle height, but broad and strong. Nobody knows very much about him as yet, for he does all his work alone and leaves very few to bear witness against

him; but, as far as can be told, Dick Brooks, over there, might sit for his portrait—a compliment for you, Dick.

Dick only laughed.

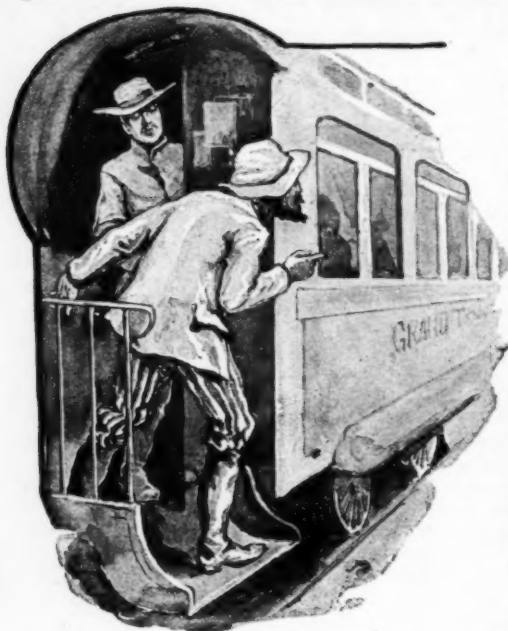
Not very long afterwards the train suddenly came to a stop, and a noise begun as if Bedlam had suddenly broken loose—such a yelling and firing off of rifles and revolvers as I had never heard before and hope never to hear again.

My four companions took it very philosophically. "Guess the line's blocked by some of those road-agents, stranger, and, maybe, you'll have a chance now of seeing what Redbeard's like," remarked one of them: and then placidly went on with the game.

"Ay," said another; "I heard there was some money to pay the troops being sent by this train, so they ought to make a good haul. It's a wonder government didn't send a guard along, but I



"RAISE YOU AGAIN."



"I'M GOING OUT TO SEE THE FUN."

suppose they thought they had kept it all dark."

"I'm going out to see the fun," suddenly exclaimed the man mentioned as Brooks, opening the carriage door; "who else is on?"

As none of the others appeared keen, I volunteered to accompany him, out of curiosity, expecting a new experience; and, certainly, it was a new experience to see a whole train-load of people looking quietly on while an armed gang of robbers spoiled the mails.

"Why don't these people attack the scoundrels?" I asked my companion. "There are plenty of men about, and they can't all be afraid, surely."

"Well, you see," he replied, "it's none of their business, and no one wants to get shot in somebody else's quarrel; if the road-agents wanted to rob them, they'd soon show their claws, but, as it is, the beggars will just take the mails and make off, and that's the government's look-out."

By this time we had reached the

guard's van, and looked in. Several of the passengers were standing about, watching the proceedings quietly, as if it were a play got up for their amusement. Inside, the guard was lying in a heap in the corner, with a bullet-hole through his side, and a little stream of blood trickling from it; while five rough-looking men were rifling the mail-bags and throwing everything they thought valuable into a sack. They appeared to be just finishing their job as we came up.

My companion looked at them closely for a minute, muttered something between his teeth, that sounded like, "They said he always works alone;" then suddenly his manner changed, he said sternly to me: "Wait here for me," stepped into the van, and walking straight up to the group, commanded in a deep voice: "Throw up your hands, every man Jack of you."

For a moment there was a dead pause. Then one of the gang laid his hand on his pistol with an oath.



THE GUARD WAS LYING IN A HEAP.

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"You needn't show your teeth," said Brooks quietly; "I'm Redbeard, and mean to have the swag, so best hand it over without any trouble: put down those tools."

Here, indeed, was a shock. This quiet-mannered man I had been sitting beside for the last three or four hours, had turned out to be the famous desperado, and was vindicating his reputation before my eyes by an act of daring that threw all his previous exploits into the shade. That one man should beard these five ruffians, everyone of whom bore the stamp of murder on his face, when they had such an amount of treasure in their very grasp and had tasted blood, and command them to disgorge their spoil, would have appeared to me absolutely incredible had I not seen it. But the very desperation of the act, joined to the fearlessness of the man, was his greatest safeguard. It was not wholly that they were overawed by the terror of his name; they knew, it is true, that Redbeard had faced greater odds before and had come off victorious; but in ordinary cases that remembrance would not have had time to occur to them. The ascendancy, it at once became evident he exercised over them, was obtained on the instant, and was moral rather than material: they appeared stunned, panic-stricken, by the dare-devilry of this man; his was a stronger nature than theirs, and they quailed visibly before his eye, as jackals quail before a lion.

And then I saw the greatest triumph of sheer audacity I ever witnessed, a case of spoiling the Philistines with a vengeance. "Come, hurry up," said Redbeard; and the whole five threw their weapons down sullenly, while one of them handed him the sack.



"THROW UP YOUR HANDS."

"Keep this," he said to me, passing it on, but never taking his eye off his quelled opponents. "And you," he added to them, "come out of there and clear the line of the mess you've made on it."

At this command they all eyed their weapons with regret; but it was too late now, for unarmed, he had them at his mercy. Once or twice, too, while they worked at their uncongenial task of removing the logs with which they themselves had stopped the way of the train, I thought they were going to turn festive; but by this time they were surrounded by a crowd of passengers, regularly vibrating with curiosity and admiration, dominated, too, by the extraordinary personality of this man, and ready to shoot them down at the least sign of resistance to his commands.

When the work was completed we all got into our places again and the train moved off, leaving the little band of road-agents weaponless in the middle of the prairie.

In our compartment we all settled down



THREW THEIR WEAPONS DOWN SULLENLY.

to poker again almost immediately, as if nothing extraordinary had happened, the only difference being that this time I took a hand.

At the next station where we stopped two detectives came into the carriage, and one of them said, "I think one of you gentlemen has got the stolen mails in your possession."

"Yes," said Brooks, "here they are," handing them over to him.

"Thanks," said the man, passing them to his comrade, and then he threw himself violently upon the giver and handcuffed him.

Brooks sat still and grinned; we all roared with laughter. The detective seemed surprised; he had entered the carriage with his life in his hand and prepared for a desperate resistance, and such a reception as this puzzled him.

"I suppose you take me for Redbeard?" said Brooks at last.

"Yes."

"Well, do you know his appearance yourself?"

"No."

"Does any of your men?"

"Yes, several."

"Then send for them."

When the other policemen came the detective asked them: "Do you know the road-agent called Redbeard by sight?"

"Yes."

"Is this he?"

"No, nothing like him," came the startling response; "beyond a general resemblance in build and colour of the hair."

"Jerusalem! Then who are you?" cried the detective.

"My name is Brooks, as these friends of mine can testify, and I am a respectable member of society, so far as that can be said of a poor devil of a journalist, without a cent to his name."

"Then where's the Redbeard that robbed the train?"

"Well, I'm the only Redbeard in the show, and I didn't rob the train but only the road-agents. I thought his name might come in useful, and perhaps they wouldn't know the difference, so I just



TWO DETECTIVES CAME IN.

chanced it; and now, if you please, I'll put in a claim for salvage on those mails."

He got his salvage; and if ever a man earned such a reward I think you will agree that man was Dick Brooks, the day he understudied the part of Redbeard.

Modern Billiards and Exponents of the Game.



POSITION OF THE HAND, SHOWING THE BRIDGE.

SOME of my readers may ask why I should call this article "Modern" billiards, when the game has been known for many past generations. But without going into the history of billiards, it is found that the game, as it is now played, compared with the billiards of our forefathers of the last century, resembles a comparison of one of our present naval leviathans with the ancient Noah's Ark.

Billiards, if not a science, is, at any rate, a scientific game; for unless a man has a certain gift for it, all the practice and all the study in the world will never make him an expert; while, on the other hand, however great may be his natural gifts, it is absolutely indispensable that he studies the game.

Some persons look upon billiards with great disgust; but I fail to see why this should be, beyond the fact that it is generally at the Club or Hotel where the game is played—for it is only the favoured few that can boast of their private billiard-room; and, though many could well afford the luxury, there are not many houses built that could boast of a room sufficiently large to suit the requirements for billiards.

Nothing to my mind is more enjoyable than a game on the board of green cloth with a friend, especially after a hard day's work, on a cold winter's evening.

It is certainly most invigorating to the mind, for it forces sole attention to the play, thereby setting aside all the cares or troubles of business. It is healthy; because it brings into action muscles that have otherwise been dormant, and would remain so, were it not for billiards or other similar exercise. It is the king of all indoor games, because it not only provides exercise, but it is, as I have already mentioned, a distinctly scientific game, equally as interesting to an onlooker as it is to the player.

The principal qualifications for an expert player are the power of dynamical calculation, presence of mind, a steady hand and a sure eye. He has to estimate the "strength" of his stroke and the elasticity of the cushions; to follow instinctively the angles of incidence and reflection; to allow exactly for the disturbing influence of the "side" imparted by striking his ball in a peculiar spot, and to be able to leave the three balls near any given position after a variety of impacts and rebounds.

The game is supposed to be of Italian or French invention; but from France, at all events, it found its way to England, where it was known in the sixteenth century, as appears from a passage in Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra," Act ii., sc. 5, in which billiards is repre-



THE ORDINARY POSITION.



THE PUSH STROKE.

sented as a pastime of the amorous Queen of Egypt!

In order that I might obtain a few hints on the progress of the game in England, I called upon the world-renowned manufacturers of billiard tables, Messrs. Burroughes and Watts, Soho Square, London. Mr. James Burroughes had just entered his artistic little sanctum after his mid-day meal, and the jovial smile with which he greeted me, showed at a glance he was quite prepared to give me a few moments, and let me into a few of the secrets of his business.

Having somewhat explained my mission in a few words, the head of the great firm at a moment understood what I wanted, for it was not the first time he had been bored by the questionings of the pressman.

"Well, if I cannot help you, I can only show my willingness," was his first reply. "I was born in this very house, worked for years at the bench, at which my son, who is to succeed me here, is now going through his facings."

Calling to one of his employes, Mr. Burroughes asked for one of the pictures that adorned the ground-floor reception room.

This, he informed me, he had carefully prepared himself: it was diagrams of billiard cushions from the beginning of the present century.

It showed the old table, used from 1800 to 1826, with its wooden bed, cushions made of "list," and wooden-tipped cue.

"On this table," said Mr. Burroughes, "the game was twenty-one up; but from 1827, you will notice, we get to the intro-



PLAYING WITH BALL NEAR THE CUSHION.



PLAYING WITH BALL UNDER THE CUSHION.



PLAYING WITH THE REST.

duction of rubber cushion and slate bed. Between this and 1837 Kentfield was champion, and his break of 196 was considered a marvellous performance. Gradually the quality of the rubber was improved, you will notice, as it is shown here, during the elder John Roberts' period of championship, and the play naturally improved, until he made his highest compilation, 346 (104 spots). In 1870, the great invincible Roberts, who had enjoyed an unbroken spell of supremacy, was challenged by William Cook, who had been building up a great reputation, and it was at this date that the celebrated low cushion first came into force, and a table, specially fitted by 'our firm,' was selected by Roberts the Great for the great contest.

"Now we are having contests, as you are aware," said Mr. Burroughes, "of 24,000 up, spot-barred, and we have numerous players that scarcely rank second-class that could give the late veteran a long start.

"But this is mainly due to the vast improvements in the tables; more especially in the cushions, which are now made, so as to allow of a fair stroke to be made at a ball that rests upon the cushion."

I was delighted with my visit to Messrs. Burroughes and Watts, and, though I consider myself a bit of a cueist, I was much edified after going through the vast workshops.

To Mr. Burroughes I am indebted for the illustrations of William Cook, in the various positions of play, these having been taken under his special instructions.

Before I left the great billiard caterer I was deeply interested in the manufacture of ivory billiard balls, which I had

fully explained to me, and I am only sorry my space will not allow me to deal with this subject.

"Billiards you must find very much more popular now, Mr. Burroughes?" I asked, as I was taking my leave.

"Decidedly, for when we commenced here in 1836, there were but two billiard-table makers in London, and now, I think, we number near seventy."

Messrs. Thurston and Co. are one of the old school, and I have just paid a visit of investigation to the old wooden-bedded tables they are now exhibiting at the Royal Aquarium, the old home of the game.

To a casual visitor of the billiard-room, the game presents very little to interest him, for, should he happen to sit and watch the battle between two beginners, it is quite certain he will gain very little insight into the points of the game; or, on the other hand, if two experts should be engaged, the quiet way in which they make cannon after cannon, and so beautifully manipulate the balls so as to make each shot easy, leads them naturally to the conclusion that there is no skill in it, and that they could do the same themselves; but they would soon find they knew as much about it as the poor "nigger," if they made an attempt.

This little Sambo, with a face shining like a new silk hat, was given the important function of dusting out the billiard-room at the town house of a family who had brought him over from his native country to England. True, he took quite an interest in the room, but the points of the game were all lost to him, as will be gathered from his description of it to



PLAYING BEHIND THE BACK.

his parents, to whom he made a somewhat speedy return. (No wonder.) "Well, what was this game like, Sambo?" asked his old dad. "Well, it is a great, long table, all over green, with six holes round it. Two white men play with a long stick each; one says, 'hard lines,' and the other says, 'd—— it.'"

Poor chappy, that was all he had learned, and very few would learn much more if they chanced to see billiards played for the first time by two decided novices.

It is not my intention to teach the game of billiards, but I am sure many a good hint can be taken from the illustrations as to the correct styles, and which, I am sure, will call to memory a man who gained the highest position in the billiard world. He had chances that, I am almost confident, no other professional ever had, for he was a universal favourite with all with whom he came in contact, from royalty downwards.

Unfortunately, the position was too much for poor Cook, and it was only last year he died in abject poverty.

As an exponent of the game of billiards, he had few, if any, superiors. He played a marvelously pretty game, and many have indeed benefited from his sound tuition. "Cook on Billiards" is a publication I can thoroughly recommend to all. To the beginner it will be found most valuable, while even good players would be able to improve their game by studying well the many good hints and information respecting correct play.

How often it is we hear the truly amateur player, when either conversing on the game or asking a friend to join him in a game of one hundred up, ask this question—"What break do you generally make?" or, "What is your biggest break?" The former might be asked for comparison of the two cueists, so that they can handicap the better player to near the play of the other; while the answer to the latter would imply the

state of proficiency to which he has attained. "Oh, I have often made a break of twenty," is a very common answer to these questions, meaning thereby that the speaker has made a series of hazards or cannons, or the two combined, which amounted to twenty in all, but it is, however, quite possible that, in the proper sense of the word, he may really never have made a "break" at all.

By practice he has gained a certain knowledge of individual strokes, can make easy winning or losing hazards, or cannons, and now and then plays for more difficult strokes with success; but all these do not constitute a "break" in the real meaning of the word, for, even sup-



JOHN ROBERTS, JUNR.

posing a young player compiles a score of twenty, it is only making certain strokes, one after the other; the position of the balls, in order that he may keep on scoring, being left entirely to chance.

For instance, suppose the question is asked, "What are you going to play for?" Answer, "I am going to try and go in off the red." That is playing for the stroke. Suppose, however, the answer is, "I am going in off the red and try to leave it over the middle pocket." That is playing for a break.

Almost anyone can make a few consecutive cannons or red-spot hazards, but those who can make two or three hundred can be counted on the fingers.

Of these we have illustrated the most prominent of our professionals: John Roberts, W. J. Peall, Charles Dawson, William Mitchell, John North and John Lloyd.

John Roberts, who was born August 15, 1847, by the wonderful improvement he has attained in his play during the past eight or ten years, has done wonders to stimulate the popularity of English billiards in this country.

In every branch of sport there are always champions, men who achieve



Photo. by]

WM. MITCHELL.

[F. W. Clark

brilliant victories; but then, again, they always have rivals, to whom they can give but very little away.

Roberts, however, has proved himself for many years head and shoulders above any other player of the spot-barred game, and has beaten most of our great players after conceding them a start of nine thousand out of a game of twenty-four thousand. From the position he has held in the billiard world for so many years, he has made quite a host of admirers, and when he is performing at the Egyptian Hall it is seldom, indeed, his marvellous play is not attentively watched in breathless silence by a crowded house.

For several years his best break was six hundred and ninety, until last season he made a most brilliant break of over seven hundred, and only just in time, for Charles Dawson soon afterwards made a break that would have ranked a record.

Lately, however, Roberts was visited by the American champion, Ives, and a game of half English and half American rules resulted in an easy victory for the American; but our champion is now across the "pond," where, it is to be hoped, he will meet with better success. Roberts has visited South Africa, Australia and India on several occasions, where his play is appreciated as much as it is in England; in fact, he boasts of having been tutor to most of the Indian



Photo. by]

W. J. PEALL.

[R. W. Thomas.

princes, who received him with most hearty welcome. His distinguished pupils have given him many valuable presents and have expressed the hope of receiving another visit.

W. J. Peall is another master, and by some he is considered the real champion of England. As a spot-stroke player, Peall certainly stands as far in front of any other player as Roberts does in the spot-barred game.

The largest break ever made at billiards was made by this marvellous little cueist, who is daily performing in the main building of the Royal Aquarium. This was a masterly break of three thousand three hundred and four, and has never been since approached. It came as an astonishment to the whole of the billiard-playing community, and still remains the marvel of the age.

W. Mitchell is a very pretty player; he hails from Sheffield, and during the winter season he is amongst the chief caterers for providing the lovers of the game with high-class displays.

H. Coles made his first appearance as an exponent of the game at Birmingham. He plays a good game and occasionally comes out with a big break.

Charles Dawson, the young Huddersfield player, is the marvel of the



Photo. by]

J. NORTH.

[R. W. Thomas.

present age, and his play this year is looked forward to with some interest.

As a spot-stroke player he first made his mark, but this method of progress having been voted monotonous, he has taken up the practice of the spot-barred game.

John North, the Bristolian, I am pleased to say, bids well to attract some attention this year, for his play so far shows he has quite regained his true form, and I predict that he will require a lot of beating from anyone, except Roberts, unless Dawson, or Diggle, of Manchester, come out with further surprises.



Photo. by]

J. LLOYD.

[R. W. Thomas.



CHARLES DAWSON.

Shipmates

By ROGER POCOCK.

CHAPTER I.

I JOHN KENDRICK, having come into a little legacy and quitted seafaring, was loafing about in Victoria, British Columbia, trying to make believe I was a gentleman. It was all a sham and a fraud, for I was, and am, and always shall be, a sailor man, which means a fool, worse luck. My hands were as hard as deal planks, and so big I didn't know where to put them; the women laughed at me because I had been so long at sea that I was half afraid of them; and as to the men, I couldn't be bothered with their gabble. In those days I used to stand at my garden-gate, wondering whether, after all, I could ever be happy and content ashore; but the blue heaven and the deep sea gave me the lie, while the wild wind jeered at me as it swept through the apple trees, and roared down the small of my back that I was an ass. Often I would go and hide away, smoking a pipe in my lonely house, for very shame, because I was homesick for the ocean life.

A man isn't long afloat before he gets a hearty belief in Providence. There's many a time I'd have sneaked down to the docks and shipped in the first deep sea craft that offered; but that

a stronger hand than mine seemed always to hold me back. Unknown to me there was a woman, who was to be saved from a very terrible fate; and seemingly it had already been arranged above that I was to have the job.

I'm clumsy with the pen, and the words don't pay out as they should, so I can't hope to make anything very smart of this

yarn. With no warning or foreknowledge of the strange events to come, I was just filling my pipe by the front door, and thinking of nothing at all, when the whole adventure began.

A woman came down the street, a bonny, strong woman, in blue serge, with a sailor's grace and the stride of a healthy man. Her brown hair was all adrift; her sunburnt face was ruddy and bright with health; and she had great dark blue eyes. Somehow I knew that she belonged to the sea; and my heart went out to her. At a safe distance I followed her to her home—a pretty, ship-shape white cottage, that looked down on the straits and kept open house to the sea air, the sea wind and the sunlight. The hot scent of all the rose-gardens was drifting by. Half-blinded with visions, I leant against the blue-washed pal-



WHEN THE WHOLE ADVENTURE BEGAN.

ings by the gate: and all the old heart-sick longing for the ocean life came full upon me: I thought I could see this woman riding the great sea, her strong hands on the tiller, the masterful breeze lingering to play with her hair. But the vision passed away in a moment, for I could hear a child crying within the cottage, and then saw a man drift, in a cloud of tobacco smoke, out of the open door.

I knew him well by sight, this great, broad-shouldered, blue-eyed viking; and often had I been puzzled by the sinister look that added to the fascination of the fellow something of mystery. Through all this lapse of years I can still see him, the handsomest and, I believe, the bravest man I have ever known, strolling down the oyster-shell garden to the gate, and looking me steadily but indifferently in the eyes.

"Captain Branksome, I think?"

"Well, what do you want?"

"Trading up the coast, I believe?"

"That's so."

"I want to ship for a voyage."

"Don't take no loafers."

"I have mate's certificates."

"Don't need no hands. The missus and I works the sloop."

"Well, sorry for that. My doctor has ordered me a voyage; and, from what I've heard of you and the sloop, I concluded I'd ask if you required a working partner."

His eagerness now was not to be concealed, and I saw clearly that to embark in a venture with this man was to imperil all I had.

Just then, however, Mrs. Branksome appeared at the cottage door, and a glance towards her settled all my doubts. That very night the Captain saluted me as partner, and his wife greeted me cheerily as her shipmate.

How vividly do I remember the horse-hair seats, the old-fashioned wax-flowers, the antimacassars, woolwork cushions, and ugly curiosities of the cottage parlour; for it was there that I first made friends with the woman who has been the one great blessing and consolation of my life.

Little did she seem to care for Branksome; and sometimes, when she repulsed his bungling attempts to please her, I felt almost sorry for him. Me he hated from the first, and her every act of kind-

ness and attention tended to aggravate his dislike. From very perversity, I believe, she was the more friendly to me: and sometimes I even begged her to be a little rude, just for his sake.

At last the day came when, apparently driven to desperation, Branksome disappeared; and it was only after a long search, that I found him in the back room of the Oceanic Saloon, dead drunk. At that time it never occurred to me that I was in the wrong; but his conduct, I thought was extremely foolish. Heartily I pitied Mrs. Branksome, especially when next day I came up the road and heard him using horrible language in the parlour.

The Captain, when he discovered my presence, was merely sullen and bearish—she was cordial; and both felt, I suppose, that their domestic unhappiness should not be obtruded upon visitors.

It was not right that she should be made miserable because I loved her; so I wrestled hard with myself, and my good angel helped me, I think, and I went away. For a week I made myself unbearable to some friends up country, then—came back. The Captain had been drunk all the time; the sloop was still only half loaded; and when I went to Mrs. Branksome, she turned her back on me.

For an hour I mooned by the signal-mast in the garden, and wished I was dead; but then, of her own accord, she crept up—eyes red, lips tremulous, and said: "Forgive me; I have been rude to you." Again she turned away; but this time I saw that she was ashamed of being caught crying; so I followed her down a long path of cockleshells, to the green lattice arbour. There she sat down among the cobwebs, looked earnestly in my face and seemed to believe in me.

"There's something on his mind," she said at last. "Six months ago he would have come to me in his trouble. I took him 'for better, for worse'—those were the very words; and when he first came home drunk, I broke my marriage vow. Oh! I am an unworthy wife. I never spoke to him—never reproached him. I just stood in the doorway, and looked at him. That look divorced us—I hate him!"

"You should have talked."

"No; that would have set him on the defensive. He would have justified him-

self, and done it again, to prove he was in the right."

"What could you have done, then?"

"Why, met him next morning with a bright smile; nursed him, petted him; given him a good breakfast—made him ashamed of himself. But it is easy to be wise afterwards—I lost my chance."

"When did you see him?"

"Monday, when you were here last."

"Not for a week?"

"Oh, get him to sea for me, Mr. Kendrick!"

"Ay, for your sake, shipmate, I will."

With a frank, hearty grasp of the hand, Kate thanked me; and a glance of those big, blue eyes sent me away happy.

Her confidence was won.

CHAPTER II.

AT dusk I found the Captain under discussion at the Oceanic, and lounging unnoticed at the bar, heard every word that was said in the inner room.

"Play! Why the fool can't play a little bit—didn't he mistake a poker game for euchre only yesterday?"

"Well, he lets his dust fly, and that's the main thing."

"You vos quide ride, bardner; he blays like a shendleman."

"Why, look you, I'm half scared to sit

down with the man; it's like playing with chain lightning. Where does all his stuff come from, anyway?"

"Oh, a sucker came along and bought a half interest in the sloop. Look here! we are the sucker's partners since I won Branksome's share!"

"Dot vos chust your precious luck——"

"Well, Judas, you've no growl coming.

You won the cottage and his old woman's dowry. Besides, he swore he'd put her up against your winnings to-night. By the way, Judas, if he gets discouraged, and plugs himself full of holes, you'll put up for the funeral, I guess?"

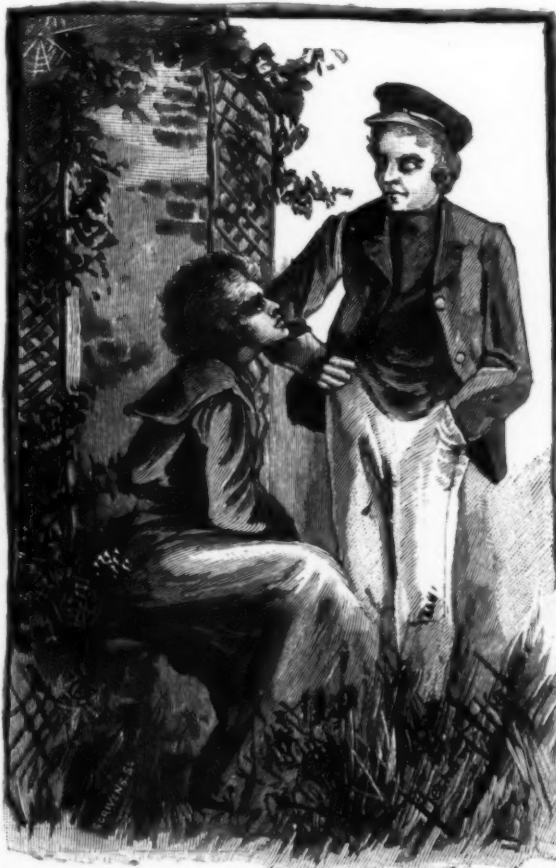
"Vuneral! Nod me! Dot vas hee's peesiness! Nod much!"

"When's he coming for his revenge, anyhow? Is he going to keep us waiting all night?"

That was the last I heard. The Captain and his wife were ruined: and these gentlemen would claim partnership, unless my half of the sloop could be

got to sea before daylight. My shipmate must be saved—saved from this drunken brute, who had dared to swear at her; and, after gambling away all her property, had even offered to stake his rights as her husband in play with a swindling Jew.

To take her away from him would be a righteous act—happen what might, she



LOOKED EARNESTLY IN MY FACE.

would at least be saved from insult, from destitution, from despair. But, greatly as she hated this man, how could I dare insult her with such a proposal? Out in the wet, black, gas-flaring alley I fought the big battle of my life. To die for her sake seemed a little thing; but to save her husband! Must I rescue him from the ruin brought down by his own madness—save him and his goods, and give her back, to him? Yes, even that for her sweet sake! Again, my good angel kept me straight.

Whatever my intentions may have been in the past, never again had I any thought of revealing to her my real motive—love. From that moment onward I considered nothing but her safety and her honour. Once only I forgot my duty; and this writing shall set forth all the bitterness of my punishment.

I discovered the Captain drunk, made him insensible, and took him in a cab to the sloop. There I left him battered down in the cabin; and, having bribed the cabman to silence, drove on to the cottage. I had sad news to break to my shipmate, but she bore it bravely, had a good cry, and began to pack up. Leaving the cabman to help her, I went to my lawyer, told him my story, and asked him how Branksome's property could be kept out of the hands of Judas. "Give me power of attorney," he replied, "and I'll attach the premises, in your name, for debt. Then keep out of the way."

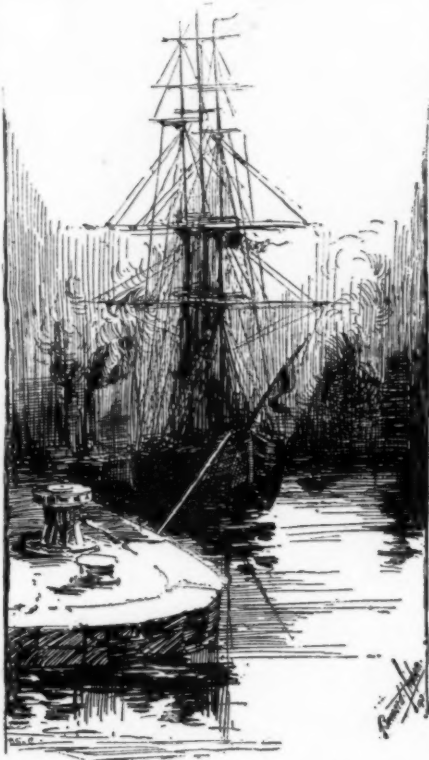
The one thing certain was, that the sloop must now be got ready for sea; and that secretly, for it was impossible to wait for a Custom House clearance. A lie procured me the

key of the dock gate; and, with the help of my brother Tom, who never ceased growling, but worked like a little demon, the loading of the sloop was in good time completed. In our haste a mistake was made: several barrels of oil being stowed on board that ought to have been left ashore.

There was a streak of light in the east when Kate appeared in the cab. She seemed in no hurry; and the delay was becoming serious. She was only roused, indeed, to a sense of the danger by the sudden and tumultuous arrival of Judas. Sending my hackman with his vehicle to block the way, I told Tom to get Kate and her luggage aboard while I cast off the hawsers. As five boats were available for our pursuit, we had to steal all their oars before we made fast our hawser to a sixth boat, and took the sloop in tow. We were barely a fathom

clear of the wharf when Kate put down the baby and went off into hysterics and awakened the Captain. We heard the smashing of glass, and a thin film of smoke came up from the after-hatch; for Branksome, in his frantic attempts to escape, had upset the lamp, and fired my bunk. By this time Judas was dancing along the wharf, abreast of us, anathematizing our ancestors, and cursing us, our heirs, executors and assigns, for ever. There was no time to comfort my shipmate or to help the Captain to put out the fire, for Tom and his boat had now to be dropped astern, before I could put up the jib, staysail and foresail, and take the helm.

The enemy had now aroused the town; and, as we glided out of har-



THE WHARF.

hour, we saw Judas, on our cabman's information, arrested for a breach of the peace.

CHAPTER III.

Our tiny craft, poised on the mane of the sea, drenched with its diamond spray, seemed transformed into a trembling fabric of light by the kiss of the risen sun. We were gliding down the Straits of Fuca, nearing the great Sea Gate; on the one hand the dazzling heights of the Olympic mountains, on the other, the dark forests of Vancouver, looming from under the northward clouds. A lovely ideal; but we were tired out, cross as three bears, and in the throes of a disgraceful squabble. The Captain, on the verge of the horrors after his debauch, had looked so pitiful, that when I remarked bluntly that it served him right, Kate at once forgot all her wrongs and rallied to his defence. When my sweet shipmate took her husband's part I relapsed into silence. I had come between them, and disturbed their peace of mind, and had, moreover, brutally ill-treated Branksome.

I had attached his property, I had run away with the sloop, and an action should now bring down upon me the fullest penalty of the law. The sloop was put about and we beat up channel again. After all, if they chose to surrender all they had to Mr. Judas, it was no business of mine. Only I was sorry for her—my shipmate, who had trusted me, and made me want to be a better man.

Having triumphed over me, Branksome went below to refresh himself with a bottle of whiskey. Kate was at the helm, but so tired that I ventured to ask her to take some rest while I brought the sloop

into Victoria. I think she felt then that she had misunderstood me; for she thanked me with tears in her eyes and went below. By stooping, I could still see her, from where I stood, as she lay in the sleep of exhaustion with the little child nestled in her arms. Every tack was bringing us nearer to the place where all she had must be sacrificed to pay her husband's debts, whence she must go forth beggared, chained for life to a lunatic drunkard.

Ah, that was a long and bitter watch on deck for me!

At last, when I was busy making a tack, she awoke with a scream. Branksome, mad drunk, was trying to pour whiskey down the baby's throat. There was a terrible revulsion of feeling; for, drunk and absent, she had pitied him, had sorrowed for the shadow of sin that hung over a brave man's life; but now, for the first time, she realised the full meaning of his condition. He had become a thing too bestial even to look at. She rose to her feet, pushed him from her baby, and left him sprawling on the floor; then, with a low wail of misery, took up the child and came to me for help. Forgive? Help? Ay,

die for her if it were necessary. Yet, for the moment, I was at a loss what to do. To return to Victoria was to surrender everything to the sharpers; yet to change our course involved no little risk, for Branksome was not a man to be trifled with. First, at least, he must be silenced. I went below; let him call me names while I got a little medicine case out of my overcoat pocket, slipped a white pellet up my sleeve, then challenged him to drink. For fifteen minutes we sat swearing at each other over our glasses; then the opiate took effect, and Branksome fell asleep.



FELL INTO MY ARMS INSENSIBLE.

My shipmate and I lost no time in putting the sloop about, and heading her on our course down Channel. Leaving Kate at the helm, I prepared dinner, which we ate in silence. I could hardly keep awake during the meal; but, as soon as it was finished, returned to the helm, in order that Kate might attend to her baby.

Drowsily I watched her as she sat nursing the child, her face alight with love and tenderness. There was reverence, almost awe, in her manner, when the big, inscrutable blue eyes looked up into hers; but at last, blinded with tears, she clutched the tiny deity to her breast, and I knew, by her choking sobs, that she now regarded her child as fatherless.

CHAPTER IV.

I DREAMT that, looking astern, I saw the smoke of a steamer off Esquimalt Roads. This smoke appeared to come from the hat of Judas, and I began to hear the flap, flap, flap of his immense feet as they turned slowly round and propelled him down the straits in pursuit. He coaled up, using the Captain's cottage and garden for fuel, and came down to windward, swearing at my ancestors, and demanding my papers in the Queen's name.

Presently I woke up with a start, and found myself lying on the deck. Kate stood at the helm, for she had bravely taken my watch. We were running under a dangerous spread of canvas, before a rising wind, up the outer Coast of Vancouver Island. The Revenue steamer of my dream had become a grim reality, some four miles astern. I took the helm and considered the prospect, while Kate prepared supper.

Ahead there loomed in the distance what appeared to be a long, low headland: but Kate told me that this cape was separated from the mainland by a little channel, called the Needle's Eye, which, only passable at high tide, opened, to the northward into a spacious sound. Now, at the entrance of the Needle's Eye, behind a chain of reefs, there was good anchorage, and one could see from thence up the channel into a little cove. I asked Kate if she could pilot us through such water after dark. She turned white at the suggestion, then, looking astern, clenched her teeth, and said: "If I have to—yes."

I knew the steamer's captain, a man who would follow wherever I dared lead. Yet, if I could delay him an hour in the outer bay he would lose the tide—the channel would be impassable. But such a man could only be detained by the certainty of having us in his power. What if he saw the sloop's light riding in the inner cove?

Leaving Kate at the tiller, I emptied the water-cask that stood amidships. In the side of it was a square hole for the dipper. Through this I rammed the sharp end of a boat-hook, until the point entered the staves of the under side. I secured the staff with four stays of spun-yarn, and made the hole water-tight; then lashed the anchor light at the top. Kate left the tiller lashed, and we lit the lamp; passed a pair of butt slings round the cask, lifted it over the bows, hung it ready for letting go, weighted the under-side, unshackled a length of cable, and, passing it through the hawse-hole, secured it to the cask.

All was now ready.

Kate wet the sails—I took the tiller, and we drove on in the gathering darkness, straight for the Needle's Eye. We were now within range of the Revenue steamer, and she fired a shot over our heads as a suggestion to heave to.

Branksome, awakened by the noise, heaved a great sigh, and yelled at me from his bunk:

"What the devil's that?"

"Esquimalt batteries," said I, "at target practice. We're just entering Victoria Harbour."

"What? target practice at night, you infernal idiot."

"Breakers ahead!" yelled Kate from forward; "hard a-port!"

"What's that?" roared the Captain, anxious but too ill to stir.

"She says I'm nearly foul of the outer wharf, Captain. You'd better come on deck."

"Breakers on the starboard bow!" yelled Kate.

"Captain," said I, "she says the schooner, *Betsy Breakers*, is right in our berth. Why in thunder don't you come on deck?"

"Blamed if I do," replied the Captain.

As we glided into smooth water behind the reefs we heard "seven bells" strike on the steamer.

"What's that?" said Branksome.

"Cathedral clock," said I. "Can't you come and give us a hand?"

"Go to blazes!"

When we had passed the outer anchorage I let go the mainsail with a run, and called out that we were standing by to let go the anchor. As we neared the inner cove, I lashed the helm, and let go the fore and staysails, leaving only the little jib to keep her under way. Nothing but our light was now visible to the steamer as she passed the outer reefs.

"Stand by to let go," I roared for the Captain's benefit. "Let go all!" and with a splash and a rattle of chain the cask went overboard.

As we rounded the point and shut out the first bend of the channel, I had time to glance astern. Our anchor light rocked gently in the cove, and the steamer, now in the outer bay, was making all snug for the night. Her captain was confident that we were afraid of the Needle's Eye, and that we were caught at last.

We could now see the broad Sound ahead, and as we drove on under jib and staysail Kate gave me the difficult course with a silent wave of the arm. The Captain, confident that we were in Victoria Harbour, was getting ready, in a leisurely way, to go ashore. But the moment that the sloop was out of danger Kate came trembling aft. The strain had been too great, and the brave woman, who had taken us safely through the Needle's Eye at night, in a gale of wind, now lurched forward suddenly, and fell into my arms insensible.

I had not dared one word, one glance of love. Since I had resolved to save her, my adoration had only been self-torment, my life a terror of self-restraint lest voice or eyes should betray me. But now, in defiance of conscience and better judgment, I held her insensible body to my heart, and, in a moment of uncontrollable passion, bent down and kissed her.

I was startled by a harsh laugh.

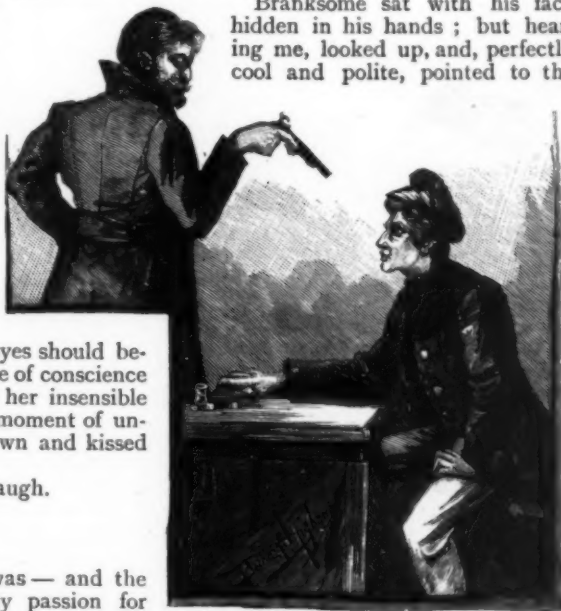
CHAPTER V.

I MAY have been bad—I was—and the best thing in me an unholy passion for another man's wife; but now that I was

found out I had at least the grace to be ashamed of myself. Even under the curse of drunkenness, Captain Branksome retained many of his finest qualities. I find it easy enough to assume a lofty contempt for his weakness, but I was never his equal in manliness and generosity. He ought to have shot me like a dog, but no—he looked all around into the darkness and realised how I had lied to him; he gazed hopelessly at Kate as she lay in my arms, then turned on his heel and went below. At the bottom step of the ladder he paused; and, looking back, said quietly, "Mr. Kendrick, when you've quite finished kissing my wife, be so good as to lash the helm, and join me."

It was better that she should remain asleep, so I laid her gently down upon the deck, then took a last breath of the sweet night air. As a condemned felon shrinks from death, so I held back from that interview. What a coward I felt as I wiped the sweat from my face, trying to invent excuses for delay; but at last, for very fear lest my hesitation should be noticed, I braced myself to face my punishment, and, leaving the sloop to drive on at her own will, went down into the cabin.

Branksome sat with his face hidden in his hands; but hearing me, looked up, and, perfectly cool and polite, pointed to the



AS HE ROSE AND TOOK AIM.

opposite seat. As I sat down, I noticed that rather than angry, he looked unspeakably tired and bored. His face was pale and haggard—it seemed that bitter trouble, not drunkenness, had brought his misery. For a moment I heard the water rippling astern; then, turning to a dice box and a revolver lying on the table between us, the Captain addressed me:

"I suppose you understand, Mr. Kendrick, that there is not room in this world for both of us. You're not afraid I hope?"

"Not the least!"

"Kindly examine these dice."

"I am satisfied."

"Highest throw has the first shot then."

"Agreed. We will shake hands and say good-bye, then throw—then fire."

He took no notice of my outstretched hand.

"Oblige me by throwing first, Mr. Kendrick," was all he said.

"Good-bye."

My hand never trembled as I held the dice. I was not afraid or very anxious—nor, indeed, had I any intention of shooting should the chance fall to me. Only in a blood-red mist I saw the white cubes, and counted—six—deuce—ace.

"Nine," muttered Branksome as he took the dice and threw. There, as it were floating in a circle, I read vaguely—six—five—four, and caught the click of Branksome's revolver as he rose and took aim. I heard the ripples lapping under the stern, the keen wind whistling aloft, the scuttle of rats underfoot, then the rustle of a skirt and a quiet laugh.

"Well, I must say you've a queer way of amusing yourselves. Is it nobody's watch on deck?"

"What are you doing down here?" roared the Captain. "Get on deck, or I'll blow your brains out!"

While he spoke we were hurled headlong against the bulkhead: a sea broke over the stern and deluged the cabin, and we were left in darkness. For a moment we felt the little craft scraping and grinding over the rocks; an instant later she was lifted clear of the reef, and we were carried on into deep water.

Branksome, cool, stern and commanding, broke the spell of our terror.

"Woman, take the helm and head for the nearest land! Mr. Kendrick, where are we?"

"Near the north end of the Needle's Eye, running north-west across the Sound."

"All right. Stand by to give me a hand with the staysail. We'll save *her* life anyway."

Having hoisted all the canvas we could carry, we unbent the staysail, bent a rope's-end to each of the cringles, and called Kate from the helm. Next we passed the canvas under the bowsprit, and the Captain, with a gaff, forced the sail under our cutwater, while Kate and I hauled on the ropes. It was a long job, but at last the canvas was sucked into the leaks, and, swelling as it soaked, nearly arrested the inflow of water.

Now that we had left the shelter of the land, we were running before a whole gale of wind; and, as the sound was fully exposed to the Pacific, pitching heavily on a high swell. Already there were two feet of water in the cabin. Kate was allowed to nurse the baby to sleep, I was ordered to the pump, and Branksome took the tiller. Greatly as the canvas impeded the flow of water, it soon became plain to all of us that my pumping was not going to save the sloop. We should have been making nine knots an hour, but our pace was barely three and the little craft laboured most painfully.

"Kate," said the skipper, "put that brat into the canoe and see to the paddles. Mr. Kendrick, some food and a beaker of water in the canoe. All ready? Then back to the pump; and, Kate, get a bucket and bail out the cabin. I see Mitlthton village ahead, and I'm going to put her ashore there—or sink." We took off our oilskins and gum boots, and put on life belts. Ahead there loomed the white line of the breakers, but it seemed doubtful that we should ever reach them, for the sloop was sinking. No longer was it possible to launch the canoes for now the rollers were surging about us on either side, and blinding spray way lashing along the deck. Still the tins craft, that we carried amidships, afforded some little shelter for the child. Kate bent over her baby as it slept, her arm, stretched out to shield it from the spray, her dark hair blowing down the wind, her great eyes wild with fear—not for herself, but for her little one.

"Hold hard!" yelled Branksome from the helm; and Kate and I, with the canoe already lashed to the ring bolts, spared each a hand to protect the child.

The stern of the sloop lifted, a great white sea came roaring in pursuit; the livid foam flew past on either side, and we raced with Death into chaos. There was one smashing blow, as we struck, and the waters rolled down upon our heads. When the air cleared, and the surf had rolled away, we found that the sloop had broached to, and now lay broadside to the sea. The foremast was gone by the board, the mainsheet had been carried away, the cabin hatch was gone, all the sails adrift; and yet the canoe was not lost. The little ark in which the child lay was safe.

The waves that now broke over us only carried the wreck higher and higher up the beach; and as the tide was ebbing, did us little further injury. The force of the gale was already spent; the swell had begun to subside, and the water was pouring out of our leaks. Indeed, the summer night was too short to cause us much suffering, and we were too busy to feel the length of the hours. We made shift to get the stove lit and coffee prepared; and, thus refreshed, set to work cheerfully to clear away the wreck, and to dry our wet clothes and bedding by the fire. By sunrise the sea had gone down.

CHAPTER VI.

As soon as it was daylight we found that the wreck lay on the crest of a bar, while within was a small river and a perfectly-sheltered cove. Upon its sandy shore stood a forest of pines and cedars, that rose more than two hundred feet aloft, and shut in the harbour like an enormous wall. Immediately opposite to where we lay, a large Indian village stood out white against the darkness of the trees, its houses of one storey, with wide, low-gabled fronts, painted with



HER GREAT EYES WILD WITH FEAR.

monstrous faces in red and black—the eyes windows, and each door a mouth, which slobbered dogs and dirty children from its wooden jaws. In front of the houses rose masts, crowded with grotesque figures; and at least a hundred canoes were hauled up out of reach of the tide. From the unusual number of these little craft—they were dug-outs, and beautifully modelled—we concluded that the neighbouring tribes had gathered to enjoy the hospi-

talities of this village during some great feast.

This village of Mithlton had a very bad reputation. Two or three ships' crews had been overpowered and massacred near here in times past, and we knew that the savages were hungrily taking stock of our copper-bolted craft and her probable contents. To make a sign of distress was to have the sloop rifled and our throats cut; and, on any enquiry being made by the Government, the storm would be charged with the crime. So, when an old Indian came out in a canoe to see us, we were discovered, clean and tidy, enjoying our breakfast on deck.

Branksome said we had merely beached the sloop for repairs here in order to give this tribe a chance to earn some money. At the flood-tide next week large pay would be given for help in getting her afloat; and after that he would trade off most of the goods for furs. Meanwhile, he understood this to be a feast-day, and would be glad to contribute a case of whiskey to the day's sport.

The old man went away delighted with the big present; and all the morning drums were beating in the dance-house,

and we heard at times the solemn chants of some religious ceremony.

I lay on deck in the sun, watching Kate playing with her baby, and dreamed that it was Sunday or Easter Day, when all the fields are glad in the sunshine, and the trees are proud of their young leaves, and the murmur of the rivers is like the sound of prayer.

I think I heard the Captain busy down in the cabin with a bottle of spirits, and I could even distinguish the beat of the drums, the clapping of hands, the dismal music, of the poor savages ashore; but all this came to me with the lap of the waves and the scent of the pines, like some strange dream of distant isles and seas; and nothing seemed real but the tick of the parlour clock, the chime of the Easter bells, and the shouts of little children, as they played in the fields at home.

The voice of the woman I loved was crooning some sweet old hymn, and the music was flashing like the flight of white birds through the deep blue sky of my dream.

Ah me! I had aroused a hell of passion in my enemy, who was making himself mad with jealousy and drink—and I was indulging in a nap!

Was that the land breeze of a tropical dawn, or could it be her breath that stirred my hair? Had some bright creature brushed passed with fluttering wings, or did her hands caress me as I slept? Perchance some palm tree waved against the sun? or was it the shadow of her I loved that shut out the warmth of noon?

I awoke—opened my eyes, and saw her bending over me. I reached my arms to her as she started back—then reeled to the crash of a gun, so close that my hair was singed. I staggered to my feet with a stinging pain lashing across my forehead, and eyes suddenly blinded with the blood that streamed down my face.

I heard the roar of rage—I felt the rifle hurtling round my head; then Branksome was hurled away, and dashed, stunned, into the lee scupper.

Kate threw away the crowbar with which she had struck him down, and, with her handkerchief, wiped the blood from my face.

I knew that there was not a moment to spare; and now that I could see my way about, took hold of the canoe, and launched it over the side, while the Captain was trying to arouse himself from his

swoon. I received Kate and the baby into the canoe. He drew his revolver as I shoved off, and began firing at both of us; but shot so wide that there was very little danger. After the sixth shot, he flung the weapon after us, and we knew, by his roar of disappointed rage, that the man was left disarmed.

CHAPTER VII.

OUR canoe was very small, and to convey Kate to a place of safety, a larger one must be hired and an Indian crew. We could not have chosen a worse time for landing at the village. The Indians were just beginning the big function for which they had gathered. Little as I know of these people, I had often listened with disgust to descriptions of the ceremony, known to the whites as Dog Eating. It generally takes place in winter, and belongs properly to the more northerly tribes. It was the initiation to the secret Society of Doctors, wherein the candidates, after remaining several days in the woods, come naked and starving at the summons of the Faculty, and, to prove their competence as medical men, gorge themselves with raw dog. Under any conditions it is not a nice thing to see, and on this occasion, thanks to the Captain's gift of whiskey, the initiates and most of the chief people were drunk.

We stood waiting by the canoe, uncertain how to act. The medicine men, in ceremonial dresses, had come out of the chief's house; and, standing somewhat in advance of the crowd, began to chant the summons. There was something of wild pathos in the music—kindred to that of the pine trees and the sea; such melody as rings, strong and true, from the heart of nature. It was low tide, and all along the wide expanse of shingle no living creature was visible—only the priests chanting, and the people, awed and hushed, waiting for something to appear. Presently we became aware of three men crouching upon the beach at some distance, crouching in such a strange posture that we could hardly believe them to be human. Gradually they came nearer, hopping like toads, and crouching, then hopping again, little by little drawing near to the people. The doctors advanced, some of them took the initiates by the hand, and made them stand up; then the mob surged forward,

and surrounded the party. For a moment we observed that some malicious persons were plying the initiates with whiskey; then somebody shouted to them in a tone of derision, and pointed to where we stood. There was a quick response and a roar of laughter. Kate clutched my arm with a gasp of terror.

"What does it mean?" I asked.

"Oh God, have mercy!" she cried; "have mercy!"

The crowd was surging down to us, and, while I tried to launch the canoe, my blood ran cold. A savage had shouted to us in English:

"Take white man's baby!
White man's baby eat for dog!"

The naked initiates were in advance: eyes glaring, mouths foaming, arms reached out. Suddenly, the foremost rushed at Kate and wrenched the child from her arms. My revolver

was too late to save it, for though the man sprang in the air, mortally wounded, the child was dashed to the ground—dead. As Kate bent over the body, the second initiate tried to lay hold of her, and I blew his brains out. The third initiate I brought down wounded, and knocked a doctor on the head with the empty weapon.

Now that the ground was cumbered and the people had fallen back aghast, I dragged Kate away with her child, forced her into the canoe and shoved off. The Indians rushed forward, but we were already beyond their reach; and, by the time they had got their rifles and launched a few canoes, we were half way across the bay.

All was confusion ashore—the women screaming, doctors raving over the dead, and the people arming for the pursuit. We fled through a hail of bullets, but, as nobody seemed to think of taking aim, we were not much frightened. As we neared

the wreck, however, Branksome came up from the cabin. At least, I thought, we had one more on our side. But I was wrong. Instead of helping, the unfortunate man stood cursing us, and threatened instant death if we made any attempt to seek shelter on board. All hope of escape seemed cut off; and, in desperation, we had decided rather to seek shelter in the woods, than to be overhauled and shot in our canoe, when there was a terrible scream of agony from the wreck. A shot aimed at us from the village, had struck Branksome in the breast, and we saw him fall to the deck, mortally wounded.

Just then, the blast of a horn sounded along the shore; and the people, stayed from the pursuit by their chiefs, gathered in the houses to take counsel. We knew that there was little to hope from this delay; for, not only were the savages eager to plunder the sloop, but they were bound by the most solemn obligations to take a life in exchange for each of the men I had killed. As we clambered on board the wreck, our hearts were already chastened to resignation by the utter certainty of death.

Kate vowed she would not leave the wreck while her husband lived; and when I proposed to rig the canoe with outriggers and float-bladders, so making her safe and buoyant for the three, she met me with a terrible stare. Unable to control the wrath that was consuming her, the unhappy mother cried:

"Have you forgotten my child?"

Her eyes had that hard, tired look of one distracted with pain; and her face was drawn and white, her movements slow and mechanical, as she forced her hands to do their duty to the dying man.



HE BEGAN FIRING AT BOTH OF US.

She seemed indifferent to the blood that defiled his clothes; and with the cool deliberation and skill of a surgeon, stanching the outward flow of the wound. He lingered for hours, but never fully recovered consciousness.

As I looked at that still, wan face, my thoughts went back to the day when first I met him—strong, bronzed, manly, yet with that uncertain glance that had given so strange a fascination to his eyes. I understood it now—the indirect glance was caused by self-suspicion, by brooding fear of uncontrollable passion that haunts the hereditary drunkard. At last I realised what floodgates I had opened, and what foul fiends I had let loose when I made him distrust his wife.

CHAPTER VIII.

PROVIDED that we remained on board, the Indians, although watching us closely, were not likely to attack before night. Why should they hurry—what hope could two have against five hundred?

Suddenly the thought occurred to me that the oil, which we had shipped by mistake at Victoria, might now be used as a terrible weapon against the savages. Does oil burn on water? I was not sure, but at least the experiment was worth trying. I tapped one of the casks, half filled a teacup with water, and poured in a little oil. I

went below, laid a match on the surface, and set fire to it. For a moment the match nearly went out; then the oil caught, the flames leaped over a foot high, burned for several minutes, crackled, died out, and left the water boiling. After all, there was still a chance left that we two might, in extremity,

be more than a match for the five hundred!

The light was fading out of the west when Branksome died. Clouds like dragons were coming up from the sea, vague and terrible against the starry glory of the night. Horror filled the darkness around me, and the sickening apprehension of blood. We were in terrible danger—we the living, watching beside the dead! The silence was too horrible for endurance, and I aroused Kate from her husband's body, where she lay.

"Yes, we must get the canoe ready," she said.

"That won't save us. The Indians have watchmen on both headlands. The alarm would be given the moment we dipped our paddles."

"Shall we kill ourselves then—or just wait?"

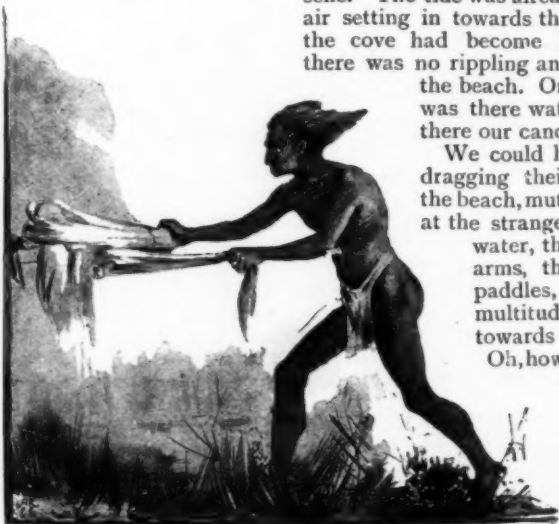
"There's no need, Kate. Come, I want help."

We rigged a tackle and got the oil casks on deck. The tide was low, and although there was water under our lee towards the village, the sandspit to windward was dry. I lowered myself into the canoe, and crept round with it to the windward side of the spit. Instantly the alarm sounded.

In haste Kate broached the casks and flooded the bay with oil. One of them I filled with kindling wood soaked in kerosene. The tide was already rising, a light air setting in towards the land—already the cove had become like glass—and there was no rippling any longer against the beach. Only to windward was there water lapping, and there our canoe lay waiting.

We could hear the Indians dragging their canoes down the beach, muttered comments at the strange stillness of the water, the rattle of fire-arms, then the dip of paddles, and the doomed multitude came gliding towards our light.

Oh, how we longed to be able to give them some chance! but no—what warning would they listen to from us? A



WRENCHED THE CHILD FROM HER ARMS.

derisive laugh and the dipping of paddles again—that would be all. In a low, strained voice Kate was pleading for them.

"I wanted to avenge my child," she said, "but oh! that I could leave it to Heaven—Come, let's take our chance in the canoe!"

I seized her by the wrists. "No, it's too late; you'd give your life to save your enemies—but you shall not die!"

I struck a match, lit the barrel of kindling wood, and dropped it into the oil. For a moment, the fire nearly went out, the foremost canoes were already touching the wreck, the men in the bows making ready for the leap aboard, and brandished knives were gleaming in the starlight.

Kate lifted up her hands, and cried aloud in the silence:

"Oh God, have mercy upon them!"

A scream rent the night like a sword, and lightning shot along the bay. Long, hungry tongues of flame were crawling through the gloom; a terrible glare was spreading far and wide, a hot, dry breath already scorched our throats; then, the roaring, leaping horror blazed up to Heaven, and the people fled burning through a sea of fire.

I saw their dark forms writhing against the intolerable light. Doctors standing in the canoes, screaming out frantic imprecations; fearless men, who bent at their crackling paddles as they shot their stout craft through the flames; canoes hurtling together in the central creek, so that some spilt their loads of savages overboard, to drown and burn in the bay;



LOOKED OUT THROUGH THE PRETTY WHITE CURTAINS.

and some, alas, drooped, hung down their scorched heads, then fell suffocated across the thwarts.

It was not all massacre. I have wounds to show—good honest wounds that have wrecked my body more than the wear of forty years—for a swarm of savages had gained the wreck and there I did battle with them

for life while Kate loaded the guns. The bulwark forward, was in flames, and the fire drove the Indians step by step aft, while I gave way, and slowly gained the stern. I had a brace of Colt's revolvers and a steady hand. The Indians fought with old shot guns and flint locks; and before they realised that I was the better armed, I had covered the deck with their dead.

The lee of the sloop was now aflame fore and aft; but up on the weather side, in suffocating smoke and heat infernal, I held the stern until Kate dropped to the sand. The Indians threw their useless guns aside, and came down, yelling, with brandished knives. I emptied my last charges into the midst of them, slung my weapons at the smoke and jumped overboard. Kate dragged me into the canoe, and I aroused myself for the last terrible struggle. Six men had gained the sand-spit, and now waded and swam in pursuit as we turned for flight; now hand to hand, knife to knife, I fought with them from the rocking stern of the canoe. My arm was wrung with a bullet wound, and the knife, my last defence, fell.

I took up the weapon left-handed, and hacked clumsily at the two last hands that clung to the gunwale. The knife dropped

into the water—the hands were gone—then I looked up and found we were alone.

The sloop was all ablaze, but the oil on the cove beyond was spluttering violently, and ready to go out. The smouldering wreck of canoes, the blackened bodies that sprawled over their gunwales, and a crimson streak of blood that defiled the copper sheathing of the wreck alone remained to attest our awful victory.

The women, children, old men of the village, and even many men from the canoes must have escaped to the woods—surely they could not all have perished! Kate says that at that time, she saw the village blazing from end to end, the forest burning to heaven, and reaching long arms of flame into the sky; the dragon clouds crawling above appeared to be on fire, all steeped in golden light and bloody shadows, as they hung glaring over the village and the wreck, and the scorched and blackened dead. But as for me, I saw nothing of all this, for I had received many wounds, and lost more blood than it was safe to part with. Kate says that I came and kissed her hand when it was all finished; and that afterwards she knew by the movement of my lips that I was praying.

* * * * *

I smelt the geraniums and the musk; I heard the bees droning about the room, and looked out through pretty white curtains down the Alberni Fjord. Little clouds were racing overhead—child clouds they seemed, at play; and on the deep blue waters the waves were like white horses running down the wind. I was too weak to turn my head, but I felt that Kate was sitting by my bedside. I believe she was making a bungling attempt to sew, but oh! her hands were so worn and thin and white—those strong hands that had grasped the helm, and

tugged at the halyards out on the deep sea!

I whispered to her, "How did we get here, Kate?"

"I paddled you," she said. "It only took a few hours. We're at my uncle's house in Alberni."

"Didn't it make you ill?"

"Yes; but I'm getting round nicely now. Be good and rest, or the doctor'll catch you talking."

"All right, shipmate!" and I fell asleep.

CHAPTER IX.

THAT is many long years ago, and now I am an old fool instead of a young one. Kate was not easily won—said I would never cherish cheap love, and sent me off to sea. Ten years I worked for her, and at last came with my own ship into port, and asked her to take command. My bride's hair was grey with long waiting, her hands worn with hard work; but her eyes were still as blue as the deep sea, and she was becoming—as may befall one pretty girl in a thousand—a beautiful old woman. No children were given to us—for what could bind closer an union such as ours?—but Kate has adopted my whole ship's company, and I must say they don't deserve it. If ever I'm too rough with the men, she comes between my temper and me; and with wonderful self-denial, never asks questions while I'm busy on deck.

Many a long watch we pass on deck together, talking in whispers of the things we did that awful night. Soon we shall be moored in the Last Anchorage, and our Owner will call us to account; and sometimes I grow cold with fear when I think of the reckoning that must be made for blood, but her arms are about my neck, her breath is warm on my face, and her eyes are brave with love when she says we shall be forgiven.

OUR VOLUNTEERS

THE LONDON IRISH



OFFICER, 1860.

That a volunteer rifle corps be at once organised, according to the provisions of the Act 44 George III. cap. 54, under the title of the London Irish Rifle Volunteers, the qualification for membership being a connection with Ireland by birth, marriage or property; and that the corps shall consist of effective and honorary members. With a view to give more extended effect to the above resolution, the Executive Council of the London Irish Rifle Volunteer Corps beg most respect-

fully to address their fellow-countrymen resident in London, and appeal to them on behalf of the corps which they have the honour to represent. To some, it may possibly be matter of doubt as to the expediency of raising such a corps in the Metropolis. To others, the utility of the volunteer movement itself may be questionable. It is not the province of this Council to reply to either class of objectors. It is enough for them to know that,



PRIVATE, 1860.



COLONEL WARD, C.B.
Photo. by Samuel A. Walker.

in accordance with the wishes of a number of highly-influential Irishmen, of all creeds and politics, as expressed in the unanimously-adopted resolution of a public meeting, a corps has been organised and is making steady progress, and testifying, by its strikingly soldierlike qualities, to the peculiar aptitude of Irishmen for military pursuits. But earnest as are the efforts of those who are deeply interested in the success of the national movement, those efforts still lack, if not the sympathy, at least the active co-operation of many Irish residents in this great city. Yet the list of honorary members proves how warmly the nobility and many of the gentry of Ireland have responded to the appeal made to their patriotism; whilst the list of effective members of the corps shows how proudly the young Irishmen of London are meeting the call to arm—not for aggression, but for defence. Those lists the Council would respectfully, but urgently ask the Irishmen of London, not yet enrolled as members, speedily to enlarge, and thus prove their readiness to unite with their fellow countrymen in a movement of no common moment, even as regards *Irish* as distinct, if such they can be held, from Imperial interests—a movement bringing into accord elements too long discordant, and happily uniting, in and for one com-

mon and patriotic object, Irishmen of every class and creed and of whatever political opinions. Such a union, rare in our nation's history, this Council are strenuously promoting. They would appeal to your patriotism to help them; and by your sympathy, your money and your personal exertions, as honorary or effective members, to make the London Irish Volunteer Corps the pride of their countrymen here—the boast of their countrymen in Ireland.

Signed on behalf of the Council,
DONEGALL,
Commandant and President.
17, St. John Street, Adelphi,
March 23rd, 1860.

This circular was responded to with the greatest enthusiasm—large sums of money were subscribed, and enrolments were rapidly made.

In the following February the authorities accepted the services of the corps, as such, and as a battalion three months later, when the Marquis of Donegall was gazetted as Commandant. As a matter of fact, the Marquis of Conyngham was the first commandant, but, after a short service, he tendered his resignation in favour of the Marquis of Donegall. In 1860, which is really the year from which we have to date the birth of the regiment, we find the following officers in command: Captain Commandant, Lord Donegall;



Photo. by] COLONEL LLOYD. [Russell and Sons.

Major, J. E. Verner; Captains, Lord Otho FitzGerald, Ward and Lord Ashley; Lieutenants, Clanchy, Russell, Lord F. Conyngham and J. S. Purcell; Ensigns, R. Gilbey and H. F. Edmunds; Adjutant, F. S. Daubeney; Surgeon, W. O'Connor, M.D.; Chaplains, Rev. R. H. Atherton (Protestant) and the Rev. J. C. Talbot (Roman Catholic). The first headquarters were in John Street, Adelphi, while "Hungerford Hall" was taken for drill purposes, three days a week, from four to ten p.m., at a rent of £1 per week.

The first uniform was grey, with green facings, and for head gear the old-fashioned

shako bearing a bunch of cock's feathers. During the year 1861 the London Irish made most satisfactory progress. A rifle range was taken, prizes for shooting competitions were presented to the corps, and the regiment played an important part in a big volunteer review held at Wimbledon. They were inspected in Hyde Park

by Colonel McMurdo, who was highly pleased with the steadiness and precision with which they executed their movements, frequently exclaiming, "Excellent; well done, well done!" At the Floral Hall, Covent Garden, they assembled for inspection by their beloved Commandant, the Marquis of Donegall. In the course of his address to the corps on that occasion, he remarked, "There exists little doubt that the London Irish will rank among the first (volunteer regiments) and be second to none. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge has honoured the Benevolent Society of Saint Patrick, by presiding at the festival dinner in aid of

the funds of that Society, and the regiment will provide a guard of honour to attend on his Royal Highness on that occasion." But in 1862 the London Irish passed through an unpleasant crisis. Their numbers fell off considerably, and altogether the regiment appears to have been in a bad way. Of five hundred and nine enrolled members, only one hundred and thirteen paid up that year. At the Saturday parades the attendance ranged from forty to eighty men.

In a leading article in the *Morning Star* (a paper which no longer shines in the journalistic constellation) we find the following

extraordinary passage, in allusion to the threatened French invasion: "The probability of an invasion by the French colonels at the head of the Zouaves was openly affirmed and unequivocally countenanced by men high in office, who were supposed to know something of the matter. In a word, there was a pro-

spect of some downright good fighting, and the nature of the Irishman, on the well-known principle that we are all inclined to believe in what we desire, led him, perhaps, to take more sanguine views of the probability than others did. What wonder, then, that a corps of London Irish Rifles sprang into existence as well as of London Scottish? The motive is as intelligible as it was powerful. The chance of having something to do in the way of real warfare operations was an allurements not to be resisted, and for a time the London Irish, buoyed up with this bright hope, assembled weekly in force, drilled, marched and administered



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

the affairs of the corps like men engaged in earnest work. But, lo, a change has come over the spirit of popular opinion on the subject of invasion. The Emperor of the French has continued obdurately friendly. He has ordered no transports to be constructed; he has formed no camp at Boulogne. The *Moniteur* is uniformly civil and ever polite towards England. The provocations of Lord Palmerston have been quite incapable of disturbing the serene amity of Napoleon. Irishmen, whatever anyone may say to the contrary, are excellent reasoners; and as they are known to excel in quickness of apprehension and rapidity of conclusion, they have, no doubt, detected the real state of the case. They see that France means to maintain peace with England. Probably many of the London Irish have begun to think that nothing else was ever meant, and that they were taken in. Even if inclined to believe what is now alleged, that it is to the imposing character of the volunteer force we owe these peaceable intentions of the Emperor, yet that is nothing to the purpose. When the London Irish enrolled themselves, they enrolled themselves to fight, not to prevent fighting. No man in his senses could believe that five hundred or six hundred Irish gentlemen would go to so much trouble for the preposterous purpose of keeping the peace. So, now that it appears plainly enough there is to be no fighting, the corps is rationally and quite naturally breaking up."

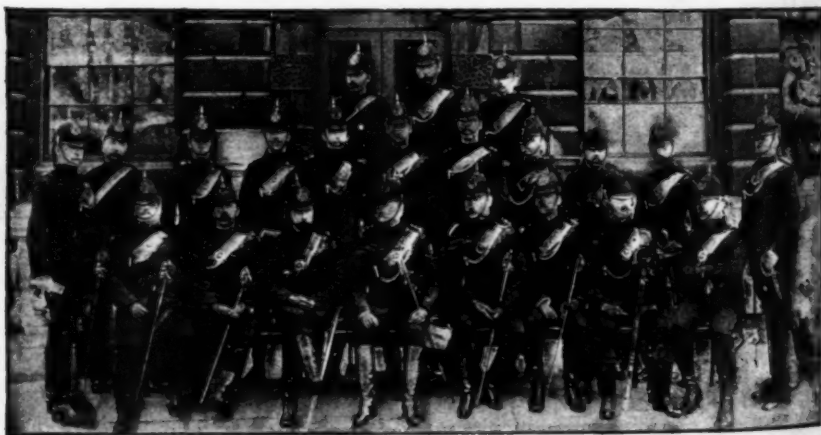
That the dismal prophecy contained in

this ridiculous article has never been fulfilled, has been amply proved by the gallant London Irish. With journalistic inconsistency, we find in one paper the blame laid to the Irish spirit animating the regiment. While in another, the *Univers*, we have a writer trying to impress his readers that the London Irish are not Irishmen at all.

We cannot do better than give a quotation from the leading article which expounds this extraordinary theory.

"The London Irish corps is a sham. . . . We decidedly object to their assumption of the title 'Irish' in any form. It is a sort of novelty in fraudulent pretences to hear of men born in Midlothian or the fens of Lincolnshire, wearing buttons on their uniforms engraved with the legend, 'Irish Volunteers.' . . . We hope the Marquis of Donegall (who is a most liberal nobleman) will look to this. He should restrict his levies to men of Irish birth or breed, or cease calling them by their present name. We have heard of one instance only, in which we can make allowance for the admission of a man not Irish. A gentleman made application to join. The customary formal question, 'Are you Irish?' was put to him. 'No,' he answered, with a twinkle in his eye. 'Not exactly, but I have a couple of dozen of Kinahan's L.L. in my cellar.'"

It is not our intention to go into the real cause of the trouble in 1862; suffice to say that the London Irish rose superior to all unfair criticism, and to-day rank as one of our most distinguished volunteer corps.



THE OFFICERS.

enjoying unbounded popularity with Englishmen, Scotchmen and Irishmen alike. Their loyalty has never been doubted. In 1868, during the Fenian scare, five hundred were sworn in as special constables. The Marquis of Donegall ordered the men to parade at Somerset House, in uniform without arms, for the purpose of marching to some convenient place to be sworn in. The royal parish of St. Martin's, in the City of Westminster, was ap-

propriately selected. The Marquis of Donegall was not present, but he was represented by Major Ward, now the respected Commandant. On reaching the St. Martin's School Rooms, Mr. Flowers, the well-known Bow Street magistrate, assisted by other justices, was present in readiness to swear in all who presented themselves, with the result that upwards of five hundred were sworn, and the corps, having been supplied with truncheons and striped crimson and white armlets, the colours of the City of Westminster, again fell in behind their band, and marched back to Somerset House, where they were dismissed. In 1871 the Duke of Connaught, then Prince Arthur, accepted the honorary Colonelcy of the "London Irish." This was accepted as a grateful compliment to the sister isle.

For various reasons, among others his somewhat Milesian Christian names, Prince Arthur Patrick, Duke of Connaught, has been, in popular fancy, more associated with Ireland, than any other of our Queen's sons, and nothing is more desirable than that the association should be strengthened. We hope then that the



BUGLER-MAJOR M. MULHALL. QUARTER-MASTER SERGEANT H. WHITE.
SERGEANT MAJOR G. REYNOLDS.

identification of the Duke of Connaught with the London Irish, will be but the precursor of very decided advantage towards the Irish, not alone in London, but in their native country.

In July, 1871, the Duke met his regiment for the first time since his appointment as honorary colonel at an inspection at Wimbledon. In the course of his address to the regiment, His Royal Highness said, "That it gave him much pleasure to accept the Colonelcy of the Irish Volun-

teers, and that he was well aware that the corps had gained a high position in the Metropolis for smartness and efficiency. He reminded them that his name was Patrick as well as Arthur, and that he believed himself to be a genuine and true Irishman. It was because of its nationality, therefore, that he was doubly proud of being placed at the head of the Irish Regiment." The Prince subsequently marched past the inspecting officer, the Duke of Cambridge, at the head of the Irish Volunteers. In March, 1879, the occasion of the marriage of His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, the officers presented His Royal Highness with a table centre-piece of bog oak and silver, the names of the officers being engraved thereon. Colonel Ward in presenting the testimonial to the Duke, said, "Your Royal Highness, on behalf of Colonel the Marquis of Donegall and the officers of the London Irish Rifles, of which regiment your Royal Highness has been Honorary Colonel during a period of eight years, we have the honour to request your acceptance of this piece of plate in testimony of our

sincere regard, esteem and affection. You have won the golden opinion of every member of the regiment, of every inhabitant of the Emerald Isle, of every subject in our beloved Queen's vast dominions, and we feel convinced Her Royal Highness the Princess Marguerite of Prussia has the certainty of a bright and happy future. Your Royal Highness, with the greatest respect and loyalty, the utmost sincerity, and from the innermost recesses of our hearts we wish you health, long life and happiness." The Duke of Connaught said "He could hardly find words to express his gratification at receiving so handsome a centre-piece from the officers of a regiment of his connection with

Militia, to which he was gazetted lieutenant in 1857; the regiment having a short time previously been embodied for service in consequence of the Indian Mutiny. The Royal North Lincoln was quartered successively in Portsmouth, Portland and other garrison towns in England, and afterwards in Dublin, Waterford, the Curragh and other places in Ireland. He was promoted to captain, in August, 1858; with this rank he returned with his regiment to England at the termination of the mutiny, when it was disembodied. While still holding his commission in the North Lincoln Militia, Captain Ward was, in 1860, offered a captaincy in the London Irish Rifles, which had then only been a few



THE STAFF.

which he was so proud; he was very much touched by the graceful remarks in reference to the Princess, made by Colonel Ward in presenting the testimonial, and he charged Colonel Ward to express to the Marquis of Donegall his high appreciation of their kindness towards him. He should always value their present very highly, and hoped his connection with the regiment would long continue." On the occasion of the Royal marriage, the Queen paid a high compliment to the regiment, specially commanding Colonel Ward to be present at the ceremony. Colonel Ward is certainly one of the most popular commandants in the volunteer service. He received his first commission in the Royal North Lincoln

months in existence, and was commanded by the Marquis of Donegall. For the next seven years Captain Ward devoted himself to the duties of a volunteer officer. In 1867 a majority was conferred on him, and in the following year he was transferred from the North Lincoln to the Queen's Royal Antrim Militia, and continued to hold both commissions for several years. A royal warrant was issued against the holding of dual commissions, when Major Ward agreed to resign his Militia appointment, and remain with the London Irish, in which regiment he was shortly appointed Lieutenant Colonel. Owing to the infirm health and advanced age of Lord Donegall, Colonel Ward was practically commander



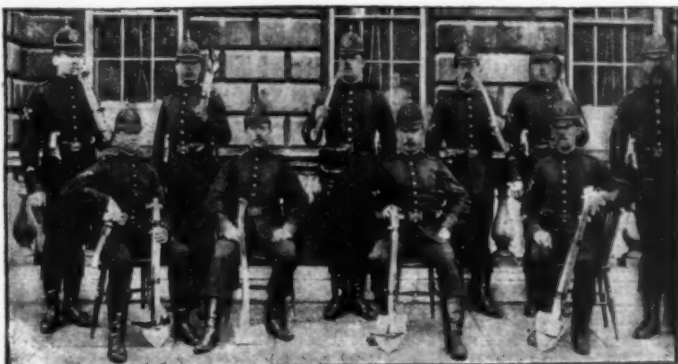
THE AMBULANCE CORPS.

of the regiment from the date of his appointment — the Marquis's connection being little more than nominal for many years. On the retirement of the above nobleman, in 1881, the subject of our present sketch became Colonel Commandant, and was shortly afterwards advanced to the rank of full colonel. Colonel Ward has always been adverse to the now obsolete practice of massing large bodies of volunteers for field-day purposes at Easter and other similar occasions. Ten years ago, speaking at the annual prize distribution of his corps, and referring to this subject, he said, "There is little or no military information gained, and unless they are taken up and organised by the authorities at the War Office, and the volunteers are amalgamated with the regular troops, we would be quite as well spending a happy holiday elsewhere." It is needless to allude to the change which has taken place during the last decade with regard to this matter.

The news of the death of the Marquis of Donegall, which occurred on the 19th October, 1883, was received with profound sorrow by the whole regiment, and the following regimental order was issued:

"With heart-felt sorrow the Commanding Officer records the decease of Colonel the Marquis of Donegall, who, during a period or more than twenty years, had been the Commandant of the London Irish Rifles, and by whose indefatigable zeal the regiment attained the highest state of efficiency. By the present and former members, who cheerfully contributed their valuable aid to him in his devotion to the interests of the regiment, and who know his kind and noble heart, his loss will be deeply felt, and they will ever remember, with feelings of pride and pleasure, the time they served under their universally esteemed commandant, the Marquis of Donegall. During the ensuing drill season officers in uniform will wear a piece of black crape round the left arm, and above the elbow. October 19th, 1883. J. Ward, Colonel."

Many distinguished names appear in



A GROUP OF PIONEERS.

the records of the London Irish, and it is worthy of note that the late Lord Palmerston was a member of the corps. The regiment has taken part in many important events since its formation. It would be useless to attempt an account of the different reviews, field-days, Easter manoeuvres in which it has participated. Suffice to say that on all such occasions it has earned unstinted praise from military and civilian critic alike.

In the *London Gazette*, dated Tuesday, December the 6th, 1892, we find the announcement that Her Majesty the Queen awarded the much-coveted "Volunteer Decoration" to the following officers of the London Irish, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, Colonel Ward, C.B., Lieutenant Colonel Howland Roberts, Major and Honorary Lieutenant Colonel E. G. LLOYD, Honorary Chaplain, the Honourable and Reverend G. C. Talbot, and to several retired officers. Lieutenant Colonel LLOYD is one of the most popular and energetic officers in the corps. He has been fourteen years president and treasurer of the Shooting Committee and on the Brigade Staff, and at one time did good service for his regiment as adjutant. His son, Lieutenant N. N. LLOYD, is also in the Corps, and is at present at the Hythe School of Musketry. In the important matter of shooting, the London Irish can point to a splendid record. Thanks to their exertions, the Elcho Shield has often been sent to the Sister Isle. In 1888, when the Irish Riflemen carried off the Shield at Wimbledon, it was decided to place the trophy in the Irish Exhibition at Olympia. The splendid Shield was placed on a gun-carriage, supplied by the 2nd Middlesex Artillery, and escorted from Somerset House to Kensington by a strong detachment of the London Irish, numbering about two hundred officers and men, of whom Major LLOYD was in command. Preceded by the band of the regiment, the Shield and its escort arrived at the Hammersmith entrance to the Exhibition, where Lord Arthur Hill was in attendance to receive it. The Shield was then carried in triumphal procession round the interior of the Exhibition, preceded and followed by the London Irish escort, which included one of the Irish twenty champions, Private Smith, in full war-paint, and bearing on his arms more than a score of badges. The designated spot in the gallery having been reached, Major LLOYD ordered the

salute, the band struck up the regimental air, and then "God save the Queen," after which the men were entertained in the lower concert room to supper. During the evening, the members of the London Irish School of Arms gave an athletic performance and assault-at-arms, under the direction of Mr. Wallace, the instructor of the school, and Staff-Sergeant Braisier, the Hon. Secretary. Mr. Wallace and Corporal Brown put on the gloves and gave a capital specimen of their scientific employment; while Corporal Burbridge and Private Turner greatly amused the company with some bouts of comic boxing. The assault-at-arms was continued with sword, lance and bayonet, closing with a sham fight and fireworks. On the occasion of the funeral of Lord Tennyson in Westminster Abbey, the London Irish, together with the Queen's Westminsters and the London Scottish, furnished guards of honour. The ambulance company of the London Irish is, perhaps, the best in the volunteer service. The ambulance waggon equipment produced on parade, includes hospital tent accommodation, stores and medical transport in a condition of greater completeness than has, perhaps, yet been provided by a battalion of volunteers. The whole forms a model worthy of imitation by other battalions. The cost of the turn-out is as follows:—Waggon, £90; Harness, £20; Tent, £10; Stores, £30.

The London Irish are certainly in sad want of proper head-quarters; the small premises in King William Street, Strand, are in no way suited for the requirements of such an important regiment. It is gratifying to know, however, that there is every prospect that we shall soon find the corps domiciled in head-quarters worthy its great reputation. The strength of the corps at the present day is about one thousand, with an annually increasing percentage of efficiency. On the coming of age of the Volunteer force in 1881, an officer of the London Irish, Captain (now Colonel) Roberts, anxious to mark the truly national character of the corps, made an appeal to his compatriots in the South of Ireland for a supply of shamrocks, wherewith to decorate the headgear of the members. So splendidly was the appeal responded to, that not only was sufficient sent to supply a sprig, but every member of the ten strong companies present marched past Her Majesty with a large bunch of

the national emblem in his helmet. The members of the London Irish have always been distinguished for their hospitality. Their St. Patrick Day gatherings being something to remember. A pleasant event in connection with hospitalities dispensed, took place in 1877, when Colonel Gzowski presented to the officers of the regiment, on behalf of the Dominion of Canada, a handsome snuff box, in recognition of the friendships which had sprung up between the occupants of the camps of the former and the latter when placed side-by-side at Wimbledon. If other proof were needed of the fine social spirit which prevails throughout all ranks, and is so eminently characteristic of the nationality of its members, it may be noticed that on several festive occasions, the entire corps has been the "guest" of the popular and genial Colonel Ward.

The regiment recently suffered a severe loss in the death of its popular adjutant, Major Anton, a gentleman esteemed by all ranks.

It will thus be seen that, despite all calumny, despite the many events which have occurred during the past ten or four-

teen years, calculated to alienate the regard of England for the sister isle, that the London Irish have always remained a force upon which the Government could place the utmost confidence. Their loyalty has never been doubted, during many periods of popular excitement, calculated to promote the martial spirit of a nation which has furnished some of the best soldiers in the British army. That the Irish nation is distinctly a nation of soldiers, is a fact which can never be denied. Irishmen have but to point to Wellington, Wolseley, and last, but certainly not least, to Lord Roberts. Despite the fact that the spirit of Hibernianism is popularly opposed to everything in the shape of law and order, it remains an undeniable matter of history, that whenever real fighting has to be done, the Irish regiments have been foremost in the field. The spirit which has animated the 18th Royal Irish, the Enniskilling Dragoons, the "Death and Glory" Lancers and other deservedly famous regiments who have upheld the honour and glory of the English flag, is reflected on the whole peaceful records of the London Irish.

The Silver Christ.

By OUIDA,

Author of "Under Two Flags," "Two Little Wooden Shoes,"
"A Dog of Flanders," "A House Party," &c.

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CHAPTER I.

GENISTRELLO is a wild place in the Pistoiese hills.

Its name is derived from the genistra, or gorse, which covers many an acre of the soil, and shares with the stone pine and the sweet chestnut the scanty earth which covers its granite and sandstone. It is beautiful exceedingly; but its beauty is only seen by those to whom it is a dead letter which they have no eyes to read. It is one of the many spurs of the Apennines, which here lie over-lapping one another in curve upon curve of wooded slopes, with the higher mountains rising behind them; palaces, which once were fortresses, hidden in their valleys, and ruined castles or deserted monasteries crowning their crests.

From some of these green hills the sea is visible, and when the sun sets where the sea is and the red evening glows behind the distant peaks, it is exceedingly beautiful.

On the side of this lonely hill, known as Genistrello, there dwelt a man of the name of Castruccio Lascarisi. He was called "Caris" by the whole countryside; indeed, scarcely any knew that he had another patronymic, so entirely amongst these people does the nickname extinguish, by its perpetual use, the longer appellation.

His family name was of Greek extraction undoubtedly; learned Greeks made it familiar in the Italian Renaissance at the courts of Lorenzo and of Ludivico; but how it had travelled to the Pistoiese hills to be borne by unlearned hinds none knew, any more than any know who first made the red tulip blossom as a wild flower amidst the wheat, or who first sowed the bulb of the narcissus amongst the wayside grass.

He lived miles away from the chapel and the hamlet. He had a little cabin in

the heart of the chestnut woods, which his forefathers had lived in before him; they had no title which they could have shown for it except usage, but that had been title enough for them and was enough for Caris.

It had been always so. It would be always so. His ideas went no further. The autumnal migration was as natural and inevitable to him as to the storks and herons and wild duck which used to sail over his head, going southward like himself as he walked through the Tuscan to the Roman Maremma. But his dislike to the Maremma winters was great, and had never changed in him since he had trotted by his father's side, a curly-pated baby in a little goatskin shirt like a Correggio St. John.

What he longed for—what he loved were the cool heights of Genistrello and the stone hut with the little rivulet of water gushing at its threshold. No one had ever disturbed them. It was a square little place built of big unmortared stones in old Etruscan fashion; the smoke from the hearth went out by a hole in the roof, and a shutter and door of unplanned wood closed its only apertures.

The lichen and weeds and mosses had welded the stones together, and climbed up over its conical rush roof. No better home could be needed in summer-time; and when the cold weather came, he locked the door and went down, with his pack on his back and a goat's-hair belt round his loins, to take the familiar way to the Roman Maremma.

Caris was six-and-twenty years old; he worked amongst the chestnut woods in summer and went to the Maremma for field labour in the winter, as so many of these husbandmen do; walking the many leagues which separate the provinces, and living hardly in both seasons. The songs they sing are full of allusions to this semi-

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nomadic life, and the annual migration has been a custom ever since the world was young; when the great Roman fleets anchored where now are sand and marsh, and stately classic villas lifted their marbles to the sun where now the only habitation seen is the charcoal-burner's rush-roofed, moss-lined hut.

Caris was a well-built, lithe, slender son of the soil, brown from sun and wind, with the straight features and the broad low brows of the classic type, and great brown eyes like those of the oxen which he drove over the vast plains down in the Maremma solitudes. He knew nothing except his work.

He was not very wise, and he was wholly unlearned, but he had a love of nature in his breast and he would sit at the door of his hut at evening time, with his bowl of bean soup between his knees, and often forget to eat in his absorbed delight as the roseate glow from the vanished sun-rays overspread all the slopes of the Pistoiese Apennines and the snow-crowned crests of the Carrara mountains.

"What do you see there, goose?" said a charcoal burner once, passing him as he sat thus upon his threshold with the dog at his feet.

Caris shrugged his shoulders stupidly and half-ashamed. He could not read the great book out-spread upon the knees of the mountains, yet he imperfectly felt the beauty of its emblazoned pages.

The only furniture in the cabin was a table made of a plank, two rude benches, and one small cupboard; the bed was only dried leaves and moss. There were a pipkin, two platters, and a big iron pot which swung by a cord and a hook over the stones where the fire, when lighted, burned. They were enough; he would not have known what to do with more, if he had had more. He was only there from May to October; and in the fragrant summers of Italian chestnut woods, privation is easily borne. The winter life was harder and more hateful; yet it never occurred to him to do else than to go to Maremma; his father and grandfather had always gone thither and as natural as the chestnuts ripen and fall, so do the men of the hills in autumn join the long lines of shepherds and drovers and women and children and flocks and herds which wind their way down the mountain slopes and across the level wastes of plain and marsh

to seek herbage and work for the winter-time.

It never entered the head of Caris, or of the few who knew him or worked with him, to wonder how he and his had come thither. They were there as the chestnut-trees were, as the gorse was, as the goats and squirrels and wood birds were there. The peasant no more wonders about his own existence than a stone does. For generations a Lascarisi had lived in that old stone hut which might itself be a relic of an Etruscan tomb or temple. No one was concerned to know further.

The peasant does not look back; he only sees the road to gain his daily meal of bread or chestnuts. The past has no meaning to him, and to the future he never looks. That is the reason why those who want to cultivate or convince him fail utterly. If a man cannot see the horizon itself, it is of no use to point out to him spires or trees or towers which stand out against it.

The world has never understood that the moment he is made to see, he is unhappy, being ill at ease and morbidly envious and ashamed, and wholly useless. Left alone, he is content in his own ruminant manner; as the buffalo is when left untormented amidst the marshes, grazing at peace and slumbering amidst the rushes and the canes.

Caris was thus content. He had health and strength, though sometimes he had a fever-chill from new turned soil and sometimes a frost-chill from going out on an empty stomach before the sun had broken the deep shadows of the night. But from these maladies all out-door labourers suffer, and he was young and they soon passed. He had been the only son of his mother; and this fact had saved him from conscription. As if she had lived long enough when she had rendered him this service, she died just as he had fulfilled his twenty-third year; and without her the stone-hut seemed for a while lonely; he had to make his fire, and boil or roast his chestnuts, and mend holes in his shirts and make his own rye loaves, but he soon got used to this, and when in Maremma he always worked with a gang and was fed and lodged, badly, indeed, but regularly, at the huge stone barn which served such purposes on the vast tenuta where the long lines of husbandmen toiled from dusk of dawn to dusk of eve under the eye and the lash of their overseer: and when on his native slopes of Genistrello he was always welcome to join the

charcoal burners' rough company or the woodmen's scanty supper, and seldom passed, or had need to pass, his leisure hours alone. And these were very few.

His mother had been a violent-tempered woman, ruling him with a rod of iron, as she had ruled her husband before him; a woman loud of tongue, stern of temper, dreaded for miles around as a witch and an evil eye; and although the silence and solitude which reigned in the cabin after her death oppressed him painfully at first, he soon grew used to these and found the comfort of them. He brought a dog to keep him company in his lonely hut after his mother's death; a white dog of the Maremma breed, and he and the dog kept house together in the lonely woods in fellowship and peace. Caris was gentle and could never beat or kick a beast as others of his kind do; and the oxen he drove knew this. He felt more akin to them and to the dogs than he did to the men with whom he worked. He could not have expressed or explained this, but he felt it.

He had little mind, and what he had, moved slowly when it moved at all; but he had a generous nature, a loyal soul, and a simple and manly enjoyment of his hard life. It did not seem hard to him. He had run about on his bare feet all his childhood until their soles were as hard as leather, and he was so used to his daily meal of chestnuts in cold weather, and of maize or rye bread, with cabbage or bean soup, in the hot season, that he never thought of either as meagre fare. In summer he wore a rough hempen shirt and trousers; in winter, goatskin and rough homespun wool. In appearance, in habits, in clothing, in occupation, he differed little from the peasant who was on that hillside in the times of Pliny and of Propertius. Only the gods were changed; Pan piped no more in the thicket, the Naiad laughed no longer in the brook, the Nymph and Satyr frolicked never beneath the fronds of the ferns.

In their stead there was only a little gaudy chapel on a stony slope, and a greasy, double-chinned, yellow-cheeked man in black, who frowned if you did not give him your hardly-earned pence, and lick the uneven bricks of the chapel floor when he ordered you a penance.

Caris cared little for that man's frown.

He sat thus at his door one evening when the sun was setting behind the many

peaks and domes of the Apennine spurs which fronted him. The sun itself had sunk beyond them half an hour before, but the red glow which comes and stays long after it was in the heavens and on the hills.

Genistrello was a solitary place, and only here and there a hut or cot like his own was hidden away under the saplings and undergrowth. Far away, down in the valley, were the belfries and towers of the little, strong-walled city which had been so often as a lion in the path to the invading hosts of Germany; and like a narrow white cord the post-road, now so rarely used, wound in and out until its slender thread was lost in the blue vapours of the distance and the shadows from the clouds.

Bells were tolling from all the little spires and towers on the hills and in the valleys, for it was a vigil, and there was the nearer tinkle of the goats' bells under the heather and broom as those innocent marauders cropped their supper off the tender chestnut shoots, the trails of ground ivy and the curling woodbine. Caris, with his bowl of bean soup between his knees, and his hunch of rye bread in his hand, ate hungrily, whilst his eyes filled themselves with the beauty of the landscape. His stomach was empty—which he knew, and his soul was empty—which he did not know.

He looked up and saw a young woman standing in front of him. She was handsome, with big, bright eyes and a rosy mouth, and dusky, glossy hair coiled up on her head like a Greek Venus.

He had never seen her before, and her sudden apparition there startled him.

"Good even, Caris," she said familiarly, with a smile like a burst of sunlight. "Is the mother indoors, eh?"

Caris continued to stare at her. "Eh, are you deaf?" she asked impatiently. "Is the mother in? I want to know?"

"My mother is dead," said Caris, without preamble.

"Dead! When did she die?"

"Half a year ago," said Caris, with the peasant's confusion of dates and elongation of time.

"That is impossible," said the young woman quickly. "I saw her myself and spoke with her here on this very spot in Easter week. What makes you say she is dead?"

"Because she is dead!" said Caris, doggedly. "If you do not believe it, go

and ask the sacristan and sexton over there."

He made a gesture of his head towards the belfry of the old hoary church, which was seven miles away, amongst the chestnut woods of an opposite hill-side, and here his mother had been buried, by her wish, because it was her birth-place.

The girl this time believed him. She was dumb for a little while with astonishment and regret. Then she said, in a tone of awe and expectation, "She left her learning and power with you, eh?—and the books?"

"No," said Caris rudely. "I had all the uncanny things buried with her. What use were they? She lived and died with scarce a shift to her back."

"Oh!" said the girl, in a shocked tone, as though she reproved a blasphemy. "She was a wonderful woman, Caris."

Caris laughed a little.

"Eh, you say so. Well, all her wisdom never put bit nor drop in her mouth nor a copper piece in her hand that I did not work for; what use was it, pray?"

"Hush! Don't speak so!" said the maiden, looking timidly over her shoulder to the undergrowth and coppice growing dim in the shadows of the evening.

"'Tis the truth!" said Caris, stubbornly. "I did my duty by her, poor soul; and yet I fear me the Evil One waited for her all the while, for as soon as the rattle came in her throat, a white owl flapped and screeched on the thatch and a black cat had sat on the stones yonder ever since the sun had set."

"The saints preserve us!" murmured the girl, her rich brown and red skin growing pale.

There was silence; Caris finished munching his bread; he looked now and then at his visitor with open-eyed surprise and mute expectation.

"You have buried the things with her?" she asked him, in a low tone at length.

He nodded in assent.

"What a pity! What a pity!"

"Why that?"

"Because if they are underground with her, nobody can use them."

Caris stared with his eyes wider opened still. "What do you want with the devil's tools—a fresh, fair young thing like you?"

"Your mother used them for me," she answered crossly. "And she had told me a number of things—aye, a vast number! And just in the middle father spied us out,

and he swore at her and dragged me away, and I had never a chance to get back here till to-night, and now—now you say she is dead, and she will never tell me aught any more."

"What can you want so sore to know?" said Caris, with wonder, as he rose to his feet.

"That is my business," said the girl.

"True, so it is," said Caris.

But he looked at her with wonder in his dark brown ox-like eyes.

"Where do you live?" he asked; "and how knew you my name?"

"Everybody knows your name," she answered. "You are Caris, the son of Lisabetta, and when you sit on your doorstep it would be a fool indeed would not see who you are."

"So it would," said Caris. "But you," he added after a pause, "who are you? and what did you want with Black Magic?"

"I am Santina, the daughter of Neri, the smith, by the west gate in Pistoia," she said, in reply to the first question, and making none to the second.

"But what wanted you of my mother?" he persisted.

"They said she knew strange things," said the girl evasively.

"If she did, she had little profit of them," said Caris sadly.

The girl looked at him with great persuasiveness in her face and leaned a little nearer to him.

"You did not really bury the charms with her? You have got them inside? You will let me see them, eh?"

"As the saints live, I buried them," said Caris, truthfully; "they were rubbish, or worse; accursed maybe. They are safe down in the ground till the Last Day. What can such a bright wench as yourself want with such queer, unhallowed notions?"

The girl Santina glanced over her shoulder to make sure that no one was listening; then she said in a whisper:

"There is the Gobbo's treasure in these woods somewhere—and Lisabetta had the wand that finds gold and silver."

Caris burst into a loud laugh.

"Ah, truly! That is a good jest. If she could find gold and silver, why did we always have iron spoons for our soup, and a gnawing imp in our stomachs? Go to, my maiden. Do not tell such tales. Lisabetta was a poor and hungry woman

all her days, and scarce left enough linen to lay her out in decently, so help me Heaven!"

The girl shook her head.

"You know there is the treasure in the woods."

"Nay, I never heard of it. Oh, the Gobbo's! Che-che! For hundreds of years they have grubbed for it all over the woods, and who ever found anything, eh?"

"Your mother was very nigh it often and often. She told me."

"In her dreams, poor soul!"

"But dreams mean a great deal."

"Sometimes," said Caris seriously.

"But what is it to you?" he added, the suspicion, always inherent to the peasant struggling with his admiration of the girl, who, unbidden, had seated herself upon the stone before the door. With feminine instinct, she felt that to make him do what she wished, she must confide in him, or appear to confide.

And thereon she told him that unless she could save herself, her family would wed her to a wealthy old curmudgeon who was a cart-maker in the town; and to escape this fate, she had interrogated the stars by means of the dead Lisabetta and of the astrologer Faraone, who dwelt also in the hills, but this latter reader of destiny would tell her nothing, because he was a friend of her father's, and now the witch of Genistrello was dead and had left her fate but half told!

"What did she tell you?" said Caris, wincing at the word witch.

"Only that I should go over the mountains to some city and grow rich. But it was all dark—obscure—uncertain; she said she would know more next time; and how could I tell that before I came again she would have died?"

"You could not tell that, no," said Caris absently.

He was thinking of the elderly, well-to-do wheelwright in the town, and he felt that he would have liked to brain him with one of his own wooden spokes or iron linch pins. For the girl Santina was very beautiful, as she sat there with her large eyes shining in the shadows and the tears of chagrin and disappointment stealing down her cheeks. For her faith in her charms and cards had been great, and in her bosom there smouldered desires and ideas of which she did not speak.

She saw the effect that her beauty produced, and said to herself: "He shall

dig up the things before he is a week older."

She got up with apparent haste and alarm; seeing how dark it had grown around her, only a faint red light lingering far away above the lines of the mountains.

"I am staying at the four roads with my aunt, who married Masso," she said, as she looked over her shoulder and walked away between the chestnut saplings and the furze.

Caris did not offer to accompany or try to follow her. He stood like one bewitched, watching her lithe, erect figure run down the hill and vanish as the path wound out of sight amongst the pines. No woman had ever moved him thus. He felt as if she had poured into him at once scalded wine and snow water.

She was so handsome and bold and lissom, and yet she made his flesh creep talking of his mother's incantations and bidding him knock at the door of the grave.

"What an awful creature for tempting a man is a woman," he thought; "and they will scream at their own shadows one minute and dare the devil himself the next!"

That night Caris sat long smoking his black pipe on the stone before the door where she had sat, and the scalded wine and the snow water coursed by turns feverishly through his veins, as once through Cymon's.

CHAPTER II.

"WHERE hast been, hussy?" said Masso crossly yet jokingly to his niece when she went home that night.

The four-roads was a place where the four cart tracks at the foot of that group of hills met and parted; a seller of wood had his cottage there, and his wood yards and sheds thatched with furze. He was the man Masso, whom the aunt of Santina had married many years before.

They were people well-off, who ate meat, drank wine, and had a house full of hardware, pottery and old oak—people as far removed from Caris and his like as if they had been lords or princes. He knew them by sight, and doffed his hat to them when he met them in the woods.

The thought that she was the niece of Masso, the man who paid for his wood and charcoal with rolls of bank-notes and lent his own mules to bring the loads down

from the hills, placed Santina leagues away from and above him.

The only women with whom he had ever had any intercourse had been the rude wenches who tramped with the herds and dug and hoed and cut grass and grain on the wastes of the Maremma—creatures burnt black with the sun, and wrinkled by the winds, and with skin hard and hairy, and feet whose soles were like wood; "*la femelle de l'homme*," but not so clean of hide or sweet of breath as the heifers they drove down the sea-ways in autumn weather.

This girl who called herself Santina was wholesome as lavender, fresh as field thyme, richly and fairly odoured as the flower of the wild pomegranate.

When supper was over and the house was on the point of being bolted and barred, Santina threw her brown soft round arm round his neck.

"I went down to see Don Fabio, and he was out, and I sat talking with his woman, and forgot the time," she said, penitently.

Don Fabio was the priest of the little gaudy church low down in the valley where the post-road ran.

Masso patted the cheek, which was like an apricot, and believed her.

Her aunt did not.

"There is still snow where the man of God lives up yonder, and there is no water, only dust, on her shoes," thought the shrewd observer.

But she did not say so: for she had no wish to put her husband out of humour with her kinsfolk.

But to Santina, when with her alone, she said testily—

"I fear you are going again to the black arts of that woman Lisabetta; no good ever is got of them; it is playing with fire, and the devil breathes the fire out of his mouth!"

"I cannot play with it if I wished," answered Santina innocently; "Lisabetta is dead months ago."

"That is no loss to anybody if it be true," said Eufemia Masso angrily.

Lisabetta had been such an obscure and lonely creature that her death had been taken little note of anywhere, and the busy, bustling housewife of Masso had had no heed of such an event. She had not even known the woman by sight; had only been cognizant of her evil repute for powers of sorcery.

Santina herself knew that; she was well

aware that decent maidens do not do such things when the dower clothing and linen are all stitched, and the marriage-bed bought by the bridegroom. She knew, but she did not care. She was headstrong, changeable, vain and full of thirst for pleasure and for triumph and for wealth. She would not pass her life in her little native town in the wheelwright's old house with a jealous, rheumatic curmudgeon for all the saints in heaven and all the friends on earth.

"Not I! Not I! Oh, why did Lisabetta go underground for ever with half the cards unread?" she thought, as she sat up on her couch of sacking and dry maize leaves, and she shook her clenched hands at the moon with anger at its smiling indifference. The moon could sail where it chose and see what it liked; and she was chained down here by her youth, and her sex, and her ignorance, and her poverty; and her only one faint hope of escape and aid lay in the closed grave of a dead old woman.

Santina went up to her room, which she shared with three of the Masso children. Long after they were sleeping in a tangle of rough hair and brown limbs and healthy, rosy nudity, the girl, their elder, sat up on the rude couch staring at the moon through the little square window.

She was thinking of words that Lisabetta had said as she had dealt the cards, and gazed in a bowl of spring water: "Over the hills and far away; wealth and pleasure and love galore—where? how? when?—aye, that is hid; but we shall see, we shall see; only over the hills you go, and all the men are your slaves."

How? when? where? That was hidden with the dead fortune-teller under the earth.

Santina did not for a moment doubt the truth of the prophecy, but she was impatient for its fulfilment to begin. She knew she was of unusual beauty, and the organist at the duomo had told her that her voice was of rare compass, and only wanted tuition to be such a voice as fetches gold in the big world which lay beyond these hills. But that was all.

She could sing well and loudly, and she knew all the "*cangene*" and "*stornelli*" of the district by heart; but there her knowledge stopped; and no one had cared to instruct or enlighten her more. Her own family thought the words of the organist rubbish.

There are so many of these clear-voiced, flute-throated girls and boys singing in their adolescence in the fields and woods and highways; but no one thinks anything of their carols, and life and its travail tells on them and makes them mute, and their once liquid tones grow harsh and rough from exposure to the weather, and from calling so loudly from hill to hill to summon their children, or their cattle, or their comrades, home.

The human voice is a pipe soon broken. The nightingale sings on and on and on, from youth to age, and neither rain nor wind hurts his throat; but men and women, in rough rustic lives, soon lose their gift of song. They sing at all ages, indeed, over their furrows, their washing tank, their yoked oxen, their plait of straw or hank of flax; but the voice loses its beauty early as the skin its bloom.

Santina had no notion in what way she could make hers a means to reach those distant parts in which her fate was to await her, if the cards spake truly. Only to get away somewhere, somehow, was her fixed idea; and she would no more have married the sober, well-to-do wheelwright her people picked out for her than she would have thrown her vigorous and virgin body down the well.

"He shall get me the cards and the treasure-wand out of her grave before this moon is out," she said, between her white teeth, with which she could crack nuts and bite through string and grind the black bread into powder.

Caris took no definite shape in her eyes except as an instrument to get her will and ways. She was but a country girl, just knowing her letters, and no more; but the yeast of restless ambition was fermenting in her.

She sat staring at the moon, while the tired children slept as motionless as plucked poppies. The moon was near its full. Before it waned, she swore to herself that she would have Lisabetta's magic tools in her hands. Could she only know more, or else get money! She was ignorant, but she knew that money was power. With money she could get away over those hills which seemed drawn like a screen between her fate and her.

Marry Matteo! She laughed aloud, and thought the face in the moon laughed too.

The outfit was made, the pearls were bought; the "stimatore," who is called in

to appraise every article of a marriage corredo, had fingered and weighed and adjudged the cost of every single thing, and the wheelwright had bought the bed and the furniture, and many other matters not usual or incumbent on a bridegroom, and her parents had said that such a warm man and so liberal a one was never seen in their day, and very little time was there now left wherein she could escape her fate.

All unwillingness on her part would have been regarded by her parents as insanity, and would have only seemed to her bridegroom as the spice which is added to the stewed hare. There was no chance for her but to use this single fortnight which she had been allowed to spend in farewell at Massa.

Her uncle and aunt had helped generously in the getting together of the corredo; and their wish to have her with them had been at once conceded. Her parents were poor, and the woodsman was rich as rubies are esteemed amongst the oak scrub and chestnut saplings of the Pistoiese Apennines.

The Masso people liked her and indulged her; but had they dreamed that she meant to elude her marriage, they would have dragged her by the hair of her head, or kicked her with the soles of their hob-nailed boots down the hillside into her father's house, and given her up to punishment without pity, as they would have given a runaway horse or dog.

The day for the ceremony had not been fixed, for in this country, where love intrigues speed as swift by as lightning, matrimonial contracts move slowly and cautiously; but the word was passed, the goods were purchased, the house was ready; and to break a betrothal at such a point would have been held a crime and a disgrace.

Though she was voluble and garrulous, and imprudent and passionate, she could keep her own counsel.

Under her Tuscan volubility there was also the Tuscan secretiveness. Nobody saw inside her true thoughts. Her mind was like a little locked iron box into which no one could peep.

The Tuscan laughs quickly, weeps quickly, rages, fumes, smiles, jumps with joy; seems a merely emotional creature, with his whole heart turned inside out; but in his inmost nature there is always an ego wholly different to that which is shown to others, always a deep reserve

of unspoken intents and calculations and desires.

It resembles a rosebush, all bloom and dew and leaf and sunshine, inside which is made the nest of a little snake, never seen, but always there; sometimes instead of the snake, there is only a flat stone; but something alien there always is under the carelessly blowing roses.

The Tuscan never completely trusts his nearest or dearest, his oldest friend, his truest companion, his fondest familiar; he is gentle or simple, he never gives himself away.

The homeliest son and daughter of the soil will always act as though he or she were cognizant of the axiom of the fine philosopher of courts: "Deal with your friend at all times as though he would some day become your enemy."

Santina therefore had told her secret intent to no living soul and only Caris's old weird mother had been shrewd enough to guess it in the girl's flashing eyes and in her eager questioning of fate.

The house of Masso was a very busy house, especially so at this season of the year, when the purchasing and fetching and stacking of wood for the coming winter was in full vigour, and all the boys and girls were up in the woods all day long, seeking out and bringing down brushwood and pines and cut heather.

Santina with wonderful alacrity, entered into the work, although usually she was averse to rough labour, fearing that it would spoil her hands and her skin before she could get to that unknown life of delight which she coveted.

But going with the heedless and unobservant children up on the hill-side where the heather and chestnut scrub grew, and farther up still where the tall stone pines grew, she had chances of meeting Caris, or of again getting away to his hut unnoticed. He was usually at this season occupied in carrying wood or helping the charcoal-burners, and was now in one place, now in another, as men who have no fixed labour must be.

Moreover, her just estimate of her own attraction for him made her guess that this year he would choose to labour nearer to Masso than usual, if he could get employment, and she was in no manner surprised when she saw him amongst a group of men who were pulling at the ropes of one of her uncle's wood-carts to prevent the cart and the mules harnessed to it from

running amuck down the steep incline which led to that green nook at the foot of Genistrello where the woodman's buildings and sheds were situated.

She gave him a sidelong glance and a shy smile as she passed them, and Caris, colouring to the roots of his hair, let his rope slacken and fall, and was sworn at fiercely by his fellow-labourers, for the cart lurched and one of the wheels sank up to its hub in the soft wet sand.

"Get away, lass," shouted the carter roughly; "where women are men's work is always fouled."

"You unmannerly churl!" shouted Caris, as he struck the carter sharply across the shoulders with his end of the rope.

The man flung himself round and tried to strike his assailant in return with the thong of his long mule-whip, but Caris caught it in his grip and closed with him.

They wrestled savagely for a moment, then the carter, freeing his right arm, snatched out of his breeches-belt the knife which every man carries, however severely the law may denounce and forbid it. It would have buried its sharp, narrow blade in the ribs or the breast of Caris had not the other men, at a shout from Masso, who came hurrying up, thrown themselves on the two combatants and pulled them apart.

"To — with you both!" cried Masso, furious to see his cart stuck in the sand, its load of wood oscillating, and the time wasted of the men whom he paid by the day.

Santina had stood quietly on the bank above the mules and the men, watching with keen interest and pleasure.

"Why did you stop them, uncle?" she cried to Masso pettishly. "I do love to see two good lads fight. 'Tis a sight that warms one's blood like 'vin santo.'"

But no one heeded what she said.

On these hills women are used, but never listened to.

"The cows give milk, not opinions," the men said to their womenkind.

Only Caris had seen in the sunlight that lithe, erect figure amongst the gorse, and those two burning, melting, shining eyes, which had incited him to combat.

He was deeply angered with Masso for stopping the duello.

A knife? What mattered a knife? He had one, too, in his breeches-band; in another second, he too, would have had

his out, and then Santina would have seen work fit for a brave, bold woman to watch, with the red blood running merrily through the thirsty sand and the tufted heather.

He was not quarrelsome or bloodthirsty; but any man who goes down into Maremma through the "Macchia," where the "mal Vivonti" hide, learns to know very well how to sell his own life dearly, and hold the lives of others cheaply; and these contraband knives, which the law forbids so uselessly, cost very little to buy, and yet do their work surely, quickly and well.

He cast one longing look up at Santina, standing above amongst the gorse, and moved on sullenly with the other men and the mule, when the cart, with rare effort, had been pulled erect and dragged out of the sand. It was then only an hour or two after daybreak.

The day came and ended without Caris seeing his goddess again.

During the repose at noontide, when he with others broke bread and ate soup at the big table in Masso's kitchen, she was not there. They were served by her aunt, Eufemia. He had only accepted this work of fetching and stacking for sake of the vicinity to her which it offered; and his heart was heavy and his blood was turned, as he would himself have expressed it.

Chagrin and irritation in the Italian's opinion, turns the blood as tempest changes milk. He was too shy and tongue-tied to venture to inquire for her; and the instinct of secrecy which characterises all passion was joined to his natural hesitation in speech.

Masso's people seemed, too, to him to be very grand folks, with their byres and stalls filled with beasts, and their casks of wine and great earthen jars of oil standing there for anybody to read in mute declaration of their prosperity.

A barrel of wine had never entered the hut of the Lascaris within the memory of man. No one took any notice of him. He was a "bracciante," paid by the day, nothing more. Had Eufemia known that he was the old witch's son he would have attracted her attention; but she did not know it. When there is rough work to be done, nobody notices who does it.

When the last wood of the day was brought in, Caris went home by himself, by ways he knew. He was downcast and dull. He had been baulked of his knife-

play with the carter, and he had not seen Santina.

At a bend in the hill-path, where the chestnut saplings grew taller than usual, and aged pines with scaly, scarred trunks were left standing, he heard a laugh amongst the leafy scrub, and in the dusk of the moonless evening a slender, straight figure shot up from its screen of heather.

"Eh, Caris!" cried the girl to him. "What a poor day's work! Have you left black Simon without an inch of steel in him? Fie for shame! A man should always write his name large when he has a stiletto for his pen."

Caris gazed at her dumb and agitated, the veins in his throat and temples throbbing.

"It was your uncle stopped the play," he muttered; "and I could not begin to brawl in his house."

Santina shrugged her shoulders. "Brave men don't want excuses," she said unkindly.

"Ask of me in Maremma," said Caris sullenly; "they will tell you whether men taste my blade."

"Maremma is far," said Santina, sarcastic and jeering; "and the men there are weak!"

"You shall see what you shall see," muttered Caris, growing purple, red, and then pale. "Tell me a man you have a quarrel with—nay, one who stands well with you—that will be better."

"Those are words," she said with curt contempt.

"You shall see deeds. Who is it that stands well with you?"

"No one. Many wish it."

"Your promised man should; but he is old, and a poor creature. 'Twould be no credit to do away with him."

"He is a poor creature," said Santina, her lips curling. "So are you, when to do a woman a pleasure you will not open a grave."

"Open a grave! Nay, nay, the saints forbid."

"The saints! That is how all weaklings and cowards talk. What harm could it do any saint in heaven for you to get those magic things? If they be the devil's toys and tools, as you say, more reason to pluck them out of holy ground."

"How you go on!" muttered Caris, whose slower brain was scared and terrified by his companion's rapid and fearless strides of thought. "Heaven have mercy

on us! You would have me commit sacrilege! Rifle a tomb! Holy Christ! and that tomb my mother's!"

The sweat stood on his brow, and made the chestnut curls of his hair wet as with dew or rain.

Santina poured into his all the magnetic force and fire of her own eyes, shining in the dusk like some wild cat of the woods.

"Sacrilege! whew! Where got you that big word? You put the things in; you can take the things out. Your mother will sleep sounder without them. I want them, my lad, do you understand? I want them. And what I want I get from those who love me; and those who deny me, hate me, and I hate them."

Caris shuddered as he heard.

"I love you," he stammered. "Do not hate me, for pity's sake, do not hate me."

"Open the grave for me, then," she said, with her dark level brows contracting over her luminous eyes.

"Ah, anything else!"

"Oh, aye! It is always anything else, except the one thing which is wanted!"

"But what is it you want?"

"I want the charms and the wand and the book out of your mother's grave."

"What could you do with them? Without the knowledge, they are no more than a dry twig and a few dirty play-cards."

"How know you what knowledge I have? I want the things; that is all, I tell you."

"They were accursed if they had any use in them. And what use had they? She who understood them lived and died all but a beggar. If they had any power in them, they cheated and starved her."

The speech was a long one for Caris, whose thoughts were so little used to fit themselves to utterance.

Santina heard him with the passionate impatience and intolerance of a swift mind with a dull one, of a bold will with a timid nature.

She had set her soul on possessing these magic things; she was convinced that she should find the way to make them work; superstition was intense and overwhelming in her, and allied to a furious ambition, all the more powerful because given loose rein through her complete ignorance.

"Oh, you white-livered niny!" she cried to him, with boundless scorn. "Would to Heaven black Simon had buried his blade in you. It would have rid the earth of a dolt and a dastard!"

"Then let me be, if I be worth so little," said Caris, sullenly, whilst his eyes devoured her beauty half seen in the darkness which preceded the late rising of the moon. Then she saw that she had mistaken her path, and she changed it. She let great tears come into her eyes, and her mouth trembled, and her bosom heaved.

"This was the lad I could have loved!" she murmured. "This was the strong, bold youth whom I thought would be my brave and bonny damo before all the country side. Oh, what fools are women—what fools!—taken by the eye with a falcon glance and a sheaf of nut-brown curls and a broad breast that looks as if the heart of a true man beat in it. Oh, woe is me! Oh, woe is me! I dreamed a dream, and it had no more truth in it than the slate shingle here has of silver."

She kicked downward scornfully as she spoke the crumbling slate and mia, which showed here and there betwixt the heather plants, in the tremulous shadow relics of a quarry worked long centuries before and forsaken when the fires of the camp of Hun and Goth had blazed upon those hillsides.

Caris stared at her as she spoke, his whole frame thrilling and all his senses alive as they had never been before under a woman's glamour. He heeded not the derision, he thought not of the strangeness of the avowal; delicacy is not often a plant which grows in uncultivated soil, and he had none of the intuition and suspicion which an educated man would have been moved by before such an avowal and such an upbraiding. He only knew, or thought he was bidden to know, that he had the power in him to please her fancy and awaken her desire.

"You love me! You can love me!" he shouted in a loud, vibrating, exultant voice, which awakened all the echoes of the hills around him, and he sprang forward to seize her in his arms. But Santina, agile and strong, pushed him back, and stood aloof.

"Nay, nay, stand off!" she cried to him. "Ne'er a coward shall touch me. All I said was, you might have won me."

"I am no coward," said Caris hotly. "And why do you fool and tempt one so? 'Tis unfair. 'Tis unfair. You may rue it."

His face was convulsed, his eyes were aflame, he breathed like a bull in a hard combat.

Santina smiled; that was how she liked to see a man look.

She had all the delight in watching and weighing the effects of the passion which she excited that had moved the great queens of Asia and the empresses of Rome. She was only a poor girl, but the love of dominance and the violence of the senses were in her, strong and hot and reckless.

In her was all that ferment of ambition and vanity and discontent which drives out from their hamlets those who feel there is something in them different to their lot and foreign to their fellows. She had never been anywhere farther afield than the hills and woods about Pistanse, but she knew that there were big cities somewhere, where men were made of money, and women wore satin all day long, and everybody ate and drank out of gold plates and silver vessels. She knew that; and to get to these kingdoms of delight was the one longing which possessed her day and night.

She wanted to get one thing out of this man—the means of liberty—and she cared nothing how she won it. Besides, he was so simple, so malleable, so credulous, it diverted her to play on him as one could play on a chitarra, making the strings leap and sigh and thrill and groan. And he was good to look at, too; with his tanned fresh face, and his clustering curls, and his strong, straight, cleanly limbs.

"I only said you might have won me," she repeated. "Nay, you may still, if you have the heart of a man, and not of a mouse. Hearken!"

"Do not fool me," said Caris sternly, "or as the Lord lives above us——"

She laughed airily.

"Oh, big oaths cannot frighten me. It shall lie with you. I want those things of your mother's. When you bring them I will thank you—as you choose."

He grew grey under his brown, bright skin.

"Always that!" he muttered. "Always that!"

"Naturally, it is what I want."

"Go, get them, since you think it holy work."

"I will," said Santina, "and then good-night to you, my good Caris; you will never see me more."

She turned on her heel and began to run down the slope in the moonlight.

Santina would not have ventured inside the graveyard at night to get mountains of

gold. She would not have passed after nightfall within a mile of its gate without crossing herself and murmuring aves all the way; superstition was born and bred in every inch of her bone, and every drop of her blood; and she would no more have carried out her threat than she would have carried the mountain upon her shoulders.

But he did not know that: she was so bold, so careless, so self-confident, if she had told him she would split open the earth to its centre he would have believed her.

He overtook her as she fled down the slope, and seized her in his arms.

"No, no!" he cried, close in her ear. "It is not work for you. If it must be done, I will do it. Will you swear that you will give yourself to me if I bring you the unholy things?"

"I love you!" she said breathlessly, while her lips brushed his throat. "Yes, I do love you! Go, get the things, and bring them hither at dawn. I will meet you. Oh, I will find the way to use them, never fear. That is my business. Get you gone. They are calling below. They shut the house at the twenty-four."

No one was calling, but she wished him away. He was strong, and he was on fire with her touch and her glance; he strained her in his arms until her face was bruised against the hairy sinews and bones of his chest.

She thrust him away with a supreme effort, and ran down the stony side of the hill, and was swallowed up in the duskiness of the tangled scrub.

A little scops owl flitted past, uttering its soft, low note, which echoes so far and long in the silence of evening in the hills.

Caris shook himself like a man who has been half-stunned by a heavy fall. He was on fire with the alcohol of passion and chilled to the marrow by the promise he had made.

Open a tomb! Rifle a grave! See his mother again in her cere clothes—see all the untold and untellable horrors of which the dead and the earth make their secrets!

Oh, why had he ever admitted that he had sealed up the uncanny things in the coffin! He could have bitten his tongue out for its tell-tale folly.

He had thrust them in almost without consciousness of his act as he had hammered the lid down on the deal shell all alone with it in his cabin.

The things had been always under his

mother's pillow at night ; it had seemed to him that they ought to go with her down to the grave. He had had a secret fear of them, and he had thought that their occult powers would be nullified once thrust in sacred soil. He had been afraid to burn them.

The churchyard in which his mother lay was on the topmost slope of Genistrello, where the brown brick tower of the bare little mediæval church rose amongst the highest pines, upon a wind-swept and storm-scarred scarp.

Few were the dead who were taken there ; meagre and miserable were the lot and the pittance of its poor vicar, and weatherbeaten and worn by toil were the score of peasants who made up its congregation, coming thence from the scattered huts and farmhouses of the hill-side.

It was five miles off from the chestnut wood above Massa ; a lonely, and not over safe tramp across the hills and the water-courses and the brushwood.

But it was not the distance which troubled him, nor any possible danger. He knew his way through all that country, and the full, round moon was by now showing her broad disc over the edge of the farther mountains. But the thought of what he would have to do at the end of his pilgrimage made him sick with a fear not altogether unmanly.

He knew that what he would do would be sacrilege and punishable by law, but it was not of that he thought : his mind was filled with those terrors of the nether world, of the unknown, of the unseen, which a lonely life and a latent imagination made at once so indistinct and so powerful to him.

"Had she but asked me anything else ! " he thought piteously. "Anything !—to cut off my right hand or to take the life of any man ! "

But she had set him this task ; inexorable as women of old set their lovers to search for the Grail or beard the Saracen in his mosque, and he knew that he must do what she willed or never again feel those warm red lips breathe on his own.

He tightened the canvas belt round his loins and went home to his cabin to fetch a pick-axe and a spade, and bidding his dog stay to guard the empty hut, he set out to walk across the vast steep breadth

of woodland darkness which separated him from the church and churchyard which were his goal.

A labourer on those hills all his life, and accustomed also to the more perilous and murderous thickets of Maremma, where escaped galley-slaves hid amongst the boxwood and the bearberry, and lived in caves and hollow trees, no physical alarm moved him as he strode on across the uneven ground, with the familiar scents and sounds of a woodland night around him on every side.

The moon had now risen so high that the valleys were bathed in her light and the sky was radiant with a brilliancy which seemed but a more ethereal day.

He had no eyes for its beauty. His whole soul was consumed by the horror of his errand. He only looked up at the pointers and the pole star which he knew so as to guide himself by them across the hills to the church, for he had left the cart-tracks and mule-paths and struck perforce through the gorse and undergrowth westward, gradually ascending as he went.

"Poor mother ! poor mother ! " he kept saying to himself. It seemed horrible to him to go and molest her out there in her last sleep and take those things which were buried with her. Would she know ? Would she awake ? Would she rise and strike him ?

Then he thought of a dead woman whom he had found once in the "macchia" in Maremma, lying unburied under some myrtle bushes ; he remembered how hideous she had looked, how the ants and worms had eaten her, how the wild boars had gnawed her flesh, how the jaws had grinned and the empty eyeballs had stared, and how a black toad had sat on her breast.

Would his mother look like that ?

No ; for she was safe under ground, under sacred ground, shut up secure from wind and weather in that deal shell which he had himself made and hammered down ; and she was in her clothes, all neat and proper, and the holy oil had been upon her.

No, she had been put in her grave like a Christian, witch though they said that she was. She could not look like the woman in Maremma who had been a vagrant and a gypsy.

Yet he was afraid—horribly afraid.

(To be continued.)

ALAS!

Written by Dr. McDONALD.
Moderato.

Composed by J. SPAWFORTH.

VOICE. *p*
A - las, how ea - si - ly things go wrong, A

PIANO. *mp* *p*

sigh too much, or a kiss too long, And there fol - lows a mist and a weep - ing

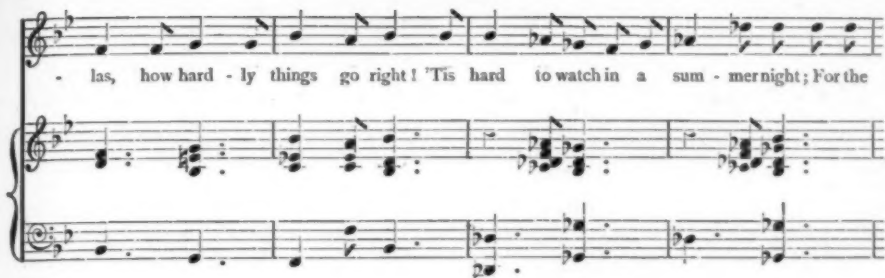
rain. And life is nev - er the

lunga pausa.

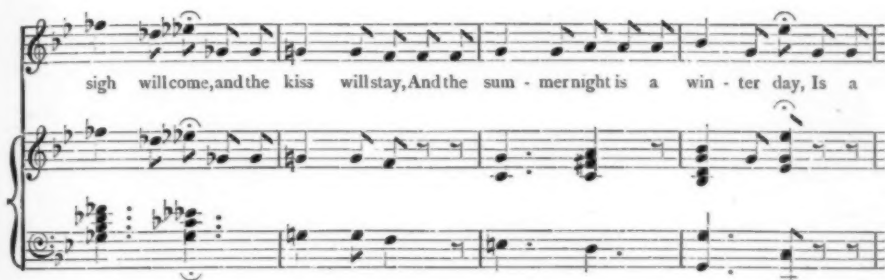
same . . . a - gain. . . A .

poco rit. *a tempo.* *colla voce.* *mp*

las, how hard - ly things go right ! 'Tis hard to watch in a sum - mernight ; For the



sigh will come, and the kiss will stay, And the sum - mernight is a win - ter day, Is a



win - - ter day, . . . a win - ter



day. . . .

mf



Revelations of a London Pawnbroker.

No. 3.—Montagu Stanton, Thought Reader and Spiritualist.

By PAUL SETON.



VERY attentive reader of English literature is well acquainted with the curious fact that at certain recurring periods our national institutions have to pass through a perfect epidemic of depreciatory writing. It is singular, but it is so. Just now the fashion has set in strongly amongst scribes of a certain sort to lose no possible opportunity of decrying the ability and sneering at the intelligence of the administration of Scotland Yard. To listen to some of these gentlemen, one might reasonably suppose that it was a customary thing now-a-days to recruit the ranks of our detective police from the county lunatic asylums. Under no other hypothesis is it possible to explain the imbecile conduct of these officials, as set forth in some of the popular detective stories of the hour. To those who, like myself, know anything of the inner working of the "Yard," all this is, of course, highly amusing, but, at the same time, it is a trifle misleading to the general public. The truth is, no finer force for the detection of crime than that organised and directed by Scotland Yard exists in the world. The ridiculous private detective of modern fiction is never to be met with in actual life, and an exceedingly good thing, too. If he ever should be ill-advised enough to put in an appearance in the future, woe betide him! We are a very patient and long-suffering people, but even we know where to draw the line on occasion.

One hot summer's morning—it was in the middle of July, and the sun was blazing fiercely out of a cloudless sky—I was busily occupied in my private office, cataloguing for sale by auction an unusually heavy and important collection of forfeited property. The light streamed through the barred window upon the large table in the centre of the room, and the costly jewels with which it was covered sparkled and danced gaily under the powerful rays. I had given strict orders that I was not to be disturbed, except on pressing business, and had just taken up a superbly-ornamented sword, presented in years gone by to a famous admiral by his admiring countrymen after a brilliant engagement, when my manager entered, with the information that Inspector Bennett would like to see me for a few minutes, if I was not busy. I was busy, but Bennett and I were old acquaintances, and however much I might feel inclined at times to deny myself to other people, to him I was always visible. He entered, wiping his forehead with his handkerchief, and, remarking that it was very hot, seated himself by the table, and gazed at the glittering heaps upon it.

"That's rather nice," he observed, picking out a fine diamond and sapphire cross, and holding it up in the brilliant light. "Fetch some money, too, I dare say."

"About £300," I rejoined, somewhat shortly, for I was anxious to get on with my work. "But I suppose you didn't call specially this morning to admire my unreddeems, did you? What's the particular news this time?"

Bennett looked at me with a quiet smile, as he replaced the cross on the table. "No," he said, "you are quite right. I didn't come here for a private view of

your out-of-time jewellery. I merely came to tell you that in the course of an hour or so you will have another addition to your already long list of distinguished customers."

"Indeed!" I replied, in some surprise. "As you seem to be so particularly well-informed to-day, may I venture to enquire the name of this important person?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Bennett calmly, in no way disturbed by the slightly bantering tone I had adopted. "He is called Le Prince Stanilas Poniakraski."

"Poniakraski!" I ejaculated, now really astonished; "the rich Russian prince! Are you quite certain your information is correct?"

"Did you ever find it incorrect?" retorted Mr. Bennett, answering my question by propounding another. "The Prince will be here shortly, but not with the object of negotiating a loan. On the contrary, he will redeem from you a certain gold snuff-box, set with brilliants, upon which you advanced the sum of £100 to one Frederick Bouverie on the 20th of last month."

My dealings with the remarkable man who sat quietly before me were, like the younger Mr. Weller's knowledge of the Metropolis, both extensive and peculiar. We had been enabled to mutually assist each other on several occasions, and the utmost confidence prevailed between us. He was well known as the shrewdest, as well as the most cautious, of all the clear-headed and keen-witted 'tocs employed at the "Yard," and, therefore, I had no hesitation in complying with the request which followed, although, of course, in the ordinary way of business I should have at once declined.

"I should like to have a look at that snuff-box for a minute, Mr. Stephens, if you've no objection."

I rang the bell and gave the necessary order, and the box being produced, Mr. Bennett examined it with close attention. It was a handsome article, about three inches in length and two in width, the lid being encircled with diamonds, while in the centre was the letter A, surmounted by an imperial crown in the same precious stones. Mr. Bennett shook it, pressed it, tapped it, struck it lightly all over with his finger and thumb, squeezed the ends gently together in his palms, and handed it back with an air of dissatisfaction.

"Well?" I said, interrogatively.



EXAMINED IT WITH CLOSE ATTENTION.

"I have good reasons for believing that box conceals an important document, but I am, unfortunately, not acquainted with the secret of how to get at it."

"Really!" said I, getting interested. "Suppose I have a try." I was equally unsuccessful, however; all the ordinary methods known to the expert proving utterly useless. It still appeared to be a richly decorated snuff-box, but nothing more. I was just saying as much when the door opened, and my manager appeared twirling a card between his fingers. I took it and read—"Le Prince Stanilas Poniakraski."

"Very good," I said, passing the card on to Bennett. "I'll see him directly."

"This came about five minutes ago, sir," said my manager, handing me a telegram. I opened it. It was as follows:

"I am lying at 72, Barton Street, Blackfriars, seriously injured. Pray come and see me at once. Very urgent. Bouverie."

I passed this on likewise to Bennett. He read it in silence, and then rose.

"I'll call again to-morrow morning, I think, Mr. Stephens," he said slowly. "I presume you'll go and see this unfortunate gentleman?"

"I suppose I had better do so," I replied reflectively. "It's very curious, though, that he should get injured just as someone else is coming to redeem his snuff-box, especially if your idea is correct."

"Very curious indeed," said Mr. Bennett abruptly. "But, you know, you needn't mention your intended visit to the Prince. In fact, I shouldn't, if I were you." And with this advice, he departed, leaving me to my interview with my distinguished visitor.

Prince Poniakraski was smoking a delicately perfumed cigarette through a dainty amber mouthpiece, tipped with gold, as I entered the room into which he had been shown. He was a tall, dark man, apparently about fifty, of imposing appearance, and exquisitely dressed in the prevailing fashion, yet not obtrusively so. His voice was soft and pleasant, and his manner perfection itself. He was reputed to be immensely rich, and it was certain that he moved in the highest circles of society. He was at some pains to explain the reason of his call:

"Bouverie was, in a measure, a sort of *protégé* of mine," he said, with a melancholy smile, "and I really got to be very much attached to him. I cannot imagine why he did not apply to me when he found himself in want of money. I would have given it to him gladly, poor fellow. I feel I am only fulfilling his wishes in taking possession of this snuff-box, which he valued highly on account of its associations, and I shall only be too happy to pay you for any other little trinkets which he may have entrusted to your care, if you will be good enough to let me know the amount."

"That I am afraid I cannot do," I replied, "without Mr. Bouverie's authority."

"Ah! What you ask is impossible," said the Prince, with a slight elevation of the eyebrows. "He will never be able to do so. He is dead!"

"Dead!" I exclaimed, completely taken off my guard. "Surely not! Why, I had a telegram from him only a few moments ago!"

Directly the incautious words had passed my lips, I could have bitten off my tongue for having given utterance to them. The Prince looked at me attentively.

"I think you must

be mistaken," he said quietly. "Would you mind showing me the message?"

"I—er—believe I have destroyed it," I stammered in confusion, as I thought of Bennett's parting words, and cursed my precipitation inwardly. The Prince continued to regard me steadfastly. His voice seemed to me to be a little harder when he next spoke.

"Mr. Stephens, I have already said I believe you are mistaken. It is a pity you destroyed that telegram; but after all, it does not so very much matter. Depend upon it, I am much more likely to be rightly informed on this subject than yourself. I beg of you to understand from me that you will never see Bouverie again in this world, and"—here the voice became low and thrilling—"if you are well-advised you will never attempt to do so."

My astonishment at this extraordinary speech was so great that I felt incapable of returning any suitable reply, and therefore remained silent. The Prince took some notes from his pocket-book, and counted them over slowly twice. I fancied he did this in order to give me an opportunity of speaking. Finding I did not avail myself of it, he laid the money down on the table and took up the box.

"What I have spoken to you just now," he said, uttering every word with great deliberation and distinctness, "I have spoken in all seriousness. Believe me, you will do well to give heed to it. There are certain matters which are best left alone by those not immediately concerned. This is one of them, if you will pardon my

saying so. You see, I am perfectly frank with you. I wish you good-morning." And with this admonition, his highness left me to digest his meaning at my leisure.

It was late in the afternoon when I set out for Blackfriars, and after some trouble, succeeded in discovering Barton Street. It was a dirty, disreputable little street, composed of tumbledown tenements, principally occupied by working men. I knocked at number 72, and en-



"YOU WILL DO WELL TO GIVE HEED TO IT."

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quired of the untidy-looking woman who opened the door, if I could see Mr. Bouverie. The woman stared, and then asked if I meant the gentleman who had met with an accident. I replied in the affirmative. Then I couldn't. The doctor had ordered him to the hospital a couple of hours or so ago, and he had been taken away in a hearse. She evidently meant an ambulance, but I did not stop to correct her. Could she tell me which hospital? No, she couldn't. Or the name of the doctor, then? She didn't remember. Had the gentleman left any message? Not that she knew of. Was there anyone else who could tell me? No, there wasn't. Had he been there long? Since the night before last. Was he much hurt? Broken leg, she believed. And that was all the information I could obtain.

When Bennett called the next day I repeated to him the conversation which had taken place between the Prince and myself. He looked grave, and his seriousness by no means diminished as I went on to relate the unsuccessful issue of my visit to Blackfriars. He was evidently annoyed, and it was with some hesitation that I ventured to enquire at length if he thought there was any connection between the two circumstances. He replied briefly that it was not improbable. His manner was not encouraging, but I could no longer refrain from asking him if he knew how the Prince came to take such an interest in the affairs of Mr. Bouverie.

"My knowledge of this particular case," he answered thoughtfully, "is incomplete at present, and, therefore, I can only speak in general terms —"

"Then there is a case," I interrupted.

"Certainly. And a rather unusual one, too," he added, after a moment's reflection. "I may as well tell you at once that there is, at the present time, a very formidable conspiracy on foot, having for its object nothing less than the complete annihilation of the reigning dynasty of Russia at one blow. The ramifications of the plot are endless, and the headquarters of the conspirators, which are shifted continually, being just now in London, the Metropolis is full of the Czar's secret police busily engaged in tracing the conspiracy to its source. As, however, many of the highest among the Russian nobility are supposed to be implicated, the class of agents employed for their detection by the Russian authorities is of a very superior

character. As a consequence of this, it is difficult to determine accurately sometimes who is conspirator and who detective. This applies especially with regard to Prince Poniakraski, who is a very sphinx in the matter of inscrutability. That is why I do not care to speak positively at this juncture with reference to his relations with Mr. Bouverie."

"But," I objected, "there is nothing in all this to constitute a case that I can see."

Bennett smiled. "Perhaps not," he said, looking at his watch, "but I may be able to tell you more in the course of a few days, and then you will not unlikely think differently. Now I must be off. You know where to communicate with me if anything fresh occurs." And he went his way, leaving me as hopelessly perplexed as ever.

I made an effort to banish the subject from my thoughts, saying to myself that it was no concern of mine, but I met with sorry success. Whatever I did and wherever I went, I found my mind continually reverting to it until, by merely closing my eyes, I could almost fancy myself at the theatre, watching the progress of some absorbing play. I even got so far as to give the piece a title, and "The Prince, the Snuff-box, and the Man with the Broken Leg," ridiculously suggestive of pantomime though it was, became a sort of actual reality to me. But I had not completed the cast. I had omitted two of the principals. I had left out the Princess and — Montagu Stanton, Thought Reader and Spiritualist.

The latter entered upon the scene very quietly, as was his wont. There was nothing of bustle, or noise, or excitement about Montagu Stanton. He breathed an atmosphere of serene calm, which seemed to permeate his whole being, and even diffused itself around those with whom he was brought into contact. He was the most restful man I ever knew. No matter how high the storm of life might rage without, he remained unmoved, perfectly peaceful and unconcerned. Yet even he could not exist without the adventitious aid of money, and Montagu Stanton's visits to me had been by no means infrequent of late. This time his requirements were larger than usual; but as the security was ample, I experienced no difficulty in satisfying them. At the conclusion of our business, he shook hands with me after his



TOOK MY HAND AGAIN INTO HIS.

customary fashion, but somewhat to my surprise he did not immediately relinquish mine, but retained it for some moments in his grasp. At last he let go his hold with a little sigh, and said :

"So you've been thinking of him, too! His influence seems to be very great."

"Thinking of whom?" I asked in astonishment, for I was entirely unprepared for such a remark.

"Why, of Prince Poniakraski, of course," he replied. "Do you know it is distinctly curious, but you are the fourth person I have met to-day whose thoughts have been more or less occupied by the proceedings of that extraordinary man."

"Ah! so you are favouring me, then, with a private exhibition of your celebrated thought-reading powers, Mr. Stanton," I said, forcing a little laugh in order to hide my confusion.

Mr. Stanton made no direct answer, but took my hand again into his, and held it firmly for another minute. There was a peculiar expression in his face when he did speak.

"Mr. Stephens, I see you are acquainted with the existence of the great conspiracy. Now let me warn you against the danger you will incur by any intermeddling with its progress, either one way or the other. Your life itself may not be safe if you disregard this advice. There are powerful forces at work, of which you know nothing. You are a prudent man; do not lightly forget my words. Should you, however, be so unfortunate as to find yourself involved in any way, do not hesitate to come immediately to me—you have my address—and I may possibly be able to render you some

service. There are not many men to whom I would say as much, but you once conferred a favour upon me, which I have never forgotten, and I am not ungrateful. Remember what I have said—come to me at once, and if I can help you, I will."

Another warning! What did it all mean? I knew nothing of this great conspiracy, save the little Bennett had told me, and here it was being hinted all round that my very life would be endangered if I didn't take the greatest care! I had not the slightest intention of either aiding or denouncing any of the actors, or of mixing myself up in their affairs at all, and yet twice within the same week had I been distinctly and solemnly warned. Again I asked myself what it all meant! I am naturally the reverse of a nervous man, but this sort of thing was by no means pleasant. Indeed, it was decidedly objectionable, and I vigorously anathematised the entire business from the bottom of my heart.

A fortnight elapsed, and nothing further transpired of an unusual character. I heard no more of Bouverie. Bennett, I ascertained, had suddenly betaken himself to Paris. Prince Poniakraski, I learnt from the columns of the *Morning Post*, had been present at an official dinner given by the Russian Ambassador, and had afterwards attended a brilliant reception at the Princess Tzavosna's. I began to reflect how easily mountains were sometimes made out of molehills, and how possible it was that, after all, I might have been mistaken, when all these comfortable thoughts were blown to the four winds of heaven, by an entirely unexpected occurrence. This was nothing less than a visit from the Princess Tzavosna herself.

The Princess Tzavosna was certainly one of the most beautiful women it was ever my fortune to behold. Slightly above the medium height, with a wealth of that rich golden hair one so often reads of but so seldom sees, and which served as a sort of glorified frame to a face perfect in its delicate outline—she looked every inch a princess as she stood before me in my office that burning summer's morn. Notwithstanding the great heat—and it was almost unbearable in its intensity—she was dressed entirely in black, and I noticed that, in spite of her outward self-possession, there was a tremor in her voice that betrayed some emotion when she spoke.

"You are, then, Mr. Stephens?" she said interrogatively, as I handed her a

chair, and waited for her to unfold the object of her visit.

I bowed affirmatively, and she proceeded quickly, without further preface, to address to me a whole series of questions concerning the subject which had been uppermost in my thoughts of late.

"I believe," she commenced, in soft, musical accents, "you know Mr. Frederick Bouverie?"

I intimated that I had that honour.

"You have had business transactions with him?"

"Mr. Bouverie has sometimes been a customer of mine," I replied cautiously.

"And you have advanced him money? Is it not so?" she continued, toying nervously with her hands.

"Pardon me, madame," I said, in a decided tone, "but you must see how impossible it is for me to answer such a question. My clients' affairs—"

"Yes, yes, I know," she interrupted, with an impatient gesture. "Your clients' secrets are sacred, of course. But this is an entirely different matter. Mr. Bouverie, let me tell you, is a very dear personal friend of mine, and it is in his interests

that I make this enquiry of you."

"And it is equally in his interests, madame," I replied firmly, "that I am obliged to refuse you the information you request."

The Princess darted a keen glance at me out of her brilliant eyes, and tapped her tiny foot angrily upon the floor.

"Excuse me, Mr. Stephens," she said, haughtily, "but do you know who I am?"

"I have the honour to address Madame la Princesse Tzavosna, I believe," I returned, somewhat stiffly, for I felt annoyed at the imperious manner she had suddenly adopted.

"Then you must know that it is a dangerous thing to trifle with me, sir," she exclaimed, bringing her slender hand down

with considerable force upon the table before her. "I demand of you if you have had of Mr. Bouverie a gold snuff-box, set with diamonds and bearing upon the lid an imperial crown above the letter A?"

I looked at the lovely face of the woman who sat confronting me, and wondered mentally if all that I had heard concerning her could by any possibility be true. She could scarcely have reached her twenty-fifth year, and yet she had twice been married, and twice been left a widow; and both her husbands had died violent—and rumour would persistently have it, unnatural—deaths. And rumour, moreover, would not be denied that she was an active and leading member of more than

one secret revolutionary society, aiming at the total overthrow of all existing forms of law and order. And then I thought of the pale, delicate, fragile form of Frederick Bouverie, and wondered again what might be the nature of the relations existing between the two.

As all these things were passing rapidly through my mind, I became conscious of a very peculiar sensation. I am unable to describe its precise nature,

but I know I felt an irresistible, overwhelming impulse to terminate this interview at once. Then, as the eyes of the Princess—and she had most beautiful eyes—remained steadily fixed upon me, another and antagonistical feeling seemed to rise within me, and fight desperately with the other for supremacy. As this latter feeling, urging me strangely to tell everything I knew, struggled with my intense longing to get away, somehow, from the light of those piercing eyes, I was reduced to utter dumbness. I don't believe I could have spoken a word to save my life. At length the contest ceased as suddenly as it commenced, and the Princess rose, with wrath upon every feature of her face.



MADAME LA PRINCESSE TZAVOSNA.

"You have triumphed, Mr. Stephens," she said, and there was a curious metallic ring in her voice, "but only for a time. You have placed your will in opposition to mine, and no man has ever yet succeeded in doing that with impunity. You have refused to answer my questions; listen, now, and understand what your refusal means."

She paused for a moment, as though considering the words she should employ, and then went on.

"It may be a surprise to you to learn that Mr. Bouverie is my affianced husband. Ah! you are astonished; nevertheless I tell you such is the fact. No matter how he became so; that is our affair alone. He is young, ardent and a hater of oppression. I, too, am the bitter enemy of tyranny and wrong, and associating in the same great cause of freedom, we were not long in discovering that our hopes and aspirations were identical. I knew that he was far from being rich—your literary men, especially those who have to write for your daily papers, seldom are so, I believe—and I knew likewise that he was also very proud. Willingly would I have placed my purse at his disposal, but I did not dare; he would have regarded it as an insult. When I would talk to him of these things, he would laugh, and say he could always get as much money as he required. I used to marvel how, and then I found out—never mind in what way—it was to you he would have recourse on these occasions. Silly fellow! if he would only have trusted me! Before he went to the Continent the other day, I called at his rooms, and I missed his beautiful snuff-box. It was not in its usual place, and when I asked him where it was, he seemed embarrassed, and said that as he was going abroad, he had given it to a friend for greater safety. Then I knew, foolish boy, that he had been to you. And now that he is returning, I wanted him to have a pleasant surprise—to find in its old position his little vanished box. You will assist me in my harmless fancy, will you not? You have a kind face—you will not refuse to humour me in this whim."

The transformation was marvellous. The haughty, wrathful princess had disappeared as if by magic, and in her place there stood before me a bewitching creature, half smiling, half pouting, and altogether charming! It was fascinating, delicious, like some delightful fairy-tale of

old! I was hesitating, yielding—I was about to tell her everything—when again there came over me, like a mighty wave, that strange, mysterious sensation, urging, demanding, impelling me to immediately end this scene. It was useless to resist its influence. I struggled against it feebly for a minute, and then yielded completely to its power.

"I regret exceedingly, madame," I began unsteadily, and my voice sounded as though it belonged to another person, "but what you ask is, unfortunately, entirely beyond my power. The box itself is no longer in my possession —"

The words had barely passed my lips when she turned upon me like a veritable fury.

"Liar!" she exclaimed, white with rage. "Do you dare to mock me? There is a stronger will than mine, I see, behind you; but beware! I will, all the same, succeed, and you shall know to your sorrow what it is to have defied a Tzavosna! I leave you now. Do not think that I shall also forget. We shall meet again, and then we shall see!" And, hurling this prophecy at my head, like a goddess of evil, she swept passionately from the room.

As soon as she had gone, I sank back exhausted in my chair. Something—some vital essence—seemed to have departed from me, and left me weak and helpless. My head was splitting, so I decided to rest the remainder of the morning and endeavour to recuperate. I was fated, however, to be disturbed—peace was evidently not for me that day. But I gave a great sigh of satisfaction, nevertheless, when I found that the new comer was none other than Bennett, fresh and jolly from his trip to Paris. I opened the vials of my wrath upon him gladly. It was some relief to my overcharged feelings to be able to tell an official representative of the law how I, a prominent and law-abiding citizen, was being openly threatened with all sorts of unknown and fearful penalties for merely presuming to do my duty, and this, moreover, in broad daylight and under the very nose of Scotland Yard itself. Bennett listened with a sympathetic grin to the recital of my woes, and after laughingly offering me an unlimited amount of police protection in case of need, assumed his most businesslike face, and I knew that at last I was about to be enlightened concerning the great conspiracy.

"When I last saw you, Mr. Stephens," began Bennett, speaking in that calm, dry, matter-of-fact tone which I knew well from long experience betokened that he had tackled his case, and held the solution in his hands, "I was unable to tell you more than the bare fact that there existed a powerful organisation secretly working in this city for the overthrow of the present form of government at St. Petersburg. You, no doubt, guessed from what had previously transpired that the snuff-box deposited with you by Mr. Bouverie, and redeemed by Prince Poniakraski, had not a little to do with the matter. You were right: it had. You will remember that the box bore the letter A, surmounted by the imperial Russian crown, both being composed of brilliants.

The box itself was innocent enough, and the letter likewise, but the mounting of the crown concealed a cypher, photographically reduced, of the very highest importance. You are probably aware that some time ago Mr. Bouverie, in his capacity of a special correspondent, was sent to the Russian capital by one of our influential papers, charged with the mission of describing, in the peculiarly flowery language which it affects, the course of fashionable life on the banks of the Neva. In this he succeeded so well that on his departure from St. Petersburg the Czar manifested his approbation by presenting him with a gold snuff-box set with diamonds."

"Which he afterwards deposited with me," I interrupted at this point.

"Which he afterwards did nothing of the sort," continued the imperturbable Bennett, calmly pursuing his narrative. "Well, the night before he left the dominions of the Czar, Mr. Bouverie invited a few of his newly-made Russian friends to a little supper party, during which the box was handed round for inspection, duly admired, and—changed; a precisely similar one, with the important difference that it concealed a dangerous Nihilist cypher, being substituted in its place. A letter

was at the same time addressed to the Princess Tzavosna in London, apparently on ordinary matters, but in reality informing her of what had been done, and instructing her to get possession of the box on its arrival here. This letter, like all others directed to the Princess from Russia, was opened by the authorities there, and instead of being forwarded to her, a copy was sent on to Prince Poniakraski, together with imperative orders to secure the cypher at all hazards."

"Rather foolish of the Princess's friends to send such a letter," I remarked: "they might have known it was sure to be opened."

"Not altogether so foolish as you may imagine. It was so cleverly put together,



WAS HANDED ROUND FOR INSPECTION.

and the meaning so dexterously hidden, that it really appeared quite an innocent little epistle, the more especially that the writer was General Stromkoff, the commandant of the St. Petersburg garrison, and the uncle of the Princess."

"Then Prince Poniakraski is —"

"The chief of the Russian secret police. When the conspirators shifted their headquarters to London the Prince thought it advisable to come over here and personally watch their proceedings, and with such consummate skill has he conducted himself that at this very moment the revolutionists believe him to be one of the most devoted members of their fraternity. Bouverie was provided with an introduction to the Princess, of which he in due course availed himself, and it was in her *salon* that he first met Prince Poniakraski. All the en-

deavours, however, of the Prince to obtain even a sight of the snuff-box signally failed, as well they might, seeing that the fashionable journalist no longer had it himself, but had entrusted it to a certain gentleman named Stephens for greater safety—and a trifling matter of one hundred pounds in hard cash."

Here Bennett paused, mopped his face with his handkerchief, interpolated a casual remark to the effect that it was very warm, helped himself to some water from a carafe which stood upon the table, and resumed:

"The Prince, finding all his efforts futile, and being, moreover, stimulated to prompt action by further advices from St. Petersburg, at last had recourse to a desperate expedient. One night, or rather one morning, the unfortunate pressman, on returning home from Fleet Street, was suddenly set upon by three men, speedily overpowered in spite of his resistance, and rendered unconscious by a heavy blow on the head. When he came to his senses, he found himself lying in a wretched little house, covered with bruises, and, in addition, with a broken leg; later on he made the discovery that his pocket-book was gone, and remembering that it contained the voucher relating to the snuff-box, contrived to get off the telegram which you received whilst I was with you. When you—excuse my saying so—were incautious enough, in spite of my hint, to mention the receipt of this telegram to the Prince, he immediately caused his victim to be removed to the house of one of his servants, where brain fever supervened and made such rapid progress that before the expiration of the week he was dead."

"Dead!" I exclaimed. "Then the Prince was right after all. He said I should never see him again. Poor Bouverie!"

"Yes," assented Bennett calmly. "He was a very unlucky man; but when one gets mixed up with Nihilists one must expect that sort of thing. However, to finish

the story. The Terrorists in the Russian capital, becoming uneasy at the absence of news from the Princess, deputed one of their number to come over here and ascertain the reason of her silence. Yesterday Bouverie's rooms were ransacked, and then—well, then the Princess came to you."



FOUND HIMSELF LYING IN A WRETCHED LITTLE HOUSE.

"Her story was, therefore—?" I paused, and looked at Bennett.

"An exceedingly clever, but entirely unscrupulous piece of mendacity from beginning to end," was the unmovable reply. "The only part at all approximating the truth was the statement that Bouverie, like most other men, I believe, was by no means insensible to her charms"

"Then they were not engaged to be married?"

Bennett laughed. "I can't imagine the Princess at all the sort of woman to marry an impecunious newspaper man under any circumstances," he said. "Indeed I should rather think she had quite enough of other matters on her hands just now without bothering herself with anything of that sort."

I was silent for a minute. "How did you find all this out?" I asked.

"By assiduously following up every shred of information I could obtain. In the first place, the Prince has been carefully watched ever since his arrival in England."

"What!" I exclaimed, "the head of the Russian secret police shadowed by Scotland Yard! That's funny!"

"Very; but it's a fact all the same. There have been some curious things happening in this city of late, of which the general public know nothing, but which have not escaped the close attention of the 'Yard.' The Russian police are by no means friendly disposed towards the English authorities, and all the knowledge we possess of the movements of the Terrorists is due to our own initiative, supplemented by the assistance we receive from time to time from the various Continental bureaux,

and more especially the French. We are, therefore, obliged in some cases to watch both criminal and detective alike, and this applies particularly to the Prince, whose real position is even now none too well defined. You see, a man may be both conspirator and police agent at the same time, and one never knows for certain whether he is more of one than the other. Accordingly, Andrade, one of our brightest and most promising men—you know Andrade?"—I nodded—"was told off to specially observe the Prince, and the fellow was actually clever enough to get a situation in his establishment. We have been compelled to adopt these precautionary measures in consequence of the many mysterious and sudden deaths—chiefly amongst foreigners residing in London—which have taken place recently, and which we cannot but regard as being in great measure attributable to the influence of a powerful secret society. It was Andrade who first discovered the anxiety of the Prince regarding the invisible snuff-box, and it was Andrade, moreover, who subsequently was enabled to obtain, during a brief but providential indisposition on the part of his master, a copy of the cypher, duly enlarged and translated into excellent French."

"And what was it, after all?" I burst out, with irrepressible curiosity.

"It was," replied Bennett, solemnly, "a list of suspected traitors to the cause, and the death warrant of the Executive Committee at St. Petersburg for the removal of five of the most dangerous of such suspects."

"Great heavens!" I exclaimed, a cold thrill of horror creeping slowly down my back; "do you know who they are?"

A needless question, of course. Instead of answering, Bennett laid a small piece of paper before me. My hand shook a little as I took it up and read:

"The Executive Committee of the Inner Circle, at St. Petersburg, has condemned the following to death for disloyalty to the Holy Cause:

Stanilas Poniakraski,
Vladimir Varanoff,
Ivan Sobrovna,
Alphonse Rouget,
Montagu Stanton."

"Montagu Stanton!" I repeated aloud, with a cry of astonishment; "why, I know him well! How does he come to be mixed

up in this infernal conspiracy? What on earth has he done?"

Bennett shook his head. "I really cannot say; but, as you know him, perhaps you will be good enough to put him on his guard. The Prince will receive an intimation from the Home Office to-day that the Government will be glad if he will take his departure from England as speedily as possible. Varanoff and Sobrovna have already left the country; and Rouget has been in Paris for some time past. Their blood, therefore, will not be upon our heads if they fall beneath the vengeance of the Terrorists. The Princess I expect to arrest to-night."

"Arrest the Princess! On whatever charge? I thought the law took no cognizance of political offences committed outside this country?"

"Neither does it, but it does of murder, though; and the extradition of the Princess has been formally demanded by the Russian Government for the murder of her second husband, Prince Sergius Tzavosna, on the 25th of January last, in the Nevski Prospekt. I am only waiting for the necessary papers from St. Petersburg, which should be here this evening. And now I must be off. You have heard everything, and there's a heap of arrears at the 'Yard' which I must attend to at once."

Long after Bennett had left I remained thinking over the strange story to which I had listened that morning. The afternoon glided unconsciously away, and the hot summer's day was slowly turning into night before I roused myself from my reverie, and started off towards Bayswater to tell Montagu Stanton of the sentence pronounced against him. The air was heavy with heat, and when I reached the Marble Arch the lightning was sheening fitfully in the murky sky. Now and again the park would be weirdly illuminated by a vivid white glare that only rendered more intense the succeeding blackness, while the low, heavy roll of thunder in the distance heralded portentously the advancing storm. Once or twice I fancied I was being followed, but this I put down to my state of high, nervous tension; and I arrived at Stanton's residence without interruption. He welcomed me with the remark that he was glad to see me, adding that he had been expecting me all the evening.

"It was a hard battle you had with the Princess this morning, was it not?" he

said with a smile as soon as I was seated. "Her will is very potent, but, as she discovered, mine is the stronger of the two."

"I scarcely understand you," I replied, in some bewilderment.

"No? Yet you were conscious, were you not, of the struggle which took place when she endeavoured to make you answer her questions regarding the snuff-box?"

"Ah!" I exclaimed, as I began to have a glimmering of the truth, "this is, then, the explanation! It was your will working through me in opposition to the Princess's! Is it not so?"

Stanton smiled again. "Yes," he said softly, "I was obliged to take that liberty. I knew that if I did not intervene, you would be powerless against her wiles."

"You know the princess, then?"

"It is my misfortune to know her only too well. Who, indeed, should know her if not I? A man should never cease to remember perfectly the woman who has ruined his life."

No fitting reply rose to my lips, and I remained silent. A heavy peal of thunder reverberated through the room, and Stanton, rising, walked to the window.

"The storm will be severe," he said,

returning to the centre of the apartment, "but my will must be obeyed, and she must come. Shall I show you something while you wait?"

I could merely bow my head in assent, for the faculty of speech seemed to have entirely deserted me. Stanton turned down the lamp, and placed a small bronze dish upon the table, into which he sprinkled a few grains of a reddish-looking powder, and uttered some words in an undertone. One side of the room became gradually obscured with a thick curtain of smoke, which presently rolled away, and then I beheld a curious sight.

In the middle of a scantily-furnished chamber stood a tightly-bound figure, evidently a prisoner. Around a roughly-hewn horseshoe-shaped bench sat a number of men with their faces completely concealed by heavy black cowls. A trial was in progress, and the verdict was then apparently under deliberation. At length the president arose and pronounced the sentence, to which the figure in the centre listened with bended head. Though not a sound issued from the speaker's lips, I knew as well what that sentence was as if I had heard every word of it. It was death. Then the figure was led to one side; there was a brief pause, followed by a little puff of smoke, and, as the body fell, the face turned slightly in my direction, and I saw, with perfect distinctness, the handsome features of Prince Stanilas Poniakraski in their death agony. I closed my eyes for a moment to shut out the horrible scene, and when I opened them again the picture was gone, the lamp was turned up, and Montagu Stanton was standing by the table as calm and impassive as ever.

"What do you think of it?" he asked, in a low voice.

"It is awful!" I ejaculated with a shudder.

"Merely a glimpse into futurity," he returned quietly. "You have just witnessed what fate has in store for the present chief of the Russian secret police. But hush! She comes!"

There was a blinding flash of lightning, followed immediately by a terrific crash of thunder, during which the handle of the door slowly turned and the Princess Tzavosna, pale and dishevelled, entered the room.

"I am here," she said painfully, fixing her large, wild eyes on Stanton, who stood with folded arms, steadily regarding her;



I BEHELD A CURIOUS SIGHT.

"I am here: what is your will of me?"

"Listen, Feodora Tzavosna," he replied, sternly; "listen attentively, and you shall learn. But first of all let me tell you a little story. It is one that should not be altogether unfamiliar to you, and yet, perhaps, in the giddy whirl of your gay life it may not be so fresh in your memory as it once was. Who knows? Six years ago there was a young

Englishman in Russia who fell desperately in love with a beautiful girl of eighteen. Heaven! how he worshipped her! The ground she trod upon, the very air she breathed, were sacred things in his eyes! There was nothing that he would not have gladly done for her sake—even to the giving up of life itself! They were married. For one brief year they lived in an earthly paradise, and then, as before, in the Eden of old, the serpent, envious of such bliss, entered. The young wife gradually changed: she no longer looked with glances of sweet affection upon her husband, her smiles were directed elsewhere: she had—how can I force myself to utter the shameful words—a lover. Then the devil took possession of her soul. Her lover was rich, powerful, noble: her husband but a poor and obscure Englishman. And so one night, when he, poor fool, was revelling in his dreams of happiness, past, present and to come, she plunged a dagger into his side and left him for dead upon the ground. Then she married her lover. After a while she tired of him likewise. Did she hesitate? Did she, who had already done one murder, pause at another? No! Again the fatal knife was requisitioned, and again a bleeding victim lay stretched at her feet. But her first victim, unlike the second, did not die. A just and offended heaven watched over and protected him, and he lived. His first act on his recovery was to solemnly register a vow that if he were spared long



WE RAISED HER GENTLY

enough he would righteously avenge himself on the faithless woman who had blasted his existence by her wickedness, and driven him out, a lonely wanderer up and down upon the face of the earth. He has fulfilled his vow! Do you mark me, Feodora Tzavosna? I, Montagu Stanton, have fulfilled my vow!"

She did not answer, but her eyes were still fixed with a wild,

despairing look on Stanton's face.

"It is true—every word of it. I have denounced you to the Russian Government as the murderess of Sergius Tzavosna.

She continued to gaze piteously at Stanton for a few moments, and then essayed to speak. The effort was too much for her. Uttering a piercing shriek, she staggered forward, and before we could rush to her assistance, fell heavily upon the floor, the red blood gushing out in two great streams from her nose and mouth. We raised her gently in our arms, and laying her on the sofa, endeavoured to staunch the flow of the life current, but in vain. Her hour was come, and amidst the glare of the lightning, and with the rolling thunder for her Dead March, the guilty soul of the Princess Tzavosna passed away into the Land of Shadows just as Bennett arrived.

"Yes," said Montagu Stanton, after some explanatory conversation, "I know I am marked for death by the Nihilists, but that is a matter which gives me little or no concern. Do not think, Mr. Stephens," he continued, turning to me, "that I am ungrateful to you for your warning, but I was well acquainted beforehand with the danger in which I stood. I shall bury myself in some inaccessible spot, and devote my life to the further study of the occult sciences. It is extremely improbable that you or any of my friends—or enemies—will ever set eyes upon me again in this world."

I, at any rate, never have.

Young England at School.

MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE.

(Continued.)



MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE IN 1843.

IN our last number I dwelt rather at length upon the Old Castle Inn and its associations, together with the past Head-masters. This number I shall therefore endeavour to confine to the boys' games, etc. : but first of all I must make some reference to the illustrations we give of the College site, as it appeared in 1723 as Lord Hartford's House, and in 1843 as "Marlborough College."

In the former view my readers will notice the historical Druidical mound, with its winding foot-path, measuring just upon one mile; now the mound is covered with trees, and its summit is reached by steps cut up the side. Behind the Old House, under mark A, is the site of the Roman Castrum, while on the left, marked B, is St. Peter's Church, which has for many years stood a monument in the noble thoroughfare of High Street, Marlborough.

I made but a scant reference to the beautiful chapel at the School. The old chapel was opened in 1848, and, as I have mentioned, was beautifully decorated by Dr. Farrar; in the early eighties, however, the old building was found quite inadequate to cope with the number of boys at the College. With the aid of a Cin-tabernacle, as it was called, erected in the court, and the use of the upper school, the authorities were enabled to rebuild the fine chapel, which was com-



LORD HARTFORD'S HOUSE IN 1723—NOW MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE.

pleted in the Autumn of 1886, and was consecrated by the Bishop of Salisbury on Michaelmas Day. Its style is fourteenth century English Gothic, and the arrangement of the east end is an original feature.

There is a magnificent four manual organ, which is ably manipulated by Mr. Bambridge. The west end is taken up by a beautifully-carved screen, over which is a small gallery, and in the summer, when the doors are thrown open, there is a delightful view over the surrounding country. The College choir, more or less in its present form, dates from the opening of the old chapel, and claims to be one of the first regularly trained and utilised public school choirs.

The concert, at the end of the Winter term, is also an old institution dating from 1848, for it signifies an annual gathering of Marlborough's sons. These concerts were formerly held in the hall, but of late years the upper school has been substituted. The singing of "Auld Lang Syne" at the conclusion of the proceedings is a great feature, when the grey-haired veteran is

found grasping the hand of the piping treble, amidst the greatest enthusiasm and good fellowship. Marlborough boasts of a host of distinguished pupils, particularly amongst our soldiers, Sir Evelyn Wood, Sir George Harman, Sir Chas. McGregor, Sir Edward Bradford, etc. etc., being amongst the most prominent.

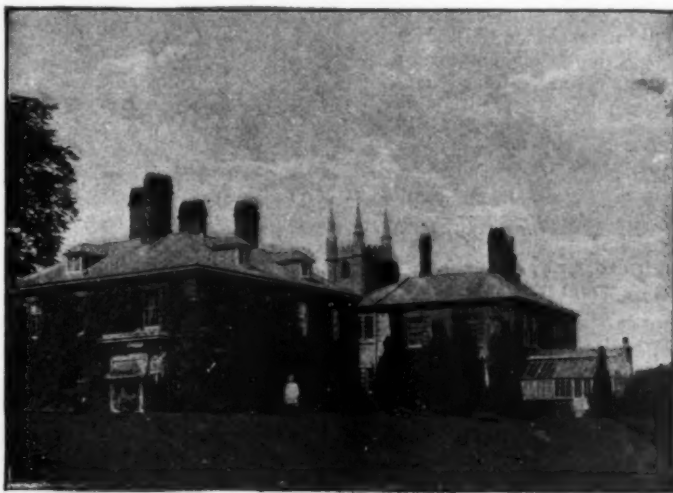
The three out-houses, or Boarding Houses, are Preshute, Cotton House and Littlefield.

Preshute was originally the vicarage of the quaint old parish church of Preshute, which stands now part and parcel of the house, as will be seen from our illustration. The "New Houses" (Cotton House and Littlefield) were opened in

April, 1872, a suitable prefect migrating into each from some house in College to help their house-master in nursing them through their infancy. The most striking point in which their arrangements differ from those in College is that they provide studies for all the boys.

With the older Preshute, they have to some extent, an individuality of their own, and the rivalry of "B and C" has changed to a rivalry between College and Out-boarders; though since each house, both in and out of College, preserves its own corporate character, its friendships and enmities, are somewhat more pronounced.

One of the chief out-door sports or exercises at the College is swimming, which



HEAD-MASTER'S RESIDENCE

is compulsory to each boy at Marlborough. Mr. F. H. Hewitt, one of the most popular of her masters, has charge of this department.

Mr. Hewitt has taken the keenest interest in the swimming branch during the seven years he has had charge of the bathing; and when, questioned, he evinced great pleasure in giving me a few leading details.

Assisted by a competent professional—A. Powsey, Champion of Kent, holding also the Humane Society's medal and two clasps—together with a magnificent bathing place, Mr. Hewitt explained to me his system.

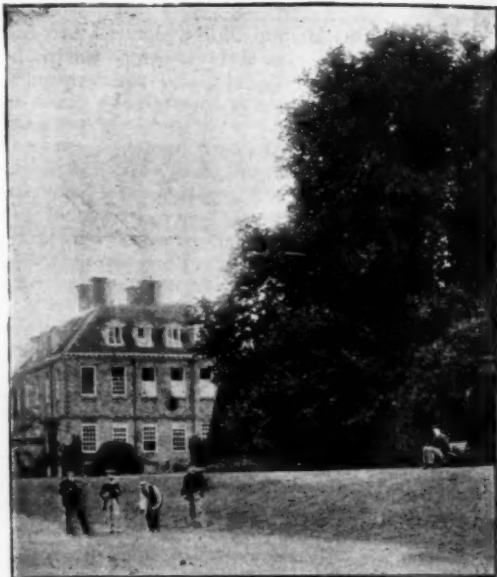
By constant attendance at the bathing

place all known swimmers are spotted and marked off in the school alphabetical list. Then the doctor marks those whom he forbids to bathe on medical grounds.

The rest are posted and required to show their swimming powers at certain times; if this request is not complied with, they are personally interviewed. In this way the whole school is gone through and everyone who cannot swim at least twenty yards is put on the learners' list.

The attendance of every boy at his swimming lessons is marked, and, if at all slack, he is also interviewed.

The past season, Mr. Hewitt informed me, had been most gratifying in results, seeing that out of a school of six hundred all except seven can swim at least twenty yards. I happened to walk over to the bath when the learners, ninety-six in number, were exercising, and was almost astonished to see how excellently they performed, and I was soon visibly assured that all could now swim.



BOWLS ON THE MASTER'S GREEN.

The result, it must be remembered, is attained in the summer term alone, and I must here confess that Marlborough has



"LIBERTY HOUR"

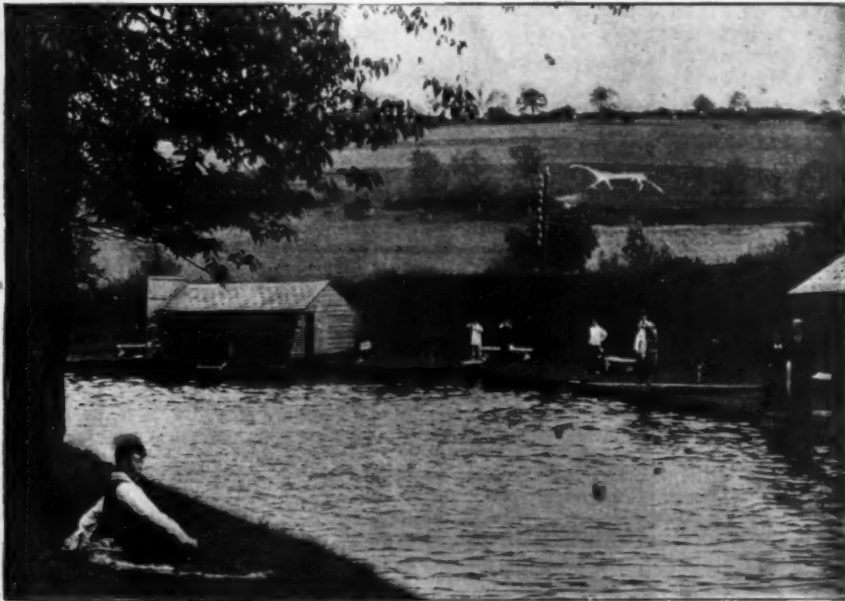
one thing wanting—a tepid swimming bath, where that healthy exercise can be indulged in during the winter term as well as during the summer.

At the end of the swimming season there is held a great aquatic gala with numerous contests and scientific swimming displays, and the medal for the best beginner is always the keenest contested item on the programme.

Some great swimmers have migrated from the College bathing place, and one, Lieutenant Granville Money, the master in charge informed me, won the medal

gained a most prominent position in the world of cricket. Marlborough has contributed some twenty members to the Elevens of Oxford and Cambridge during the past thirty years, and in this respect the School is second only to Eton and Harrow. Some of Oxford's best known players emerged from the West Country College, which has supplied Cambridge with quite the best all-round cricketer that has figured in the elevens of either University, Mr. A. G. Steel.

Marlburians' names have been enrolled in the Elevens of England, and many a



THE BATHING PLACE AND WHITE HORSE MILL.

of the Royal Humane Society last summer for a gallant rescue.

In our illustration of the bath will be seen on the hill-side, the "White Horse," so well known as one of the peculiar features, or marks, on the Bath Road.

Marlborough does not boast so many names inscribed on the scroll of cricketing fame as schools of such ancient and time-honoured traditions as Eton, Harrow, Winchester or Rugby, but it claims to have more than held its own with schools of only fifty summers. Indeed, it has, considering its early trials and misfortunes,

recruit has been sent to represent the Gentlemen of England *v.* Players. In public school contests it fairly holds its own against its general rivals, although it has to improve before it equalizes with Rugby for the great annual contest. Last year, however, Marlborough scored a most brilliant victory at this fixture, Creedy compiling upwards of two hundred runs, and Mortimer, who made top score this season, made a good century; I have, therefore, selected this group to illustrate this branch of athletics, as I am sure all Marlburians will be proud of their 1892 Team, seeing also that it contains their

respected "Coach," Arthur Hide, of past Sussex County fame.

It would be impossible to pass over Marlborough cricket without some further reference to the most famous of her cricketers, Mr. A. G. Steel.

He first appeared in the school eleven in 1874, more as a fast bowler than for his batting powers. It was not, however, until 1876-7, that he ascended to the position of the Champion of Public School Cricket. During these years he captained the school eleven with such proficiency that he led his school representatives to victory on each occasion, with one exception only. In one match with Cheltenham, it is worthy of record that his forty eight runs were the only points registered from the bat during an innings.

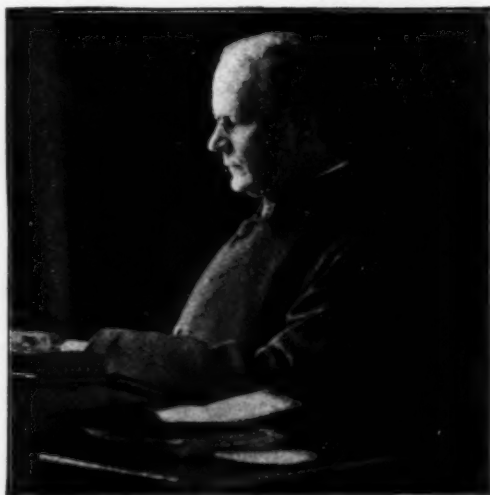
As a bowler he trundled with marvellous judgment, and was as successful in this department as with the willow. As a disciplinarian he quite outrivalled all his predecessors, and established a true enthusiasm in the game in those who had previously shown none. At Cambridge he gained his blue four years, 1878-1881, and captained the eleven in 1880, resigning the sceptre to the Hon. Ivo Bligh in the succeeding year. The great master of cricket, Dr. W. G. Grace, in his treatise on cricket, declares that no more brilliant player ever represented either eleven in the inter-varsity contests since they were instituted, and quotes in confirmation of the statement the fact that his average for his six completed innings was just over thirty, while he took thirty-eight wickets costing only nine runs each.

Mr. Steel's most successful year was in 1878, when he occupied the premier position in the bowling statistics of the year for first-class cricket, amateur or professional.

Following on his marvellous cricket, his name, like that of Grace, has been for years synonymous with the finest of cricket, he has played with remarkable success against Australia, and also captained England's team. As a Lancashire cricketer he has done wonders for his County, and I confidently speak for Liverpool and its inhabitants, who are proud to boast of such a giant exponent of the game; and no greater loss was felt to the cricketing world than when Mr. A. G. Steel practically retired from county cricket. Another cricketer who is alone deserving to be classed with Mr. Steel is Mr. S. C. Voules, who, like the great C. I. Thornton, was a wonderfully hard

hitter, and in one innings of one hundred and two he hit one nine, one seven, and three sixes. Among other players who considerably help to make up a most creditable list of cricketers sent out from Marlborough, I find such names as E. L. Bateman, the brothers C. L. and H. Bell, W. H. Benthall, G. F. Helm, J. M. Fuller, E. Hume, J. J. Sewell, E. L. Fellowes, E. F.

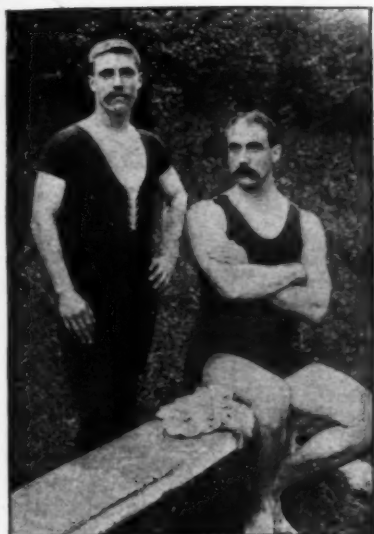
Taylor, T. W. Weeding, F. W. Miles, and the Leaches, who have all received especial notice in the cricketing world; while amongst the more modern players, a school could hardly ask for better representatives than W. W. Pulman, whose resolute batting and magnificent catch of a sodden and slippery ball in the celebrated "Six run" University Match, of 1875, will long be remembered; W. H. Milton, a fine bat and wicket-keeper; F. H. Lee, the noted lob-bowler; A. P. Wickham, the famous Somerset County stumper; C. P. Wilson, a brilliant all-round athlete, and one of the most successful of Cambridge "blues;" and W. C. Hedley, F. E. Rowe and J. B.



ARCHDEACON FARRAR, LATE HEAD MASTER.

Photo by]

[Elliott and Fry.



A. FOWSEY, SWIMMING PROFESSOR. F. H. HEWITT, MASTER IN CHARGE.

Challen, who grace the ranks of the Somersetshire eleven. Gloucestershire also profited by enlisting the services of a promising Marlburian in S. A. P. Kitcat, who has been performing exceedingly well since his inclusion in the County eleven.

The playing-grounds are situated on the Bath Road, on the opposite side to the main entrance to the school court, where hundreds of Marlburians are to be found punishing the leather at every possible opportunity.

A splendid pavilion stands boldly at the far end of the grounds, from which any important game can be viewed by a great number of boys.

During the Lent term the boys indulge in hockey, rackets and fives, while others take a keen interest in paper-chases.

The Cadet Corps is an exceedingly strong one, and though they have made several bold bids for the Ashburton Shield, it only graced the walls of the Adderley Library during 1874, when the eight won the trophy at Wimbledon.

Prior to 1852, football was certainly played, but in a somewhat peculiar method, and it was not till Dr. Cotton arrived that the game was placed on a substantial basis, for he brought with him the traditions of the Rugby "Big Side;" and the whole system, with the help of Mr.

Scott and Mr. Bere, was changed, and the Rugby game instituted, with the exception of slight modifications of the rules (particularly in regard to "hacking over," which, as distinguished from hacking in the squash or scrimmage, has never been allowed in the Marlborough fields.) The principles of "off side," previously quite unknown were, inculcated, and the art of "drop kicking" and "punting" was taught, and a great stimulus was given to its practice by the competition Prize Cup, offered by Mr. Bull for proficiency in this accomplishment, the first winner being E. Waller, in 1854.

What a changed scene the football field of to-day presents to the eye of the early Marlburian. In the first days of the game, coats were made to do the service of the Rugby Goal Posts; neat flannels and jerseys have taken the place of mud-bespattered shirt sleeves, and torn trousers; regularly organized teams of players are enjoying themselves in friendly rivalry, in lieu of disorderly rabbles as of old; and above all, harmony and the referee's whistle now take the place of wrangling and disorder, which once seemed the order of the day. Probably the most brilliant period in the



REV. J. S. THOMAS, M.A., AT HOME.

history of Marlborough football lay in the decade from 1870 to 1880, both as regards the influence it exercised and the reputation its players acquired in the outside world.

The Marlborough Nomads Football Club, which soon took a position amongst the Clubs of the Metropolis, was founded in 1868, chiefly through the exertions of J. A. Bourdillon, who, whether as captain of the cricket eleven, captain of the rifle corps, or a prominent member of three football twentys, was one of the most energetic of Marlburians.

With Bourdillon were associated in the foundation of the Club, F. I. Currey, H. S. Illingworth, and R. F. Isaacson, each in turn taking the secretarial duties, which has devolved in more recent years upon one of the most popular of footballers in J. D. Vans Agnew.

The Nomads soon secured fixtures with all the leading Metropolitan Clubs, and was considered for some time one of the leading organisations playing the Rugby Rules.



PRESHUTE AND PRESHUTE CHURCH.

It was the Marlborough Nomads who took part in the foundation of the Rugby Football Union in 1871, and their secretary, F. I. Currey, formed one of the original Committee to draw up the rules. He has rendered most valuable assistance to the Union, and has taken an active part on the executive ever since, and can boast of having filled all offices from Secretary to President in connection with the Union.

The Rugby Union has claimed the



RESIDENCE OF REV. J. S. THOMAS, M.A., BURSAR.

services of several other Marlburians, who have been closely connected with Rugby football, such as A. St. G. Hamersley, H. Freeman, E. Kewley, A. K. Butterworth, J. D. Vans Agnew, W. M. Tatham, and H. Vassall, the last named having for many years held the post of treasurer. F. H. Fox is still on the committee, and R. S. Whalley, after many years' service, holds a vice-presidency. At Oxford, Marlburians have made their mark in the past, and, though having been able to boast

of sending exponents of the game who attained the coveted "blue," it was not until 1876 that one of Marlborough's sons attained the distinction of leading the "Oxford XV." into the field. Prior to that year a Rugbeian had always filled this important function. This

was followed up by H. Vassell, a "blue" of four years in succession, being appointed captain of the Oxonian Club in 1881 and in 1882, and M. Tatham in 1883, while R. O. B. Lane occupied the same position in 1889. Vassall's name is well written in the history of Oxford football, for the team attained such a standard of excellence as had never before, and has seldom, if ever, since, been acquired by any fifteen. He proved himself not only "a prince of captains," but a thoroughly scientific exponent



LITTLEFIELD.

of the game. He evolved the plan of systematic combination among the forwards, which now forms one of the chief features in the Rugby play.

At Cambridge C. P. Wilson is the most conspicuous of Marlburians, playing for that 'Varsity four years in succession, and captaining the team in 1880. He also gained his "blue" in the cricket field and on the cycling path, and can boast of being the only Marlburian that has gained the unique distinction of an "International" under both the Rugby and the Association codes.

W. I. Rowell also gained his "double blue" at Cambridge for football and cricket.

Of the wearers of the "English Rose," Marlborough has a long list, which commences with A. St. G. Hamersley, who formed one of the forwards in the first Interna-

tional Match that was played between England and Scotland at Edinburgh, in 1871.

Rugby certainly claims priority in the traditions of the great national game, but the younger sister has most certainly done a great deal to sustain the popularity of the greatest of amateur winter pastimes



THE COLUMN IN SAVERNAKE FOREST.

and place it on the firm basis it now holds.

At school the house and house matches evoke a great deal of interest, and the contest between the In and Out College Houses are quite one of the features of the season.

It is also pleasing to note that Clifton

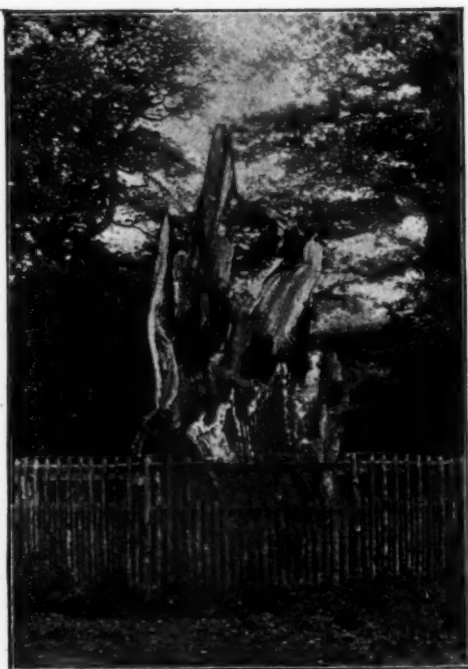
College is again on the Marlborough fixture list, and the old 1864 contest is only now treated as a joke between the two Schools.

The country surrounding Marlborough College is most charming, and both our artist and myself were continually reminded that we should not forget



COTTON HOUSE.

to visit Savernake Forest. We had, however, stayed longer already at the College than we anticipated, but the earnest entreaties of some of the school officials made us look upon the forest as quite a feature of Marlborough life, and it was, therefore, necessary that we should pay it a visit. After our day's work we therefore decided to walk over to this loved woodland, which we reached about half-past seven, after a cross country trip of a mile from the College. "Don't forget to go through the Grand Avenue"



THE KING'S OAK.

was deeply impressed upon us, but having emerged into the great forest, it was a matter of difficulty to find where this noted avenue commenced or finished. As may be guessed, by the time of our arrival, we had very little time to hesitate, for the sun had already dipped behind the chapel of the College, and we could only rely on a beautiful twilight, which would for a certainty not last long. Not a soul could we see; and as we looked enquiringly at one another, the deer would start from their hiding-places and look at us as



MARLBOROUGH CRICKET ELEVEN, 1892.

though we were very unwelcome intruders, and astonished that we should dare to visit such a wild but beautiful spot at that time of night.

Marlburians can imagine our plight as we walked into the thick forest, expecting every moment we would surely come across the avenue; but to retreat now was almost as difficult as to go forward, until we happened, perchance, to meet one of the keepers, who informed us we were about two miles from the enchanted spot. He put us on the right path, and we walked on and on until the grey of evening overtook us, and when we reached the gates, all we could see was darkness, and, to our disgust, we retraced our steps to the town, too late to catch the London train. Thus having to spend another night at Marlborough, we decided to make another journey to the Marquis of Ailesbury's seat the following morning, and well were we repaid, for true

enough we found it a delightful place, as may be gathered from our frontispiece last month.

The Grand Avenue is four miles long, running through the middle of the forest, commencing at the London Road and terminating at the beautiful mansion, the front of which looks over another grove, not so thickly wooded, to the column, one mile distant from the gates, erected to the memory of previous Lords of the Manor.

Having visited the "King's Oak" and the famous "eight roads," reluctantly were we compelled to leave this charming spot, where the squirrels were running about in all directions, but we have promised ourselves another treat in the near future, and I can only advise my readers who desire a beautiful holiday to visit this lovely country lying almost at their doors on the Great Western Railway.

WM. CHAS. SARGENT.

The following Schools have already appeared in THE LUDGATE MONTHLY:—ETON, HARROW, RUGBY, WINCHESTER, WESTMINSTER, CHRIST'S HOSPITAL, DULWICH, ST. PAUL'S, CHARTERHOUSE, WELLINGTON AND MERCHANT TAYLORS', and back numbers can be obtained through all Booksellers, or direct from the Office, 53, Fleet Street, London.

COLLEGE CHAT.



E. GARNETT (Charterhouse).
1st Prize.

This will be recommenced after the Summer holidays, when we shall be pleased to receive Notes of interest from all the Public Schools — (ED)

CRICKET PRIZES.

(For full particulars see last month.)

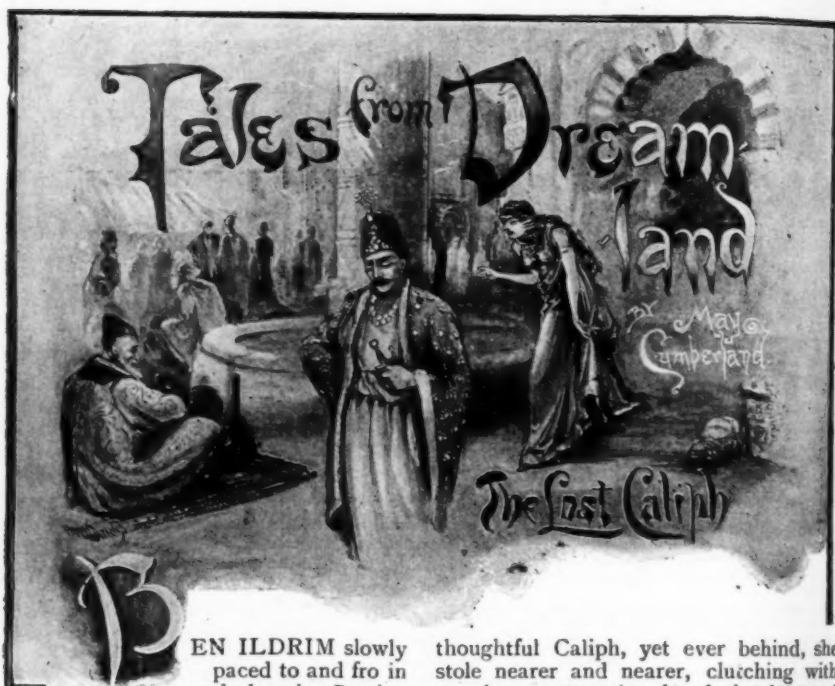
We have pleasure in giving Portraits of Winners of 1st and 2nd Prizes for Ju'y.



B. W. V. KING (Rossall).
2nd Prize.

THE THREE WINNERS FOR AUGUST.

1. W. MORTIMER, Marlborough, on August 3rd and 4th, scored 98, v. Rugby.
2. { J. GRAHAM, Marlborough, on August 3rd and 4th, scored 63, v. Rugby.
R. W. NICHOLLS, Rugby, on August 3rd and 4th, scored 63, v. Marlborough.



BEN ILDRIM slowly paced to and fro in the burning Persian sunshine, crushing the scorching yellow sand under his feet, his head sunk on his folded arms—lost in thought.

Presently, not heeding his whereabouts, he left the solitude of the plain behind him, and soon, instead of the shifting sand, he trod the whitened pavements of Persepolis; the passers by, busy though they were with their own affairs, stopped—laden with their baskets of fruit or fish, to gaze for a moment at their dreamy Caliph; but, at the "Allah be with you" of a passing neighbour, moved on again.

As the figure of Ben Ildrim slowly crossed the darkened doorway of a shadowy mosque, there stole from out its solitude a quiet figure; it was Urumiyah, daughter of the old wizened seller of relics, whose beauty—dark and glorious as a true daughter of the sun—was closely veiled, more for private reasons of her own than from a wish to hide herself from inquisitive eyes. Stepping softly after the

thoughtful Caliph, yet ever behind, she stole nearer and nearer, clutching with one brown, tapering hand the loosened folds of her robe. Up one burning pavement, down another, through grass-grown streets, past bubbling fountains and chattering girls, till her feet ached.

Would he never stop? Would he never let fall from his lips the mighty question she knew he was pondering? Already he had long ago passed his palace door and received, unconsciously, the low salaam of his blacks.

"I will know of whom he is thinking," she muttered—"Zuleika or me. If she —" and a low curse rose to her lips, while under her veil her eyes shone dark and fierce.

She felt someone pull at her robe; hastily turning round, she faced the ugly, crouching figure of an ancient hag.

"Ah, my pretty one," the crone laughed, pointing with taunting finger at Ben Ildrim ahead; "follow on, follow on; you'll never reach him—never."

Urumiyah paused, with trembling heart,

and well she might, for in those wizened, taunting features, she recognized the mighty Vahm, the witch mother, the bride of the Evil One, the inhabitant of the dreaded, awe-surrounded lonely tent, whose ragged coverings fluttered in the breeze, one mile from the city wall.

"Mother," she said, with bated breath, as she bowed her head, "stop me not, but help me, you who are all-powerful; lend me a little of your might. I love Ben Ildrim, but I know not which he loves, my sister Zuleika or myself. I must know. I will, and it *shall* be myself. Stop me not! even now the precious words may be dropping from his lips," and she cast a hurried, fearful glance after the now disappearing figure of the Caliph.

"Mother, make him love me, I implore you."

The old woman was silent, then a smile of intense cunning lit up her face, and drawing the girl to her side:

"Listen," she said; "would you learn the secret of the heart of Ben Ildrim? then visit at the moon's rising, the home of Vahm, thy foster mother; for surely, my chicken, thy little heart is as like my own as two grains of sand. Come alone, and"—the woman gives a delighted chuckle—"before the sun rises again, thou shalt know thy way to the heart of the Caliph."

Urumiyah commences to pour out a storm of thanks, but before two words have left her lips, Vahm has vanished and she is alone.

Ben Ildrim has disappeared minutes ago, but that matters little or nothing to her now—she, with the aid of the witch mother, will be all-powerful; and, with beating heart, as silently as she has come, Urumiyah steals back again to the shelter of her father's home.

A few hours later, when the city, wrapped in midnight gloom, lies peaceful and silent under the slowly rising Eastern moon, a white figure steals softly out of the city and draws, with trembling feet, nearer and nearer, what in the distance looks like a heap of flapping rags; but what is, in reality, the home of the mighty Vahm. Inside the tent the gloom of the early night is dispelled, for the place is filled with a misty haze, that issues from an old blackened cauldron, fixed in one corner of the tent. Whatever bubbles within it sends forth, besides the steam,

a loathsome odour, that creeps round and round the tattered canvas, but never seems to escape. A bright, rosy gleam comes from the pile of embers beneath the cauldron, and, lighting up the crouching figure of Vahm, gives an even worse expression to her already evil face.

"Ah," she chuckles, "I have you now; you forget, my pretty one, the sneers and blows given old Vahm in your anger; ah, you little knew her power then, and trusted to the aid of the immortal beings who seem to have deserted you of late. Oh, Caliph," she goes on, with an evil laugh; "little you know of the creature who thinks to head your harem, but who



"LOOK!" SOFTLY BREATHES THE HAG.

instead, by the aid of the witch woman's sting, will reap her reward."

The flapping canvas is raised, and in creeps the trembling Urumiyah. The woman lifts her scraggy hands and motions her to a distant corner, where, tremblingly obeying her, she sits, shivering in the shadowy distance.

She gazes with terrified eyes at the figure of Vahm, who now stands upright and awful in front of her.

Slowly the tent darkens, and all is deep gloom, save for the two shafts of light that spring from the eyes of the witch, and which glare with a terrible intensity into the face of Urumiyah.

The tent lightens again, but Vahm has vanished, and in her place, surrounded by a purple haze, there rests on a silken couch the sleeping figure of the Caliph.

The love-stricken eyes of the girl drink in every movement of the visionary being, and she starts violently as she feels a cold touch on her wrist; it is Vahm, kneeling beside her, silent but terrible.

Together they gaze; then—

"Look," softly breathes the hag.

Urumiyah utters a low, stifled cry—for the sleeping form has awakened, and turned with opened eyes and a glad smile to meet the approaching figure of—not herself—but Zuleika! Tighter and tighter her hands clench together, as Ben Ildrim

Urumiyah, standing triumphant, clutches the witch-mother by the hand.

"If this shall prove true, if it shall be so," she almost screams, "I will do anything, anything in my power to serve you."

Urumiyah does not see the ugly gleam in the witch's eyes.

"All this will I do," she answers. "I will turn the love of the Caliph to hatred and scorn; I will make you dazzling and beautiful as the sun, for one little promise—when you have not the love you crave for any longer, or when Ben Ildrim is dead—you will come and give yourself to me."

Gladly Urumiyah promises. When she has no longer the Caliph's love, life will have no more charms, she thinks, and "When he dies, I, too, will join him."

"Then," says the witch woman, "to gain your coming beauty, you must leave here and journey in search of the water of the enchanted lake. I have used all the liquid I once drew from its depths; when you have found it, drink from it seven times. Then, with all haste, return."

"I will go at once," she cries in feverish haste. "Tell me the way."

Taking her by the hand, Vahm led her to the tent door.

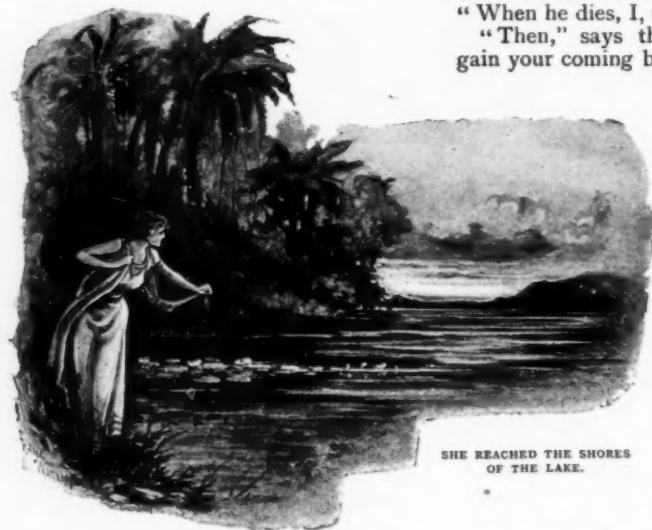
"Behold!" she cried; and there, in the far distance, Urumiyah saw gleaming,

as if snow covered the tops of distant peaks, and resting in their bosom, there lay what looked to her like a tiny mirror glistening in the moonlight.

"The lake!" she cried, and, darting from the side of Vahm, vanished into the night.

The witch mother, bride of the Evil One, watched her departure with a villainous leer; then, tossing up her arms and giving vent to a shrill scream of delight, she darted into the tent.

With rapid footstep, on the girl journeyed, making straight for the glistening lake that had never been there before, but although the object of her search drew no nearer, the way was neither toilsome nor dangerous.



SHE REACHED THE SHORES
OF THE LAKE.

receives her sister's caresses with all the ardour of intense affection; and her eyes gleam passionate and cruel as Vahm whispers: "Do they not love?"

But as she watches—the lovely face of Zuleika grows old and drawn, and, behold, Ben Ildrim turns from his love with loathing and hate!

Then another figure joins the pair; and again Urumiyah gives a low cry—this time of delight, for the new comer is herself; only ten times more beautiful and dazzling than she has ever appeared. The visionary prince turns with glad eyes to the lovely maiden, and, forsaking the prostrate Zuleika, clasps her to his breast.

All is dark; the vision is gone; and

The path she trod was not straight or gloomy, but winding and beautiful, and, so lovely were the flowers and so powerful their scent, that often she would feel a faint drowsiness come over her and she would sink, with dimmed senses, under the shadow of a flowering vine, only to awaken with a start, knowing not how long she had slept, to hasten on once more.

At length, one evening, just as the sun was setting, she reached the shores of the lake, and lying full length on its grassy bank, drank deeply seven times.

Then, gazing earnestly in the water, she beheld herself exquisitely lovely; and, joyfully leaping to her feet, exclaimed:

"How beautiful I am, the city of Persepolis and its Caliph must no longer be left in ignorance of it, and I must return."

But even as she spoke the same subtle perfume rose from the lake that had surrounded the flowers, and she sank into unconsciousness. How long she slept she knew not, but, awakening with a start, turned with hurrying feet down the homeward path, not without gazing once more on her new beauty. The journey back appeared nothing; she paused not once on the way, and it seemed to her that in less than the rising and setting of one sun she again stood within the city.

The streets she thought were strangely crowded, and the people stared oddly at her. "It is some fair," she said, or the Caliph is giving a feast. The faces are strange," and she hastened to her father's house.

It was gone! The crowded relic shop was no longer there. "I must have mistaken the street," she murmured, and she asked a passing woman for her father, Ben Almund.

"I know him not," and, shaking her head, the woman went on. Then Urumi-



"TRAITRESS."

yah hastened to the palace of the Caliph. All was the same. In trembling tones, she said to a waiting black:

"I must see Ben Ildrim, the Caliph."

Now was to be her reward! now her triumph!

She was met with wondering glances.

"Ben Ildrim? Why, what are you dreaming of? Our Caliph is Crimetes," and they bowed themselves to the ground. "There was a Ben Ildrim, grandfather to our present lord, the favourite wife of whose harem was Zuleika, daughter to the old relic seller, and grandmother to our Caliph Crimetes, but they died and joined Allah years ago. You

cannot mean them."

At these words Urumiyah thrust back the heavy masses of her hair and gazed with wild eyes on the speaker. She must be dreaming, or—mad! Ben Ildrim and Zuleika dead! Then, with a low, passionate cry, she realised that she had been betrayed; the journey she had performed had not been one of months, but, alas! of years.

The blacks gazed upon her in amazement; her strange words and, above all, her truly marvellous beauty held them enchanted. Here was a woman asking for the Caliph, whether a dead one or their present lord it mattered little—she must see him, for the eyes of Crimetes, their master, were even more open to the power of beauty than those of his grandfather Ben Ildrim, and truly the loveliness of this strange woman was far beyond ordinary.

Thus arguing, they hurried to the chamber of their lord, while Urumiyah, completely stunned at the suddenness of the shock, sank prostrate on the palace steps.

At the news of his slaves, the Caliph left his cushioned couch, and came, with languid steps, to the entrance hall. He was weary of hearing of these new beauties,

who turned out each one plainer than the last; it really was hardly worth while leaving his scented chamber to view them.

He reached the steps, and, bending over the fallen figure, stretched out his hand, and raising her, met her eyes. Their unlooked-for beauty struck him speechless; but Urumiyah, beholding in the new Caliph an exact likeness to her former love, throwing up her rounded arms, fell again at the feet of Crimetes, crying, "At last I have found you!"

Crimetes, astounded at her words, turned to his slaves, and they, pouring into his listening ears the story of her coming, waited impatiently, hoping for the praises of their master for the new beauty. The Caliph, once more raising the kneeling figure, told her, as his blacks had done, of the death of Ben Ildrim and her former friends.

"But," he added, "your beauty fills me with a sudden joy. I will love you far more than the dead Caliph," and he stepped backwards with open arms."

Urumiyah paused—her love was dead, but here was another ready to adore her—and what matter which it was, so

long as they called him "Caliph." So, musing thus, she stepped forward to place her little hands in the outstretched ones of Crimetes, when her own name fell upon her ear in a too horribly familiar tone:—

"Urumiyah!"

She turned suddenly and looked with desperate eyes right into the face of Vahm.

"Traitor," she screamed.

The woman answered her not. "Come," was all she said, her face turned towards the angry girl.

Slowly she stepped backwards, and as slowly but surely, with fixed enchanted gaze, did Urumiyah follow. Backward, step by step, down the white pavement, past the startled groups of onlookers and the astonished Caliph, out of the city gates, across the yellow desert sand, till the forms of both stood outlined against the tattered tent, right into the hovel itself.

Then, before the eyes of the astonished gazers, who with fascinated footsteps, had followed the strange pair, the yellow sand rolled back, a grey haze filled the air, and, with one cry of agony from the beautiful Urumiyah, tent, witch and foiled victim sank from their sight for evermore.



Whispers from the Woman's World.

By FLORENCE MARY GARDINER.

THE POPULAR WOMAN.

WHAT peculiar quality is it that constitutes the popular woman?

Certainly not beauty, for one often sees those whose features are faultless and complexions above reproach, playing the unwelcome rôle of wallflowers. Neither is it youth, for sweet seventeen, in all her innocence, is apt to pall upon the many-seasoned man of the world. Neither, I am convinced, is it consummate virtue, for the old Adam in him is sure to rebel against the mere suggestion expressed or implied, that he is not so perfect as he might be.

After carefully considering the subject in all its bearings, I am inclined to believe that a woman's popularity with the opposite sex depends, in a large measure, on her capability for bearing with unruffled demeanour, absolute and unmitigated boredom. The A B C of the popular woman's creed tells her that she must assume an interest it is impossible for her to feel when man, noble man, retails his woes, ever bearing in mind that subjects, which are of paramount importance to her, must be locked for ever in the inmost recesses of her own heart, for would it be reasonable to expect the lords of creation to waste their precious time on the sorrows and difficulties of others.

She will be careful to avoid punishing his vanity by allowing him to feel upon any matter in this world or the next that she is better informed than himself. For has not time, custom and Holy Writ settled, irrevocably, that "the man is the head of the woman, and that they are in all things subservient to him?" At any cost such a social catastrophe as for a woman to assert that she is right and he is wrong must be prevented. Neither should she forget that time-honoured proverb which so delicately refers to the most direct way to his heart, not to mention his creature

comforts. Time was made for slaves, consequently for women; so whatever her calling or avocation may be, they can afford no excuse if she is not instantly available should her lord and master require her services or deign to notice her. Could there be a higher ambition for a thoroughly womanly woman than to be ever ready, ever willing to obey her husband's slightest beck and call? and, if she is properly constituted, of course, she will never complain that such a sphere has a tendency to stifle her energies.

If she has wealth at her command (and wishes to be popular with her husband) the Women's Property Act will have no effect upon her, and all cheques, as they fall due, will seek their properly-appointed place, with his balance at the bankers. If, on the other hand, she be poor, she can comfort herself with the idea that she will be a mendicant wife as long as she lives, and that she is sweetly dependent upon his goodwill and bounty for the roof which covers her, the food she eats and the clothes she wears, and, perhaps, if she is very obedient and finds favour in his eyes, he may, from his unbounded generosity, spare a sovereign occasionally to allow her to have the supreme felicity of making him a present.

Recreation and amusement are quite beside the question. A good woman's place is at home, minding her children, mending the stockings and preparing those savoury dishes which his soul desires. If these are all accomplished satisfactorily, she will probably receive her just reward in the evening hours, when, under the influence of domesticity, he will, for the benefit of his faithful spouse, detail the true and particular histories of young and beautiful women who have fallen victims to his bow. (N.B. — *When the time arrives let her not imperil her hard won popularity by showing a want of appreciation of his manly confidences.*) Sweet as this quality is to the majority of

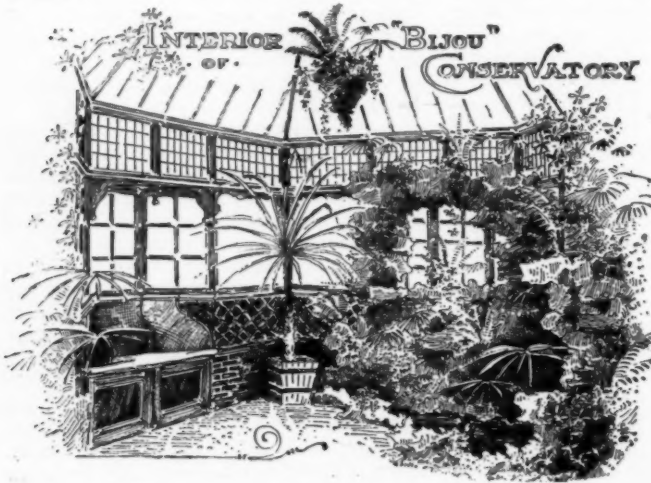
women, they often risk their all by refusing to bend the knee and bow the head to the yoke; and in rare cases have even declined to listen to the flowers of oratory conjured up for their behoof. But happily such traitors in the camp are few and far between.

"Any popularity which I may command," said a charming lady of my acquaintance, "arises from the fact that I am not handsome enough to make other women jealous, and have been fully conscious of this drawback in my personal appearance from my earliest youth, consequently have never depended on those little wiles and arts which form the stock in trade of those whom nature has specially endowed. I recognised my want

is unbounded—in their ranks we find such people as the Princess of Wales, the Baroness Burdett Coutts, Florence Nightingale, and many others, who have made the world richer by their presence. Women of entirely opposite natures, but withal possessing that subtle attraction known as popularity.

As I write, a fierce rain beats against the window-pane and seems to say, like the persistent brook, "I go on for ever." A chill east wind rushes down the muddy street, and in its course whirls away a few of the leaves, which lie ankle-deep in the garden, while damp pedestrians and heavily loaded omnibuses hurry past, for the days are short now, and the gathering gloom warns all who are abroad that the

night is at hand. The prospect from without is certainly not enlivening, and I gladly turn from it to gaze on a cheerful drawing-room, with a brightly-blazing fire. Close by its ruddy gleam is a couch, with a cosy tea-table at a convenient angle, the fragrant odour from which recalls pleasant hours recently spent in "the Land o' Cakes," for I have just returned from a too brief holiday in Scotland, which, with its true-hearted



of mental brilliance, so cultivated the art of listening attentively and intelligently, till now it has become second nature; and though it is a matter of regret to me that I shall never be a bright and sparkling conversationalist, as the years roll on I reconcile myself to the minor rôle, and am recompensed by the love of little children, the confidences of the young of both sexes, and the trust, respect and esteem of the aged; all good things in their way, though hardly calculated to satisfy a very ardent nature."

Do we not all know many good and true women, whose popularity is everlasting because it is founded on this sure and sound basis?

Women whose magnetic attraction is their greatest charm and whose influence

and kindly inhabitants, must always possess many attractions for me. In days of yore, Caledonia, stern and wild, belied its character as far as I was concerned, and proved instead a happy harbour of refuge. Canny Scots of both sexes bade me a hearty welcome, and a close acquaintance with their many good qualities bound me to them with the strongest cords of friendship, love and sympathy. Scotland's growing popularity with tourists cannot be wondered at. By the London and North Western Railway one traverses some of the most picturesque districts in Britain, while their luxurious corridor trains cover the distance between Euston and Edinburgh in eight and a half hours. These trains are replete with every comfort the traveller can desire, and one can

enjoy the utmost privacy in the charming coupés, or wander at will through the various carriages, by the long passage which runs down one side. Dressing-rooms and dining-saloons are provided for the convenience of passengers; and for the benefit of those who travel by this route, I give the menus for first and third class passengers.

WEST COAST DINING SALOON.

FIRST CLASS DINNER, 3s. 6d.

Mock Turtle Soup.
Boiled Salmon. Hollandaise Sauce.
Blanquette of Veal, Champignons.
Roast Beef.
Beans. Potatoes. Salad.

Greengage Tart. Coffee. Ice Cream.
Cheese, Butter, Biscuits, etc.

A LA CARTE.

Soup, 9d.
Lobster Mayonnaise, 2s.
Cold Pressed Beef, 1s. 6d.
Cold Chicken and Ham, 2s.
Grilled Chicken and Ham, 2s.
Compote of Fruit and Rice, 6d.
Grapes, 1s. Greengages, 6d. Pears, 6d.
Cup of Tea or Coffee, with Luncheon or Dinner, 4d.
Pot of Tea or Coffee, with Bread and Butter, 6d.

THIRD CLASS DINNER, 2s. 6d.

Mock Turtle Soup.
Roast Beef.
Beans. Potatoes. Salad.
Greengage Tart. Coffee. Ice Cream.
Cheese, Butter, Biscuits.

A LA CARTE.

Soup, 6d.
Lobster Mayonnaise,
1s. 9d.
Cold Pressed Beef, 1s. 3d.
Cold Chicken and Ham,
1s. 9d.
Grilled Chicken and
Ham, 1s. 9d.
Compote of Fruit and
Rice, 6d.
Cup of Tea or Coffee
with Luncheon, 3d.
Pot of Tea or Coffee
with Bread and But-
ter, 6d.
Grapes, 1s.
Greengages, 6d.
Pears, 6d.

There is no need now for us to picnic with sandwich tin or crumby cake upon our knee and glass propped insecurely against the cushions of the compartment. We simply adjourn to the next carriage and find a daintily-prepared meal awaiting us.

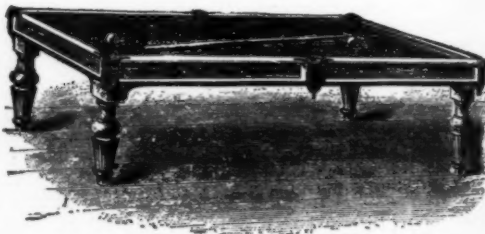
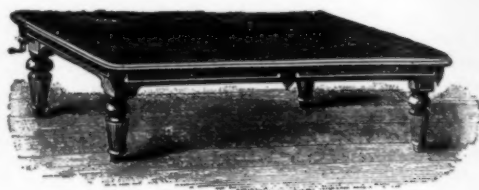
Going or returning from Scotland, passengers are permitted to break the journey at various towns on the London and North Western Railway system. Oxenholme is the junction for Kendal and Windermere, from which the other lakes are easy of



A WINTER GARDEN.

access. Preston has many points of interest, and the Park Hotel, which adjoins the railway station, is one of the best-managed houses I have ever stayed at; while its position, overlooking the beautifully-laid out grounds with wooded slopes, known as Preston Park, is unique. Carlisle, with its cathedral, also deserves a visit.

But I am afraid I have wandered rather far away from my little drawing-room, with its conservatory—the latest addition to my treasures, and which I particularly wish to bring before the notice of the readers of THE LUDGATE MONTHLY. During my absence from home, I was charmed with the lovely winter garden (of which a sketch has also been given), and suffered from qualms of envy that my inelastic income prevented my indulging in a similar extravagance. On enquiring from my hostess who had been responsible for this pretty feature of her house, she gave me the address of Mr. Dick Radcliffe, High Holborn, upon whom I promptly called on my return, and ordered a smaller but, to me, an equally fascinating conservatory. Even at this season of the year it is a thing of beauty, with its masses of fern, hardy floral creepers, and wide comfortable seats. Such a nook is a

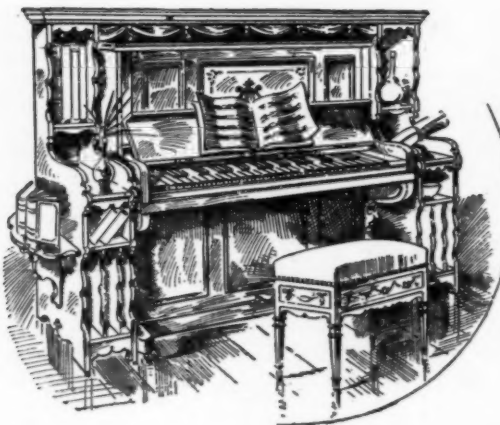


COMBINED BILLIARD AND DINING TABLE.

great attraction to any house and a constant source of amusement and pleasure to the owner thereof. It surprises me that builders do not more often recognise this fact, for such an addition at the time of building a house would not entail a large expenditure, and would insure an increased rental in the majority of cases.

Another novelty in household furniture is a piano fitment, which I was shown, a few days since, at Messrs. Oetzmann's, Hampstead Road, London. This convenient arrangement consists of various compartments for bound volumes or loose music, and is further embellished with quaint little brackets and shelves for ornaments, flowers, etc.

This firm makes also a combined dining and billiard table, which I can specially recommend to *pater familias*, for such a purchase would offer an inducement to the sons of the family to remain at home during the long winter nights, and would afford more innocent amusement than the billiard saloons, which are so largely patronised by the majority of young men, who, owing to the dulness of their own homes, naturally seek for amusement and congenial society elsewhere. This table, by a simple arrangement,



A PIANO FITMENT.

is raised or lowered to the proper height for dining or billiards, and is fitted with best Bangor slates and improved cushions. When used for a dining-table it has a solid mahogany top, and forms a handsome piece of furniture.

FASHIONS AND FRIPPERIES.

London shops are filled with the most tempting wares, intended for the personal adornment of the fair sex, and it is difficult, indeed, to select from the *embarras de richesse*, which greets us on every side. Dark and rich tones of colour are most popular, especially moss greens, browns, and various tints of crimson, which we

now have in such a long range of shades, that both blonde and brunette can be suited to perfection.

This will certainly be a good season for furs, and large stocks of wolverine, mink, sable, skunk, blue fox, sealskin and Persian lamb have been purchased by the leading houses. Ermine, too, will enjoy a *renaissance*, but should only be worn by



OPERA MANTLE.



A BALL DRESS.

those who can afford several sets of fur, as it is so delicate in appearance, and so quickly soils, that it is only appropriate in a crisp, frosty air, or for evening wear, when it makes a beautiful and regal trimming for opera-mantles and similar garments.

The accompanying sketch gives a good idea of a novel evening cloak composed of



AN INDOOR GOWN.



SIMPLE DINNER GOWN.



A VISITING COSTUME.

black and white brocade, turned back with revers of velvet; the short sleeves have an embroidered border, while the neck is finished with a collar of ermine.

I recently saw a very pretty evening dress of buttercup satin, covered with white Valenciennes lace. Across the empire sash, and falling down the left side of the skirt, was a long trail of yellow roses with brown shaded leaves, and the bodice had a deep lace berthe which almost reached to the waist. Such a frock would not offer insuperable difficulties to the amateur modiste, and would be equally effective with either a pink, turquoise or white satin foundation.

This elegant gown is of white mousseline de soie, over rose-coloured silk, and the trimmings consist of insertions and a narrow frill of white Maltese lace.

A very effective walking dress for ceremonious occasions, may be made of Lincoln green velveteen, with a garniture of black jet. The crowning feature of the costume is the stylish hat of green velvet, with large bows of the same. The brim is edged with jet and a handsome aigrette is placed in the front, a style largely adopted by short women, as it appears to give height to the figure.

A stylish house dress of crimson cloth is trimmed with black silk guipure and bands of fancy black braiding. The skirt is slightly gored and is finished at the edge with a braided border. Narrower bands of the same are used on the revers of the Figaro jacket, which is worn over a full vest of black lace, and the gigot sleeves have a narrow cuff and lace ruffles.

For a useful travelling cloak I can cordially recommend Mr. R. Field, Ladies'



THE BRAEMAR CAPE, WITH DETACHABLE HOOD.



Tailor, 51 and 52, Princes Street, Edinburgh. This firm is justly celebrated for capes and mantles made of double texture clan tartan and Harris tweeds. The Highland and Braemar capes (the latter with a detachable hood), are most serviceable garments, especially when lined with the Inverness tartan which was recently adopted by the Duke of York, who is also Earl of Inverness. This plaid is

most effective and harmonizes well with the neutral tints of most Scotch tweeds.

MILLINERY.

Velvet is used in every department of millinery, and steel and jet play no unimportant part in the new trimmings. Plenty of feathers will also be worn—ostrich plumes and feather trimmings, fancy feather mounts, and black and coloured wings and quill feathers.

Felt hats will always be popular with those who desire head-gear of a lasting character, for nothing withstands the fog and rain of our moist atmosphere better or retains its shape so well to the last. These are now made in every shade, and such tints as fawn, biscuit and beaver, are selling freely, and look well when trimmed with black or brown velvet and plumes to correspond. There is an inclination towards large hats of picturesque design, and bonnets of small close-fitting shapes, with crowns of moderate size and strings at discretion.



INCIDENTS OF THE MONTH

SOCIAL, DRAMATIC, MUSICAL & GOSSIP.

What with the hot and sultry weather we have experienced, society folk being anywhere but in London, and our principal dramatic folk touring, the theatrical incidents of the month are very few. There is a perfect stagnation in the world of drama, only four theatres being open. Farcical comedy is well represented in "Charlie's Aunt," at the Globe; the lamp of burlesque burns brightly at the Shaftesbury with "Morocco Bound;" the hearts of all good country-folk are moved to the core with good, old fashioned melodrama at the Adelphi, as depicted in Mr. Henry Pettitt's "Woman's Revenge," and comic opera holds sway at the Criterion, where that old favourite, "La Fille de Madame Angot," continues to amuse. Thus we have a sample of each kind of play, and each theatre is, in consequence, doing, in spite of the drawbacks aforesaid, good business. By the time these lines appear in print things will have wakened up somewhat, but to meet the demands of an imperious printer and an equally autocratic editor, I have to get my copy well in hand.

It is noteworthy that our burlesque theatres are drawing more and more on the music-hall folk for their talent. Many artistes of both sexes are deserting the boards of the legitimate drama for the halls; no doubt the princely salaries and constant engage-

ments have a lot to do with this, and Art (with a big A, please, Mr. Printer) has to take a back seat. The Olympic Theatre has succumbed to the inevitable and turned itself into a music hall, or, to call it by its new name, a "Theatre of Varieties." Rumour has it that yet another theatre is likely to follow in its wake.

Looking at the halls, we see what a marked improvement has taken place there; now, one sees and hears the highest talent. Take Miss Lucy Clarke, for instance; here is a lady, a gold medallist from the Royal Academy of Music, with a superb voice, delighting and entrancing her audiences with her rendering of some of our finest ballads. She purposes going, however, a step farther, and will shortly

give us some of the best operatic and classical selections, with piano and violoncello obbligato. If some enterprising manager had suggested such a thing a few years ago as the rendering of Gounod's "Ave Maria," or the "Jewel Song" from "Faust," or one of the many magnificent airs from the "Messiah" or "Elijah," we should have laughed him to scorn. The Albert Hall was the place for such a class of talent, he would have been told; yet, so much has the taste and tone of the Music Hall been educated and cultivated that this kind of entertainment is now highly appreciated.



MISS LUCY CLARKE.

Photo. by

[Stebbing, Paris.



R. FRANK CELLI.

[Photo. by]

[London & County Co.]

Again, there is Mr. Frank Celli, well known in operatic circles. He made his first public appearance of note in Italian opera some twenty years ago under Colonel Mapleson. Mr. Celli was Valentine and Madame Titiens was Marguerite in the same cast. After five years with Mapleson, during which period he played such parts as Don Giovanni, the Duke in "Lucrezia," Mephisto in "Faust," and Papageno in the "Flauto Magico," he joined Carl Rosa, who was then forming his company for high-class English opera, and he was associated with Carl Rosa in establishing his world-wide name, now handed down to us in the Royal Carl Rosa Opera Company. Mr. Aynesley Cook and Mr. Celli are the only two surviving members of Rosa's original company. Among other artistes associated with Carl Rosa may be mentioned the late Joseph Maas, Santley, Blanche Cole, Torriani, Ella Russell, Georgina Burns, Julia Gaylord, Ben Davies, etc. Mr. Celli talks of going to America with two original works. Tempted some two years ago by his friends, Charles Morton and George Adney Payne, he deserted the stage and appeared on the boards of the music halls. It is pleasant to record that he brought his artistic and classical songs with him, and that he has acted rightly is to be found in the fact that audiences look for and appreciate his cul-

tured rendering of some of our fine old airs and ballads. While we have such artistes as Miss L. Clarke and Mr. Frank Celli figuring in the bills of the halls, it will be admitted that folk get their value for their money and hear the best, the very best talent that managers can place before their patrons.

* * *

The incident of the month is the appearance at the Aquarium of the Fakir Hadji Sueliman Ben Aissa. This man claims to be a lineal descendant of some ancient Arab priests of the Aissa, a Mahomedan sect. Part of the religious ceremony of this tribe is, to say the least, very gruesome. The Fakir coolly sticks pins, similar to those used by ladies for their bonnets, through his cheeks, his arms and his neck; next he passes a



THE ARAB FAKIR, HADJI SUELIWAN.

[Photo. by]

[R. W. Thomas, 41, Cheapside.]

stiletto, about the thickness of an ordinary penholder, through his tongue; then he allows vipers, said to be venomous vipers from Morocco, to bite him: he playfully gouges out his eye with the point of a needle, and holds his arm over a flaming torch. We are assured that this is part of a religious ceremony, and we have no reason to doubt it. That the performance is a genuine one I will vouch, as I have closely witnessed and followed it. Now, the peculiarity of this is that all these things are done and no blood is shed. Sueliman claims that he has the power to suspend the flow of his blood: why should we doubt it because we cannot realise the power? It is on record that a certain colonel had the power of suspending the action of his heart, and appearing to all appearances dead; and further, that the said colonel did this once too often for his own comfort. Again, I have seen a man dislocate his neck at will—a wonderful performance. I have dwelt for some time in the East, and my profession has brought me into close contact with all classes of Orientals. This intercourse has impressed on me the fact, that instead of the Eastern being an "ignorant nigger," as we Englishmen are sometimes too fond of calling him, he is a most intelligent and cultured man. Many of his habits and customs may not be to our taste, yet for all that, he still is as I state. We Westerns do not appreciate the close study and research the Eastern has made into the world of the occult sciences. Some day I shall write on that subject, but that is another story. To come back to our moutons, that is, Sueliman Ben Aissa: he, at the commencement of his exhibition, partakes of some mysterious powder, said to deaden pain; he then works himself up into a frenzy, and by so doing he claims to render himself absolutely insensible to pain. Those in search of the curious would do well to visit the Aquarium. While there they might visit the Russian Waxwork Exhibition. I may add that so realistic



MR. SEYMOUR HICKS.

are some of the subjects that the following meets your eye before entering: "Notice and Caution—The Chamber of Horrors and Tortures of the Spanish Inquisition, and the Anatomical Museum are horrible sights and not suitable for ladies or gentlemen of sensitive temperaments." Undoubtedly Mr. Ritchie, the genial manager at the Aquarium, leaves no stone unturned to find startling and novel attractions for his patrons.

* * *

We have heard a great deal for and against that combination, the actor-manager, but little has been said about the actor-author, or author-actor. One of the latest additions to this rank is Mr. Seymour Hicks. Mr. Hicks has already given us some pieces worthy of more than passing notice. Many will remember "The Young Sub-



MASTER CYRIL TYLER.



MESSRS. NORCROSS, HAST, FORINGTON AND SEXTON.

altern" at the Court Theatre and have admired it, but few were aware that the author and the young actor playing the part of McPhail in "Walker, London," were one and the same person. Mr. Hicks is rapidly making his name, not only on the boards, by his conscientious and careful acting, but also in the field of authorship.

The Promenade Concerts have been doing good business during the off-season. The very best talent has been provided, and the public have liberally responded.

Master Cyril Tyler, who is delighting the thronged audiences nightly, is alone worth hearing. Here is a mere lad, born some thirteen years ago in Naples, singing with as exquisite skill and taste as one would expect from a prima donna. He has, ever since he was three years old, shown most extraordinary musical talent. True, his father, Signor Taglieri, and his mother are both accomplished vocalists, and no doubt it is a clear case of heredity in Master Cyril. The lad is no prodigy; he is a genuine artiste, and has had a most careful training. His rendering of such pieces as Gounod's "Ave Maria," or "Angels ever bright and fair," or "Home, Sweet Home," being revelations. The

American press have raved over him, and justly so. The lad has taken part in some one hundred and twenty concerts throughout America and Canada, and not only has he not failed to appear once, but he has on every occasion electrified his audience. In New York Commodore Gerry and Mayor Grant had a battle over him: Mayor Grant wanted him to sing in New York; Commodore Gerry, who is the father of the Gerry Law, prohibiting children performing in public, protested, and ultimately the ladies had to intervene, and the mayor carried the day. Master Tyler purposes going on a provincial tour next month, and I would strongly advise all my country readers to go and hear him when they have the opportunity.

* * *

Another great attraction at these



J. W. STOCKS.
[R. W. Thomas, 41, Chapside.
Photo. by]

concerts are "The Meister Glee Singers." They have been organised now some four years, and count but four members in their party, Messrs. Sexton, Hast, Forington and Norcross. They have sung in all the principal towns of the United Kingdom and have appeared before her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Her Majesty personally congratulated them and expressed her pleasure at having heard them. They have an enormous and quite unique collection of manuscript glees. Australia is negotiating for them, India wants them, and America insists on their going there. The highly artistic manner in which they render their glees and part songs has to be heard to be appreciated. Their appearances at these Promenade Concerts have been hailed with delight, and have always called forth rapturous and deserved encores. Among other well-known artists appearing, I may mention Mesdames Valda and Belle Cole, and Mr. Eugene Oudin.

Some marvellous cycling feats have been recorded during the past few months on the patent wood track of the London and County Grounds at Herne Hill. On

August 30th, J. W. Stocks, of Hull, beat all previous records from 3 to 63 miles, completing the latter distance in 2 hours 45 minutes and 10 seconds; the previous record being 2 hours, 49 minutes, 35½ seconds. Mr. Stocks rode a Humber safety fitted with pneumatic tires, and showed no signs of great exertion after the completion of his remarkable performance.

Not content with this achievement, Mr. Stocks, with Mr. G. E. Osmond, started at the same grounds, mounted on a Whitworth tandem bicycle, on September 1st to break further records. Getting to work quietly, they settled down to business in the second mile, and from this distance till they dismounted at 27 miles they swept away all previous records, covering the 27 miles in 62 minutes, 4½ seconds, beating the previous world's record of 70 minutes, 21½ seconds by 8 minutes, 16½ seconds. In the first 60 minutes they covered 26 miles, 156 yards—a truly extraordinary performance. These remarkable times go to show that the Herne Hill Ground is the fastest track hitherto laid down for cyclists, and, wonderful as the foregoing racing is, we quite anticipate further reductions of records before long.

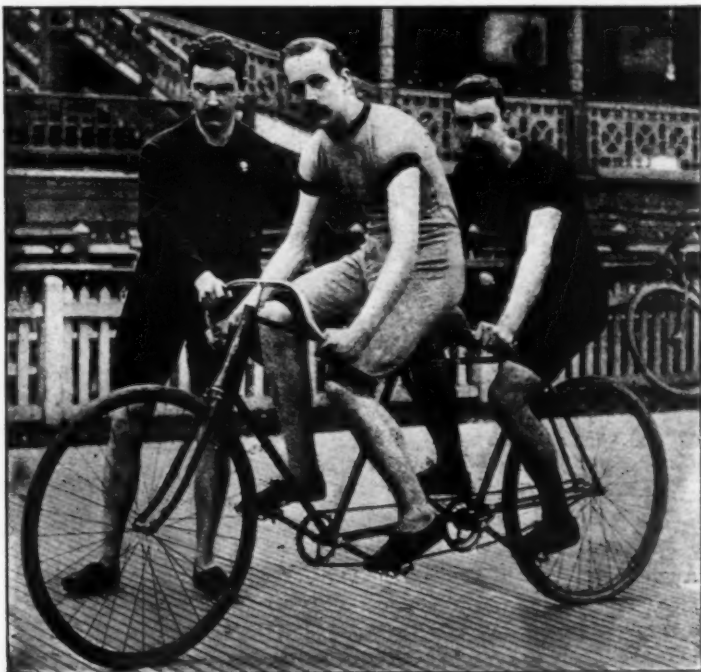


Photo. by]

G. E. OSMOND AND J. W. STOCKS.

[R. W. Thomas, 41 Cheapside.

❖ Puzzledom ❖

64. Numerical Enigma.—My whole is a plant of 7 letters.

My 1, 2 is a preposition.

My 4, 5, 3 is a sort of carriage.

My 3, 2, 7 is to wear.

My 6, 2, 3 is a horse.

65. A Charade.—At evening by my whole you'll think
Of days gone by, and never reckon
That by my second my first is made,
And by my first my second.

66. Conundrums.—Name me and you destroy me.

67. Why is hot toast like a caterpillar?

68. When does love become a pitched battle?

69. How would you eat a door?

70. Why are feet like tales of old?

Five Prizes of Three-Volume Novels, cloth bound, will be awarded to the First Five Competitors sending in correct or most correct answers by 20th October. Competitions should be addressed "October Puzzles," THE LUDGATE MONTHLY, 53, Fleet Street, London. Post cards only, please.

ANSWERS TO SEPTEMBER PUZZLES.

57. Ox.

58. (1) *Tournament.* (4) *Starlight.*

(2) *Melodrama.* (5) *Novelties.*

(3) *Unrighteousness.* (6) *Patience.*

59. *A pack of cards.*

60. *When it is ground.*

61. *Because the train runs over sleepers.*

62. *Because it goes from mouth to mouth.*

63. *When it is felt.*

The following are the names and addresses of the five winners in Puzzledom in our August Number, to whom the Three-Volume Novels have been sent:—A. Barrass, 52, Priory Hill, West Hampstead; G. W. Cluderay, 57, Reform Street, Hull; Miss Grace Henderson, Cromlet Bank, Old Meldrum, N.B.; A. Smith, Craggan, Ballater, Aberdeen; W. Vaughan, 12, South Street, Camberwell.

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